

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

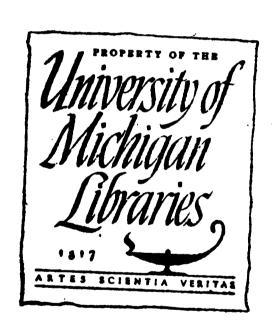
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + Maintain attribution The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



			·	
		•		
			·	
			•	
•				
		•		
-				

•		
·		1
	•	

The

American Magazine

15 Cents; \$1.50 a Year

VOLUME LXXIV.

May, 1912, to November, 1912

THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY
THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING COMPANY
All Rights Reserved

INDEX

то

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXIV.-MAY, 1912, TO NOVEMBER, 1912

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING COMPANY
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The November number being the last issue to appear in the old size of the magazine makes it necessary to incorporate it into this volume, although November starts a new volume. The asterisk beside the page number indicates that it is in the November number, which is in the back of the book.

PAGE

OECCOS	_
Rev. James O. H. Huntington	Juliana Conover288
Clifton Fremont Hodge	Mrs. Kobert M. LaFollette167
Wilbur F. Massey	E. E. Miller
Julius Rosenwald	
Anna Murphy	Ostavia Poharta 180
Hugh S. Fullerton	
Virginia Brooks.	
Benjamin John Horchem	
Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner	
James A. Durkin	Edith Brown Kirkwood 32
N. C. Hanks	Edmund Vance Cooke
Interesting People—	
•	
Musuavcu	
Illustrated	Ida M. Tarkell 40
IRRESPONSIBLE WOMAN AND THE FRIENDLESS CHILD, THE	r
Illustrated	Kin Hubbard *109
IF AT LAST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, JOIN A NEW PART	▼ • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
How WE KICKED SIXTEEN BILLIONS UP-STAIRS. Illustrate	d John S. Pardee 554
How to Win Games. Illustrated	Hugh S. Fullerton 298
HIS UPWARD STEP. Illustrated	Marion Hill 42
Great Corporation Investigates Itself. A. Illustrated	Frank Barkley Copley 643
GOLD POT, THE. Illustrated	Pauline Worth Hamlin307
GET WHAT YOU WANT	William Johnston*128
Funny Face. Illustrated	Stewart Edward White
FRIENDLY ROAD, THE. Illustrated	David Grayson
FREAK PLAYS. Illustrated	Hugh N. Fullerton114
FOUND CHILDREN, THE. Illustrated	Inez Haynes Gillmore682
FIGHTING THE DEADLY HABITS. Illustrated	Samuei Merwin
Fans. Illustrated.	ugn S. Fuuerion
FAKING AS A FINE ART. Illustrated	Heal G Fellenten 400
PARTNO AG A Fram Apm Illustrated	
EXPRESS BONANZA, THE	Albort W. Atmost
EARNING POWER OF POPULATION, THE	Albert Inv. Noch #50
Drama of Wages, The. Illustrated	
DISCERNMENT OF SERGEANT McCarthy, The. Illustrated.	Peter Clark Marfarlane 908
Bridging the Years. Illustrated.	
Bridge, The. Illustrated	Zong Gale 719
Billy. Illustrated	Mand Thornhill Porter 695
Benefactors, The. Illustrated	Ruduard Kinlina 950
BASEBALL PRIMER, THE. Illustrated	
Anarchist, The—His Dog. Illustrated	Susan Glasnell 145
trated	
ABE MARTIN ON AN OLE-FASHIONED FOURTH O' JULY. Illu	
ABE MARTIN ON VOTES FOR WOMEN. Illustrated	Kin Hubbard
AARON LUCKETT'S GRIDIRON GLOAT. Illustrated	Robert Emmett MacAlarney *114
	PAGE

256898

INDEX TO VOLUME LXXIV.

Walter Williams	.Charles Phelps Cushing 290
Eli M. Rapp	.E. I. Farrington
Mrs. Mary Elitch Long	William MacLeod Raine294
Henry T. Hunt Ernst J. Lederle	Albert 7 Mark A15
Josephine Casey	Inio H Ward A18
Edward J. Ward	419
Harriet Tubman	Anne Fitshugh Miller
Nicholas Vachel Lindsay	Octavia Roberts
Joe F. Sullivan	.E. Leslie Gilliams543
George McAneny	. <i>H. J. C</i>
"The" O'Malley	.T. A. Daly
Daniel Kiefer	Brand Whitlock549
Mary Garrett	
Abraham Cahan Donald Lowrie	Iohn D. Ramu 874
Ex-Queen Lilliuokalani	R S R 875
Dr. Oscar Dowling	
Joseph E. Ralph	John Reed
P. G. Holden	.Victor Rosewater*32
Mayme Pixley	.Ella Hutchinson Ellwanger *34
Arnold Bennett	. Irvin S. Cobb*36
William A. Prendergast. Roy W. Howard	.William Bullock
Roy W. Howard	104 050 200 500 515 765 \$106
Itoy W. Howard Interpreter's House, In The. Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol, The. Illustrated The Adventure of the Fickle Goddess. The Adventure of a St. Martin's Summer KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH, THE. Illustrated. LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Illustrated. VIII Progressive Government Produces Business Pro	William I Locks
The Adventure of the Fickle Goddese	. W William J. Locke
The Adventure of a St. Martin's Summer	563
KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH, THE. Illustrated	Juliet Wilbor Tompkins 333
LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Illustrated	.Robert M. La Follette
IX. Alone in the Senate	
X. Experiences with Dolliver, Taft and Aldrich	
Lions. Illustrated	Slewart Edward White 155
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated	Stemart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated	Slewart Edward White535 By An Initiate594
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA	
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK. THE. Illustrated	Stewart Edward White. 533 By An Initiate. 594 Kathleen Norris. 269 John Flemina Wilson. *80
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated	Stewart Edward White. 533 By An Initiate. 594 Kathleen Norris. 269 John Fleming Wilson. *80 Philip E. Curtiss. 84 Albert Hickman. 425
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE	Stewart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VII.	Stevart Edward White 533 By An Initiate 594 Kalhleen Norris 269 John Fleming Wilson *80 Philip E. Curtiss 84 Albert Hickman 425 H. G. Wells 90
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII	Stevart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII Part IX	Stewart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VII. Part VII. Part IX. Part X.	Stewart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VII. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part X. Part X.	Stevart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VII. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part X. Part X.	Stevart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII Part IX Part X. Part X. Part XI. Part XII MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated	Stewart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MARN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VII Part VII Part VIII Part IX Part X Part X Part XI Part XII MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated	Stevart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE. A. Illustrated.	Stevart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE. A. Illustrated.	Stevart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII Part VIII Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated OPEN HOUSE, THE.	Stewart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII Part VIII Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated OPEN HOUSE, THE.	Stewart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE Part VIII Part VIII Part VIII Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated OPEN HOUSE, THE.	Stewart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated. MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated. MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated. MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated. MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part X. Part X. Part XI. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated. MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECENSORS PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PEDDLER, THE. Illustrated.	Stevart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated. MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated. MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated. MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated. MARRIAGE. Part VIII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated. MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECESSORS. PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PEDDLER, THE. Illustrated. PEDDLER, THE. Illustrated. PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD.	Stewart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MARNIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part VII. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECESSORS. PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD. PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated	Stevart Edward White 534
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MARNAMITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part VII. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated OUR PREDECESSORS PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated PEDDLER, THE. Illustrated PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated PILGRIM'S SCRIP, THE PRESSING ON. Illustrated	Stevart Edward White 534
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated. MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated. MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated. MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated. MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VIII. Part IX. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated. MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECENSORS. PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PHOBBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD. PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated. PILGRIM'S SCRIP, THE. PRESSING ON. Illustrated. PROGRESSIVE'S DILEMMA. THE.	Stewart Edward White 535
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part VIII. Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECESSORS. PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD. PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated. PILGRIM'S SCRIP, THE. PRESSING ON. Illustrated. PROGRESSIVE'S DILLEMMA, THE. The New Party.	Stevart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part IX. Part XI. Part XI. Part XI. Part XII. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated OUR PREDECESSORS PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated PHOEBE ON Illustrated PROGRESSIVE'S DILEMMA, THE. The New Party. Why I Profer Wilson to Processed	Stevart Edward White
LION OR YOUR LIFE, A. Illustrated LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS, A. Illustrated MARING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA. MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE. Illustrated MAN WHO KNEW LIFE, THE. Illustrated MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK, THE. Illustrated MARRIAGE. Part VII. Part VII. Part VIII. Part X. Part X. Part X. Part XI. MESSENGERS AT THE WINDOW, THE. Illustrated MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE. Illustrated. NINE TERRIBLE MEN. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. NOBLE LIFE, A. Illustrated. OPEN HOUSE, THE. OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS. Illustrated. OUR PREDECESSORS. PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE. Illustrated. PHOEBE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT BIRD. PHYSICS OF BASEBALL. Illustrated. PILGRIM'S SCRIP, THE. PRESSING ON. Illustrated. PROGRESSIVE'S DILLEMMA, THE. The New Party.	Stevart Edward White

INDEX TO VOLUME LXXIV.

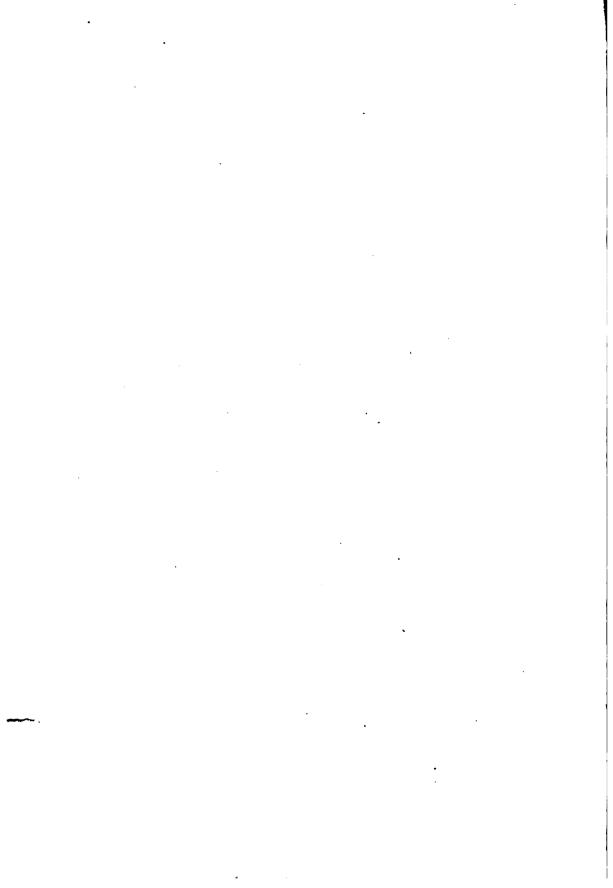
	PAGE
The Test of Faith in Democracy	Herbert Croly *21
40	771 1 77 7 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 70 7
"QUALIFYING." Illustrated	.Lawin Baimer
"QUALIFYING." Illustrated	Stemart Edward White *55
Description of the state of the	Day Classes and Dalass 10
REVOLUTIONARY STRIKE, A. Illustrated	. Kay Siannara Baker 19
ROMANCE OF MR. BOWLES, THE. Illustrated	.G. W. Ooden
Down a man David History	N/-1-1 171-1 T/1 E4
RULES OF THE ROAD. Illustrated	.Nicholas Vachel Linasay 54
SENATOR'S BROTHER, THE Illustrated	Gowerneur Morris 191
Secretary Agents and Be Forgon 111 Marketed	William Allen White 19
SENATOR'S BROTTER, THE. Illustrated. SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT? Illustrated	. W unam Auen W hile 15
SIMPLY SKIRTS. Illustrated	.Edna Ferber
THEATER, THE. Illustrated.	
The New Stagecraft	177 - 14 Double Land 18 - 1 104
The New Stagecraft	. Wallet Prichara Balon104
Some Recent Worth While Plays	. Walter Prichard Eaton232
What's the Matter With the Road?	Walter Prichard Faton 350
AN INC. D. M.C. A. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.	TT 1
The First Night Ordeal	. Wayer Prichara Ealon488
What is a Good Play?	Walter Prichard Eaton
What Makes a Bad Play?	Walter Drieband Faton 744
What Makes a Dau Flay:	. Watter Frichard Edion
The Stock Company	. Walter Prichard Eaton*104
TILL HE GETS HIM A WIFE. Illustrated	Iner Harmes Gillmore 407
The life of the life in the life in the life of the li	7 1 4 16 000
Uncle Bung. Illustrated	.John A. Moroso
UNDERNEATH THE HIGH-CUT VEST. Illustrated	Edna Ferber
ULTIMATE DISCOVERY, THE. Illustrated	Edith Downard Dalama \$41
OLUMNIA DISCOVERI, INS. IIIIISURICU	. Dum Dunaia Deano
WHEN OLIVER ELOPED. Illustrated	.Ulive Higgins Prouty 314
WHERE STAGE VILLAINS ARE REAL. Illustrated	Rufus Steele RRO
WI ABRE DIAGE VIMANIO ARE ICEAL. INCOMESCUL	71 16 60 1 10
WOMAN AND HER RAIMENT, A. Illustrated	.Ida M. Taroeu408
Woman and Democracy, The	.Ida M. Tarbell
Worsen Tyn Doors Tyn Illustrated	Your Cala 502
WOMAN IN THE ITOOM, THE. IMUSURAGU	.2011a Gue
WOMAN IN THE ROOM, THE. Illustrated. "Youth Will Be Served." Illustrated.	. Will Irwin, 60
	• •
Verse—	•
•	
•	
ARGO'S CHANTY. THE	William R. Renet 80
Argo's Chanty, The	. William R. Benet
AUTUMN	. William R. Benet
AUTUMNBETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE. THE	. William R. Benet
AUTUMNBETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE. THE	. William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION. THE	. William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Runner 144
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Runner 144
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CRY OF YOUTH. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CRY OF YOUTH. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE. BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE. GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindson 639
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE. BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE. GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindson 639
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE. BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE. GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindson 639
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE. BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE. GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindson 639
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634 Sarah N. Cleghorn 661 Sarah Davies Schoonmaker 198
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MORTAL HEART. THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Witter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634 Sarah N. Cleghorn 661 Edwin Davies Schoonmaker 198 John Hall Wheelock 512
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOR, THE MORTAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MOB, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MOB, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MORTAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING. ON WORDS. PHILANTHROPIST, THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MOB, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE. BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE. CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE. DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE. GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE. IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE. LAST DAY, THE. LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE. MOB, THE. MOBTAL HEART, THE. ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING. ON WORDS. PHILANTHROPIST, THE. PROPHECY, THE.	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE MODETAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James 179 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper 123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634 Sarah N. Cleghorn 661 Sarah N. Cleghorn 661 Wendell Phillips Stafford 762 Susan Dyer 614 Edwin Davies Schoonmaker 692 Nellie Richmond Eberhart 581
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CRY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY. THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CRY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY. THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CRY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY. THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE. BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A. CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY. KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOB, THE MOBTAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING. ON WORDS. PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY, THE. "THIS MAGAZINE OF OURS" TRUTH KEEPERS, THE	William R. Benet 743 Robertson James *1 William R. Benet 179 Wilter Bynner 144 Nelle Richmond Eberhart 313 Netta M. Breakenridge 641 Harry Kemp 717 S. H. Kemper *123 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 639 Dorothea Moore 513 Nicholas Vachel Lindsay 216 Thomas Jewell Craven 634 Sarah N. Cleghorn 661 Zarah N. Cleghorn 661 John Hall Wheelock 512 Wendell Phillips Stafford 762 Susan Dyer 614 Edwin Davies Schoonmaker 692 Nellie Richmond Eberhart 581 Victor Starbuck 128 William Laird 268 Bliss Carman 592
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE. LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY, THE "THIS MAGAZINE OF OURS" TRUTH KEEPERS, THE VISION.	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOETAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY, THE "THIS MAGAZINE OF OURS" TRUTH KEEPERS, THE VISION. WEDDING RING, THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE LAST SUNDAY MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOETAL HEART, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY, THE "THIS MAGAZINE OF OURS" TRUTH KEEPERS, THE VISION. WEDDING RING, THE	William R. Benet
AUTUMN BETTER THINGS WE SOUGHT TO BE, THE BLIND LEGION, THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL, THE BRIDAL MORN, THE CHILD CRY, A CBY OF YOUTH, THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST, THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER, THE IN THE JUVENILE COURT. JUNE IN THE CITY KNIGHT IN DISGUISE, THE LAST DAY, THE. LAST SUNDAY. MINSTREL OF ROMANCE, THE MOD, THE MOD, THE ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING ON WORDS PHILANTHROPIST, THE PROPHECY, THE SEEKERS, THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY, THE "THIS MAGAZINE OF OURS" TRUTH KEEPERS, THE VISION.	William R. Benet

INDEX TO VOLUME LXXIV.

AUTHORS

The November number being the last	PAGE
issue to appear in the old size of the magazine	Johnston, William*128
makes it necessary to incorporate it into this	Jones, H. Bedford*41
volume, although November starts a new	Karr, Louise
volume. The asterisk beside the page number	Kemp, Harry717
indicates that it is the November number,	Kemper, S. H
which is in the back of the book.	Kilburn, Harriet Mason*93
PAGE	Kingsley, Sherman C
Addams, Jane	Kipling, Rudyard
Atwood, Albert W	Kirkwood, Edith Brown
	Loind William 200
R. S. B	Laird, William
Baker, Ray Stannard	La Follette, Mrs. Robert M
Balmer, Edwin	La Follette, Robert M72, 180, 369
Barry, John D	Lindsay, Nicholas Vachel54, 216, 639
Benet, William R89, 179, 743	Locke, William J
Berger, Victor L*19	Macalarney, Robert Emmett*114
Bullock, William*38	Macfarlane, Peter Clark
Breakenridge, Netta M641	Merwin, Samuel
Bynner, Witter144	Miller, Anne Fitshugh
H. J. C544	Miller, E. E
Carman, Bliss	Moore, Dorothea513
Cleghorn, Sarah N	Moroso, John A
Cobb, Irvin S*36	Morris, Gouverneur
Conover, Juliana288	Nock, Albert Jay*52, 415
Cooke, Edmund Vance31	Norris, Kathleen 3, 269
Copley, Frank Barkley	Ogden, G. W
Craven, Thomas Jewell	Oyen, Henry
Croly, Herbert*21	Pardee, John S
Curtiss, Philip E84	Park, Clara Cahill
Cushing, Charles Phelps290	Porter, Maud Thornhill
Doly T A 548	Prouty, Olive Higgins
Daly, T. A. .546 Delano, Edith Barnard *61	
Dyer, Susan*70, 256, 614	Quick, Herbert
Eaton, Walter Prichard	Raine, William MacLeod
	Reed, John
104, 232, 359, 488, 615, 744, *104	Rice, Grantland
Eberhart, Nelle Richmond 313, 581	Roberts, Octavia
Ellwanger, Ella Hutchinson	Rosewater, Victor*32
Farrington, E. I	Schoonmaker, Edwin Davies 198, 692
Ferber, Edna	Stafford, Wendell Phillips762
Field, Mary*71	Starbuck, Victor128
Fitch, George	Steele, Rufus
Fullerton, Hugh S114, 199, 298, 462, 754	Tarbell, Ida M 49, 217, 281, 468, 635, 693
Gale, Zona	Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor333
Gilliams, E. Leslie	Townsend, Charles E*18
Gillmore, Inez Haynes241, 497, 682	Wallace, Édgar
Glaspell, Susan	Weed, Inis H
Gollomb, Joseph	Wells, H. G 90, 221, 343, 476, 603, 731
Grayson, David*3	Wheelock, John Hall
Groff, Frances A	White, Stewart Edward *55, 155, 535, 728
Hamlin, Pauline Worth307	White, William Allen18
Hickman, Albert	Whitlock, Brand
Hill, Marion	Wilson, John Fleming*80
Hubbard, Kin*102, 196, 356	Van Dyke, Henry
Irwin, Will	Van Slyke, Lucille Baldwin404
James, Robertson*1	Vane, Sir Francis, Bart577
vanico, redectioni	Tane, on Fibrium, Dart

• . . •

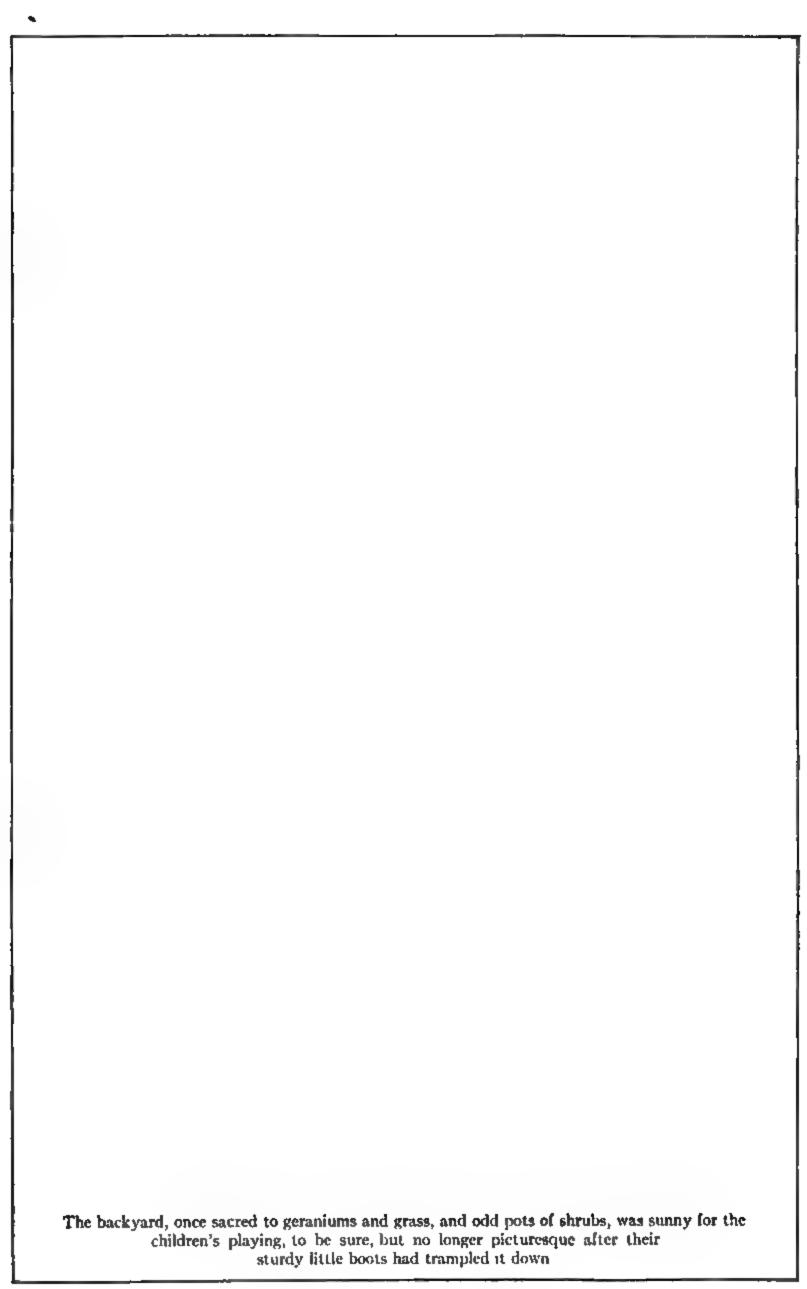


THE . AMERICAN MAGAZINE

for May, 1912

Vol. LXXIV

No. 1



THE MAY AMERICAN



BRIDGING THE YEARS

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," "Mother," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

HE rain had stopped; and after long days of downpour, there seemed at last to be a definite change. Anne Warriner, standing at one of the dining-room windows, with the tiny Virginia in her arms, could find a decided brightening in the western sky. Roofs—the roofs that made a steep skyline above the hills of old San Francisco—glinted in the light. The glimpse of the bay that had not yet been lost between the walls of fast-encroaching new buildings, was no longer dull, and beaten level by the rain, but showed cold, and ruffled, and steely-blue; there was even a whitecap or two dancing on the crests out toward Alcatraz. A rising wind made the ivy twinkle cheerfully against the old-fashioned brick wall that bounded the Warriners' back-

"I believe the storm is really over!" Anne said thankfully, half-aloud, "to-morrow will be fair!"

be fair!"

"Out to-morrow?" said Diego hopefully. He was wedged in between his mother and the window sill, and studying earth and sky as absorbedly as she.

"Out to-morrow, sweetheart," his mother promised. And she wondered if it was too

late to take the babies out to-day.

But it was nearly four o'clock now; even the briefest airing was out of the question. By the time the baby was dressed, coated and hooded, and little Diego buttoned into gaiters and reefer, and Anne herself had changed her housegown for street wear, and pinned on her hat and veil, and Helma, summoned from her

ironing, had bumped Virginia's coach down the back porch steps, and around the wet garden path to the front door,—by the time all this was accomplished, the short winter daylight would be almost gone, she knew, and the crowded hour that began with the children's baths, and that ended their little day with bread-and-milky kisses to Daddy when he came in, and prayers, and cribs, would have arrived.

Anne sighed. She would have been glad to get out into the cool winter afternoon, herself, after a long quiet day in the warm house. It was just the day and hour for a brisk walk, with one's hands plunged deep in the pockets of a heavy coat, and one's hat tied snugly against the wind. Twenty minutes of such walking, she thought longingly, would have shaken her out of the little indefinable mood of depression that had been hanging over her all day. She could have climbed the steep street on which the cottage faced, and caught the freshening ocean breeze full in her face at the corner; she could have looked down on the busy little thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter just below, and the swarming streets of the Italian colony beyond, and beyond that again to the bay, dotted now with the brown sails of returning fishing smacks, and crossed and recrossed by the white wakes of ferryboats. For the Warriners' cottage clung to the hill just above the busy, picturesque foreign colonies, and the cheerful unceasing traffic of the piers. It was in a hopelessly unfashionable part of the city now; its old dignified neighbors—French and Spanish houses of plaster and brick, with deep gardens where willow and pepper trees, and fuchsias, and great clumps of calla lilies had once flourished—were all gone, replaced by modern apartment houses. But it had been one of the city's show places fifty years before, when its separate parts had been brought whole "around the Horn" from some much older city, and when homesick pioneer wives and mothers had climbed the boardwalk that led to its gate, just to see, and perhaps to cry over, the painted china doorknobs, the colored glass fanlight in the hall, the ironrailed balconies, and slender carved balustrade that took their hungry hearts back to the decorous, dear old world they had left so far behind them.

Jimmy and Anne Warriner had stumbled upon the Jackson Street cottage five years ago, just before their marriage, and after an ecstatic swift inspection of it, had raced like children to the agent, to crowd into his willing hand a deposit on the first month's rent. Anne had never kept house before, she had no eyes for obsolete plumbing, uneven floors; for the dark cellar sacred to cats and rubbish. She and Jim chattered rapturously of French windows, of brick garden-walks, of how plain little net curtains and Anne's big brass bowl full of nasturtiums would look on the landing of the absurd little stairway that led from the square hall to two useless little chambers above.

"Jimski—this floor oiled, and the rug laid crosswise! And old tapestry papers from Fredericks! And the spindle-chair and Fanny's clock in the hall!"

"And the davenport in the dining-room, Anne,—there's no room in here, and your teatable at the fireplace, with your copper blazer on it!"

"Oh, Jim, we'll have a place people will talk about!" Anne would sigh happily, after one of these outbursts. And when they made their last inspection before really coming to take possession of the cottage, she came very close to him,—Anne was several inches shorter than her big husband-to-be, and when she got as close as this to Jim she had to tip her serious little face up quite far, which Jim found attractive,—and said, in a little breathless voice:

"It's going to be like a home from the very start, isn't it, Jim? And aren't you glad, Jim, that we aren't doing exactly what everyone else does, that you and I, who are a little different, Jim, are going to keep a little different? I mean that you really did do unusual work at college, and you really are of a fine furnace heat, hall lift.

"What if we do now with red pa Jim," she would sa shades and a hall to be so comfortable!"

family, and I am a Pendeering, and have traveled a lot, and been through Vassar,—don't you know, Jim? You don't think it's conceited for us to think we aren't quite the usual type, just between ourselves? Do you?"

Jim implied wordlessly that he did not. And whatever Jim thought himself, he was quite sincere in saying that he believed Anne to be peerless among her kind.

So they came to Jackson Street, and Anne made it quite as quaint and charming as her dreams. For a year they could not find a flaw in it.

Then little enchanting James Junior came, nicknamed Diego for convenience, who fitted so perfectly into the picture, with his checked gingham, and his mop of yellow hair. Anne gallantly went on with her little informal luncheons and dinners, but she had to apologize for an untrained maid now, and interrupt these festivities with flying visits to the crib in the big bedroom that opened out of the And then, very soon after dining-room. Diego, Virginia was born—surely the most radiant, laughing baby that ever brought her joyous little presence into any home anywhere. But with Virginia's coming life grew very practical for Anne, very different from what it had been in her vague hopes and plans of vears ago.

The cottage was no longer quite comfortable, to begin with. The garden, shadowed heavily by buildings on both sides, was undeniably damp, and the fascinating railing of the little balconies was undeniably mouldy. The bathroom, despite its delightful size, and the ivy that rapped outside its window, was not a modern bathroom. The backyard, once sacred to geraniums and grass, and odd pots of shrubs, was sunny for the children's playing, to be sure, but no longer picturesque after their sturdy little boots had trampled it down. and with lines of their little clothes intersecting it. Anne began to think seriously of the big apartments all about, hitherto regarded as enemies, but perhaps the solution, after all. The modern flats were delightfully airy, high up in the sun, their floors were hardwood, their bathrooms tiled, their kitchens all tempting enamel, and nickel-plate, and shining new wood. One had gas to cook with, furnace heat, hall service and the joy of the

"What if we do have to endure a diningroom with red paper and black woodwork, Jim," she would say, "and have near-Tiffany shades and a hall two feet square? It would be so comfortable!"

 and turned page after page of the children's cloth books. Same and eventless, the months went by

some of them on Sunday," Anne would hesi-

Commonplace,—Anne said the word over to herself sometimes, in the long hours that she spent alone with the children. That was what her life had become. The inescapable daily routine left her no time for unneccessary prettiness. She met each day bravely, only to find herself beaten and exhausted every night. It was puzzling, it was sometimes a little depressing. Anne reflected that she had always been busy, she was indeed a little precious fractions of hours slipped by while dynamo of energy, her college years and the she was watching them, laughing at them,

But if Jim agreed,--"we'll have a look at years of travel had been crowded with interests and enterprises. But she had never been tired before; she had never felt, as she felt "They're so horribly commonplace; they're now, that she could fall asleep at the dinner just what everyone else has!" she would table for sheer weariness, and that no trial was more difficult to bear than Jim's cheerful announcement that the Deanes might be in later for a call, or the Weavers wanted them to come over for a game of bridge.

And what did she accomplish, after all? she thought sometimes. What mark did her busy days leave upon her life? She dressed and undressed the children, she bathed, rocked, amused them; indeed, she was so adoring a mother that sometimes whole

catching the little unresponsive soft cheeks to incurred now, with this fresh, inevitable hers for the kisses that interfered so seriously with their important little goings and comings. She sewed on buttons and made puddings for Jim, she went for aimless walks, pushing Jinny before her in the go-cart, and guiding the chattering Diego with her free hand. She paused long in the market, uncomfortably undecided between the expensive steak Jimliked so much, and the sausages that meant financial balm to her own harassed soul. She commenced letters to her mother. that drifted about half-written until Jinny captured and destroyed them. She sewed up rents in cloth lions and elephants, and turned page after page of the children's cloth books. Same and eventless, the months went by, it was March, and the last of the rains,—it was July, and she and Jim were taking the children off for long Sundays in Sausalito, or on the Piedmont hills,—it was October, with the usual letter from Mother about Thanksgiving,—it was Christmas-time again! The seasons raced through their familiar surprises, and were gone. Anne had a desperate sense of wanting to halt them; just to think, just to realize what life meant, and what she could do to make it nearer her dreams.

So the first five years of their marriage slipped by, but toward the end with a perceptible brightening of the prospect in every direction. Not in one day, nor in one week, did the change come; it was just that things went well for Jim at the office, that the children were daily growing less helpless and more enchanting, that Anne was beginning to take an interest in the theatre again, and was charming in a new suit and a really extravagant hat. The Warriners began to spend their Sunday afternoons with real estate agents in Berkeley—not this year, perhaps, but certainly next, they told each other, they could consider that lovely one, with the two baths, and such a view, or the smaller one, nearer the station, don't you remember, Jim? where there was a sleeping porch, and the garden all laid out? They would bring the children up in the open air and sunshine, and find neighbors, and strike roots, in the lovely college town.

Then suddenly, there were hard times again. Anne's health became poor, she was fitful and depressed, quite unlike her usual sunshiny self. Sometimes Jim found her in tears;—"it's nothing, dearest! Only I'm so miserable all the time!" Sometimes she, -Anne, the hopeful!—was filled with foreexpense approaching. Especial concessions must be made to Helma, should Helma really stay, the whole little household was like a ship that shortens sail, and makes all snug against a storm. As a further complication, business matters began to go badly for Jim. Salaries were cut, new rules made, and an unpopular manager installed, at the office. Anne struggled bravely to hide her mental and physical discomfort from Jim. Jim, cut to the heart to have to add anything to her care just now, touched her with a thousand little tendernesses; a joke over the burned pudding, a little name she had not heard since honeymoon days, a hundred barefoot expeditions about the bedroom in the dark, when Jinny awoke crying in the night, or Diego could not sleep because he was so "firsty." Tender and intimate days these, but the strain of them told on both husband and wife.

Things were at this point on the particular dark afternoon that found Anne with the two children at the window. All three were still staring out into the early dusk when Helma came in from the kitchen with an armful of damp little garments:

"Ef aye sprad dese hare, dey be dray en

no tayme?" suggested Helma.

"Oh, yes! Spread them here by all means; then you can get a good start with your ironing to-morrow!" Anne agreed, rousing her-"Put them all around self from her reverie. the fire. And I must straighten this room!" she said, half to herself, "it's getting on to five!"

Followed by the stumbling children, she went briskly about the room, reducing it to order with a practised hand. piled in a large basket, scraps tossed into the fire, sewing materials gathered together and put out of sight, the rugs laid smoothly, the window shades drawn. Anne "brushed up" the floor, pushed chairs against the wall, put a shovelful of coals on the fire, and finally took her rocker at the hearth, and sat with Virginia in her arms, and Diego beside her, while two silver bowls of bread and milk were finished to the last drop.

"There!" said she, pleasantly warmed by these exertions, "now for nighties! Daddy can come as soon as he likes."

But Virginia was fretful and sleepy now, and did not want to be put down. So Diego manfully departed kitchenward with the empty bowls, and Anne, baby, rocker and all, hitched her way across the room to the old bodings for herself and the child that was chest of drawers by the hall door, and manto come. No unnecessary expense could be aged to secure the small sleeping garments

with the little daughter still in her arms. She had hitched her way back to the fireplace again, and was very busy with buttons and strings, when Helma, appearing in the doorway, announced a visitor.

"Who?" said Anne, puzzled. "Did the bell ring? I didn't hear it. What is it?"

"Jantl'man," said Helma.

"A gentleman?" Anne, very much at a loss, got up, and carrying Jinny, and followed by the barefoot Diego, went to the door. She had a reassuring and instant impression that it was a very fine—even a magnificent—old man, who was standing in the twilight of the little hall. Anne had never seen him before, but there was no question in her heart as to his reception, even at this first glance.

"How do you do?" she said, a little fluttered, but cordial, too. "Will you come in here by the fire? The sitting room is so

cold."

"Thank you," said her caller, easily, with a little inclination of his head that seemed to acknowledge her hospitality. He put his hat, a shining, silk hat, upon the hall table, and followed her into the dining room. Anne found, when she turned to give him the big chair, that he had pulled off his big gloves, too, and that Diego had put a confident, small hand into his.

He sat down comfortably, a big, square-built man, with rosy color, hair that was already silvered, and a fast-silvering mustache, and keen, kind eyes as blue as Virginia's. In the expression of these eyes, and in the lines about his fine mouth, was that suggestion of simple friendliness and sympathy that no man, woman or child can long resist. Anne found herself already deciding that she liked this man. She went on with Jinny's small toilet, even while she wondered about her caller, and while she decided that Jim should have an overcoat of exactly this big, generous cut, and of exactly this delightful, warm-looking rough cloth, some day.

"Perhaps this is a bad hour to disturb these little people?" said the caller, smiling, but with something in his manner and in his rather deliberate and well-chosen speech, of the dignity and courtesy of an older genera-

tion.

"Oh, no, indeed!" Anne assured him. "I'm

going right on with them, you see!"

Jinny, deliciously drowsy, gave the stranger a slow yet approving smile, from the safety of Anne's arms. Diego went to lay a small hand upon the gentleman's knee.

"This is my shoe," said Diego, frankly exhibiting a worn specimen, "and Baby has

shoes too, blue ones. And Baby cried in the night when the mirror fell down, didn't she, mother? And she broke her bowl, and bited on the pieces, and blood came down on her bib——"

"All our tragedies!" laughed Anne.

"Didn't that hurt her mouth?" said the caller, interestedly, lifting Diego into the curve of his arm.

Diego rested his golden mop comfortably against the big shoulder.

"It hurt her teef," he said dreamily, and subsided.

As if it were quite natural that the child should be there, the gentleman eyed Anne over the little head.

"I've not told you my name, madam," said he. "I am Charles Rideout. Not that that conveys anything to you, I suppose—?"

"But it does, as it happens!" Anne said, surprised and pleased. "Jim—my husband, is with the Rogers-Wiley Company, and I think they do a good deal of cement work for Rideout & Company."

"Surely," assented the man, "and your

husband's name is---?"

"Warriner,-James Warriner," Anne sup-

plied.

"Ah-? I don't place him," Mr. Rideout said thoughtfully. "There are so many. Well, Mrs. Warriner," he turned his smiling bright eyes to her again, from the fire, "I am intruding on you this afternoon for a reason that I hope you will find easy to forgive in an old man. I must tell you first that my wife and I used to live in this house, a good many years ago. We moved away from it—let me see—we left this house something like twentysix or eight years ago. But we've talked a hundred times of coming back here some day, and having a little look about 'little Ten-Twelve,' as we always used to call it. I see your number's changed. But"—his gesture was almost apologetic—"we are busy people. Mrs. Rideout likes to live in the country a great part of the time; this neighborhood is inaccessible now—time goes by, and, in short, we haven't ever come back. But this was home to us for a good many years." He was speaking in a lower voice now, his eyes on the "Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am," he said gently, "I brought Rose here a bride,thirty-three years ago.'

"Well, but fancy!" said Anne, her face radiant, "just as we did! No wonder we said the house looked as if people had been happy in it!"

"There was a Frenchwoman here then," said Mr. Rideout thoughtfully, "a queer

woman! She played fast and loose until I didn't know whether we'd ever really get the place or not. This neighborhood was full of just such houses then, although I remember Rose used to make great capital out of the fact that ours was the only brick one among them. This house came around the Horn from Philadelphia, as a matter of fact, and"—his eyes twinkling with indulgent amusèment, met Anne's,—"and you know that before a lady has got a baby to boast of, she's going to do a little boasting about her new house!"

Anne laughed. "Perhaps she boasted about her husband, too," she said, "as I do, when Jimmy isn't anywhere around."

She liked the tender look, that had in it just a touch of pleased embarrassment with which he shook his head.

"Well, well, perhaps she did. Perhaps she did. She was very merry; pleased with everything; to this day my wife always sees the cheerful side of things first. A great gift, that. She danced about this house as if it were another toy, and she a little girl. We thought it a very, very lovely little home." His eyes traveled about the low walls. "I got to thinking of it to-day, wondered if it were still standing. I stood at your gate a little while,—the path is the same, and the steps, and some of the old trees,—a japonica, I remember, and the lemon verbenas. Finally I found myself ringing your bell."

"I'm so glad you did!" Anne said. "There are lots of old trees and shrubs in the back-yard, too, that you and your wife might remember. We think it is the dearest little house in the world, except that now we are rather anxious to get the children out of the

city." "Yes, yes," he agreed with interest, "much better for them somewhere across the bay. I remember that finally we moved into the country—Alameda. The boy was a baby, then, and the two little girls very small. was quite a move! Quite a move! We got one load started, and then had to wait and wait here—it was raining, too!—for the men to come for the other load. My wife's sister had gone ahead with the girls, but I remember Rose and I and the baby waiting and waiting, with the baby's little coat and cap on top of a box, ready to be put on. Finally I got Rose a carriage, to go to the ferry,—quite a luxury in those days!" he interrupted himself with a smile.

"And did the children love it,—the country?" said Anne, wistfully.

"Made them over!" said he, nodding re-

flectively. "Yes. I remember that the day after we moved was a Sunday, and we had quite a patch of lawn over there that I thought needed cutting. I shall never forget those little girls tumbling about in the cut grass, and Rose watching from the steps, with the baby in her lap. It made us all over." His voice fell again, and he stared smilingly into the fire.

"The children were born here, then?" said

"The little girls, yes. And the oldest boy. Afterward there was another boy, and a little girl—" he paused. "A little girl whom we lost," he finished, gravely.

"Both these babies were born here," Anne said, after a moment. Her caller looked from one child to the other with an expression of interest and understanding that no child-

less man can ever wear.

"Our Rose was born here, our first girl," he "Sometimes a foggy morning even now will bring that morning back to me. My wife was very ill, and I remember creeping out of her room, when she had gone to sleep, and hearing the foghorns outside,—it was early morning. We had an old woman taking care of her,—no trained nurses in those days! and she was sitting here by this fireplace, with the tiny girl in her lap. Do you know—" his smile met Anne's-"do you know, I was so tired, and we had been so frightened for Rose, and it seemed to me that I had been up and moving about through unfamiliar things for so many, many hours, that I had almost forgotten the baby! I remember that it came to me with a shock that Rose was safe, and asleep, and that morning had come, and breakfast was ready, and here was the baby, the same baby we had been so placidly expecting and planning for, and that, in short, it was all right, and all over!"

"Oh, I know!" Anne laid an impulsive hand for a second on his, and the eyes of the young wife, and of the man who had been a young father thirty years before, met in wonderful understanding. "That's—that's the way it is," said Anne, a little lamely, with a swift thought for another foggy morning, when the familiar horn, the waking noises of the city, had fallen strangely on her own senses, after the terror and triumph of the night. Neither spoke for a moment. Diego's voice broke cheerily into the pause.

"I can undress myself," he announced, with modest complacence.

"Can you?" said Charles Rideout. "How about buttons?"

"I can't do buttons," Diego qualified, firmly.

baggy blue flannels. All the four were laughing and absorbed, when James Senior came in a few minutes later, and found them.

"Jim," said his wife, eagerly, rising to greet him, and to bring him, cold and ruddy, to the fireplace, "this is Mr. Rideout, dear!"

"How do you do, sir?" said Jim, stretching out his hand, and with a smile on his tired, keen, young face. "Don't get up. I see that my boy is making himself at home."

"Yes, sir; we've been having a great time

getting undressed," said the visitor.

"Jim," Anne went on radiantly, "Mr. Rideout and his wife lived here years ago, when they were just married, and their children were born here too!"

"No—is that so!", Jim was as much pleased and surprised as Anne, as he settled himself with Virginia's web of silky hair against his shoulder. "Built it, perhaps, Mr. Rideout?"

"No. No, it was eight or ten years old, then. I used to pass it, walking to the office. We had a little office down on Meig's pier then. As a matter of fact, my wife never saw it until I brought her home to it. She was the only child of a widow, very formal Southern people and we weren't engaged very long. So my brother and I furnished the house; used—" his eyes twinkled—"used to buy our pictures in a lump. We decided we needed about four to each room, and we'd go to a dealer's, and pick out a dozen of 'em, and ask him to make us a price!"

"Just like men!" said the woman.

"I suppose so. I know that some of those pictures disappeared after Rose had been here a while! And we had linen curtains—"

"Not linen!" protested Anne.

"Very—pretty—little—ruffled—curtains they were," he affirmed seriously. "Linen, with blue bands in this bedroom, and red bands upstairs. And things—things—" he made a vague gesture—"things on the dressing tables and bed to match 'em! I remember that on our wedding day, when I brought Rose home, we had a little maid here, and dinner was all ready, but no, Rose must run up and down stairs looking at everything in her little wedding dress—"

Suddenly came another pause. The room was dark now, but for the firelight. Little Jinny was asleep in her father's arms, Diego blinking manfully. Neither husband nor wife, whose hands had found each other, cared to break the silence. But after a while Anne said:

"What was her wedding dress?"

Instantly roused, the guest raised bright, pleased eyes.

"The ladies' question, Warriner," said he.
"It was silk, my dear, her first silk gown.
Yellowish, or brownish, it was. And she had
one of those little ruffled capes the ladies used
to wear. And a little bonnet—"

"A bonnet!"

"A bonnet she had trimmed herself. I remember watching her, when we were engaged, making that trimming. You don't see it any more, but that year all the girls were making it. They made little bunches of grapes out of dried peas covered with chamois-skin—"

"Oh, not really!" ejaculated Anne.

"Indeed, they did. Then they covered their bonnets with them, and with leaves cut out of the chamois-skin. They were charming, too. My wife wore that bonnet a long time. She trimmed it over and over." He sighed, but there was a shade of longing as well as pity in his eyes. "We were young," he said thoughtfully, "I was but twenty-five; we had our hard times. The babies came pretty fast. Rose wasn't very strong. I worked too hard, got broken down a little, and expenses went right on, you know—""

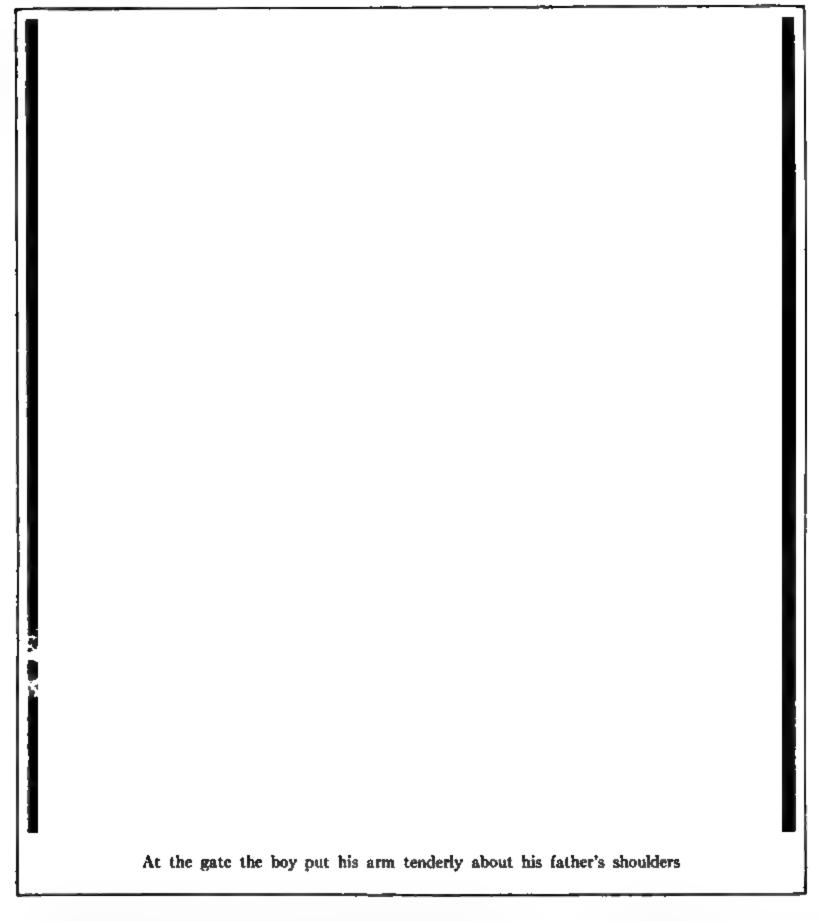
"You bet I know!" Jim said, with his pleasant laugh, and a glance for Anne

pleasant laugh, and a glance for Anne. "Well," said Charles Rideout, looking keenly from one to the other, "thank God for it, you young people! It never comes back! The days when you shoulder your troubles cheerfully together,—they come to their end! And they are"—he shook his head—"they are very wonderful to look back to! I remember a certain day," he went on reminiscently, "when we had paid the last of the doctor's bills, and Rose met me downtown for a little celebration. We had had five or six years of pretty hard sailing then. We bought her new gloves that day, I remember, and shoes, I think it was, and I got a hat, and a book I'd been wanting. We went to a little French restaurant to dinner, with all our bundles. And that, that, my dear,—" he said, smiling at Anne,—"seemed to be the turning point. We got into the country next year, picked out a little house. And then, the rest of it all followed; we had two maids, a surrey, I was put into the superintendent's place——" a sweep of the fine hand dismissed the details. "No man and wife, who do what we did," said he, gravely, "who live modestly, and work hard, and love each other and their children, can fail. That's one of the blessed

things of life."

Jim cleared his throat, but did not speak.

Anne was frankly unable to speak.



"And now I mustn't keep these children out of bed any longer," said the older man. "This has been a—a lovely afternoon for me. I wish Mrs. Rideout had been with me." He stood up. "Shall I give you this little fellow, Mrs. Warriner?"

"We'll put the babies down," said Jim, rising, too, "and then, perhaps, you'd like to

look about the house, Mr. Rideout?"

"But I know how a lady feels about having her house inspected—" hesitated the caller, with his bright, fatherly look for Anne.

"Oh, please do!" she urged them.

So the gas was lighted, and they all went into the bedroom, where Anne tucked the

children into their cribs. She stayed there while the others went on their tour of inspection, patting her son's small warm body in the darkness, and listening with a smile to the visitor's cheerful comments in kitchen and hallway, and Jim's answering laugh.

When she came blinking out into the lighted dining-room, the men were upstairs, and Helma, to Anne's astonishment, was showing in another caller,—and another Charles Rideout, as Anne's puzzled glance at the card in her hand, assured her. This was a tall young man, a little disheveled, in a big stormcoat, and with dark rings about his eyes.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said he.

abruptly, "but was my father, Mr. Charles

Rideout, here this afternoon?"

"Why, he's upstairs with my husband now!" Anne said, strangely disquieted by the voung man's manner.

"Thank God!" said the newcomer briefly. And he wiped his forehead with his handker-

chief, and drew a deep short breath.

"He—I must apologize to you for breaking in upon you this way!" said young Rideout "but he came out in the car this afternoon, and we didn't know where he had gone. He made the chauffeur wait here at the corner, and the fool man waited an hour before it occurred to him to telephone me at the house. I came at once."

"He's been here all that time," Anne said. "He's all right. Your mother and father tenderness, and a little gasp like a child's. used to live here, you know, years ago. In

this same house.'

"Yes, I know we did. I think I was born here," said Charles Rideout Junior. "I had a sort of feeling that he had come here, as soon as Bates telephoned. Dear old Dad! He and Mother have told us about this place a hundred times! They were talking about it for a couple of hours a few nights ago." He looked about the room as his father had done. "They were very happy here. There-" he smiled a little bashfully at Anne—"there never was a pair of lovers like Mother and Dad!"he said. Then he cleared his throat. "Did my father tell you-?" he began, and stopped.

"No," Anne said, troubled. He had told them a great deal, but not—she felt sure—

not this, whatever it was.

"That's why we worried about him," said his son, his honest, distressed eyes meeting "You see—you see—we're in trouble at the house-my mother-my mother left us, last night-

"Dead?" whispered Anne.

"She's been ill a good while," said the young man, "but we thought— She's been so ill before! A day or two ago the rest of us knew it, and we wired for my married sister, but we couldn't get Dad to realize it. He never left her, and he's not been eating, and he'd tell all the doctors what serious sicknesses she'd gotten over before—" And with a suddenly shaking lip and filling eyes, he turned his back on Anne, and went to the window.

"Ah!" said Anne pitifully. And for a full

moment there was silence.

Then Charles Rideout, the younger, came back to her, pushing his handkerchief into his coat pocket, and with a restored self-control.

"Too bad to bother you with our troubles," he said, with a little smile like his father's.

"To us, of course, it seems like the end of the world, but I am sorry to distress you! Dad just doesn't seem to grasp it, he hasn't been excited, you know, but he doesn't seem to understand. I don't know that any of us do!" he finished simply.

"Here they are!" Anne said warningly, as the two other men came down the stairs.

"Hello, Dad!" said young Rideout, easily and cheerfully, "I came to bring you home!"

"This is my boy, Mrs. Warriner," said his father, "you see he's turned the tables, and is looking after me! I'm glad you came, Charley. I've been telling your good husband, Mrs. Warriner," he said, in a lower tone, "that we—that I——"

"Yes, I know!" Anne said, with her ready

"So you will realize what impulse brought me here to-day," the older man went on, "I was talking to my wife of this house only a day or two ago." His voice had become almost inaudible, and the three young people knew he had forgotten them. "Only a day or two ago," he repeated musingly. And then, to his son, he added wistfully, "I don't seem to get it through my head, my boy. For a while to-day, I forgot—I forgot. The heart—" he said, with his little old-world touch of dignity-"the heart does not learn things as quickly as the mind, Mrs. Warriner."

Anne had found something wistful and appealing in his smile before, now it seemed to her heartbreaking. She nodded, without speaking.

"Dear old Dad," said Charles Rideout affectionately. "You are tired out. You've been doing too much, sir, you want sleep and

"Surely—surely," said his father, a little heavily. Father and son shook hands with Jim and Anne, and the older man said gravely, "God bless you both!" as he and his son went down the wet path, in the shaft of light from the hall door. At the gate the boy put his arm tenderly about his father's shoulders.

"Oh, Anne, Anne," said her husband as she clung to him when the door was shut, "I couldn't live one day without you, my dearest! But don't-don't cry. Don't let it make you blue, -he had his happiness, you know,—he has his children left!'

Anne tightened her arms about his neck.

"I am crying a little for sorrow, Jim, dearest!" she sobbed, burying her face in his shoulder. "But I believe it is mostlymostly for joy and gratitude, Jim!"



SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

A Statement of the Relations Between President Taft and His Friend Colonel Roosevelt

> By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE Author of "A Certain Rich Man," "The Old Order Changeth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

HE tende men to traits th do not p well marked in human nature. It is the basis of friendships between so-called opposites. Probably this tendency was the basis of the almost life-long friendship that has existed between William H. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. For if ever two men were opposites in temperament and in equipment for life these two men are opposites. As a man and as a citizen the qualities that each possesses are praiseworthy; Mr. Taft's caution, his judicial indecision, his habit of waiting until the last bit

Photograph by Paul Thompson

For if ever two men were opposites in temperament and in equipment for life these two men are opposites

opinions, and his insistence upon applying that are fundamentally asunder. actions, are as excellent human qualities as within the four years last past.

way, their opposing points of view divide their folof testimony is before him, in forming his lowers into factions and parties and schism, rule and precedent to all his important trans- what has happened in the United States

Roosevelt's intui-

y of taking short

his decisions, and

tence upon apply-

ing moral stand-

ards rather than

those of rule and

precedent, in

reaching his con-

clusions. Men of

these different

temperaments of-

ten do first-rate

team work together. Each

alone may do a

big important

work. In small

matters these

contrasting traits

in men are lost

in the tracery of

life, and make

up the charm of

variation in the pattern of the

passing day. But

when men of ex-

actly these traits find themselves

opposited in the

leadership of

men, in a large

Nominally President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt are contending for leadership of one party. Practically their contrasting traits of character have attracted followers who view life at angles so diametrical that these two men are in fact and in truth leading factions of a party so widely separated that neither faction can hope to win, at the election, after winning at the nominating convention, by attracting the other faction, but only by attracting men of like temperament and viewpoint outside their party. If Mr. Taft is nominated he can hardly expect to win back the followers of Colonel Roosevelt; Mr. Taft must rely upon the conservative Democrats to join the conservative Republicans in supporting him. Colonel Roosevelt similarly may look for the ardent and conscientious supporters of Mr. Taft to rally to some conservative Democrat, leaving Colonel Roosevelt, if he is nominated, to appeal to the independent progressive vote of the country to repair the loss that he will sustain by the defection of the reactionaries.

Now this vital difference in temperament between men that has made a vital historical split in the Republican party, this temperamental difference that has defined issues and shaped opposing policies, existed between the men while they were working together. There can be no question that when Colonel Roosevelt insisted upon the nomination of President Taft, the nomination came from a party united. The few reactionaries, like Cannon and Aldrich, who made a wry face at Taft's nomination were in a minority only large enough to be amusing. Mr. Taft was nominated by the progressive wing of his party as a progressive Republican. It was Roosevelt who persuaded the party that Taft was progressive. The party took Mr. Taft upon Roosevelt's indorsement. It was unquestionably Roosevelt's name upon Taft's paper that gave Mr. Taft credit and standing with his party. If ever an obligation rested upon a man to redeem another man's pledge, that obligation was upon Mr. Taft when he went to the White House. He seems to have realized that promise; for in a letter to the editor of Collier's Weekly published June 27, after his nomination by the Chicago convention, we find Mr. Taft saying:

It is easier since we had Lincoln than it was before to be a good President. He set a standard. It remained for Roosevelt to prove how the people will respond to a strong and true leadership, when the hour has come for great reforms. The policies which he inaugurated must be continued and developed. They are right and they are the policies of the people. For that reason his successor may well disregard any

charge of lack of originality, if he does not make an entirely new program of his own.

There was a plain acceptance of the obligation. In those words President Taft acknowledged that he was nominated by a party pledged to continue the so-called Roosevelt policies. Moreover, it was generally understood, and President Roosevelt shared the understanding, that in continuing the Roosevelt policies the new President would retain such members of the Roosevelt cabinet as desired to stay. And further still, it is certain that in inviting General Luke Wright into the cabinet, President Roosevelt invited him on behalf of the incoming President, after formally consulting with Mr. Taft. Otherwise, except with the understanding that the position was to be permanent, General Wright would not have accepted the offer. The assurances that President Roosevelt gave to Mr. Garfield and other members of his cabinet that the new President wished them to remain in the cabinet could have come only from a definitely expressed request from Mr. Taft that these men be asked to stay. At the time this agreement was made President-elect Taft still had in his mind the feeling that he could "well disregard any charge of lack of originality, if he did not make an entirely new program of his own."

But a change came in his attitude. The men who had opposed Mr. Taft's nomination began to surround him. They made it easy to forget former animosities. His easy-going The enemies of temperament responded. Roosevelt found that they had the ear of the new leader. The friends of Roosevelt found that they had small standing with Mr. Taft. He sent a message to President Roosevelt saying that he was under permanent obligations to two men for the nomination and election to the White House, "Charles P. Taft and Theodore Roosevelt." The association of the two names was in itself an in-But the insult was not intended. sult! Money with President Taft is a concrete material thing. The support that Roosevelt gave was intangible—largely moral, therefore more or less negligible, but by stretching a point it could be put in the same category with brother Charles's money. Now by reason of his peculiar temperament, President Taft has always been able to understand and make terms with tangible, concrete, evidential things. He has never been able to understand and make terms with abstract moral Thus it was inevitable that he demands. should place Charles Taft's money ahead of Theodore Roosevelt's influence, and that the moral support of the so-called insurgents in Congress would not attract him so much as the organization forces that were able to deliver votes. Thus before he came to the White House in the short session of Congress after his election in November, we find him hand in glove with the members of Congress who were doing all in their power to insult and discredit President Roosevelt. One word of protest from the President-elect could have shamed them into silence. Taft gave no sign of displeasure. By his influence he might have aided President Roosevelt in pushing to complete realization a few of the measures dear to his heart. But it did not seem wise to the President-elect to antagonize the powers that were. So the President-elect had left Washington and organized his administration in Georgia as far away from Roosevelt as possible, and conspicuously smiled while Congress baited and humiliated President Roosevelt to its heart's content. This aloofness from Roosevelt on Taft's part was the temperamental expression of the man who is not officially called upon to act, and therefore feels no duty in the matter. It is the reflection of a temperament that acts according to precedents and rules, and not upon judgment arising from a consideration of things in their moral aspects. For if ever a man had a plain duty, it was the obvious duty of Mr. Taft to go to Washington to consult with Colonel Roosevelt, and above all to stand by his friend, when that friend was being maligned and held up to scorn by his enemies.

But Mr. Taft did not see his duty in that light. So when the new administration came in. Theodore Roosevelt's friends went out. It was clear to them that "any charge of lack of originality" in his choice of friends would hardly lie against the new President, whatever his political program might be. Writing to the editor of Collier's Weekly in June, 1908, Mr. Taft had said of himself as Mr. Roosevelt's successor: "It should be his (the incoming President's) aim to give high tone to his administration as Mr. Roosevelt has by surrounding himself with men of earnest, enthusiastic interest in the public weal, and of the cleanest and most effective methods." In March, 1909, we find Mr. Taft writing to the same editor under the caption "My Predecessor," and using these significant words: "He loves a life akin to that of the pioneer. He loves roughing it, and I don't." It was temperament again. Mr. Taft's idea of "men of earnest enthusiastic interest in the public weal " was a cabinet of corporation lawyers whose whole professional print and so scantily elsewhere, the President

careers had been employed fighting for private weal against the public weal, and his idea of congressional leadership was found in Cannon and Aldrich. One would say that under the circumstances a certain obligation of friendship would have inspired discussion of his new cabinet and of his new congressional advisers with Mr. Roosevelt; but after telling his friend that he expected to retain the old cabinet as far as it could be retained, Mr. Taft did not discuss those matters further with President Roosevelt. The retiring President learned from the newspapers who the new cabinet members were to be. Just how the cabinet members whom the President on behalf of Mr. Taft had invited to stav in the Taft cabinet, were informed that they would not be needed further, no one knows. Probably they also were regular readers of the daily press.

But one thing was obvious: that the party leadership had changed. The temperament of Mr. Taft had expressed itself in his cabinet. It was clear that he was not fond of "pioneering," of "roughing it" for the common good of his party and his country. It was evident that the army of progress that had been moving along with President Roosevelt, was camped under President Taft. The administration had not only changed in name, but in policy. The old administration had been devoted to the evidence of things not seen. The new was consecrated to the very material substance of things hoped for. It dealt in patronage frankly to produce The new administration political results. recognized certain crass unmistakable facts. If it cherished ideals, they were hidden from public view. The new administration stood by precedent and the established rules. "He loves roughing it, I don't" was written all over the new administration. when a public servant like Glavis or Pinchot appeared who had a message that required some roughing it to institute justice under the message, the messenger lost his head. It is the habit of the standpat executive to chop off the heads of the bearers of unpleasant communications. But one would say, speaking broadly, that it would be rather inconsistent to do this under the banner of the Roosevelt policies. The Ballinger administration of the Interior Department was by inference, and by open allegation, a constant rebuke to the Roosevelt administration. President Taft could not but know this. Yet in spite of his obligation to Colonel Roosevelt, which he acknowledged so profusely in

permitted and encouraged this attitude of his secretary; and when this attitude brought upon the administration the distrust of the country, President Taft still stood by Ballinger and held him in the cabinet. Loyalty is a most necessary virtue. But a certain discernment in placing one's loyalty would seem to be the part of wisdom in a statesman, or even in a private citizen. It might be shown without trouble that President Taft owed as much to Roosevelt and the American people as he owed to Ballinger and his former clients.

was obvious that President Taft was not doing any "pioneer work"; there was no roughing it in his legislative program. He lived the easy-going life of the camp with the entrenched army about him. But it so happened that all the officers of the camp from corporal to general were the enemies of Theodore Roosevelt, men who had reviled him, and whose leadership he had refused. Moreover, in that contest for a new tariff, Roosevelt's friends, who were working sincerely for downward revision and for the redemption of the party platform pledge, were among the outcasts of the administration. The country revolted. Mr. Taft started on his tour of conciliation. It pleased him to honor just those men whom his predecessor had found it wise to distrust—notably Tawney, Walter I. Smith, Cannon, Aldrich, and Smoot. Also the President on that trip deemed it advisable to discredit the progressive leaders whom President Roosevelt had honored, and who were clearly fighting for the maintenance of the Roosevelt policies. It would have seemed to an outsider that some devilish imp of hatred of Roosevelt was inspiring the President in his course. Yet it was not so. It was only the expression of an easy-going mind, seeking the point of least resistance, the judicial mind taking no cognizance of anything but the undisputed material facts in the case, ignoring the truth written large in the big, significant, moral phases of the situation, coming to its conclusions only upon the solid sordid facts. Tawney, Cannon, Smith, Aldrich, Smoot, represented palpable organized party leadership. This is a government of parties. President Taft had no other vision. The aspirations of the people for better things were not in the record. So he ignored them. He made the Winona speech, and a Democratic majority appeared in the House of Representatives.

By June, 1910, the administration of President Taft was definitely set in a reactionary President's temperamental difficulties arose.

course. He was withholding patronage from the progressives and was engaged in reading them out of the party. They were the pioneers who liked roughing it, and they made life unpleasant for him. Now this reactionary tendency of his administration was not set by conscious purpose from the President. It was the natural expression of his character. the reaction upon politics of the temperament of the man who sticks to the facts, sees no visions, reckons only with the powers that be, dislikes pioneering, chooses the soft way out of difficulties and trusts in material When the tariff bill of 1909 was passed, it rather than spiritual forces to aid him in extremity. He claimed then, and he still claims to be a progressive. He would like to go ahead. But he desires to go decently and in order, with the whole body of the troop and without missing a meal or losing much sleep on the journey. That means that he won't get far.

In June, 1910, Roosevelt returned from Africa. His ovation was significant. meant one thing: that the people were tired of the material leadership of President Taft. Much has been made of late of the fact that Taft and Roosevelt were friends, when Roosevelt pushed Taft into the presidency. One of the many times during the four years now passing for Mr. Taft's friendship to have asserted itself, was when Colonel Roosevelt came home from Africa. He might have appeared at the reception; even a President sometimes may appear as a friend in a public function if he chooses to appear. But granting that a sense of dignity of the presidential office prevented President Taft from greeting his old friend at the dock, his absence indicated that he was standing upon official ceremony, and it was therefore hardly Colonel Roosevelt's place to proceed unbidden to the White House. He waited for an invitation. Doubtless there were many matters on his mind. His counsel was at President Taft's command. No one knew this more surely than President Taft. He did not send for his friend. When they came together a few months later, they talked of most formal and uninteresting matters. The President, who had seen fit to stand upon the formalities of the occasion when Colonel Roosevelt came home, might have taken the initiative at this later meeting: it was his place to take the initiative in reopening the close cordial relations that existed before his friend's departure from the country, for it was Taft, not Roosevelt, who had put up the official bar at the dock. But here, again, the

"He loves a life akin to that of the pioneer. He loves roughing it, and I don't."

—Taft's Comment on Rooscoell

HIS LATEST AND BEST PHOTOGRAPH

unpleasant. Moreover, unless an abrupt reversal of certain administration policies was possible, serious friendly controversial discussion of matters pending was footless. So again President Taft's temperament was manifest in his avoidance of his friend, and so long as he stood upon the dignity of his office—even though Colonel Roosevelt had helped him into that office—it was hardly a friend's part to force advice upon unwilling

So from that meeting the two men went their different ways. It was just as necessary for Colonel Roosevelt to have deep convictions upon passing public questions as it was foreign to the President's nature to have anything but opinions. It was a vital part of Roosevelt's temperamental organization that he should put his convictions where they would do the most good. There can be no question but that he would have preferred to take them to President Taft. But the President's door was barred—barred by the President's own attitude. According to Colonel Roosevelt's way of thinking, certain things in the country were going wrong—notably in the matter of tariff legislation, corporation control, the peace treaties, and the question of broadening the democratic grip of the people upon the machinery of government. He could not get his convictions before President Taft except by impudently forcing his way unasked into the White House. therefore had two courses left—to sit silently by and see things going wrong, or to take his convictions to the people. To say nothing would have been loyal to the President. To speak out was loyalty to his countrymen. What else could he do? He could not fit his convictions to the President's course. He could not discuss these matters with the President, except as an unbidden guest to

To discuss certain matters would have been the White House. So he talked to the public, and men said he was treating his old friend badly. Yet if there was any obligation of friendship upon either side, any burden of gratitude, upon Taft or Roosevelt, any pull of old relations that should tug at the conscience of either, the obligation or burden or tug should be upon Taft. For he was the beneficiary of whatever favors flowed from their relations. Yet he could not rise to admit it. He was and is bound by all the chains of a lifetime of easy-going habit to let things go so long as they do not involve official facts that call for immediate perfunctory proscribed action.

It is all a matter of temperament between these two. The very mental habit that kept Taft the lieutenant in constant amiable agreement with Roosevelt the superior, and fooled Roosevelt into the conviction that the agreement was fundamental and not the easiest way for Taft to do the day's work, makes it impossible for Taft to seek Roosevelt nowmade it impossible for Taft ever to consult Roosevelt about anything. For it is a difficult, disagreeable, unnecessary thing to do. Therefore it has not been done. Roosevelt was not invited to the White House specifically and in terms to discuss public questions. The old relations could not be resumed. The standpat mind is generally amiable, often honest, frequently lovable, but always sluggish. It was as foredoomed that the administration of President Taft should have been exactly what it has been, as it was inevitable that a public trained for eight years under a leadership aggressive, restless, aspiring, energetic, greedy for social justice and militant in its attitude toward evil, should turn sadly away from the new leadership, however "mild and lovely" it may be, and seek the old leadership with all its secondary faults.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The editor of The American Magazine, though realizing how close Mr. White is to Colonel Roosevelt, finds it impossible to follow his friend and collaborator in all his interpretations of personal fact.

We are admirers of Mr. Roosevelt. Yet we feel that Mr. Taft has appeared the more dignified figure in some of the events alluded to. And, mal apropos as it may be, we take occasion to say that neither seems clearly to understand that the policies and attitude of a considerable body of their party are mainly due to the work of certain other men, especially Senator La Follette.

However, it is about as difficult to reach an authoritative conclusion in questions of human relation as it is in matters of taste.



THE REVOLUTIONARY STRIKE

A New Form of Industrial Struggle as Exemplified at Lawrence, Massachusetts

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

Author of "The Spiritual Unrest," "Following the Color Line," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

Profound unrest to-day marks the industrial situation in America. On every side there are strikes or rumors of strikes. Not only is the textile industry in turmoil—a great strike and lockout in Lowell, lesser strikes elsewhere, having followed closely upon the settlement of the Lawrence struggle—but several other fundamental industries, coal-mining, the railroads and the building trades, are also threatened with disastrous strikes. In this article Mr. Baker presents not merely an account of the Lawrence situation, but goes to the very roots of present industrial conditions and interprets vividly the underlying significance of a form of industrial revolution new to our American life.—The Editor.

ELL, the much-heralded strike better conditions of labor. But the strike at words the shouts of the victorious strikers, cause it involved a demand for fundamental heard not half an hour ago in the dingy hall of the Franco-Belgians, are still ring- Thinly veiled behind its demand for higher ing in my ears. After ten weeks of painful and costly struggle affecting the livelihood leaders for the abolition of the entire wage of over 20,000 working people and the dividends of many millions of capital, a truce has at last been established. In a day or two now the troops will have marched away with their clattering horses, their rifles and their fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' we searchlights, the police force will have shriveled to its normal unimportance; and the great boxlike mills will be full-manned with their babel of workers. Again the business of producing yards upon millions of yards of woolen and cotton fabrics will dominate the life of the city of Lawrence.

which it typifies is fundamentally and threateningly different from the familiar tradeunion strike of the past. The trade-union strike was and is a more or less sporadic revolt of working people demanding higher wages or

of the textile operatives of Law- Lawrence, as I shall show more fully later, rence, Massachusetts, is over was far more than a revolt; it was an incipiand done. As I write these ent revolution. It was revolutionary bechanges in the basic organization of industry. wages lay the outspoken declaration of the system, and the suppression of the private ownership of capital. In so many words the organization declares its position:

"Instead of the conservative motto, 'A must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system!""

In short, this was a Socialist strike as contrasted with the familiar craft or trade-union

strike of the past.

Now, the same revolutionary organization, The Lawrence strike and the type of strike the Industrial Workers of the World, which conducted the strike at Lawrence with so much skill, is at this moment organizing rapidly in other parts of the country. Its victory here will give it a new prestige and new enthusiasm.

Already it is threatening to move upon two of our greatest industries—the meat-packing establishments of Chicago, and the steel mills of the Pittsburgh district. In both of these localities, among the same sort of low-paid foreign working people as those of Lawrence, it already has well-rooted branches of its organization and only awaits a convenient season to open war. In this strike at Lawrence we have a concrete example of the revolutionary strike already familiar in France and in other European countries.

The great coal strike which is at this moment paralyzing not only the industries but the very life of the British Isles partakes more or less of this revolutionary character; and what Britain and France are meeting to-day America will have to meet to-morrow. It will repay us, then, to observe closely the conditions which brought about the explosion at Lawrence; thus we may possibly forestall or avoid some of the more serious accompaniments of such future struggles.

Consider, then, the thriving factory town of Lawrence, Mass., as it appeared to the superficial eye upon Friday the 12th of last January. Not a cloud anywhere upon the horizon! Indeed, the woolen industry, the mainstay of the town, gave encouraging evidences of revival after months of apathy. Money was therefore beginning to be more plentiful, and business more active—bringing smiles to the faces of the prosperous men of the town. Not a little building of the better sort was going forward, with more planned for the spring. The town, in short, was in a condition of apparent comfort and contentment—and not different in any way, so far as outward appearances went, from any other textile center-Lowell, or New Bedford, or Fall River.

Upon that day, in the Washington mill of the so-called Woolen Trust, a handful of Italian operatives had gone to draw their pay envelopes. Of all the mingled peoples of Lawrence, none are so humble as the Italians, none so eager for work at any price, and none so ill-paid. They are the last and the poorest of the successive waves of people from Europe which have been surging upon our shores during the last thirty years. When these people opened their envelopes, they found that there was a reduction of pay corresponding to two hours of work in a week the price, perhaps, of three or four loaves of bread. A small matter, indeed, the comfortably fed outsider may observe, but in Lawrence, where many adult workers make only \$6 to \$7.50 a week, it is not an unimportant mine—when trouble suddenly appeared in

matter. A matter, indeed, of very great importance!

"It was like a spark of electricity," an overseer described it to me.

It changed instantly the discipline of years: it brought about sudden wild confusion. One of the bosses, attempting to restore order with the threat formerly as potent as magic, shouted to one of the Italians:

"Tony, if you don't get back to your place, you'll lose your job."

"To hell with the job," responded Tony.

"I'll pitch it."

And "pitch it" they did. They swept out of the mill, taking hundreds of others with them, they marched to other mills and called out hundreds more. On the way a few belts were cut, a few windows broken-losses not serious in themselves, but symbolic of the temper of the men, suggestive of future possibilities. And with marching and singing through the main streets of the town the strike began.

A little fire thus kindled among the human wastage of Lawrence soon spread until the industries of the city were paralyzed. The mills became armed fortresses, sentinels with fixed bayonets patroled the streets, the police force was doubled and redoubled: in short, the town was in a state of war. Instead of a useful product of woolen and cotton cloth, there was a huge daily loss in wages and in dividends, and huge daily expenses for both city and state—to say nothing of the suffering of thousands of human beings for the crude necessaries of life.

What was wrong?

Before the strike began it would have been difficult to find anyone in Lawrence (I mean anyone in the comfortable, polite, respectable sense) who would have admitted that anything was wrong. They would have shown you incontestable figures to prove the extraordinary growth of the population—from 44,654, in 1890 to 85,892 in 1910. They would have told you, as they told me, that the new Wood mill is the largest plant of its kind in the world; they would have given accurately the floor areas—fluently measured in And they would have dwelt on the astounding number of looms and spindles in the mills, and told you of the number of men, women and children who were employed in operating them.

No one, certainly, could have been more astonished than these good people of Lawrence—and they are truly just such good people as may be found in your town or

A PROCLAMATION!

IS MASSACHUSETTS IN AMERICA?

Military (aw Declared in Massachusetts ! Habeas Corpus Denied in Massachusetts! free Speech Throttled in Massachusetts! Free Assemblage Outlawed in Massachusetts! Unlawful Science of Persons in Massacinsetts! Unwarranted Search of Homes in Massachusetts! Right to Bear Arms Questioned in Massachusetts!

Allitia Hired te Break Strike in Massachusetts! unocent People Killed by Militia in Massachusetts! Militia Ordered to Shoot to Kill in Mass.!

Houseal Bail and Fines Exacted in Massachusetts! Corporations Control Administrations in Mass.!

Mill Owners Resort to Dynamite Plots and Violence in Wassachuselts!

The striking textile workers of Lawrence, Massachusetts are confronted with the above described conditions. making a public fight for an increase of wages and to prevent discriminations against the members of the organization carrying on this strike. To abolish a pernicious premium system inaugurated for no other purpose than the speeding up of already overworked toilers. If you want to assist the strikers send funds to JOSEPH BEDARD, 9 Mason Street, Franco-Belgian Hall, Financial Secretary Textile Workers Industrial Union, Lawrence, Massachusetta.

A sample of the proclamations and printed matter issued and widely circulated by the strike leaders at Lawrence. Few strikes of recent years have been more ably handled in the matter of publicity—from the workers' point of view-than this strike at Lawrence

prosperity.

The first reaction—intensely human—was to lay the blame for the difficulty in their prosperous community upon anarchistic outside agitators. The article on the Lawrence strike which pleased the comfortable people of Lawrence most of all was one in the New York *Tribune* headed in big black letters:

"Terror in Lawrence Due to Outsiders."

"Lawrence was all right," one earnest citizen told me, "until Ettor and Haywood

Other citizens found still further outside influences upon which to place the blame for example, "tariff tinkering at Washington," the 54-hour law regulating the employment of women and children, the admission to the country of all this "scum of Europe," this "pauper labor" -but most of all the blame was placed upon socialistic and anarchistic agitators who came to disturb contented workmen. I met only one man-a been worrying for a long time about the dark, —as wrong as could be—in a country where

the midst of all this glitter of growth and foul tenements of Lawrence, the low-paid labor, the swarming saloons, the ignorance, and, as he called it, the sin.

Everyone was blaming somebody else; scarcely two people agreed exactly: and no one that I met seemed to think that he himself was in any way responsible. The men of most power-I mean those managing the great corporations—seemed in some way the most astonished and helpless of all. If anybody thinks that William M. Wood or William Whitman, the two greatest masters of the wool manufacturing industry in America, have been treading a rosy pathway during the past few months, let him consider

Whenever I went among the operatives and saw how helpless they were, how so many thousands of them were cut off from the source of livelihood, and how every day they were at the very point—they and all their families—of having too little to eat and far too little to wear, I always came away with clergyman with prophetic eyes—who had an intense feeling of anger. It was all wrong

there was enough food produced and enough clothing made to supply everyone. I could understand how these men and women—and the women were fiercer during the strike than the men—could be desperate enough not only to strike but to strike violently: I could feel that if I were living in one of those miserable tenements with my children, and trying to make both ends meet upon utterly inadequate wages, I should join any movement, however revolutionary, to put an end to such conditions.

But when I went to talk with the men who are masters of the great mills I could see also that they had their deep and serious problems. This is not a matter to be dismissed with a snap judgment: not a matter in which blame can be fluently distributed.

I was talking with one of the mill-masters, for example, and he put his troubles squarely before me. They were not as crude or as easily discernible as those of the strikers—as of hunger and cold—but they were real troubles.

"Consider our condition," he said. "They have passed a law here in Massachusetts limiting the hours of labor to 54. Right across the line in New Hampshire the factories may still operate 58 hours, in Vermont and in all Southern States they may run their machinery and work their operatives 60 hours a week. We have to compete with factories in those States—and you see at what a disadvantage it puts us. Now, I'm willing to work my men only 54 hours a week and pay the highest wages for the labor—if all the other mills have the same minimum.*

"Another thing that worries us is the probability of lower tariffs. You may not believe in a high protective tariff: but whether it is now right or wrong, our whole industry rests upon it, and a change means danger and difficulty. I did not make the tariff any more than Haywood made it, but I've got to work under it. The same may be said of the whole situation in industry. You may be a Socialist for all I know and entertain the belief that the workers should possess all the product of the mills—but what am I, as an employer, to do to-day, this moment? I'm not my own man: I've got to look after this property and to earn dividends for my stockholders—else I lose my job, and some one else comes in who will earn dividends. We are tied up by national laws, by State laws, by the still more

sweeping laws of competition, in short, by the whole system under which we work. Neither my company alone nor I alone could any more essentially change conditions in the textile industry than the lowest Italian operative in our mills."

No one, I think, can look squarely at conditions in Lawrence without feeling that there is here an inordinate amount of distress and suffering on the part of everybody concerned—an inordinate and unnecessary amount of suspicion, unfriendliness, lack of understanding. It is like a great wheel of torture upon which all, whether employers, employees, or noncombatant citizens of the town, are bound together: all in trouble, each blaming the others, but few understanding the mechanism of the wheel upon which they are all being ground. Is it strange that breakages like that at Lawrence should frequently occur?

Let us consider more concretely the real conditions in Lawrence—and in speaking of Lawrence, I wish it clearly understood that I am specifically blaming no one in that city, for exactly similar conditions exist in Fall River and Lowell and New Bedford, indeed may exist in every great industrial center. I am rather trying to describe the wheel, the mechanism, to which Lawrence is fast bound.

One of the most surprising and interesting things about the city of Lawrence is the variety of its human coloring. Tramping about the city one may in a single day gather something of the impression that he would receive from months of travel in Europe. Here he may pass through a veritable Italian city with its own churches, its own cafés, its own peculiar edibles in the shop windows; here a Syrian city similarly provided: here Franco-Belgians, Jews, Russians, Lithuanians, Lettish, and many other strangely inhabited localities. It is said that forty-four different languages and dialects are spoken in Lawrence. About half the population is foreign born, and of the other half that is native born, a considerable percentage is foreign in everything except birth.

It was among these crowded foreign people that the flame of revolution broke out. It was they, chiefly, the most ignorant and helpless of all, who fought the fight which not only secured increases in wages for themselves, but for practically all the textile workers of New England. The struggle of these poor foreigners of Lawrence has lifted the conditions of over 275,000 men, women and children in the factory towns of the East; has increased their wages by over \$6,000,000 a year.

Why are all these foreign people in Law-

^{*}But it is significant that the rapid development of manufacturing at Lawrence during recent years has taken place exactly under this so-called discrimination in working time. Before the last reduction to \$24\$ the Massachusetts hours were 56 per week as compared with 58 and 60 in other States.

rence, why the very low wages, and why the memoirs reports him as saying that the real new sort of revolutionary strike? test of our democratic institutions would

When the great mills were built in the young city of Lawrence (in 1847 and 1853) the workers were either of American or English stock—intelligent, English-speaking people. They were not organized, and although the hours were desperately long and the conditions probably worse than they are to-day, there was always a chance of escape—always a chance for the young man to go West and grow up with the country, or to go to the city and rise with the opportunities there presented. He could even start a little mill of his own; some of the successful mill owners of to-day, indeed, got their start in that way.

But that condition of individual opportunity and freedom has been rapidly changing in Lawrence as in all America. Our cheap western lands are gone; there is even now a backtide from West to East. Easy opportunities for enterprise are growing scarcer, our cities are filling up, and finally, the centralization of industry in great corporations has made it less and less possible for enterprising young men to make a start in business for themselves.

A prophetic foreign observer, no less a man than Bismarck, long ago saw this condition developing for America. Carl Schurz in his memoirs reports him as saying that the real test of our democratic institutions would come "when, after the disappearance of the exceptional opportunities springing from your wonderful natural resources, which are in a sense common property, your political struggles become, as they surely will become, struggles between the poor and the rich, between the few who have and the many who want."

Now the effect of the high tariff, which wool manufacturers in alliance with wool growers have been able for half a century to force upon Congress, is just this: while it prevents goods from coming into the country, it irresistibly sucks in foreign workmen to make those goods. Protection upon goods and free trade in labor can have no other result. And the more men drawn into the country by overstimulated industry the fiercer the competition between those men for work—and the lower the wages. Protection does not of itself keep up wages. The chief influence in keeping up wages in America. has been the ever-present outlet to new country—the liberty to go elsewhere.

On the other hand, by excluding the competition of foreign goods, the high tariff has made it easier for manufacturers to build up huge plants, tending more and more toward monopoly. The closely organized National

THE BREAD LINE AT LAWRENCE

After the first two weeks of the strike, the relief stations supported by the strike committee fed and clothed many thousands of the strikers and their families. The funds to do this came at the rate of \$2,000 to \$3,000 a day in voluntary contributions from every part of the country, mostly from socialist and labor-union sources

Photograph by Marceau

WILLIAM WHITMAN

One of the masters of the American Woolen Industry A Nova Scotian by birth he came as a youth to Boston and began his business life as a clerk. A man of great energy and talent, he has been the adroit leader of the worsted manufacturers in their appeals to Congress for higher protective tariffs. No other man has done as much as he to preserve and enlarge the scope of Schedule "K"

Association of Wool manufacturers to-day controls 77 per cent. of the worsted manufacturing machinery of the United States. The American Woolen Company, the chief factor in this organization, has 34 plants in four States, and its capacity of manufacturing in large quantities is inevitably forcing other mills to the wall. Now, then, while the textile mill owners have been able to combine and to secure privileges from the Government, the workers in the mills have not been able to combine effectively, nor have they been able to get protection of any kind from the State or the Government. Attempts to pass employers' liability laws, for example, have almost everywhere proved futile; and the 54-hour law for the protection of women and children in the mills—which was one cause of the strike at Lawrence—was passed only after

the bitterest opposition on the part of the employers.

As for organization, the workmen of Lawrence have for the most part been wholly unable to bring it about, They have been a scattered body of men competing fiercely for jobs in the mills. One of the most pathetic things I heard while in Lawrence was the reason given by several different overseers for the very low wages paid to some of the adult foreign workmen. They told the stories almost as mill jokes—so little did the tragic aspect impress them. They told how they were plagued by adult Italian men, able-bodied, strapping fellows, who would steal by the watchman and get into the mill, or wait days on end outside to get a moment with the "boss" and then beg and

beseech him, with those gesticulations which supply a lack of language, for a job where they could make any wages at all. There are many able-bodied men to-day in the Lawrence mills doing children's jobs, taking children's places and receiving the pitiful children's wages—so eager are they to have something coming in. What chance has an unprotected, unorganized workman in making his bargain with a \$60,000,000 corporation?

Capital intensely organized and protected, labor fiercely competitive and unprotected; these are the rocks of support for modern industry. The presence of thirty nationalities struggling for labor in Lawrence has enabled the mill owners not only to pay the lowest possible wages, but to drive the workmen ever harder, ever faster. If a man does not like what he gets—if he is sick, or old—why it is

easy to turn him out and fill his place. As I ever saw. Statistics show that the rentals I went among the tenements of Lawrence I in Lawrence are almost as high (95 per was struck by the extraordinary absence of old men and old women. Very few of them, indeed, are brought from Europe: the mills want only strength and health—and when they have skimmed the cream of youth from humanity, the remnant goes to the scrapheap with their half-used machinery.

In the same way in which they are able to play man against man, or men against children, they are able to play race against race. One of the bosses told me with some pride how he once threatened the Poles who were employed almost exclusively in one of his departments (for men with the same language and the same friends love to work together) with displacement by Italians if they did not do as he ordered in some particular matter.

What was the result of these conditions? Well, for the workmen it meant the lowest in their homes, wherever I went, the tendency

possible standards of living. Men with large families had to compete with adventurous single men and unmagried girls. No man can support a family on \$300 or \$400 a year even though he lives in the meanest way. The result was that the wife also had to go into the mills, followed by one child after another, as fast as they arrived at the legal age. It took the combined earnings of many members of the family to feed and clothe the family. This meant the break-up of all decent family life and all effort toward real civilized development. It meant living in dark tenements; it meant taking in lodgers to the point of irdecent crowding. Some of the ten ments of Lawrence are the worst

cent.) as those in the enormously larger city of New York; and that food prices are higher (105 per cent.) than those in New Yorkthese figures being from the report of the British Board of Trade.

I did not find any cases of actual and immediate starvation such as were reported in certain newspapers, but it is an undoubted fact that there is an appalling amount of underfeeding. I asked the ages of many young people I met and they looked (and they were) stunted, not fully developed. Thousands, also, in this city which often suffers from overproduction of cloth, go underclad: in the crowds of strikers in the streets on those bitter March mornings, the number I saw without overcoats and evidently too thinly clad, was very great. And

WILLIAM M. WOOD

Head of the so-called "Woolen trust"—the American Woolen Company His father was a Portuguese immigrant and Mr. Wood began his business career in the sales department of one of the textile mills. He became associated with the Ayers of Lowell, rich patent medicine manufacturers who had been investing in textile properties; he married a daughter of the family, and in 1899 he organized the so-called "Woolen trust" It was against him and his methods that the strike at Lawrence was chiefly directed

was to crowd into the kitchen and save coal

by keeping only one room warm.

The result of all this is a high death-rate, especially from diseases resulting from exposure and poor sanitary conditions—like pneumonia. Also, the young children die at an appalling rate (169 per 1,000); and when I heard people tell of the savings of operatives in the banks I thought of the 154 pauper burials in Lawrence in 1910—a higher rate in proportion to the population than that of New York City—and among people where valuable, its surplus so large (it actually repauper burial is a lasting disgrace to the family that survives.

Such conditions (even though a man or a family here and there by superior strength, industry and self-denial does get ahead and begin to save money) are not only bad for the work people themselves, but they are intolerably bad for America. Here in Lawrence (and in other manufacturing towns) these low-living, hopeless conditions are becoming the established mode of life. They may become the typical American condition. That is a terrible thing—in a country which looks to the intelligence and prosperity of its people for the very life of its institutions. And cheap labor tends always to drive out the better labor. American workmen with American standards have disappeared from the textile industry, and even the solid English and Scotch workers are now flying before the immigrants from Southern Europe, who can, or will attempt to, exist on lower wages. The tendency is all toward grading down-There have been numerous feeble fights by working people to stem the tidethere was a strike in 1805 against the "black people" (i. e., the dark people of Southern Europe) who were crowding in. But against the mill owners and the great steamship companies which have been eagerly inviting more and more of these people to come, such a feeble effort of the workers proved unavailing.

The system, then, was intolerably bad for both the workmen and for America: how has it affected the other party in interest—the mill owners? I will sketch here briefly the history of the oldest and the best managed of the mill properties of Lawrence—the Pacific Mills, which has nearly 6,000 employees in that city alone and makes 150,000,000 yards of cloth a year. It began business in 1853, and all the money (cash) which has ever been put into it (as nearly as I can get at the amount) is about \$2,000,000. Stock dividends (profits) were distributed until the capitalization is now \$3,000,000, upon which, Scotia as a clerk to Boston, would build (ne, for years, as steadily as clockwork, the com- and then the Pacific Mills would buy or

pany has paid 12 per cent. annual dividends. Besides this, since 1905 the company has paid no less than 34 per cent. in extra divi-In addition to all these dividends dends. it has earned so much money that it has also built huge new mills out of its surplus. Moreover, it has charged off for depreciation such immense sums that the real estate (meaning its great mills) and all its machinery are valued in its State report at only \$1,330,844.

But this is not all. Its property is so ports assets in cash or bills receivable of nearly \$6,000,000, or twice its capital stock), that the stock (shares \$1,000 par) sells in the market at \$3,800 a share—or a total market value of the corporation's property of \$11,400,000. The stock is closely held by about six hundred stockholders. A few stockholders who are still living bought into the company at a time when the stock was very low—as low as \$75 a share—and have seen their property rise in value more than fifty fold, until to-day the same shares are worth \$3,800, and they have had, besides, a steady dividend for years at 12 per cent. Curiously enough, also, its shares are non-taxable in Massachusetts, and in four other New England States!

But the Pacific Mills have been conservative when compared with the financing of the American Woolen Company which is capitalized at \$60,000,000.

Now, it is true that there have been losses and failures among the mill companies, but upon the whole an enormous surplus of profits has gone out of Lawrence to stockholders in Boston and elsewhere.

But this is not the worst of the situation. Overstimulated by a high protective tariff and by the possibilities of cheap labor, the mill owners have had huge surpluses to conjure with, and in the last eight or ten years these surpluses have been lavishly expended in the overbuilding of new mills. There are two causes for this: the first, a struggle of the American Woolen Company, the "trust," to swallow and digest the worsted industry of America, and the struggle of several other big concerns like the Arlington Mills—William Whitman's enterprise—and the Pacific Mills, not to be swallowed. So there has been a veritable race in mill building. First Mr. Wood, of the American Woolen Company, the rich, nervous, business genius whose father was a Portuguese immigrant, would build an enormous mill, then Mr. Whitman of the Arlington, who came originally from Nova

FIVE NONCOMBATANTS

The most dramatic feature of the strike was the exportation of the little children of the strikers to friends in other cities. The attempt of the police to prevent parents from sending their children away aroused a storm of indignation and protest throughout the country. These five were of those arrested and sent to the City Home, or poor-house

unused in Lawrence. The Merino Mill built not the slightest responsibility. The heavy by Whitman two years ago at a cost of some \$2,000,000 has never yet turned a wheel.

But wastefulness was not the only result of this disastrous race in building mills. The tendency of over-equipment is toward overproduction—followed by frequent shut-downs to work off the glut. This meant an increase of intermittent employment, the chief burden of which, of course, fell upon the workmen. Save the Pacific Mill, all the mills of Lawrence have in the last few years had many of these distressing shut-downs. When you go through a mill and this or that workman is pointed out as making \$0 or \$12 or \$14 a week, you think, at first, that the stories of low wages at Lawrence are not, perhaps, as bad as they are reported. But a workman and his family have to have bread, pay rent, and buy coal, 52 weeks every year. If the mill runs only 30 or 40 weeks it brings down the average fearfully. And for every such exigency of intermittent employment as well up both workmen and machinery.

To-day there are great mills standing as for sickness or injury, the mill owner takes burden of the loss is crowded over upon the workmen and upon the public—whereas the American Woolen Company, whether its mills shut down or not, goes steadily onward paying its 7 per cent. dividends, the Arlington its 8 per cent., and the Pacific its 12 per cent., —besides extra dividends and surpluses.

> Whatever happens, indeed, nothing is allowed to touch the steady income of capital. As soon, for example, as the mill owners granted the raise in wages at the close of the present strike they immediately turned around and raised the price of woolen and cotton goods---thus placing upon the consumers (most of whom are also workingmen) all or nearly all the additional wages paid.

> But bad as these conditions are, I have to tell of a still worse one. Since the fierce competitive struggle for the mastery of the textile industries began some ten or twelve years ago, there has been a steady effort to speed

the woolen industry was that of 1903, representing the protest of the workers of Providence, R. I., and other towns, when the American Woolen Company, then in the early years of its great career, demanded that all weavers should attend two looms instead of one. They tried to double the tale of bricks! Although the strike lasted eight months, the men were utterly routed and the two-loom system became the rule of the industry.

At the same time there began a gradual but steady increase in the speed of the machinery: standard makes of cloth which were produced twenty years ago at a speed of ninety to one hundred picks a minute are now produced at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred

and forty picks a minute.

The next step in this breathless rush was the introduction by William Wood of the socalled premium system. This was one of the causes of the recent strike: and in the more families of Massachusetts, such names as Low-

conservative mills, like the Pacific, it has never been introduced at all. Under the premium system any weaver who was able to make \$39 in a month was given 5 per cent. extra; anyone able to make \$43 was given 10 per cent., and \$48, 10 and 5 per cent. On the face of it this looks like a fine chance for the hustling workman to get ahead; but, as a matter of fact, it was a bitter busi-If a man ness. failed by more than ten cents in making his \$39 or his \$43 in a whole month, he lost the entire premium. If he was sick a day or two, or injured, the whole profit of his month's

One of the worst strikes in the history of rush went to the mill. Many women, especially, who are likely to be ill a day or two in the month complained bitterly that they had no fair chance. In this way the mill got an increased product for only part of which it paid: and the workmen found it an

exhausting, yes killing, struggle.

Now, while it is true that the wages in the mills of Lawrence have, in the last twenty years, slowly advanced (though not appreciably faster than the cost of living), the product per man in cloth, which is the real test, has increased much faster—and most of this increase has not gone to labor, but to the stockholders, or possibly part to the public.

These stockholders and owners of the mills

of Lawrence, who are they?

Well, among them are some of the finest people in New England. Many live in Boston, and are among the most cultured and delightful people in the world. Among them are representatives of some of the strong old

> ell, Lawrence, Lyman, Coolidge, Amory, Ayer. It can almost be said that the aristocracy of Boston is based upon the profits of the textile mills of New England. Now, like so many rich people in this country. they seem to be far more sensitive to the responsibilities of the posséssion of great wealth than to the ethics of making it. Many of them are interested in "all good works." I know as a fact that there are no people in the country who have contributed more liberally to the education and uplift of Southern negroes, to missions in Hawaii, and to

many other good

ETTOR, ITALIAN STRIKE LEADER AT LAWRENCE

Ettor is an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World, a "direct actionist," who came to Lawrence last summer and formed a branch of the Industrial Workers. A fullblooded, magnetic fellow, a fluent speaker in Italian, he soon had a large following. When the strike broke out in January he was immediately sent for to lead it, but was soon arrested, charged with responsibility, through his speeches to the strikers, for the death during a riot of a woman striker. His imprisonment added to the bitterness of the struggle

causes than these men of Boston. But about where all their property interests are located, conditions in the dark alleys of Lawrence, where their own money comes from—appar- the city! ently they know very little, nor do they want

fact, which I feel like having printed in large letters:

Not a single large stockholder in the Lawrence mills lives in Lawrence. Not one.

A textile working town is not a pleasant place to live in—dirty wooden buildings, dirty streets, unlovely looking people, cheap goods in the store windows, no good society. So the owners live in Boston and elsewhere. Not only this, but there is only one of the important mill managers who lives in Lawrence. The others live in the beautiful, peaceful town of Andover or elsewhere out of the city. Not only this, but many of the wellto-do citizens of the town, the merchants, the bankers, even some of the mill foremen and overseers, have

moved out of the city of Lawrence and are residents and voters in Andover or Methuen or elsewhere. Drive out from Lawrence in almost any direction and you will see the fine homes of these people crowning all the hills. They will tell you what a fine government they have under the democratic town meeting systems in Methuen and Andover as compared with the corrupt government of Lawrence. And you will find the very people who have deserted Lawrence,

excoriating the corrupt political conditions of

Political conditions, indeed, were so bad to know. Here, indeed, is an astonishing two years ago that the city found itself bank-

> rupt and there was a feeble explosion. The mayor and some of the other officials were put temporarily in jail, and the city adopted the commission form of government. But how can there be any real change? Here is this undigested mass of foreigners, most of them not citizens, who are called upon to operate our modern democratic institutions. Only three inten of the males eligible for citizenship have taken their naturalization papers. I asked one very intelligent Pole why he didn't become a voter, and he said quite simply:

"It costs \$4 to take out papers and I've never seen the time when I could spare so much money."

The result of this condition has

been that Lawrence has for years been governed by saloon-keepers, dive-owners, and petty grafters. No sooner does a foreigner become a voter than he learns that voting is to be paid for-if not in money, then in beer and cigars. A fine lesson for prospective citizens in American civic institutions! The new administration which came in on January 1st last has given promise of somewhat better things (although one of the chief officials has a penitentiary record!).

Photograph by The American Press Association

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

Leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, and the foremost figure in the Lawrence strike.

Haywood has been the central figure in several of the greatest labor struggles in this country. He was the principal leader of the Colorado mining strikes of 1904, he was tried and acquitted for complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, and he has been the chief organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World. He is a direct-action Socialist. Colonel Roosevelt once classed him as an "undesirable citizen"

Thus the workers of Lawrence have been in large measure deserted, neglected and forgotten by the very men who profit most by their labor. There is no spirit of cooperation bemen who work in them.

They were also neglected, curiously enough, spectors, agitated Senators and Congressmen,

in another way. The leaders of labor unionism seemed to have forgotten them. A few of the skilled operatives were organized along craft lines -for example, the Mule-Spinners, the Loom-Fixers and the Wool-Sorters, but they were a mere handful of men — the English-speaking aristocracy of the textile trades. The great mass of the unskilled workers were wholly untouched: /-

Into this wellprepared soil the seeds of revolution, in the aspect of a new labor nion called the Industrial Workers of the World, began to fall as long ago as 1905, but it was not until last summer that the organization really

showed strength. often crude and violent in their methods they were true men of the people, and they were deeply interested in the welfare of the people. They have since been much abused, these "agitators," "Socialists," "anarchists," because they were "outsiders." Some of the severest critics of these "outsiders," however, never lived an hour of their lives in Lawrence—nor paid a cent of personal taxes toward the upkeep of the city—but have written their heated protests from Andover, Lowell and Boston!

But where was help to come from if not from the outside?

I never have seen any social upheaval, indeed, which so aroused all sorts of outside tween the men who own the mills and the elements. There was a constant stream of investigating sociologists, Government in-

> muck-rakers, socially stirred ministers of the gospel, and wealthy men and women disturbed by modern conditions. The same passionate interest and alarm expressed itself also in large gifts of money to the strikers' relief fund. The money came for a time at the rate of \$2,000 to \$3,000 a day, from every part of the country, and it represented not only the gifts of Socialist organizations, but of trade unions which have theoretically no sympathy with the Industrial Workers of the World, and from all sorts of private I know sources. at least one stockholder in these very mills, so con-

science-stricken While its organizers were was he by conditions as he saw them at first hand, that he contributed, secretly, to the strike fund. Much spontaneous outside help was given: I saw a great load of provisions -potatoes, sugar, bread, chickens, a pig and fresh beef—driven in by the farmers of the outlying country (E. Walpole) to help the strikers. Lowell sent a cow! Without this outside help, the strikers would soon have been starved into submission. It is scarcely surprising, then, that these non-resident mill owners should have been so passionate in their denunciation of "outside interference."

ROBERT LAWRANCE

A typical conservative Socialist leader at the Lawrence strike As the Socialist movement gathers momentum it exhibits the familiar division between conservative and radical groups. Both were strongly represented at the Lawrence strike. The Industrial Workers of the World is largely dominated by the radical Socialists, those who believe in "direct action," which is essentially revolution, while the conservative Socialists believe in slower and surer progress by education and "political action." Robert Lawrance, whose father was one of the founders of the English Cooperative movement, and who is a weaver by trade, is a type of the "old-fashioned" Socialist. He quotes the ancient motto: "Profound transformations can never be sudden, and sudden transformations can never be profound"

II.

Now, the basic idea upon which the Industrial Workers of the World is organized is a very big one. They seek to bring together not merely the workers in any one craft, but all the workers in all industries. It is not the Brotherhood of Engineers, or the Brotherhood of Printers, or of Wool-Sorters that they preach, but the Brotherhood of all Workers. They advocate not the horizontal stratification of labor along lines of craft and skill, but the perpendicular stratification along lines of industry. They say that the veriest bobbin boy is as essential a cog in the machinery of production as the highest skilled wool-sorter. They say that the old craft organizations tend to become exclusive and monopolistic: that agreements with employers which benefit only themselves, and even combine with employers to mulct the public. They say that all workers should unite just as all capital is uniting, and that so long as the workers do not stand together they will be defeated. Right or wrong, this is their platform.

Industrial unionism as contrasted with craft unionism has long been seeking a foothold in this country. Eighteen years ago I spent several months studying and writing at Chicago in which Eugene V. Debs endeavored to bring all railroad workers together in one great union. It was a bloody conflict, and it failed, and Debs was sent to jail. Eight years ago I investigated the desperate mining strikes in Cripple Creek and elsewhere in Colorado, conducted by the Western Federation of Miners. One of the chief leaders of this union, which was essentially an industrial union, was the same "Big Bill" Haywood who led the Lawrence strikers. And that strike also failed and its leaders were sent to jail: but out of it grew the present Industrial Workers of the World—with their Socialistic ideas of labor solidarity and their preaching of discontent.

In the world of organized labor no other problem has loomed so big as this conflict between these two fundamentally different ideas. On one side stand the old leaders, Gompers, Mitchell, Golden and others: and on the other the Socialists, Haywood, St. John, De Leon and others. At the strike in Lawrence a bitter fight developed between the two

refusing them further relief! They hoped thus to crush the Industrial Workers of the World.

So the organizers of this new union began last July preaching at Lawrence such a strange and still revolutionary doctrine as the brotherhood of men! I attended a good many of their meetings after the strike began, and no matter in what language the speaker was talking, I could always make out certain words and phrases: "solidarity," "fraternity," "brotherhood," "coöperation"; and the words of common address were "comrade" or "fellow-worker."

"Beware that movement," said a wise Frenchman, "which generates its own songs."

This movement in Lawrence was strongly they keep out apprentices, limit output, make a singing movement. It is the first strike I ever saw which sang! I shall not soon forget the curious lift, the strange sudden fire, of the mingled nationalities at the strike meetings when they broke into the universal language of song. And not only at the meetings did they sing, but at the soup-houses and in the streets. I saw a group of women strikers, who were peeling potatoes at a relief station suddenly break into the swing of "The Internationale." They have a whole book of songs fitted to familiar tunes—the "Eight-hour Song," the "Banner of Labor," "Workers, about the American Railway Union strike Shall the Masters Rule us?" and so onbut the favorite of all was the Socialist song called "The Internationale." Here are two stanzas:

> Arise, ye prisoners of starvation! Arise, ye wretched of the earth, For justice thunders condemnation, A better world's in birth.

No more tradition's chains shall bind tis, Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall! The earth shall rise on new foundations, We have been naught, we shall be all.

Refrain: 'Tis the final conflict, Let each stand in his place, The Industrial Union Shall be the human race.

It is not short of amazing, the power of a great idea to weld men together. Each morning at the strike meeting they called the roll of the races—Armenians, Syrians, Germans, Jews, American Italians, Poles, and so on— • and as each was called, the representative arose and gave his report for his people. There was in it all a peculiar intense, vital spirit—a religious spirit, if you will—that I never felt before in any strike. Moreover, rival labor organizations. At the very time the meetings were conducted with the utmost when the strike was at its acutest point, the publicity—no secret conclaves, no underhand craft unions endeavored to call it off and dealing. At first everyone predicted that to force workers back into the mills by it would be impossible to hold these divergent

men some of whom belonged to craft unions, comparatively few went back to the mills. And as a whole the strike was conducted with little violence.

As for the leadership, the man who stood out most clearly was William D. Haywood. a man of much crude power. I first met him in the Colorado strikes in 1904. He was then, as he is now, a powerfully built man, with a big head and a square jaw. Risen from the mines himself, he gives the impression of belonging to that type of man not unfamiliar now in America, equipped with a good brain, who has come up struggling and fighting, giving blows and taking them, who, knowing deeply the wrongs of his own class, develops a natural leadership of those who are downtrodden and discontented. Take a character like this, hard, tough, warped, immensely resistant, and give him a final touch of idealism, a Jesuitic zeal, and you must not expect to find him patient of obstacles, nor politic, nor withholding a blow when there is power to inflict the blow, nor careful of means when ends are to be gained.

Since those days in Colorado Haywood has had a stormy career. He was accused of complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, and acquitted after a notorious trial which left many people still in doubt, and he has since been organizing the Industrial Workers of the World and advancing the cause of Socialism.

My own impression of Haywood upon remeeting him after eight years was that he had gained power and patience, that he was less violent in his speech, but even more resourceful and determined in his course. Certainly he has lost nothing of his skill as a leader.

Now, there are two very distinct groups among the Socialists, and they were both in evidence at the Lawrence strike. One is the political-action group, those who believe in a steady campaign of education, and in making progress step by step, through political victories. One of them, an English Socialist, quoted as the motto of this group the old Greek saying: "Profound transformations can never be sudden; and sudden transformations can never be profound."

The political actionists are led nationally by such men as Berger, Hillquit and Spargo, and in Massachusetts by Cary, Lawrance

people together, but aside from the skilled themselves "direct actionists" or by the French name, "Syndicalists." many such direct actionists, who are Socialists in theory but anarchists in method, among the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World. Troutman, who next to Haywood was the most influential leader at Lawrence. is an avowed direct actionist. So is St. John, the secretary of the order. So is Ettor, who was in jail during most of the strike, charged with the use of incendiary language. Haywood is undoubtedly a direct actionist, but his conduct of the Lawrence strike and his advice to the strikers to accept the final offer of the mill owners and go quietly back to work was quite contrary to the view of some of his revolutionary associates.

> Most direct actionists do not even believe in using the ordinary strike methods of opening relief stations and of making a long, patient fight—because at the end, the workers, as they say, will go back at slightly advanced wages which will not greatly improve their condition, and their objective point the revolutionary abolition of the wage system-will be again delayed. Thus we find Secretary St. John writing to Haywood advising him not to open a relief station but to "get these sixteen or twenty thousand of the organization to break into jail and make the county feed them." In other words, he advised violence which would bring about the arrest of nearly all the operatives of Lawrence and the complete paralysis of the institutions of industry and of government. Exactly these tactics have already been employed in Spokane where speakers persisted, one after another, in appearing on street corners and being arrested until they not only filled the jail but compelled the use of a hired hall where the city was forced to keep and feed

In the face of such methods and beliefs as these, the old-fashioned trade-unionism, which the employers have fought so bitterly and so short-sightedly for years, and even the political Socialists, who believe of necessity in a strong government, look mild-even reactionary. I found some of the mill masters in Lawrence almost shivering with the astonishingly new idea that it might now possibly be good policy to tie up with trade unionism in order to fight the encroachments of this new and revolutionary industrial The other group looks upon these men as unionism! Indeed, several of the skilled too conservative. They want results, and crafts in Lawrence are now vigorously organthey want them this afternoon. They call izing with the full approval of the overseers.

Strange, indeed, the whirligig of time! It letters were received from the distant chilmay yet be that the Socialist party will become a great conservative party in this country, opposed to those forces of anarchy and disorder which are bound up in the name "Syndicalism." Certainly the natural and logical division of the forces of society is and always has been between the Socialistic and cooperative view of life on the one hand, and the individualistic, anarchical view on the other hand.

For the first time in this country, the strikers at Lawrence adopted a tactical device already familiar in Europe, that of transporting the children of workers to friends in other cities. It is comparable to the removal of noncombatants in war time.

The dramatic features of this movement did more than any other one thing to fire the interest of the nation; and it exhibited, too, a deeper spirit—the willingness, the sense of brotherhood, of poor people elsewhere in adding to their burdens by caring for these still poorer children of Lawrence.

In this connection the authorities of Lawrence—with the hand of the mill owners behind them-made the worst of many bad mistakes. Not relishing the publicity caused by the exportation of the children, and fearing that if the Industrial Workers got hold of the children, they would the better be able to influence the parents and thus prolong the strike, the police swooped down one morning and prevented a group of the children at the depot from leaving Lawrence. Incidentally, they clubbed some of the mothers, arrested others, and actually sent some of the children to the poor-house! Now, they had no more right to prevent these Italians and Poles from sending their children away than they would have had to prevent you or me from sending our children away. Not even the most despotic country in Europe, where this practice of removing the children during strikes is familiar, has ever thus interfered with the rights of parents. And the protest that went up from all over the country was unequivocal and forcible.

As a matter of fact, if one takes the pains to look underneath, this sending of the children was, in many of these humble homes, charged with the deepest emotional significance. I saw something of the weeping mothers, and knew what a sacrifice some of them had made upon the altar of the general cause. It was what they gave to aid the struggle! And I saw, too, the joy they had when

dren: and with what pride these letters were read aloud in the strike meetings.

The basis of every mistake on the part of the authorities and mill owners lay in looking upon and treating these people of Lawrence not as human beings but as mere working machines.

Finally, one comes away from Lawrence feeling deeply and profoundly that this problem is no mere hard economic question, involving only the better distribution of the products of industry as now conducted. It is far deeper, more spiritual than that. If one were to divide all the surplus of profit in the textile mills to-day—figure it out for yourself! -among all the swarming operatives, it would increase their wages and improve their living conditions almost inappreciably. is said that the strike in Lawrence is settled. It was called a great victory for the strikers. But has anything really been settled? The head of a family who was getting \$6 or \$7 a week before the strike, and as a result of the victory received 10 per cent. increase in wages, is still below the bread-line, is still far below civilized standards. He and his family can live 60 or 70 cents a week better but consider if you will, how very little 60 or 70 cents a week really means in bread, in rent. in clothing, in fuel, for a family of children.

After all, is not the conclusion forced upon us that the changes have got to be different and deeper? At present industry is conducted upon a basis of open war. Any change in conditions means a revolt. Industrially, in the United States we have arrived at just about the same stage that the Central American republics have arrived at politically—a government by successive revolutions. On the part of the employers there are vast wastages in fighting one another and in fighting the workers, to say nothing of the loss of money spent in harmful luxury; and the employees waste ruthlessly by the same struggles and by "soldiering," not giving an honest day's work.

What is needed is cooperation among all those concerned in industry so that the energy and treasure now lost in mere fruitless conflict may be turned into the swift and efficient production of woolen and cotton cloth for the people to use. No one can begin to imagine the possibilities of production when industry in this world is operated solely upon such a basis of cooperation and efficiency.



INTERESTING PEOPLE

A crippled public speaker who has overcome almost incredible obstacles. The most famous office boy in the world. A woman who made her city sing. A school-teacher who has made school attractive. A young girl who is fighting alone the organized graft of a whole town.

N. C. HANKS

E came into the car at Pocatello and sat down beside me; without hands, but not without hope; blinded, but unbeaten; crippled, but courageous.

I removed his overcoat for him and he accepted the small attention courteously, but cheerfully; not at all in the manner of a man

hopelessly dependent upon others.

On the way to Blackfoot he told me about himself, quietly, modestly, and with no bid for sympathy. With a flash of "the literary instinct" I said to myself, I will make a story of this man's experience; and then the experience itself mocked back at me, "What flimsy of fiction can you add to these facts?" Again I said, "I will make an inspiring poem around this man!" but there sat the man himself. What possible inspiration could a poem add to him?

And so I am setting down here his simple story, in as few words as possible, fearing to spoil it by any attempt at adornment of my own. If it does not make you ashamed of any whine you may have at life, if it does not give you a thrill of courage to meet any difficulty which may confront you, the fault is in my telling.

His name is Hanks, N. C. Hanks. At twenty-one he and his partner leased a claim near Nephi, Utah, and prospected for ore. They really had one of the richest lead mines in the West, as subsequently proved,

but they never found it out.

One noon they had been working near their cabin and were cleaning up preparatory to "chuck." Hanks was feeling as fine as a young man should who is overflowing with life, is working a good claim, has a keen appetite for approaching "dinner" and has a let-

ter from his sweetheart in his pocket. Some one had brought the letter up the hard trail to their lonely cabin. It was the last thing N. C. Hanks was ever to read with his own eyes. Hanks's partner had washed and was ready to go to the cabin, for it was his turn to make the meal. A box of dynamite caps lay in the sun near his jumper. He picked up his jumper and reached for the box, but saw his gloves lying a few paces away. He stepped over to get them first and paused to stuff them into his pocket and then turned back to the box. Just that close did N. C. Hanks come to escaping being what he is.

As his partner turned, Hanks called to him, "You go on to the cabin and hurry

that grub. I'll attend to the caps."

In another moment he had picked up the box, which had lain in the sun until overheated. The slight jar did the rest. Every cap in that box was made to overcome a resistance of 300 pounds. By a miracle he was not torn to shreds, but he was hurled ten feet. Within a minute he arose, blinded, bleeding, but calm. The mountains and the sky had vanished. Where his hands had been were bleeding stumps and with his hands had gone all means of livelihood.

His partner, screaming and crying like a child, gazed upon him. Recovering, he helped him to the cabin, bound his arms above the elbows with handkerchiefs and started for help. They were six miles from a telephone or a neighbor, and many more from

a town or a doctor.

All that afternoon Hanks lay alone, save for the companionship of a small dog, which cried piteously all the day. Mercifully, Hanks suffered no pain except for the bandages which tortured him excruciatingly, as his arms swelled. He tried to gnaw them off, knowing that death would ensue, but seeing nothing better than death in life.

Well, help came. They got him to Provo, to a hospital, the mere wreck of a human being. They patched him up, but as he lay there thinking, life looked black indeed. His sweetheart came to see him, and he broke their engagement. Then he felt better. was the one duty he had had left in life and he had done it.

He was out again, but of what avail was What may a man see to do without eyes? What may a man get without hands?

There came to Provo Byron King of Pittsburgh, a lecturer, a teacher. King's daughter had married a relative of Hanks's. Hanks went to King to study!

Blessings be upon you, Byron King! You must be a teacher indeed. Along with literature you taught this man life. Drawing expression out of him, you put hope into him.

For three years now N. C. Hanks has been lecturing and giving critical interpretations of Shakespeare and modern authors. He goes back to the same audiences repeatedly and that is usually considered the test of success. Think of it a moment! a man choosing as his life work the interpretation of Shakespeare, and lighter literature, without the aid of eye or hand as avenues of expression, traveling alone in strange cities, over unfamiliar routes, depending upon the nearest man at hand for the thousand and one little uses for hands and eyes we find every hour of our lives. through it all keeping sweet, cheerful, serene; convinced and rejoiced that he is helping a little in life. Doesn't the dauntlessness of it hearten you a little?

I do not want to drag myself into this story, but he dragged me into it the least bit and, because of it, I was able to pay him, and the spirit of him, the tribute I was aching to express without awkwardness.

Having told me of himself, he wanted to know of me. I told him my name, which he had evidently never heard. "What's your line, friend?" he persisted. I told him that I, too, was upon the platform, giving readings, lecture-programs, whatever one wished to call them. Naturally, he was pleased to come into contact with a fellow-worker and plied me with questions. "What readings do you give? Whose writings?"

"My own."

"I wonder whether I know any of them?" I recalled that his teacher sometimes used a couple of my versifications. "Did you ever hear Byron King read 'How Did You Die?'" "No," he said, "but," with eagerness, "that was the first thing they read to me in the

keep it there to read to the poor down-andouters." And he quoted:

"Death comes with a crawl, or he comes with a pounce, And whether he's slow, or spry,

It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only, How Did You Die?"

He gave it such praise as a man might who had heard it under his circumstances.

"Thank you," I said. "Yes, I wrote the verses, which was a small thing to do. wrote the verses, but without any oath or by-word, N. C. Hanks, you are the poem!"

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

JAMES A. DURKIN

AMES A. DURKIN was married in Chicago a few months ago and the news was telegraphed all over America. The papers omitted in the first news sent over the wires telegraphed in to the Chicago Tribune for the story.

Who is James A. Durkin?

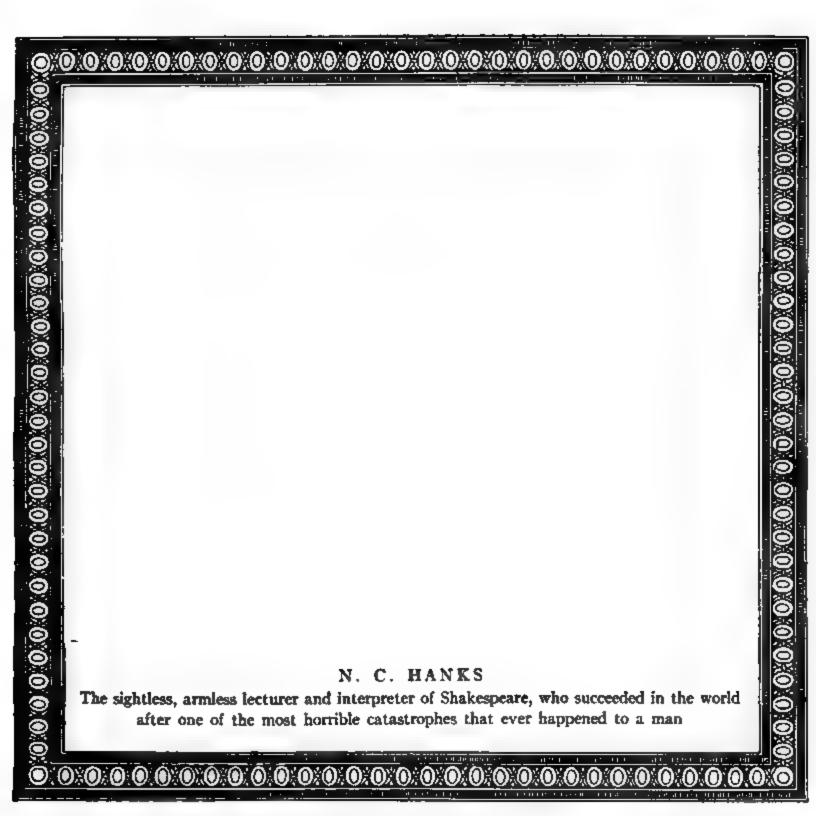
James A. Durkin is the most famous office boy in all America and probably in the world.

For eighteen years he has "run the copy" at the office of the Chicago Tribune. When the managing editor and his picked force go off on a big assignment some star man may be left behind, but not "Jim." He goes on the special car with the rest of the high lights.

Jim's mother died when he was a wee bit boy. He became a Chicago waif and there, in the Waif's Mission—an institution which flourished in the days before the settlements -some newspaper men found him one day and took him over to the old Times office to enter upon his career. That was in 1892.

Jim came over to the Tribune office a year after his advent at the Times. Therefore he was a seasoned office worker when many of the men who now are his superiors at the Tribune office were in school. Having gone through the "cub" days of most of these men, he is correspondingly familiar. The recent editor-in-chief, Mr. Medill McCormick, grandson of the late Joseph Medill, is "Medill": R. R. McCormick, former president of the Drainage Board is "Bert"; Joseph Medill Patterson, dramatist and Tribune official, is "Joe"; James Keeley, present chief, is "J. K."; Edward S. Beck, managing editor is "Beck," or "Teddy Beck," as the occasion demands—to Jim.

Shortly after Jim's advent on the Tribune, Levi Z. Leiter, who had founded the Waif's Mission, wound up the concern. Boys who hospital, when I came back to life. They had worked there had had put aside for them



was over \$100 coming to Jim and he was displeased with the slowness that attended the dissolution of the mission. He kept the telephone of Joseph Leiter, the son of the founder, hot with messages like this: "Sy, Joe, what about that there dividend? Why don't you come across?"

When an auction sale of the effects of the mission was held Jim attended. He bought the horse and wagon, an old crowbait and a rickety vehicle which had belonged to the institution, a certain amount of hay and oats, and disappeared from the office for a week. He could not be found. The police searched for him, but the only trace they had was that a sawed-off young man was seen in various parts of the town at night, like the Flying Dutchman, driving a wagonful of girls and to the book for Jim. boys on joy rides at so furious a pace that no

a certain percentage of their earnings. There but he denied all knowledge of the horse or wagon or of having entertained his friends.

In all the years Jim has been associated with the brows of various degrees on the Tribune's staff—(he knows nearly every newspaper man of note from New York to San Francisco)—his characteristics have not changed. The years have but added more statistics to a mind surprisingly impressionistic to detail and more modern slang to a vocabulary already rich.

"Jim," calls the city editor, "what is Blank's telephone number?"—referring to some city official, past or present. Jim never stirs from his chair, just chimes out the number and goes on stroking his hair and chewing

gum, musically.

Or, perhaps, a fire gong taps. No rushing

"A 4-11 from Podunk Avenue and Uncop could catch him. Jim returned at last known Place," sings Jim. He knows all the numbers and locations no matter how remote reader who got too many letters in his from well-known areas.

"Where's the directory?" queries a reporter. "I'd like to know just where 1978 Posev Street is?"

"That's at the corner of Blank Street or a door or two away," says Jim and the reporter never stops for printed proof. Jim

"Get back on your beat," he is recorded as having called to policemen wandering from their allotted sections. "You're off your trollev."

Adulation has no effect upon Jim. He is high cockalorum of the *Tribune* working force, but Jim accepts it as a matter of course. What would happen if Jim took a notion to change jobs no one on the staff dares stop to think.

Walking the few steps from the reporter's desk to that of the city editor he frequently spots mistakes in the copy. And when he does he goes back to the reporter and no one but the two of them knows that some one has blundered. As he strolls around the copydesk, gathering up the finished product, supposedly revised, edited, perfected, his keen eyes pick out more errors, which he quietly calls to the attention of the guilty copyreaders.

Jim is, in fact, though not in title, an editor himself. He gives out assignments in a dictatorial style which many a city editor might wish to rival. The death notices sent in by the advertising department for possible news stories are turned over to him, and he "stings" some unfortunate reporter with this disagreeable assignment every night. In a similar manner the small autocrat portions out the work of calling up the hospitals and asking for the "conditions" of the distinguished sick, and orders disgusted "stars" to take petty stories coming in over the 'phone.

Even-tempered and patient, Jim is never at a loss for warm words when the occasion demands them. A dramatic critic once came to work on the Tribune and locked himself in a private office to grind out a story which should make a good first impression. Time passed and the door remained locked. Durkin had not been introduced, but as press time neared he rapped on the door of the office and remarked loudly:

"Hi sy, Chauncey! In regard to that story: we're not printing an almanack, y'know."

"What do you think we use upstairs? Rubber type?" he pertinently asked a copy

Jim attends all the hangings—or did when there were such things—and he has officiated at more funerals than any other member of the staff.

And now—not that it has any connection with the foregoing statement—Jim is married. To be sure, Jim now is past thirty, nearing forty, as a matter of fact, but ever he will be a boy until old age lays him low. When he told his matrimonial intentions the editors formed a self-appointed committee whose duty it was to found "The Durkin Foundation." The next morning the bulletin board at the Tribune office bore the following announcement:

THE DURKIN FOUNDATION

WHEREAS, it having come to our notice that one James Durkin, with premeditation, intends to commit matrimony and,

WHEREAS, it is extremely desirable that the said Durkin be started on the calm sea of hymeneal bliss properly equipped for any possible emergency which might render it necessary in the future to raise money on his household lares and penates: Therefore, be it

Resolved: That the nest shall be feathered as follows, to wit:

The dining room—by the composing room; The boudoir (alias the bedroom)—by the local room;

The linen (and the cotton)—by the gentlemanly highbrows who contribute to the editorial page;

The drawing room—by the committee on resolutions:

The kitchen utensils—by the telegraph

The art gallery—by the art department; The ice box—by the etching room;

The china, lamp, silverware, clock and Bible—by the premium department;

The hall tree—by the secretarial depart-

A gas or coal stove—by the Sunday department and the early mail edition;

The laundry—by the sporting department.

Cash contributions from members of other departments will be received and applied to decking the bridegroom and filling the ice box, the cupboards, the pantry and the coal bin.

Every department went to work with a will and the result was that when Mr. and Mrs. James Aloysius Durkin began housekeeping their nest was feathered with a completeness which few nests can boast at the outset.

the Tribune office for days—silver or pictures from the western and eastern coasts of the States; a samovar from Russia; other gifts from across the seas—all from the old Tribforgotten Tim.

If you want to see Jim, and hesitate to risk yourself in the rush of a newspaper office at night, you may meet him any Sunday morning at 3:00 o'clock at the Paulists' mass for newspaper men at St. Mary's church. He will not be hard to find. In fact, you will find it impossible to escape him for he takes up the collection. He seems to be more interested in this collection than in his own wages. His scorn for those who fail to contribute is unlimited and freely expressed, and his delight when he has boosted the amount above the "average" is almost imp-

Jim is a good newspaper man and a good citizen. But these are commonplace things. He is more. He is the perfect office boy. EDITH BROWN KIRKWOOD.

MRS. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

EARS ago, while Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was contributing as editorial copy, to the Hartford Courant, those essays that were to make him famous, he and Mrs. Warner, then recently married, lived in a low, red brick house opposite the Hooker place on the outskirts of the old "Nook Farm"; there Mrs. Warner, the original of bewitching "Polly" and the gracious "Mistress" wrought wonders with a tiny income.

As the wife of one of America's foremost writers, and her father, Dr. Lee, of New York, having been a surgeon in the army. life that she has most generously shared with the citizens of her town and State. This she continues as in the years when she and Mr. Warner were most influential factors in the intellectual life of the community. The other luminaries of "Nook Farm," Mark Twain, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Dr. Richard Burton, Mr. William Gillette, Dr. Bushnell, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, lived the exclusive life conceded to be the

And after that the wedding gifts poured into that were hers by right and worth with all who could appreciate them. Adding to her husband's renown and social charm, she made her house a place of world-wide reputation.

There is but one word, after all else be said, unites who had sought new fields but had not to express the significant in Mrs. Warner's personality—genius. She might have been a pianist in the rank of Essipoff, Bloomfield-Zeisler, Carreño; so have said those best able to judge. She has all the attributes of a great artist, the power of conception and easy mastery of technique, the phenomenal flexibility of wrist and finger, the ready intellectual grasp of harmonic problems, the sense of rhythm, the sympathetic insight, the staying power and nervous and physical force to make these gifts effective by training, the sense of exhilaration before an audience and, beyond all, the "something more," that none may explain but all can recognize.

The "Wednesday evenings" just alluded to were a marked feature of Hartford society during Mr. Warner's lifetime whenever he and Mrs. Warner were in town. At these evenings renowned artists often played or sang; young and timid performers were encouraged to their best efforts and, above all, Mrs. Warner always played. In those wonderful rooms to which all lands have paid tribute, adorned with the background of Mr. Warner's immense library lining the walls and wandering up the stairway into remote regions, with lights glimmering from Syrian lamps and Florentine sconces, upon the Damascus tiled mantels, the great jars of the Knights of Malta, the Roc's egg suspended from the ceiling, the cynical statuette of Mr. Thackeray upon a table, the priceless Persian rugs, the Venetian glass, the ancient Spanish painting of the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, in its Mexican frame, upon autograph paintings, sketches, portraits of musicians and the two great portraits of Mr. Warner by Duveninck together with prewith opportunities of travel unlimited and of cious trifles innumerable—how many a music meeting everywhere society's chosen, there lover has there listened to the magic evoked has been a cosmopolitanism in Mrs. Warner's from her piano by the stately, gracious châtelaine!

Some of her friends have felt it difficult to judge Mrs. Warner's performance disinterestedly because it was disarmed by such an atmosphere. They had often wished to see her attainments put to the test of public performance. Recently, opportunities have come. The Philharmonic Orchestra of Hartford, a vigorous institution under the leadership of Mr. John S. Camp, the composer, right of literary workers, while Mrs. Warner's which owes to her its inception and nurture, nature prompted her to share the good things invited her to attempt a concerto at one of

the public performances. This feat, for one patch, had put the house, barn, roadway and unused to ensemble playing, she accomplished with brilliancy, before an audience which packed Parson's Theatre to the doors. Recitals for charity and for the public exercises of the Hartford School of Music have followed, and last winter a recital before the MacDowell Club of New York and before the Musical Club of New Haven proved to the great happiness of her friends that the quality of her work is in no wise dependent upon the surroundings of her drawing room.

aforesaid orchestra, a music school of rank, an immense musical club, and is a regular stopping place for the large orchestras and great artists. But, formerly, there was momentous indifference to music and few cared who of its high priests came or went. Then and forever gratefully to be remembered, Mrs. Warner organized the Memnon Club, to bring and financially support concerts from out of town. Year in and year out, supplying all deficiencies (no one will ever know how much) from her own pocket, Mrs. Warner worked to bring her loved city into range with the great world of music as she knew it in Berlin, Florence, Dresden, Baireuth, New York and Boston.

With Mrs. Warner there will always be the world-wide interest in every department of human achievement in the arts or in literature. She is the representative, the very heart of the old "Nook Farm" coterie that for so long made Hartford a significant factor Louise Karr. in American literary life.

BENJAMIN JOHN HORCHEM

HE first crystallization of Benjamin J. Horchem's ideas came through having his attention called to the depredations upon Dubuque, Iowa, gardens by a gang of young vandals commanded by a red-headed limb of Satan whom I will call Danny Maloney. Using Danny's story as a lever to pry money from his friends' pockets, Mr. Horchem bought an abandoned truck farm, with a small dilapidated dwelling and barn. In the spring he got together some of his own pupils—he is principal of a Dubuque school—and on Saturdays and after hours sallied with them to the farm. The boys hoed and planted and organized with partial self-government and officers of their own electing. By the middle of the summer they had a nice garden

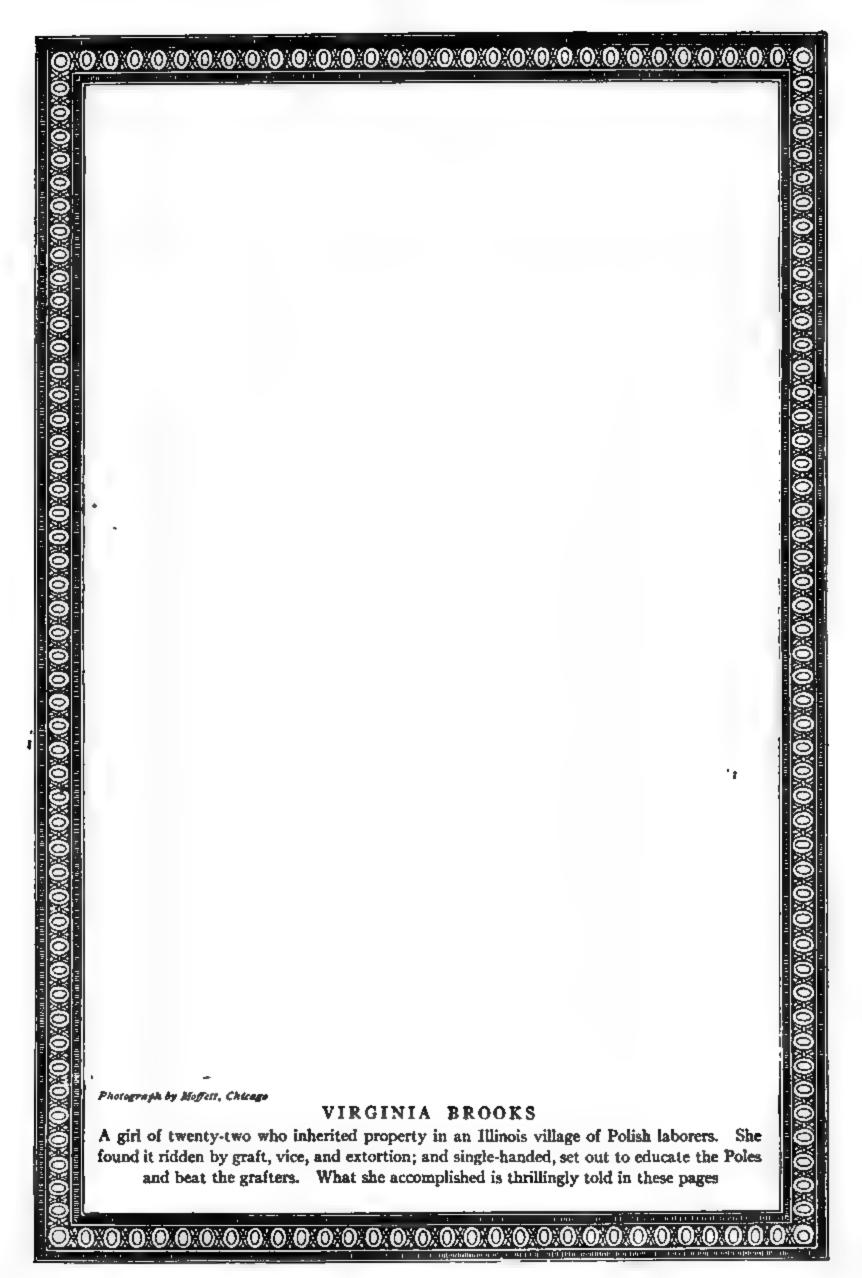
grounds into good order, and added a porch to the house. Then one Saturday the regular boys were invited to stay at home and Mr. Horchem asked Danny and his gang to a carry-all ride. Shortly after a report, "incredible but true," circulated in "Dublin," Danny's neighborhood, that the "limb" was cultivating a garden of his own in lieu of destroying his neighbors'. Which shows conclusively his depredations had been but misdirected energy.

The next year, 1909, "Park Life," as Mr. Hartford is now a musical city, with the Horchem calls the farm-school where he is working out his system of Education-Recreation, had a new location, north of Dubuque, overlooking the Mississippi. The main immediate objects of his experiments are to keep children wholesomely and voluntarily employed during the long vacation and to cause boys and girls to love nature, so that when they become men and women they will desire to have homes with grounds about them, in order to bring up their children in healthful surroundings and also save part of the cost of living by raising their own vege-

At the recent meeting of the National Educational Association in San Francisco no address aroused more attention and commendation than Mr. Horchem's. In its course he said: "There is a trumpet in the call for the conservation of our natural wealth; but the highest, deepest concern of the American people to-day is the conservation of the greatest of all national resources—the children."

In "Park Life," Mr. Horchem is already conducting, as far as limited resources will allow, an experiment station for the conservation of children. His vacation school has up to date been supported by private subscription, pay from parents who are able, and by what he himself has or could scrape together while struggling against adverse financial conditions. So far, the experiments have largely been confined to work with boys. They camp out during the summer in tents on the high bluff; are instructed in camp cooking and woodcraft; raise more than sufficient vegetables for their own use; have flower gardens and learn to plant, prune and bud fruit trees. They also learn to care for and know the good points of all farm animals. There is a daily lecture upon some phase of the work; and rowing, swimming and other diversions.

The founder of the vacation school feels that it is temporary and transitional, and will ultimately lead to an all-the-year-round school conducted on a plan altogether different



from the present public school system. His idea of what it may be, follows:

1. Schools to be in the suburbs of cities. Children

to reach the schools by rapid transit.

2. School to be in session the entire year; but only half the school day spent indoors. Schoolroom work to be chiefly done in winter and bad weather.

3. Less desk work. More laboratory, shop and garden work. The active aspect of education, now chiefly seen in the kindergarten and agricultural and technical schools, to be maintained throughout the grades.

4. Initiative to be taken by the children. All the leading trades, occupations and professions to be carried on under trained workers. The pupil will go to

the schoolroom for theoretic instruction or knowledge.

5. No written examinations. Work done speaks for itself. There is no more need of examinations in

the schoolroom than in the business world.

Frances A. Groff.

VIRGINIA BROOKS

CHICAGO real-estate man died. He left his widow and daughter, a girl of twenty-two, some \$30,000 worth of property in a small Illinois village of Polish laborers. The girl had never seen the village, but she began to get special assessments on the property which mounted toward its entire value, so she went down to investigate.

She found at the end of her journey a vice and graft-ridden community. Lots worth \$200 or less were assessed more than that amount for fake "improvements"; the paving and sewerage systems being installed were riddled with graft; village material and villagepaid men were being used to build certain private houses; and the Polish people submitted to it all in helpless blindness. The girl was astounded to find that they were afraid to protest, that they accepted robbery and extortion as a part of American life, and that the whole village was in a fair way to lose savings and property.

The girl promptly decided that her life work lay here, and with her mother she moved from Chicago to the village. She threw herself into the work of educating the Poles, she learned their language and won their confidence, she began a seemingly hopeless war on the saloons and dives and corrupt Little Mother of the Blind, and her children officials, and published a paper in which she love her. fearlessly exposed everything and everyone

concerned. In return the village officials took equally vigorous action. The girl was threatened with vitriol and worse, she was all but kidnaped by a party of dive-keepers, she was assaulted, beaten and kicked by village policemen—and sprang into unreal fame as "The Joan of Arc of West Hammond." Unreal, because Virginia Brooks is no Joan of Arc. She is no mob-leader, no militant mopwielder, as she has been pictured by the press of sublimated sensation. She is a very quiet, strong and efficient young woman who is doing something worth while.

She showed up crooked ballots and crooked men behind them, blocked graft after graft, won a complete victory in the assessment question whereby the taxpayers were saved over \$21,000, and has recently succeeded in a bitter fight against the gambling dens. More than this, she has involved certain officials in a matter which at present promises to be

exceedingly unpleasant for them.

Yet all this is nothing to her, except as construction involves destruction. Her great ambition has been to help the Poles, those blinded, helpless, old-world people who love her. Curiously enough, her greatest aid has been music; the women and children come crowding to the cottage to hear her play, and sit in absolute stillness for an hour at a time. But that is an aside.

Her real work has been the foundation of a settlement in Hammond, separated from West Hammond only by the Indiana line. The local lodge of Elks donated house and lot, the women of Hammond pitched in and helped, and now the women and children of the place have a "town home" with the advantages of the usual settlement classes and instruction.

She is working, first, for the uplift of the Polish women, who are incredibly self-satisfied and blinded to any higher condition of life. This girl of twenty-three helps deserted women and children, acts as probation officer for boys who have "gone wrong" but who obey her slightest wish implicitly, and assists the many wives whose husbands throw away their wages in gambling dens. But what a false name it is, that "Joan of Arc of West Hammond!" For, after all, she is only a

H. BEDFORD-JONES.



UPWARD STEP

Another Bennie-Boy Story

By MARION HILL

Author of "The Pettison Twins," "His Place in the Line," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

ENNIE-BOY seems to have no spirituality," deplored his mother to his father, speaking freely over Bennie-Boy's sleek head quite as if it were afar in planetary space. Instead, it was right there at that very tea table, and was ducked decorously down over a small bowl, getting filled full of cake and milk; getting filled fuller, however, of ideas which were adjudged beyond its mentality.

"And what does he want with spirituality?" escaped cheerfully from the man before he had time to weigh out all that was expected

Bennie-Boy's father was so healthy that he was liable to make certain mistakes.

"And how do you spell it?" asked Bennie-Boy himself, lifting his spoon and lashes together and gently poising both in position.

He and spelling were on such suffering terms with each other these wild days of school's second year, that he was unable to rid his mind of its naggings even during the jam and cake period of home's evening meal. If "spirituality" as an estate was as railroady as it sounded, he was not sorry for his lack.

Bennie-Boy's mother looked hard at him, and then looked hard at his father.

"You're a pair," she remarked briefly. And spirituality seemed to take a siding. At

any rate, tea went on without it.

Bennie-Boy lowered his lashes and his spoon and resumed his suspended business. When it was completely cleared up and he had slid to the far floor with a murmured "Please excuse me," preparatory to going upstairs to unscrew an engine whose coiled insides he thirsted for, he bethought himself to ask a question which had come to him awhile back when he had accidentally swal-

lowed a raisin he had been storing in the roof of his mouth,—why at that time, he could not say. Questions were apt to come just so, tied on to things foreign to them—like umbrellas to suitcases.

"Mother," he began. Soft as velvet, his voice made the word even more beautiful than it is.

"Yes, my darling baby?"

He let "baby" pass for another day.

"Now, er, — Uncle George — who

"Well, dear?" somewhat wincingly.

There was no wince about Bennie-Boy. He was cool and casual.

"Now,-er,-"he went on very loosely. "Is he dead still?"

"Oh, yes, dear! Yes."

"Why, how long is he going to stay dead?" demanded Bennie-Boy, slightly exasperated with the situation yet secretly charmed withal at owning an uncle with oddities.

Instead of answering, Bennie-Boy's mother turned rather helplessly to his father and asked a question of amazing irrelevance.

"Have I been mistaken in keeping him

from Sunday school?" she queried. While his parents were dubiously eying each other, visibly aghast at something,

Bennie-Boy hurried escapingly to his engine. He had never felt the need of school on Sunday — there was always enough left over from

Friday.

Not that he exactly minded school. Next morning he was as ready as ever to go, particularly since he intended to take the first opportunity presenting itself to ask Elsie Lavelle's opinion of this Sunday affair.

Elsie Lavelle might be the smallest girl in the class, and the youngest, also the lowest (incidentally, the prettiest), but she could be relied upon to know something of everything. She was merely so full of inward affairs as to not connected with the course of study. Her have no room for an outside trifle like an poorness in scholarship was really superb, so great was the calm of mind that went with it. How Elsie ever got promoted was a constant marvel,—to pupils, that is. Teachers understood. The child who can know nothing without wriggling is the child who is kept back: a wriggler goes ahead, for peace's sake.

The way Elsie wriggled she might have had

steam pipes under her desk.

The unstrung state of her deportment always fascinated Bennie-Boy, who, for his part, was still in the shackles of his babyhood's gentleness, and scarcely dared breathe This tongue-tied shyness kept in school. him generally misplaced down among the "low" pupils, consequently he and Elsie were mostly across the aisle from each other. She was safer across the aisle than behind him or in front of him,—not much, but a little.

He could feel her beady eyes upon him at all times. Their beadiness was a matter of expression, not size, for they were really immense. But the glitter of them was as uncommunicative as jet.

Beadiness was the secret of Elsie's undeniable attraction.

When a little girl sticks her tongue out at you, you know what it means, and do not very much care; and when a little girl dimples and smiles at you, you know what that means, nor do you very much care; but when a little girl merely keeps both beads on you, you do not in the least know what it means and you care terribly.

"Across the aisle" did not give opportunity for speech—not to Bennie-Boy—for there was a strict rule against "communication

during recitation hour."

Elsie did not let it worry her even though Miss Quimby, panoplied in power with an apron and a ruler, was close beside her, preparing a "word game" upon the blackboard. For when an unseen dog barked in the street beneath, his yelp quite punctuating the schoolroom's silence, Elsie widened her beads at Bennie-Boy and hissed:

"That sounds like Mr. Ammon's dog."

A second later she hissed further:

"Mr. Ammon hasn't got a dog."

The explanation came in a third hiss: "But it sounds like his kind of a dog."

"Silence," ordered Miss Quimby, thump-

ing the board.

Elsie coolly lifted up a back streamer of Miss Quimby's apron and examined surreptitiously, and unknown of the wearer, into its quality. Elsie was anything but impudent.

irate teacher.

Bennie-Boy would have bartered his soul for such poise—with a "word game" crashingly imminent, too.

Game! And how do you suppose it was

"played"?

Some epithet not in the speller, not in the reader, a veritable pilgrim and stranger among words, was dismembered and strung out on the board. His segments were tapped with a ruler and then you had to guess at him -using your supposed knowledge of "vowel and consonant sounds."

The name "game" was Miss Quimby's.

Queer idea of games, hers.

Perhaps it was a game if you guessed right, but if you guessed wrong you found yourself

in a free-for-all fight.

The very fundamentals of the "game" were frightening, for you had to go through the alphabet, not sanely sounding A, B, C, but choking and gurgling. For b was ub, c was cur, d was ud, f was as if you had started to call a boy a fool and thought better of it, g was ug, q was like nothing in the heavens above nor the earth beneath, and x was like sneezing politely in company. As for the vowels, there was no keeping up with them,it all depended upon their hats, ā, ā, ā, â. And when you caught a unhatted, so to speak, whether it was ai, or ar, or ah, or aw, or English, or Italian, or just plain everyday New York, was a nervous toss-up.

It was to Bennie-Boy at least.

His turn to play arrived, and his heart sank. Miss Quimby chalked up

CIRCUS

and smilingly asked Bennie-Boy's guess on the subject.

Well, he had an aunt unfortunately in Syracuse. So he said Syracuse. The thing on the board had most of the earmarks of Syracuse anyhow.

But Miss Quimby's smile came off. Her affability froze and her muscles worked. She snatched up a piece of chalk, hurled herself upon the word and did some mangling.

She put a wiggle under the c, a quirk over the i, a line through the r, a spike through the middle c, a bowl on top of u, left the s alone, produced this unhuman monstrosity,

ÇĨĮKĆŪS

rapped it dangerously with the ruler and quite howled how could that be Syracuse?

No use to ask Bennie-Boy. He had not

interior he felt that had the i had the bowl over it, and the u been wearing its flat hat, Syracuse would have been at least within walking distance.

But why dispute a lady with a ruler?

He was glad enough to drop out of the game and let Elsie "play" awhile. Not that Elsie

Elsie called caterpillar "Cinderella," and issued from the result without loss of a feather.

After Elsie, not the deluge, but very few scholars indeed. So the game came mercifully to an end. However, it had its blessings, for the prolonged strain of it won for them the relief of a "whispering recess."

It is not a real recess. You do not take your hat and form in line and march downstairs to the boys' yard, losing little girls altogether. You gabble hard for a few minutes, right in the room. The recess is shockingly short. Its promiscuousness is what counts. For little girls are close at hand.

Bennie-Boy knew this to be the time to consult Elsie about religion. He looked at

She was hanging over the desk where sat Jimmy Henderson, a warty, unwashed individual whose one gift was drawing. Jimmy was busy at the moment with slate and pencil and he quite plainly wished Elsie further, for, womanlike, she was more anxious for him to produce what he couldn't do than what he could.

"Can you make a picture of a fish?" she asked.

"Yare!" This was yes—rich and fat with assurance.

So Elsie dropped the fish.

"Can you make a picture of a house?"

"Yare!"

Elsie no longer cared for the house.

"Can you make a picture of fire?" "Naw!"

"Can't you?" wriggling interestedly.

"Naw!

"Then make it!" she begged intensely, electrically alive to the greater importance of man's attempt at the impossible over his achievement of the possible.

Bennie-Boy hated to break in, but had to. "Elsie?" he quavered experimentally,

strongly questioning.

All one could ever do with Elsie in the line of conversation was to experiment. For as a talker she did her noblest under prohibition. Granted time and place, her chat choked up.

When accosted she was apt to become more

the faintest audible idea. Yet in his hazy beady-eyed than usual, and very annoying -

yet alluring, too. As now.
"What." This she said absolutely without question mark. It held all the mortifying conclusiveness of "hush up," and "get out."

And how little she was! Every time Bennie-Boy parted from her he knew she was little, yet every time he met her again he was struck anew with the fact that she was the very smallest thing in girls he had ever run against. The skirt part of her was as short as a doll, and her legs and arms were mere lemonade straws. And her big beads of eyes and bud of a mouth were printed on a snow-white face no bigger than an oyster cracker. Yet she was a dynamo of allurement.

Bennie-Boy trod ecstatically on air as he

pursued:

"Do you go to Sunday school?"

"Course."

Now why "of course"? He slightly shrank under it, his fringe of lash panting up and "Of course" had slapped him in the face with accusation. Yet accusation of what?

He piteously searched Elsie's beads of eyes and bud of mouth for explanation.

But all he got was mere beads and bud. So he gently probed on:

"What happens in Sunday school?"

"Lots." Except for a hint of melt in the beads and blossom in the bud, this one word would have been empty of attraction. As it was, it decided him to go.

He forgot to tell his mother of this decision until late along in the afternoon. He and Petey, from next door, were building blocks at her feet. In a way, it was that very Petey who had kept Bennie-Boy and the Sabbath apart,-Petey's mother, rather. For Petey's mother believed not in coercion, particularly in things spiritual. She said the child knew its own need; when ready it would ask. She believed in letting children "find themselves." Petey's mother was letting Petey find himself. And Petey certainly was doing it. In the process, though, he was finding so much in addition to himself, and was losing so many things belonging to other people that he was a doubtful pleasure as a guest.

With Bennie-Boy's gentle mother, how-

ever, he was safely at his best.

"There," said Petey, letting out the hoarded breath with which he had placed the last block. The structure was done. "Isn't it lovely? It's a—it's a—Elks' Lodge."

"Oh, it's prettier," cooed Bennie-Boy, devotionally. "It's a-it's a-Irish Catholic Cathedral."

But

"All right," agreed Petey.

"And the congregation's singing a hymn," said Bennie-Boy, rapt. "So let's sing it."

"All right," agreed Petey a sec-"What ond time.

hvmn?"

"Any hymn does if you pull it out sad enough," elucidated Bennie-Boy.

"All right," agreed Petey a third time. "Start one. But start the one I know."

So both little

boys bent their

shining heads and croonedreligiously: Has anny boddy here seen Mickey? Hurroo. His eyes is green, his hair is pink,

And he's from Dutchland I don't think, "Oh," said Bennie-Boy's mother. there her protest stopped,—she was so evidently the only irreverent one in the party.

The two others were devotion itself. And Bennie-Boy remembered something in line. "I'm going to Sunday school on Sunday,"

he announced.

"I'm glad of it, Bennie-Boy," she said, relieved.

Yet as time went on, her relief suffered setbacks. For although he went the next Sunday and succeeding Sundays, he said little of what he brought away with him. All he had noted the first Sunday was that Elsie Lavelle was miles ahead of him, in another class. She was evidently cleverer at stepping heavenward than at spelling.

Sunday school's general effect became more noticeable in fragments than in the

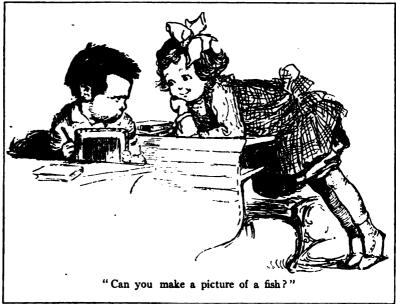
lump, taking Bennie-Boy's case.

"Do you see that?" he asked, horrified, one morning, pointing to a white welt on his toe.

"Yes," said his mother, calmly. "A crease Decious." in the sheet has done it."

"Oh, no," said Bennie-Boy, unresigned but heroic. "It's leprosy. And nothing can cure it. Not even osteopathy. Only Jehovah. And do you know what that means? You die."

"Nonsense," said his mother, letting the unorthodoxy pass.



Bennie-Boy cheered immediately. He had faith in his mother.

One evening he said devoutly: "I'd like to be the Angel Gabriel."

"Why?" she asked in a hushed tone, feeling

them both to be on holy ground.
"He has the most fun," explained Bennie-Boy, surprised that she had not figured it out for herself. "He's in somebody's automobile. Up there." He stabbed his finger reverently skyward. "He blows the horn."

Sunday school had merely made him more

materialistic than ever.

His favorite hymn was "I love the holy angels," sung:

> I love the holy angels So beautiful and bright, And if I do not tease them, They will not scratch nor bite.

His pussy-cat song slid in so metrically among the angels as to pass unnoticed by him. Hymns were chiefly a matter of rhythm.

"I like 'em," he said once, crooning softly

at his mother's side.

"So do I," she said. "Hymns are beautiful."

"Um. They are. 'Specially Rubber

"Rubber Decious?"

"Um. Rubber Decious, cleft for me. Let me hide myself in thee."

"Ah! Bennie-Boy, tell mother, do you never think what you sing?"

"Yes," he decided at last. "Or how could I sing what I think?"

And, as the days ran on, materialism deepened to actual heresy.

This his mother accidentally found out one been crying. time when she gently chided him for playing in public after his garters and hose had parted company. She righted his attire and then softly brushed the hair from his brows in mute apology for the chiding.

Bennie-Boy looked at her thoughtfully for

several minutes. Then he said:

on "if" showing that he had accepted much Quimby was dead. Still there was a tingling

hearsay which cried aloud for investigation — ''my knees would be as good a part of me to show as my forehead."

There being no gift of argument about her, she mildly sidetracked.

"Would you like me to help you with your lessons, Bennie-Boy?"

"Oh, no; we don't do lessons any more. We have the substitute, you know."

"Poor Miss Quimby is still sick?"

"Still sick," said Bennie-Boy happily.

A substitute

is far more afraid of you than you are of her. And she does not know where the chalk is, nor who has to stay in, nor what the bells mean, nor anything.

This charming anarchy turned the schoolroom into a delightful place. Bennie-Boy could hardly get there quickly enough of a morning. Nor could the other scholars.

Such queer things were constantly required hushed way. of them at the substitute's hands that they were not in the least surprised by one of her matinal requests that all of them who could, should bring white roses.

The resultant big bunch tied with streaming white ribbons lay on her desk. For some

reason or other, the sight of them brought a hush over the room. And the substitute had

With new tears shining, she asked them to put their books and belongings quietly away, that they were to be dismissed. But they must not call it a half-holiday. It was no holiday at all, but a sad sign of respect. For Miss Quimby was dead.

Well, they cleared their desks soberly "If God made me"—the terrific emphasis enough. It was too bad, of course, that Miss

> excitement about creeping out of the building in the very middle of the day, when all the other classes were yet incarcerated. Bennie-Boy was not allowed to creep with his mates, but was held back, and a paipitating honor was bestowed upon him -- as the class representative he was to carry the roses to Miss Quimby'shouse. He hardly wanted to. And he could not guess why he had been chosen. Elsie Lavelle could have told him. Not for nothing had she

teacher is pure and undefiled mirth. She kept her beads daily upon his soft and gentle charm.

Never daring to object, he carried the roses to the house with sashes on the door-

A velvet-shod nurse appeared and seemed to know who he was and all about his errand. She did not take the flowers from him.

"Bring them in, dear," she said, in a "For you want to see her, don't you?"

The rudeness of saying that he did not was quite beyond him. So he followed the nurse into a very dark room whose air was heavy with the perfume of violets and heliotrope. The blinds were drawn, but all the windows

Don't you go to Sunday school?

were open, and the noises from the street

came in strangely.

When the darkness cleared he was shocked to see Miss Quimby quite close to him on a couch. And across the foot of the couch was her mother, a long line of black, hopeless and desolate.

Bennie-Boy's heart leaped into his neck and fluttered there.

Miss Quimby was in white. Her pretty hair was loose around her still whiter face. She looked as young as a little girl, almost young enough to play with,—but so white, so still, her eyes so tightly shut! Flowers were on top of her. Was he to put his roses there? The heart in his neck beat till he suffocated. The nurse indicated a place on the white dress, and he laid the flowers down. As he did so, he sensed rather than felt the awful rigidity of the little teacher, once so warm and quick.

He turned quietly and ran from the room. He ran from the house. He ran all the way home. His mother not being there, he ran

into the kitchen—to Lodora.

"Laws-ee, Honey-chile," boomed Lodora at sight of his pale face. "What-all done got yo'?"

"Nothing," he said almost angrily. So she wisely let him cut out her gingerbread cookies, the color of herself. As she baked them she sang unctuously:

Some day I's a-gwan to git tired, Some day I's a-gwan to git tired, Some day I's a-gwan to git tired, An' res' in de arms ob de Lawd.

"Lodora," he stammered. "What happens after a person dies?"

"Jes' dat, I spec, Honey. Dey res' in de it under the covers.

The warm gurgl

Just that white, endless rest of Miss—? He shuddered away from the picture. Oh, if his mother would only come home!

She did at length, and he went to her.

"Bennie-Boy, sweetheart," she said, startled. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he answered. She looked worried but let him alone, and he followed her around faithfully and silently till supper time arrived, which meant his father.

"Well, Old Sport," was his father's beginning, then in a changed tone, "what's gone

wrong?"

"Nothing," stormed Bennie-Boy. At the table, he could not eat.

"Been 'helping' Lodora make cookies?" said his father.

Bennie-Boy let the insinuation go uncontradicted. His mother kept her perplexed eyes upon him, and after supper suggested a good thing.

"Go to bed, Bennie-Boy."

He started to obey, then turned a stricken, ashy face upon her.

"Come with me," he said, bursting into

sobs. "I am afraid."

"What is it, Bennie-Boy?" she whispered as he clung to her hand on the dark stairway. "Tell mother."

"Nothing," he choked.

While undressing him, she felt of his cheek and wrist, just as she did when he had fever. But she did not go for the aconite bottle afterward. She merely looked more perplexed.

"Say your prayers, dearie," was her only

comment.

So he went to his knees and began:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should——

He was on his feet like a flash and was clinging to her neck, crying hysterically: "I don't like that prayer. And I don't like my bed. I am afraid. Put me in yours. Put me in yours."

Distressed, wordless, she carried him to her own bed, tucked him in, and sat beside him.

But he did not sleep. His eyes stared desolately open. There were deep circles under them. Unaided, he was making his first fight against death, as, unaided, he would have to make his last.

"Go to sleep," he was softly told.

"I can't."

She got the hot-water bag and insinuated it under the covers.

The warm gurgling flop of it against his feet maddened him with its alienship to the situation. So he kicked it skillfully to the middle of the room. There it heaved once or twice like a jellyfish before it died.

Died. Ah! The anguished, haunted look

crept back to his face.

After ages, "Do go to sleep, Bennie-Boy."

"I can't. I can't."

Still later, "Why can't you, Bennie-Boy?"
"I can't. And I don't like that prayer any more."

She kissed his hand gently over and over as she observed:

"It is pretty for babies to say. There is a grown-up prayer, though. It is called the Lord's Prayer."

"Am I enough grown-up for it?"

"Yes, Bennie-Boy. It 'grows down' to all who need it."

"Do go to sleep, Bennie-Boy"

She was talking queerly, but for that mat- But "Our Father" sounded wider, stronger—

She was talking queerly, but for that matter she was looking queer, too: queer but nice. For the lamp was directly back of her head till it turned her into a church window.

"Say the grown-up prayer," he suggested. She said it, kissing his hand at the pauses. He listened.

"Say it again," he then ordered drowsily.
"And this time break it into small bits so I can say it after you."

"Our Father-" she recommenced.

"Our Father." He repeated it with much satisfaction. It soothed something inside him that had been the uncomfortablest. For "my mother" could fail in time of death. He had seen the inconceivable thing proved.

But "Our Father" sounded wider, stronger—safe.

The words, as they went on, sang like a lullaby. His vague fears went to vaguer rest.

Before he knew it, she was down toward the end.

"—the kingdom, the power and the

"Kingdom. The power. And the glory."
How sure it was. No "if I die"—but power
—glory.

"—for ever and ever—"

"For—ever—and—ever."
"—Amen——"

Amen. But it was his quieted heart which said it, not his lips, for he was sleeping.



IRRESPONSIBLE WOMAN AND THE FRIENDLESS THE CHILD

By IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," "The American Woman," etc.

NE of the first conclusions forced on a thoughtful unprejudiced observer of society is that the major percentage of its pains and its vices result from a failure to make good con-Children pine and even die for fruit in the cities while a hundred miles away thousands of barrels of apples are rotting on the ground. Famine devastates one country while the granaries of another are bursting with food. Men and women drink themselves into the gutter from sheer loneliness, while other men and women shrivel up in isolated comfort. One of the most pitiful examples of this failure to connect is that of the irresponsible woman and the friendless, uncared-for child.

There never at any time in any country in the world's history existed so large a group of women with whom responsibility and effort were a matter of choice, as exists to-day in the United States. While a large number of these free women are devoting themselves whole-heartedly to public service of the most intelligent and ingenious kind, another larger number recognize no obligation to make any substantial return to society for its benefits. The heaviest burden to-day on productive America, aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system, is that of its nonproductive women. They are the most demanding portion of our society. They spend more money than any other group, are more insistent in their cry for amusement, are more resentful of interruptions of their pleasures and excitements; they go to greater extremes of indolence and of uneasiness.

The really serious side to the existence of this parasitical group is that great numbers of other women, not free, forced to produce, accept their standards of life. We hear women, useful women, everywhere talking do anything, commiserating women who vidual situations, in absorbing work, a work

must work, commiserating those who have heavy household responsibilities, and by the whole gist of their words and acts influencing those younger and less experienced than themselves to believe that happiness lies in irresponsible living.

Varieties of Feminine Irresponsibility

Various gradations of the theory of which this is the extreme expression show them-Thus there are great numbers of women of moderate means, who by a little daily effort can keep comfortable and attractive homes for themselves and their immediate families, and yet who are utterly regardless of outside responsibility, who are practically isolated in the community. They pass their lives in a little round of household activities, sunning and preening themselves in their long hours of leisure like so many sleek cats.

There is still another division of this irresponsible class, who build up frenzied existences for themselves in all sorts of outside activities. They plunge headlong into each new proposition for pleasure or social service only to desert it as something more novel and exciting and for the instant popular, appears. Steady, intelligent standing-by an undertaking through its ups and downs, its dull seasons and its unpopular phases, they are incapable of. Their efforts have no relation to an intelligently conceived purpose. With them may be grouped those women who, by their canonization of the unimportant, construct heavily burdened but utterly fruitless lives. They laboriously pad out their days with trivial things, vanities, shams and shadows to which they give the serious undivided attention which should be bestowed only on real enterprises.

There are others who seek soporifics, reabout the desirability of not being obliged to lease from a hearty tackling of their indimere occupation—something to make them forget-not an art for art's sake, not labor for its useful fruits, but a protective separating shield to shut out the insistent demands of life in the place where they find themselves.

All of these women are rightfully classed as irresponsible, whether they are moved by vanity, indolence, purposelessness, social blindness or most pitiful, a sense of the emptiness of life unattended by the imagination which reveals the sources from which life is filled. No one of them is building a "House of Life" for herself. They are building gimcrack palaces, gingerbread cottages, structures which the first full blast of life will level to the ground.

Neglected Youth at Woman's Door

These women are not peculiar to city or to country. They are scattered nation-wide. You find them on farms and in mansions, in offices and in academic halls. In startling contrast there exists almost under the very eaves of the roofs which shelter them a vast and pitiful group of friendless children,—the deserted babe, the "little mother," the boys and girls running wild on side streets in every village in our land and in every slum in the cities, the factory child, the shop girl who has no home. Let us remember that a goodly percentage of those at work have homes and that they are engaged in a stimulating, if hard effort to "help," that they have the steadying consciousness that they are needed. Nevertheless this mass of youth is on the whole in an unnatural position—an anti-social relation.

Society can never run rightfully until all its members are performing their natural functions. No woman whatever her condition can escape her obligation to youth without youth suffering, and without suffering herself. One of the crying needs of to-day is a crusade, a jar, which will force upon our irresponsible women the friendless children of the country, give them some sense of the undeniable relation they bear to them, show them that they are in a sense the cause of this pathetic group and that it is their work to relieve it.

True, for a woman there is nothing more painful than putting herself face to face with the suffering of children. Yet for many years now we have had in this country a knows nothing of the records of the local large and increasing number of women who were going through the daily pain of grappling with every phase of the distressing we have. It is he who makes the machine problems which come from the poverty, possible. If he did his work the governmental

which perhaps fills their minds but which is friendlessness and overwork of the young. Out of their heartbreaking scrutinies there have come certain determinations which are being adopted rapidly wherever the social sense is aroused. We may roughly sum up these conclusions or determinations to be these:

It is not necessary or endurable that children grow up starved and overworked, that boys and girls be submitted to vicious surroundings, that talent be crushed, that young men and young women be devoured by crime and greed. Youth, its nurturing and developing, has become the passion of the day. This is the meaning of our bureaux of Child Labor, of our Children's Courts, our Houses of Correction, our Fresh-Air Funds and Vacation Homes, our laws regulating hours and conditions, our Social Settlements.

Men and Women Shirkers

At its very best, however, legislation, organization, work in groups, only indirectly reach the base of the trouble. These homeless babes and children, these neglected boys and girls, these reckless shop and factory girls are generally the pain and menace that they are because they have not had, as individuals, that guidance and affection of women to which each has a natural right. No collective work however good it may be can protect or guide these children properly. Rightfully they should be the charge of that body of women who are unhampered, "free." These women have more, or less, intelligence; they have time and means. They owe society a return for their freedom, their means and their education. Nature had made them the guardians of childhood. Can they decently shirk the obligation any more than a man can decently shirk his duty as a citizen? Indeed the case of the woman unresponsive to her duty toward youth is parallel to that of the man unresponsive to his duty toward public affairs. One is as profitless and parasitical as the other.

The man who has no notion of what is doing politically in his own ward, who does not sense the malign influences which may be working in his neighborhood, in his very street, perhaps in the next house, who has not his eye on the unscrupulous small politician who leads the ward by the nose, who candidates, never goes to the primaries, this man is one of the most dangerous citizens

machine, which starts there with him, would pretty, rich, busy town of 30,000 people, be sound. It would be begun by honest men interested in serving the country to the best of their ability, and on such a foundation no future solidarity of corruption could be possible.

The individual woman's obligation toward the children and young people in her neighborhood is very like this obligation of the man to public affairs. If is for her to know the conditions under which the children, the boys and girls, young men and maids, in her vicinity are actually living. It is for her to be alert to their health, amusements and general education. It is for her to find the one—and there always is one—that actually needs her. It is for her to correlate her personal discoveries and experiences with the general efforts of her community.

This is no work for an occasional morning. It does not mean sporadic or even regular "neighborhood visiting." It means observation, reflection and study. It has nothing to do save indirectly with societies or groups, or laws. It is a personal work, something nobody else can do and something, which if it is neglected, adds just so much more to the stream of uncared-for youth. How is it to be done? Have you ever watched a woman interested in birds making her observations? She will get up at daylight to catch a note of a new singer. She will study in detail the little family that is making its home on her veranda. From the hour that the birds arrive in the spring until the hour that they leave in the fall she misses nothing of their doings. It is a beautiful and profitable study and it is a type of what is required of a woman who would fulfill her obligation toward the youth of her neighborhood.

"What Were the Women Doing?"

Could we have such study everywhere in country and town what tragedies and shames we might be spared! A few months ago the whole nation was horrified by a riot in a prosperous small city of the Middle West which ended in the lynching of a young man, a mere boy, who in trying to discharge his duty as a public official had killed a man. Some thirty persons, over half of them boys under twenty years of age, are to-day serving terms of from fifteen to twenty years in the penitentiary for their part in this lynching.

Their terrible work was no insane outbreak—analyzed it was a logical consequence of the social and political conditions under

proud of its churches and its school, eighty saloons industriously plied their business and part of their business, as it always is, was to train youths to become their patrons.

What were the women doing in the town? I asked the question of one who knew it. "Why," he said, "they were doing just what women do everywhere, no better, no worse. They had their clubs; I suppose a dozen literary clubs, several sewing clubs, several bridge clubs and a number of dancing clubs. I think they cared a little more for bridge than for literature, many of them at least. They took little part in civic work, though they had done much for the city library and city hospital. Many girls went to college, to the State Institute, to Vassar and Smith. They came back to teach and to marry. It

was just as it is everywhere."

Another to whom I put the same question, answered me in a sympathetic letter full of understanding comment. The mingled devotion, energy and blindness of the women the letter described, spoke in its every line. They built charming homes, reared healthy, active children whom they educated at any personal sacrifice—all within a circle of eighty saloons! To offset the saloons they built churches—a church for each sect each more gorgeous than its neighbor. was in building churches that they showed the "greatest tenacity of purpose." They had a large temperance organization. supported a rest room and met fortnightly to pray "ardently and sincerely." How little this body of good women sensed their problem, how little they were fitted to deal with it, my informant's comment reveals. doubtless remember the story," the letter runs, "of the old lady who deplored the shooting of craps because, though she didn't know what they were, 'life was probably as dear to them as to anybody.""

"It was just as it is every where." Busy with self and their immediate circles, they went their daily ways unseeing, though these ways were hedged with a corruption whose rank and horrible offshoots at every step clutched the feet of the children for whom they were responsible.

Intensive Gardening in Youth

Perhaps there is nothing to-day needed in this country more than driving into the minds of women this personal obligation to do what may be called intensive gardening in youth. which the boys had been brought up. In a Whether a woman wishes to see it or not she

the happiness and the future of those that never seen in it anything but physical duties; are in this whirl are affected vitally by what she is and does. To know all of the elements which are circulating about her as a man knows, if he does his work, the political and business elements in his own group, this is her essential task. That she should adjust her discoveries to the organizations political. educational, and religious, which are about her, goes without saying, but these organizations are not the heart of her matter. The heart of her matter lies in what she does for those who come into immediate contact with her.

Her business firmly established in her immediate group should grow as a man's business does in the outer circle where he naturally operates. It will become stable or unstable exactly as trade or profession becomes stable or unstable. Every year it should take on new elements, ramify, turn up new obligations, knit itself more firmly into the life of the community. With every year it should become necessarily more complicated, broader in interests, more demanding on her intellectual and spiritual qualities. Each one of the original members of her group gathers others about himself. In the nature of the case she will become one of the strongest influences in these new groups. As a member goes out she will project herself into other communities or perhaps other lands, into all sorts of industries, professions and arts. growth is absolutely natural. It is, too, one of the most economical growths the world knows. Nothing is lost in it. She spreads literally like the banyan tree.

The Woman of Fifty with Nothing to Do

Yet in spite of this perfectly obvious fact there are people to-day asking with all appearance of sincerity: what a woman of fifty or more can do! Their confining work in the home, say these observers, is done. A common suggestion is that they be utilized in politics. This suggestion has its comical side. A person who has nothing to do after fifty years of life in a business as many-sided and demanding as that of a woman, can hardly be expected to be worth much in a business as complicated and uncertain as politics, and the outer circle which exists only by and for which she had had no training. The notion that the woman's business is ended at fifty or sixty, is fantastic in the extreme. It

is the center of a whirl of life. The health, never gone below the surface of her task has sensed none of its intimate relations to the community, none of its obligations toward those who have left her, none of those toward the oncoming generations. ends there she has failed to realize, too, the tremendous importance to all those who belong in her circle or who touch it of what she makes of herself, of her personal achievement.

A woman of fifty or sixty who has succeeded, has come to a point of sound philosophy and serenity which is of the utmost value in the mental and spiritual development of the group to which she belongs. Life at every one of its seven stages has its peculiar harrowing experiences: hope mingles with uncertainty in youth; fear and struggle characterize early manhood; disillusionment, the question whether it is worth while, fill the years from forty to fifty, but resolute grappling with each period brings one out almost inevitably into a fine serene certainty which cannot but have its effect on those who are younger. Ripe old age, cheerful, useful and understanding, is one of the finest influences in the world. We hang Rembrandt's or Whistler's picture of his mother on our walls that we may feel its quieting hand, the sense of peace and achievement which the picture carries. We have no better illustration of the meaning of old

Family and social groups should be a blend of all ages. One of the present weaknesses of our society is that we herd each age together. The young do not have enough of the stimulating intellectual influence of their elders. The elders do not have enough of the vitalizing influence of the young. We make up our dinner party according to age with the result that we lose the full fine blend of life.

The notion that a woman has no worthy place or occupation after she is fifty or sixty, and that she can be utilized in public affairs, could only be entertained by one who has no clear conception of either private or public affairs—no vision of the infinite reaches of the one or the infinite complexities of the other. Human society may be likened to two great circles, one revolving within the other. In the inner circle rules the woman. Here she breeds and trains the material for for her. That accident may throw her into this outer circle is of course true, but it is not her natural habitat, nor is she fitted by only ends there if she has been blind to the nature to live and circulate freely there. We meaning of her own experiences; if she has underestimate, too, the kind of experience which is essential for intelligent citizenship in this outer circle. To know what is wise and needed there one should circulate in it. The man at his labor in the street, in the meeting places of men, learns unconsciously as a rule, the code, the meaning, the need of public affairs as woman learns those of private affairs. What it all amounts to is that the labor of the world is naturally divided between the two different beings that people the world. It is unfair to the woman that she be asked to do the work of the outer circle. The man can do that satisfactorily if she does her part, that is if she prepares him the material. Certainly, he can never come into the inner circle and do her work.

Equality Not Likeness

The idea that there is a kind of inequality for a woman in minding her own business and letting man do the same, comes from our confused and rather stupid notion of the meaning of equality. Popularly we have come to regard being alike as being equal. We prove equality by wearing the same kind of clothes, studying the same books, regardless of nature or capacity or future life. Insisting that women do the same things that men do may make the two exteriorly more alike—it does not make them more equal. Men and women are widely apart in functions and in possibilities. They can not be made equal by exterior devices like trousers, ballots, the study of Greek. The effort to make them so is much more likely to make them unequal. One only comes to his highest power by following unconsciously and joyfully his own nature. You run the risk of destroying the capacity for equality when you attempt to make one human being like another human being.

unselfish interest in uncared-for youth if they actual life of the people of this world.

were included in the electorate of the nation is hardly sustainable. The ballot has never succeeded in preventing irresponsible men. Something more biting than a new tool is needed to arouse men and women who are absorbed in self—some poignant experience which thrusts upon their indolent minds and into their restricted visions the actualities of life.

In all fairness I think it should be said that the recent agitation for the ballot has served as such an experience for a few women, particularly in the East. Perhaps for the first time they have heard from the suffrage platform of the "little mother," the factory child, the girl living on \$6.00 a week. They have done more than espouse the suffrage cause for the sake of the child, they have gone out to find where they could serve. Let us be glad of every agitation that extends the sense of social obligation.

If there were to-day some way of forcing the idle and the self-absorbed women of upper New York City, who at the first touch of the summer's heat fly to the country or to Europe, to see with their own eyes the thousands of little children who, almost at the very doors of their closed mansions, must for weeks of this coming summer, swelter and often die, we might hope to open many a dull heart, give light to many a blind eye.

It is a new knowledge of that tide of life which breaks at her very gate and through which, in every great city, she must pass every time she leaves it in carriage or car, that the irresponsible American woman needs, if she is to discharge her obligation to the uncaredfor child. To force these facts upon her, to cry to her "you are the woman,—you cannot escape the guilt of the woe and crime which must come from the neglect of childhood in your radius"—this is the business of every The theory that the class of irresponsible man and woman who has had the pain and women considered here would be fired to the privilege of seeing something of the

(It is with "The Woman and Democracy" that the next articles in this series will deal)

RULES OF THE ROAD

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

tries how simple a mat- CITIES AND RAILROADS. ter it is to beg his way across the country with honor.

Here are the rules:

- 1. Keep away from the
- 2. Keep away from the railroads.
- 3. Have nothing to do with money. Carry no baggage.
- 4. Ask for dinner about quarter after eleven.
- 5. Ask for supper, lodging, and breakfast about quarter of five.
- Travel alone.
- Be neat, deliberate, chaste, and civil.

These regulations are all that are essential. But I wish to add another undertaking, for reasons which shall appear:

8. Preach the Gospel of Beauty.

O one will believe till he RULES ONE AND TWO: KEEP AWAY FROM THE

A man may be so tired he cannot hurry through a town. Then he may, indeed, get a free but stinking accommodation from professional charity; or he can break rule three, beg a little money, and put up at a cheap lodging house. The quarters will be the same. There is something intrinsically accursed about town-shelter for the wanderer. There will be a common sleeping-room. There will be vermin and blood on the sheets, and the fellow-lodgers will spit on the floor with a ceaseless reiteration.

The practical side of the rule against railroads is obvious. The rag-tags that haunt the tracks have committed high crimes against hospitality. The only reason they have not slain it is because it is immortal. Sometimes the wagon track clings so close to the railroad ties there is no escape. The thing to do then is to be as far from town as possible before you ask for accommodations. Be sure if you keep asking you will find a brotherly heart, though a suspicious one.

The spiritual necessity for leaving behind railroads and cities cannot be overstated. They blight those fine things in the soul which this discipline of ours is presumed to

upbuild. Sometimes the City, the Box-car, the Track, are seemingly forced upon one. It is not true mendicancy to use them, except at the last extremity. He who would bring new moods to our time, and a new civilization, must not place himself where he will be overwhelmed by the contraptions of the old.

There are no literal "tramps" in the United States to-day. One can go for a thousand miles on the country-road without meeting one. And if the seeming exception should suddenly appear, on investigation you will find he is making for the nearest railroad water tank. If you watch unobserved you will see him take the freight there, with an air of being at home at last. He is like the tender delicate woman of the Scripture, who could not set the sole of her foot to the ground for tenderness and delicacy. He should not be

hates the green fields and running brooks.

Some farmers remember when every crossroad had its camp of such, when financial panics were acute. Occasionally a good old countrywoman tells me of a tramp that used to come to her house regularly. But it is ancient Everyhistory. thing in the way of travel is overdone but the use of shoe leather. There are thousands of unwalked miles of highway in the United States. To every thousand there should be

HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MONEY. CARRY NO BAGGAGE.

The thumbscrew devices of city charity, justifiable enough, reduce themselves to these inquiries: "Is the man actually penniless and without provisions?" "Will he use what we give him?" The farmer asks practically the same questions, but in a different spirit. He is, moreover, in a finer position to see them

on good terms with his host by saying, "I have no money and I do not take money." Society becomes Arabian, patriarchal. You are at the door of the tent of Sheik Abraham, and his hospitality is his pride. Currency in the pocket or a knapsack on the back stultifies this situation. You are again a part of the dickering game, instead of above the

And to do without money or baggage is to 🔻 maintain a great principle. Some form of the injunction, "Carry neither purse nor scrip," appears in almost all the world-religions. The mendicant divides the honors of the sacred histories with the priest and the law-

But let us look at two eminent instances: 1 St. Francis and Prince Siddatha. St. Francis of Assisi saw in "Holy Poverty" the foundacalled anything but a box-car madman. He tion of the gospel and gave it the full force

> of his life. If you are of a Christian temperament: that is a person of deep brotherhood-feelings; a man who prefers heart's blood to thoughts, and love of the lowly to books; who if he meditates, meditates upon sin and redemption; who alternates ecstasy with self-abnegation; if you would preach to all, even the birds, and make a comrade of the wolf and convert him to love and peace; if you are stirred by the fantastic and the strange; if you take

afoot at least one follower of St. Francis. delight in the gay and debonair in the angelic world, — then renounce your money and your baggage in the name of St. Francis of Assisi, the Troubadour of God! Have you never seen him at your door-with the doves circling about his head—and beckoning to

you with his wounded hands?

But if you are a pagan, more stoical, yet filled with a cool and universal pity, if selfmastery through self-effacement is your goal and perpetual serenity your dream, if you are a little fonder of the mind than of the affections, if you revere a sage above a poet, if you answered. The wanderer is placed at once have what might be called the philosopher's disposition, renounce your money and your baggage in the name of Buddha, Prince Siddatha. Have you not seen him standing by your gate, benign, patient, royal, waiting for even you, worm of the counting-room that you are?

So vastly different in their teaching, they agree that a complete poverty is the beginning of life. To this end St. Francis renounced his patrimony, and Buddha his kingdom. So far, at least, you can follow them.

The rule against earthly belongings has two seeming exceptions in my practice. First I carry a certain half-pocketful, to wit: a big red handkerchief, a piece of soap, a razor and a tooth-brush. One might clas-

sify them as clothes, or courtesy.

The other exception is another mere halfpocketful. It is in conformity to the eighth rule, "Preach the Gospel of Beauty." I carried a package of my own verses, having them mailed ahead to me by a friend when the stock was low. Sometimes I have offered to exchange the poetry for my night's lodging. But as a matter of fact people admitted me for simple brotherhood's sake whatever my plea. The psychological moment to produce the verse came later as the evening lengthened. I had dreamed of a land where rhyme was coin of the realm, and though each time I unexpectedly the natural way. I was a spirit- kind since the day of the cavedweller. In

ual functionary resuming an ancient office. They respected the office if not the man. A poorer chanter or a better one would have had the same attention. The children's eyes were large and lovely as I read, their cheeks flushed and their lips parted. The folk peered into my dreams as simply as they would have peered into my basket had I peddled beads, calico or silk. I have the satisfaction of feeling my rhymed booklets are planted in a vital way in scores and scores of homes. They are hung up with the almanac, placed in the Family-Bible between Genesis and Exodus, are on the mantelpiece, leaning against the pink vase, or thrust behind the clock with one corner showing. I am confident that many a time the child glances in the direction of the booklet even if it is seldom

opened, and tells the tale there written to

the neighbor happening in.

RULES FOUR AND FIVE. ASK FOR DINNER ABOUT QUARTER AFTER ELEVEN. ASK FOR SUPPER, LODGING AND BREAKFAST ABOUT QUARTER OF FIVE.

No one grudges a noon meal. It is the easiest thing to get on the road. Begin asking early. If you arrive at the psychological moment, a place will be set for you with the family. There is a siesta afterward when the men lean back in their chairs against the wall. Then one may boldly air his politics, or preach the Gospel of Beauty.

The farmer's wife lays her plans for the evening meal before dark. It is an accommodation to her to let her know of the guest in time. The later it is, the more houses you will have to approach before lodging is se-

cured. Yet it may be found.

Hospitality springs eternal in the human entered the doorway of that land a mendi- breast. It is in normal man, deeper than any cant, I finished as a singer. The sagas of memory of ungrateful guests, deeper than antiquity were brought to the camp-fires so. any aversion he may have to your manner of Because it was the primitive way it became speech or appearance. It has been in human-

> every child it is splendidly reborn. A man with a theory against charity, who feels he is committing a sociological crime to entertain you will be just as apt to do it as if his theories ran the other way. Hospitality is indeed a noble vestal virgin, to be forever revered by the mendicant. In how many cases when some ill-luck kept me from asking for lodging till way after nightfall have I been exquisitely bidden to come in! How often, in such a case, without even hinting I was hungry I have been called a little later to a freshly laid meal, covering

one whole end of the table! All this, despite the fact that after dark all the relations of society are altered and the man on the road is no longer an angel unawares, but a prowler.

RULE SIX. TRAVEL ALONE.

I know by experience that two men can go gaily and profitably as half-mendicants, but the true technique and spiritual be ent of renunciation will be neglected. The cher fellow will be sure to want to ride bicycles, or wear waterproofs or carry umbrellas, or will be afraid to tramp when his feet are raw. With a companion it is much more difficult to be above the economic system. As a matter of fact society is re-instituted, in your circle of two. The partnership will require something that money alone will buy. You will overpersuade each other to luxuries. One or the other will be the dominant character, and self-reliance will be impaired.

The solitude of the daily march is so much a part of the discipline it should not be lightly given up. The road is nothing without deep and continued trance. And at the end of the day the impact of the utter stranger upon the soul should not be broken by any intervening creature. With some one for your advance agent, neither the host nor you are quite the mysteries you should be to each other. The utter stranger viewed with solitude-trained eyes becomes the most exquisitely wonderful thing in the whole creation.

With a friend along, the light from Heaven has half-faded. The great spiritual baptism does not take place.

RULE SEVEN: BE NEAT, DELIBERATE, CHASTE AND CIVIL.

Wear as near to what you wore in civilization as possible. A derby hat will stand more rain than you think. Retain a tie and collar. I have done very well without either for hundreds of miles. Nevertheless a celluloid collar is a convenience. The more you are rained on, the sprightlier it looks. It brings a smile to the cheek of the farmer, who has not failed to read the celluloid collar joke in the newspaper. Nevertheless it means to him you are dressing on his principle, as decently as you can and face the weather. When your clothes are worn out, select a cleanlooking host and beg one article from him, and from the next neat host another. Beg a clean shirt, half worn out of course, once in two weeks, or oftener, according to your daintiness. Most any man will give you usable shoes. Appearance is important for one reason only. The farmer wants to be assured you do not burn barns, do not steal silver, do not maim or kill, have not the appetites of the red-nosed, have no outrageous diseases. In short he wants to convince himself you are not a freight-car maniac, a socalled professional tramp. One way to effectively draw the line is to put even so much as

ing-glory, or a wild rose him be a monk for that time. in your buttonhole. than so decorate himself. Another way is to make a proper bow

ple, and goes home if stated slowly, without humiliation. Sometimes I have been so tired my nerve was I cringed gone. and whined. The hospitality did not come any faster.

After getting into the house, part of civility is to answer every question frankly. weary man giving rein to his subjective personality must not burden himself with tricks to play. He should give his full name and address, and if necessary the history of his grandfather's un-The willing-

ness to tell everything will unconsciously show itself in the first two or three an-That will satisfy many firesides, though there is nothing more delightful than a long cross-examination, properly con-The most insatiable curiosity of the hearthstone is quaintly flavored with courtesy and sympathy. And the more a man is cross-examined, the easier he can preach his gospel.

The celibate rule is first, a part of the silent bargain of hospitality. Next is it a part of the sixth rule "Travel Alone." The largest view of the celibate rule is that it is an organic part of the monastic system upon which the traveler has entered for the length of time he is upon the road. Let him make it a month, or a quarter of a lifetime, ac-

a dandelion, or a morn-cording as he is led by the Spirit, but let

This whole handy guide has in mind the able, The aforesaid maniac restless, unmarried, young man from twenty to would rather be run thirty who has not found his fortune. over by three engines period of enforced celibacy grows longer with the development of the twentieth century, till now the boy with a special ambition must postpone marriage again and again. He can when the door opens. afford to be very comfortable long before The hobo cannot sup- he can afford a wife. One thing that can save press his vile soul long enough to do even that. him amid the fires and comforts of our arti-Being deliberate is a part of doorstep ficial life is a high Franciscan fervor. Yet interviews. What you have to say is sim- adolescent America faces the period of ten

> or fifteen years bachelorhood with the most indefinite ideas of its uses for the soul. The beauty of the Galahad Ideal is scarcely dreamed Even those of. who maintain it. catch no glimpse of its glories. Let it be understood, henceforth, by a saving remnant.

RULE EIGHT: PREACH THE GOS-PEL OF BEAUTY.

The seven preceding regulations are enough to keep a man a praiseworthy mendicant. But unless he at-

tempts to meet this eighth regulation, I for one do not authorize him to go upon the road. I state the regulation in ideal terms. Let him modify it as he must.

It is the function of the mendicant to leave behind the word that will be like leaven

in the souls of the young. Let him say to every child: "Be a fascinating singer. Be a violinist as though from heaven." Let him say: "Right in this hearth-fire is the consummation of all wonder."

It should be the mendicant's mad hope that



in his path a century after will ripen a thou- light with the powers of wondering developed sand self-sufficient, castellated villages, because he dropped the electrical word at the critical time; that in his path will be established a hundred households of splendid traditions, because when he passed he treated the hearth with abundant reverence. Is this too much of a task for an hour's interview in the twilight? It depends upon whether you learn magic or not, whether you have sufficiently renounced money, and sufficiently attained to the high powers of the ascetic to speak unforgettable words, to sing the strain that is mesmeric and true and eternal.

The mendicant should have a lofty sense of his mission. Materialism is in our veins like opium. Only the man who has fasted it out of himself can deliver us. The nation is rotting from fatness. The ascetic comes as the extreme illustration, the sentence in italics to point out the way of escape. The ideal sages for America establish Buddha's great renunciation in their own hearts and an altruistic Hellas or Tuscany in the imagination of all. Art itself is a sort of asceticism compared to our overladed crassness, our mountains of corn and steel. A beautycivilization is ascetic compared to a prosperity-civilization, even as the bee is more ascetic than the fly.

The mendicant should say to the wild-eyed. dissipated boy, "I know there is a devil in you that may call you a long way from here. But it may be a better devil than you think. Chasten him with prayer as you go, and come back at last bringing treasures, even as I myself expect to bring treasures to my hometown when I return."

For, good mendicant, having met the world thus, and with undying sparks from a thousand family altars in your heart, you can return to the village where you first saw the

within you so that every inch of the hometown plainness shall be a dear mystery forevermore.

Perhaps, young man, you felt yourself unable to take up the noble penance of the road, except in spirit. Then get as near as possible to the mendicant life in civilization, and still pay your debts. Chasten your false pride. Look forward to the poorhouse as a glorious consummation, especially if you are doing a work that will never pay in coin of the realm, that requires much loafing and brooding and the sacrifice of beloved companionships. Realize that you need not be shamed' by the self-important busybodies rushing about the streets. If they prophesy you will become a burden to society, you can say in your heart "Nay, if I am a burden I can beg." Whisper serenely to yourself "I, the artist, am a beggar here, in this house, at this table. As soon as I am satisfied I am also an intruder. I can take the road for there are ten thousand hearths where I will not be an intruder." And, having thought this, it behooves you to live up to it when the crisis comes.

To have the road before you as a final and joyous alternative gives complete peace of heart in creative working-hours. To have it ahead, instead of the terrible alternative of Business, is indeed a source of dignity.

America is full of imitation men, buried in engraving houses, when the world needs their mural paintings, writing routine ragtime when the nation needs their choral song, building routine skyscrapers, when every crossroad cries for true magnificence. America needs most those things she will never pay for. Where are the young men to give these gifts, asking nothing again but bread, a roof, and kindness from the hand of the



"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"

Br WILL IRWIN Author of "Where the Heart It"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

→ ARANTULA KELLEY was knocked out in the eighth round," said the girl operator at Sedgwick's Corners. Jim Purdy, telephoning from the Sedgwick Seaside Hotel with the Widow Middleton beside him, mentioned in a strained and smothered voice the Anglo-Saxon name of a place whose least attraction is its climate. The Widow Middleton started and stared; then a shade of amusement crossed her face, and she let her smallest dimple flash at the good, wholesome face of Mr. Purdy.

"Tarantula Kelley knocked out! Say, is that a bunk-you aren't stringing me?"

asked Mr. Purdy.

"Oh, very well!" replied Central with hauteur; "you're the ninth piker that's give me that song and dance. I got it from the Herald wire. Surest thing you know!"

Mr. Purdy gulped.

"Didn't get any particulars, did you?" he inquired in a dull, hopeless voice.

"Sure did I!" responded Central promptly. "Round one: they spar, Kelley rushes. Matthews sidesteps and plants a left uppercut in the clinch. Kelley rushes again. In the infighting, Matthews lands a wicked short-arm jab on the wind and misses a swing as they break away. Kelley comes back with a left hook to the neck. As he rushes in again, Matty meets him with a shower of straight lefts which do no damage. They clinch—" so went the report during interplaying as this admirer or that wrung eight fearful rounds, while people at Sedg-

wick and Catalona and Rose City, telephoning for the doctor to repair Fourth of July injuries, fumed and rattled the hook, and wondered if Central was dead.

"Round eight:" concluded Central; "as they step to the center, Kelley looks tired. Matty spars to draw his rush and spears him with a terrific left hook to the jaw. Kelley is down. At the count of nine, he rises to his elbow but falls back. Great confusion as the referee declares Fighting Matthews middleweight champion of the world — that's all. Say, I knew he couldn't come back—" but Jim Purdy, recognizing the taunt of a rival faction, ungratefully hung up the telephone.

Across the leagues between Goldfield and New York flashed a picture which quite blotted from sight the countenance of the Widow Middleton—and to obscure that countenance from the eyes of man required a great deal of blotting. The shifting, swaying arena was before him, the crowd struggling to climb over the ropes. Jim Purdy saw the seconds sponging the battered face of Tarantula Kelley, and crying as they worked. And in the other corner—youth, victorious, insolent youth, personified by Fighting Matthews, new champion of the world. He saw him in the confident pose of the early twenties, weary but still strong, the long, fair muscles, filled with new, red blood, playing and his unbandaged hands. He saw him turn

toward the heap in the corner and laugh— fighting weights, nor the previous battles the laugh, three-quarters good humor and a of these principals. quarter contempt which Tarantula Kelley had hurled a hundred times at the van- after the introduction "Where did you come quished. And

A wave of chagrin swept away the vision. He was looking into the serious, sympathetic face of the Widow Middleton, upon which not a dimple showed.

"Let's go back to the boat," said Mr. Purdy.

I fear lest by this brief chronicle of a minor crisis in the life of Mr. Purdy, I have misled decay of the family fortunes set him to work you; I fear that I have drawn for you a men- in the mattress business at the age of sixtal picture of a tough, his brown derby hat teen. In this period of early struggle, the on the back of his head, and of a tough's exacting requirements of industry took up girl, bedizened with cheap plumes. That all his afternoons—even Saturdays. was nothing in any degree tough about James with a lively interest in that sport which

F. Purdy, the squarest sport and the most incurable baseball fan on the Island of Manhattan; and as for the Widow Middleton but I perceive that I must explain in full. You know the ceremonial procedure of the prize ring. You have seen the principals lead their retinues through the bed of human faces, seen them "vault lightly through the ropes, " seen them prepare for action; but you do not know officially – who they are, until the venerable announcer and master of ceremonies taps one or the other on the shoulder and bellows in a voice which makes the beams creak: "Gentle-men: Billy Casey, the Battery Cannon-

know that Mr. Purdy took a deep, personal interest in the fortunes of Tarantula Kelley, until now the undefeated middleweight champion of the world, and that the Widow Middleton had the gift of dimples and assumed different expressions according to

In a city where one asks unconsciously from?" James F. Purdy figured as an eccentricity, a curiosity. For he was born on Manhattan Island. He learned his first baseball on vacant lots by the West Side docks. Subsequently, and by easy stages of an inured conscience, he began to play hookey from school on fine spring and fall afternoons that he might sit on Coogan's Bluff and watch the Giants play. Death and the is not the picture I would present; for there so he supplemented his madness for baseball

> flourishes only in the evenings - the prize ring. He lived through the merry days of the open law, when one could pull off a fight whenever he pleased so long as the police were friendly; the commercial days of the Horton law; the brief period of persecution when the enthusiasts foregathered in a Harlem stable and got arrested, like as not, before the men stripped; and, finally, through the open but dull days when one went through the formality of joining a sporting club to see a no-decision, six-round bout, bets settled on the opinion of the sporting editor of the Journal.

> He worked on and up to success in busi-

ball, conqueror of Lippy Smith and challenger ness; he reached the period when his merits for the lightweight title!" So, although we enabled him to get away to a baseball game almost every afternoon. The deepest mystery of Manhattan is how, in a city of rush and bustle, where "too busy" is the universal excuse, ten to twenty thousand business men manage to attend a baseball game every afternoon in summer. Jim Purdy was one whether she was looking at men or men were living solution of that mystery. In course looking at her, we do not know the titles, the of time he became sales manager for the

"Kelley was knocked out in the eighth round"

Sleepeezee Mattress Company, and he rose to an income which more than satisfied his modest desires. The slipping years went on; and behold, he was thirty-six. One would scarcely have suspected his age to look at him; for his was the clean attitude toward sport. He drank but lightly of strong waters, and by moderate exercise he kept his waist slim and his complexion clean. His chest still rose toward his chin, and his gait still sang as he walked.

Though he was competent, even able, as a sales manager, the office played no part in his real life, which began when he closed his The calendar of one of his days ran about like this: first, he read with his breakfast the sporting pages of the morning newspapers, devouring them from corner to corner. Breakfast over, he proceeded from his bachelor quarters to the Subway. At the entrance, he bought the latest six o'clock edition of the evening newspapers, and read their sporting comment on the way to Followed a blank void of life until lunch, when, if he had no out-of-town buyers to entertain, he read the sporting pages of the more conservative evening papers, which did not issue their latest afternoon edition until eleven o'clock in the morning. In winter, another void until five; in summer, he was off to the baseball game at half past two.

In the evenings, unless there was a fight, an indoor meet or a six-day race in New York or Philadelphia, he dined at his favorite chophouse and repaired to some billiard hall—usually to Muggins McGee's. There, because McGee was a baseball manager as well as the wreck of the fastest third baseman who ever smothered a bunt, Mr. Purdy was privileged to see, even to meet sometimes, the members of the Giants and Highlanders. He bought a cigar once for Hep Chadwick, the greatest first baseman unburied. Once again, he chatted about pennant chances with Erben, the keystone of Chicago's inside work, who was paying a friendly visit to the camp of the enemy. And finally—write it in gold on the azure page of memory—on one night of stars he played a game of pool with Slats Martin, the greatest pitcher not only of this fleeting period in the world's history, but of all recorded time.

It was a matter of satisfaction that the great man beat him handily, as was right and proper. Twice during that game, Mr. Purdy, seeking for an intimacy enjoyed by few—since Slats Martin was notorious for hauteur—timidly approached the subject

of baseball. The great man, as he chalked his cue, unbent. In grave, serious words he expressed the opinion that Chicago wouldn't last, because they hadn't the right system, let alone a lot of cub pitchers, and that the Pittsburg Dutchman, the Demon Batter, was a kindergarten for the right kind of ball. He did not mention the ball, of course—far be it from an artist to reveal his studio methods—but Jim Purdy knew without the telling that it was the celebrated reverse hook curve, which only Slats Martin could control. As they put away their cues and drank sarsaparilla to wet their whistles, Martin went further in his confidences. grew reminiscent; he told the story of his first full game after he broke out of the bush leagues. And Jim Purdy glowed and thrilled; for he himself had seen that game! It was a dozen years ago, just when his own ego, his entity, had taken full possession of him. He had marked that slim youth with his bullet of a straight ball as a "comer"; and within two years Slats Martin had become one of the heroes of his admiration. The only thing needed to make that admiration idolatry was this personal contact. It brought one great change in his life. Formerly he sat back of first base, whence he could criticise the inside play; now he looked for a seat above the catcher, whence he could watch the curves—especially the mysterious, tumbling, hesitating, reverse-hook curve.

Thereafter, in sporting discussions, Mr. Purdy would drop carelessly and easily such remarks as, "I got it straight from Slats Martin that the Chicago system is all wrong," or, "Slats Martin told me once that he was no more afraid of the Dutchman in his first big game than he is this very day."

The other major idol in Jim Purdy's shrine was Tarantula Kelley, until now the undefeated middleweight champion of the world, no comers barred. Jim had seen Kelley's entrance into the profession when, a Bowery newsboy of seventeen, he met the Stockyards Terror and knocked him out cleanly with a body hook in the first minute of the fourth round. As Kelley rose in fame, Jim hitched his sporting wagon to that star. The years had come and the years had gone since then; but Tarantula Kelley had avoided liquor and lived between fights on his farm, and shone still in the highest heavens an undefeated champion—until that fatal Fourth of July when Jim and the Widow Middleton telephoned from the Sedgwick Seaside Hotel for news of the big fight in Goldfield.

How happened it, then, that on a Fourth

of July, with the Giants playing a double-header a t home, and the New York newspapers posting results from Goldfield by rounds, Jim Purdy was far away on Long Island? The answer lies in the nature of widows, and especially of the widow under consideration. Mrs. Eleanor Middleton had an apartment in the same house with Mr. Purdy's bachelor quarters. By day, she was "outside girl" in Mazet's fashionable photo parlors, where her merits, and especially her consummate tact, had won her a small membership

A game of pool with Slats Martin, the greatest pitcher of all time

eyes and dimples, made every customer think that she was the only, the favored patron. It was the Widow Middleton who mollified and entertained fashionable and impatient women in the rush hour, so that they forgot the wait. It was her soft eyes which perceived the hidden beauty in the stuffiest dowager. It was her dimples which mollified the reporters, bent on buying, begging or stealing the pictures of pretty girls involved in the news—sent them away actually pleased with the refusal, which is a great deal even for dimples. For these were the most complicated and fascinating dimples in the whole world. Listen: when the Widow Middleton was mildly amused or just pleased, the very tiny ghost of a dent fluttered at the corner of her generous mouth. When she laughed, that dimple went away and the big one in her cheek became a snare for the thoughts of men. And when she chose to be serious, her cheek was as smooth and pink as a dawn sky. As though that were not quite enough, the Widow Middleton had wavy figure, and dressed like any heiress in the land.

sister over a small world of friends and ad- Country Club for a farewell drink.

in the firm. That tact, and her gift of soft mirers. To this world, in an aloof kind of fashion, Jim Purdy belonged. Women did not enter much into his scheme of things, Still, the Widow Middleton differed from most of them. She did not talk to a man about dresses and things. Whenever she could get an afternoon off, she attended the baseball games; and she knew the sport as well as a woman can understand such matters. Once, indeed, she had corrected Mr. Purdy on the Pittsburg Dutchman's batting average in the season of 1901. She declared that she always wanted to attend a prize fight; whereas every other good woman of Jim Purdy's acquaintance expressed faint horror at the thought. Often, when Jim and some of the boys visited the Middleton apartment on an off night, she started a game of poker. She played with a man's cool judgment; and she took her winnings and her losses like a man. Perhaps some shrewd woman-eye which cons this page perceives the nature of the Widow Middleton's game. Jim might not have perceived it but for Billy Francis, the Broadway Adonis, brown hair and a tall, slim, deep-chested vaudeville headliner. Jim and Billy had been playing poker at Mrs. Middleton's, and By night, she ruled with her unmarried had lounged into the Forty-second Street "Jim," said Billy, "she wants you. The hide and leather business. Widow Middleton desires your permashe said, "that at five o'clorunent society. Tag—you're it for this over, I'll row you across to marriage thing."

Seaside Hotel, where we can

"Pshaw, I guess not!" said Jim Purdy, alarm and complacency mingled in his tone; "I guess not. We ain't all Adonises, Billy."

"Take it from me," said Billy, speaking from the depths of experience, "this Widow Middleton is the original Superman that you hear about in the Highbrow Drayma. She's measuring you for the harness, Jim."

"Nix on the marriage proposition," responded Jim with warmth. "I've watched it and it makes me tired. About six months after vou've sent the wedding present, they come around looking bored and try to drag you home to dinner. I used to go-once. Same proposition always. They tell you about bargains in furniture and how high living is getting, and break the news that they're going to move. And babies—say"— Mr. Purdy warmed to his favorite disgust— "it's my idea that people ought to be kept in incubators as a public nuisance until they're about five years old. After that they're sometimes cute if you don't see too much of 'em," he added with the air of a man who makes a great concession to fair-

"Well, it's all right, if the girl's all right," said Billy Francis, dreamily.

"I don't notice you falling for it," retorted Jim Purdy.

"And the Widow Middleton," said Billy, pursuing the subject, "is sure all right. And anyhow, she'll get you if you don't watch out."

Jim Purdy began to observe the Widow Middleton from a new point of view. In fact, he visited her three times during the next week, drawn by the fascination of the trap, Flattering but perturbing suspicion became a certainty. Thereafter, he looked upon her only in the light of a possible suitor for his heart and hand. And his feelings were very He liked her; she was different: but on the other side of the balance was the house of matrimony, hated and loathed from its approaches of white dresses and wedding presents and weeping old women to its inner furnishing of quiet evenings with the magazines. Still, he was too good a sport to ignore a challenge. She could guess again. would show her.

When Fourth of July approached, she ful had ha asked him to spend the holiday at Camp The full gla Joy on Long Island with some friends in the realization.

hide and leather business. "I promise," she said, "that at five o'clock, when it's all over, I'll row you across to the Sedgwick Seaside Hotel, where we can get the snapper by long distance telephone. There will be less suspense for you that way. You're looking pale from the heat, and a day out of doors will do you good." He listened to her sophistries, and it was his whim to accept.

So we find the Widow Middleton, who always insisted on doing her own rowing, pushing her rowboat and her gloomy passenger away from the float. The principals are in the ring; they have touched hands; the gong rings; and anyone learned in the way of a widow with a man knows which enters with full confidence of victory, and which is fighting a hopeless battle.

Mrs. Middleton dipped and pulled and dipped and pulled again, before she spoke.

"Did you lose a great deal, Jim?" she asked.

askeu.

"Two or three hundred. It isn't that," responded Jim. "Wonder if he was doped?" he added.

"By nothing but middle age, I guess," sighed the widow. "Well, youth will be served!"

"Middle age!" scoffed Jim. "He was"—unconsciously Jim relegated Tarantula Kelley to the past tense—"he was only thirty-two! That isn't even the prime of life. Look at Fitz. Bet Kelley's been boozing on the quiet! Middle age! Kindly remember I'm older than that."

The widow rested on her oars. Her dimples flaunted and flirted at Jim's averted face.

"I meant middle-aged for a pugilist," she said, "and you know you don't look as old as you are. Except your hair is getting thin at the temples, no one would call you thirty."

For a second Jim forgot his deeper woes. He had never noticed, modest man, that his

hair was getting thin.

"Well, anyhow, I'm as good as I ever was," he maintained stoutly. Then emotion surged again. "Kelley knocked out—Tarantula Kelley!" he exclaimed. "It doesn't seem possible."

"I'm really and truly sorry," said the

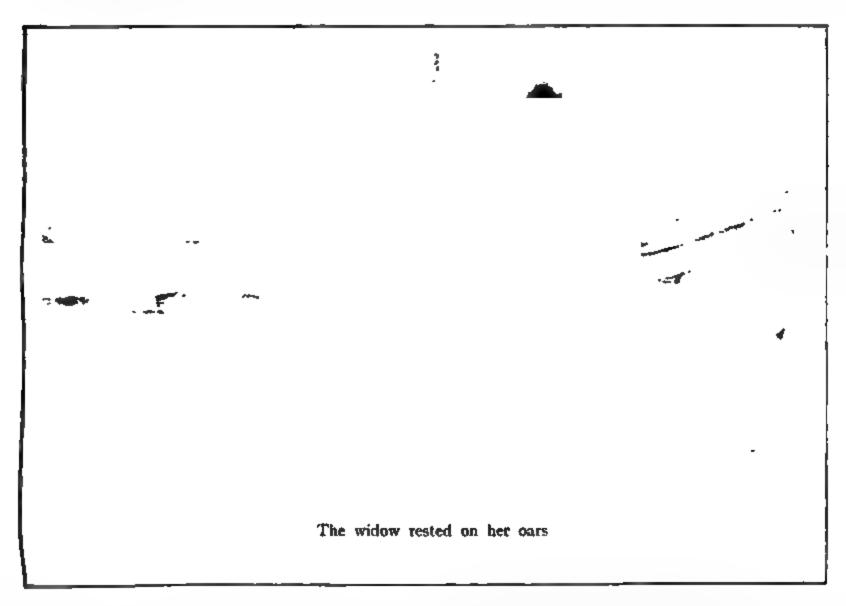
widow, her face perfectly smooth.

"Thanks!" said Jim with real feeling. And they pulled on in silence.

Two weeks after, Jim Purdy woke one morning with a feeling that something dreadful had happened or was going to happen. The full glare of the light in his eyes brought realization.

seven years old. He had never really no- percentage column, Mr. Purdy entered his ticed his own birthday before. In fact, he confidential barber shop in a cloud of gloom. had never thought much about birthdays Although it was a hot day, he was wearing a at all. He fought his mood at breakfast, somber coat and a black cravat. He nodded but it persisted. Besides there was scarcely to Terry, the boss barber, and took his seat anything, except the scores of yesterday's without a word. This was a break in rou-uninteresting game, in the sporting pages - tine. Usually, as Terry shook out the towel, only a discussion of the future chances and Jim opened with some bit of sporting comchallenges of Fighting Matthews, the new ment as, "Great hit of Maloney's yesterday middleweight champion. "The stiff!" he —no?"or "Just watch the Highlanders to-day, said, and threw down the papers in disgust. Terry." But he seated himself in silence;

This was his birthday. He was thirty- Giants climbed higher and higher in the



That day, for the first time in his indus- and the diplomatic Terry refrained from contrial life, he ragged the office boys. At versation until he was rubbing in the lather. luncheon, he found no interest in the sporting pages of the earliest afternoon editions. to-day, Mr. Purdy," he remarked. All the time he told himself that a birthday was the same as any other day; and all the time his inner mind repeated to him: "Thirtyseven plus three is forty." It was a loose, unscientific game, and the Highlanders were beaten. And on his way home from the baseball park, he did an unprecedented thing. He stepped into a cigar store, called up the Widow Middleton, and asked her to dinner sidestep that." He shaved on in silence, at a roof garden café. When, at eleven o'clock, he turned the lock of his bachelor apartment, he recalled suddenly that for five hours he had forgotten his birthday.

One morning, as August wore on and the getting thin in front?"

"Seems to me you're dressed kind of quiet

"Yes," Jim spluttered through the lather 'Funeral."

"You don't say! None of your folks, I hone."

'Old school friend. Widow asked me to be a pall-bearer. I'd rather take a beating, but I couldn't get out of it."

"No," responded Terry; "none of us can for Jim Purdy gave no further opening toward conversation. But as Terry brushed his hair, Jim asked suddenly:

"Say, anything I can do to stop my hair

"Now Mr. Purdy," said Terry, "if you wasn't a friend of mine I'd be recommending some dope or other that wouldn't hurt you and wouldn't help you neither. But I'll give it to you straight. A man gets to an age when it begins to thin, and there's little he can do to stop it. I think myself that a man of your complexion looks better when his forehead comes out in front a little—" At this point it will be perceived from what emerald isle of ocean Terry sprang. "Honest, old-fashioned Smith's Mange Cure will do as much as anything to hold it; there's nothing will put it back. But there's no use of a bachelor trying any hair restorer, because it's got to be rubbed in. A married man can count on that; his wife will do it for him. But a lone man will stick to it about three nights and then drop the whole proposition. Better keep your scalp clean and leave it be."

Two weeks later, Mr. Purdy was back at Terry's in the same regalia of sorrow.

"Not another funeral, I hope," said Terry.
"That's what it is! Funniest thing; it's
the third this summer. All about my age,
too," responded Jim Purdy.

Terry gave his razor the three final slaps

and tested it on his nail.

"Well, I'm a little older than you, Mr. Purdy, and I've noticed that from the time a man's twenty until he's thirty-five, all he does with his extra money is shell out for wedding presents. And after he's thirty-five, it's floral offerings. How old are you, Mr. Purdy?"

Jim hesitated a moment to collect himself

for the lie before he answered:

"Thirty-six." He had subtracted only a month or so, making this a very little lie, after all.

"You'll be getting this regular now," said Terry. Later, as he waved the hot cloth, he changed the subject.

"Seems to me that Pittsburg kind of got

to Slats Martin in this last series."

"He won his game, didn't he?" responded Mr. Purdy. "You're always hearing that line of talk about Martin. He never wears himself out playing for no-hit games. He only tightens up when he has to."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, seeing as you know him," responded Terry. Again let me call attention to the fact that Terry was Irish.

That night, Mrs. Middleton organized a card party by way of making Jim forget about the funeral. As a concession to the occasion, they played bridge instead of poker. And between deals she remarked:

"It seems to me, from the games I've seen, that Slats Martin isn't using his fast ball any more at all. It looks as though he were working that reverse hook curve to death. What's his idea?"

"Well, what's the difference so long as no one can hit the hook?" asked Jim with

barbed politeness.

"Oh, don't think I'm knocking Slats. I ask because I thought you might know," responded the widow. "It was my impression that no pitcher could keep on winning with just one ball."

"Well, Slats could—if he had to; shall I play to diamonds?" responded Jim with an

air of indifference.

Next morning as the cigar man passed Jim his box of favorite perfectos, he remarked: "Say, Mr. Purdy, they tell me McGee ain't going to pitch Slats Martin the full nine innings any more—that the Giants are saving him as a relief squad for the young pitchers."

Unaccountably, that remark touched Mr.

Purdy off like a firecracker.

"Are you hammering with the anvil chorus, too?" he roared as he turned away to the elevator.

When next Jim Purdy entered Terry's shop in ceremonial regalia, he wore no black cravat. His neckwear was as the driven snow, and a new pin of a pearl circlet fastened it. In the buttonhole of his coat gleamed a white gardenia, and pearl gloves peeped from his pocket.

"O-ho!" said Terry; "a wedding! It ain't

yourself, Mr. Purdy?"

"Not on your life," responded Jim. "Daughter of an old school friend. He is three years older than I am, and he married early, and to-day he's handing a girl of eighteen up the aisle. I'm an usher—couldn't sidestep it. Seems as if I'd just got over fetching that girl stick candy."

"It's a little tough and reminding-like the first time," said Terry. "But I'm watching my friend's children go up to the priest right along. Them's the things that make a man

see where he's getting to."

"You don't seem to be taking it hard,"

observed Mr. Purdy.

"Why should I?" asked Terry, "when I've got four kids of me own growing up—all boys except little Eileen. Say, I was as big a fan as you before I got so busy making and saving money that I couldn't go to the games—but you ought to see my Joe! Honest, he near kept his mother and me from moving to Brooklyn because he said he

wouldn't be rooting for a ham team like its eyes of the spirit fixed on upper Manthey've got over there this year—" (ten hattan, agrees that the Giants have just minutes with Terry's Joe). And, as he rubbed one chance. Everything depends on Slats out his brushes for a final lick on the hair Martin, the pitcher of the century. Is his of the wedding guest, Terry added:

fast ball as fast as ever? Can be control it?

"Strike one!" the umpire said

my way of thinking."

gone, and now it is lush October, which declare that Slats is in wonderful condition brings the bracing air and the ripening —that he has come back. "The announcepumpkin and the very height and climax ment that he has come back," retorts Chiof the sporting year. The Giants have won cago, proud in the possession of three star the pennant in the National League, and it pitchers, all young, "proves that he has been is theirs to take the measure of the Chicago somewhere." White Sox, winners in the American, before they can fly a world's championship flag opening game of the series at the Polo

"'Tis the only kind of a life for a man, to Is it true that Muggins McGee's policy of pitching him short innings to relieve the Jim Purdy had not the heart to argue it out. youngsters means that he cannot last the The weeks have come and the weeks have full nine? The New York sporting extras

Now the teams were warming up for the from the Polo Grounds. And all America, Grounds; and Jim Purdy sat alone in his

reserved seat, engaged three weeks ahead —his favorite seat back of the catcher. where he could see and criticise all the curves. The Widow Middleton had remarked that she was going to get off to see the game; but Jim had been deaf to all her hints. Female society for a mere midseason Monday match; but this was a man's business, grim, desperate. She was at the game, however --- in a box with her friends in the hide and leather business. Resting his eyes from watching the preliminary warm-up of the New York pitchers, h e caught a glimpse of her nodding plumes. that moment. he rather re-

The veteran walked with relaxed chest . . . The stripling advanced at a

sented her. She, too, had hinted that Slats Martin could not come back! Jim Casey for Chicago, Martin and Schweitzer Purdy turned his eyes again to the long yet powerful frame of Slats Martin as he wound and unwound in the motions of a curve.

The line of pitchers turned toward the bench; and silence fell over the thirty-five in whom Manhattan put all its faith, would thousand palpitating fanatics within the grounds and the fifty thousand on the of the whole war. Muggins McGee felt that bluffs without. For the umpire was strid- he would come back -that he had come back! ing toward the stands with his chest out.

"Batteries": he bellowed, "Jones and for New York." The thirty-five thousand let their voices loose in one great cheer; and the fifty thousand without, recognizing some good news, echoed it back. For Slats Martin, bear the brunt not only of this battle but

The silence fell again. Slats Martin, a

light run, whose very spring showed how he was restraining his cagerness

glorious, calm figure of mature strength, was tory "plunk" into Schweitzer's mitt. on the mound. He cast his lordly eye over the field as a chess-master over the board. motioned an infielder a little to the left, wound up his body with a magnificent sweep, chortled: and let drive.

"One ball!" ejaculated the umpire.

"What!" cried Jim Purdy perfunctorily, for his eye told him that it had gone a foot wide of the plate.

"Two *balls!*"

"Robber!" cried Jim Purdy, although this one made the batsman dodge. These two had been fast balls without suspicion of a сштуе.

''Watch him now!'' cried Mr. Purdy, gripping the knee of a fat stranger to his right, "watch him trot out his reverse hook!"

As Slats Martin wound up and swung, his hand paused an infinitesimal fraction of a second in mid-course. The ball shot for the plate, seemed to hesitate, seemed momently to lose its motion. The Chicago batsman, striking wild, nearly overbalanced himself; the ball dropped with a most satisfac-

"Strike one!" the umpire said unheard, for thirty thousand voices anticipated him. Jim Purdy, pounding the fat stranger's knee,

"I told you! I told you!"

Three times the batsman swung at the empty air—a clean strike-out. man up just grazed one of the hook curves. It popped high in the air; Schweitzer hardly moved from his tracks as he caught the descending foul. The next tried to bunt; with the quickness of thought, Martin, who had started for the plate as he threw, picked up the rolling ball and shot it to first base.

"Come back!" howled Jim Purdy as the Chicago team took the field; "oh, you Chicago! Who ever said he'd gone away?"

"Dunno," said the fat man, critically, dubiously; "he ain't been getting much out of his speed. He can't control his fast one. They called a ball on him every time he tried it. He's doing it all with his hook. Suppose they get on to it?"

"You for the Stockyards," cried Mr. Purdy with scorn. "How's the smoke in

Porkville?"

"You watch!" responded the fat man, sardonically. And Mr. Purdy no more did him the honor of pounding his knee.

In their half of the first, New York, by a base on balls, a sacrifice and a hit, pushed a run over the plate.

"It's as good as done!" coughed Jim Purdy when he could cheer no more. "Slats has got on his shut-out clothes to-day!"

Indeed, for five innings Slats Martin worked like the town clock. One Chicago batsman hit a fast ball for two bases and another beat a bunt to first. In these emergencies the cool veteran tightened his belt, took a careful survey of the field, and returned to the reverse hook. The Chicago batsmen missed it by a foot, or tapped under it for easy fouls, or rolled slow grounders into the hands of the infield. In their half of the fifth, New York made another run two to nothing in favor of the home team. The crowd along the side lines, the crowd on the bluffs, danced and pounded one another and threw pop bottles with sheer joy; the aristocracy in the grand stand stamped and velled until there was no noise in them. The electric wire flashed the news to the greater and madder crowds before newspaper bulletin boards and stock tickers; the ether waves sent it dancing far out to sea, where voyaging New Yorkers howled their joy to the waves; Manhattan was a city of rapture. And as for Chicago—tense, deep silence overlay its canyons—a gloom shot now and then by hope, as fan said to fan:

"Shucks! Martin can't last!"

Now it was the first of the sixth; the very bottom of the Chicago batting list was at the plate—the hopeless pitcher, who batted, as Mr. Purdy could have told you, a bare .108 and lucky at that. The stands relaxed, glad to rest their feet and voices before the head of the list should make the struggle toward the back fence, where there was no

worth while. Slats Martin heaved a fast ball; it went wide; he tried a plain curve; it jumped away from the plate. He surveyed his field again, made his mysterious motion in the air, and, as the fans formed their mouths to say "Strike one"-

"Crack!" went the bat on the ball. Martin leaped in the air, clutching; the ball overshot his highest reach by a foot. The outfielders, who had crept in for contempt of this weak batter, went racing toward the packed crowd—too late. A flurry in the bank of white straw hats lining left field showed where it had gone. Ground rulesa two-base hit.

"A fluke!" snorted Jim Purdy. "He couldn't hit a balloon with a barn door. He was waving at a bird overhead!"

"There wasn't anything on the ball Mar-

tin pitched," croaked the fat man.

The mighty Biff Thompson, head of the Chicago batting list, he who always got a base when base was to be got, stood waving his ashen bat. Slats Martin, taking no chances, sent in a reverse hook curve.

"Say-" began Jim Purdy in a note of preliminary triumph.

"Crack!" interrupted the bat. Too swift for foot to follow, the ball shot past the running, grabbing shortstop and rested in the glove of the left fielder. Before his bullet throw came in, the Chicago pitcher had reached home, and Thompson rested on first.

"One ball!" shouted the umpire when the confusion on the field had settled into order.

"How about that?" grunted the fat

"A waste ball-Slats tried to catch Biff Thompson stealing," responded Jim Purdy, too apprehensive for sarcasm.

"Then how about that?" inquired the fat man as the umpire announced "two balls." And before Jim Purdy could collect himself for repartee, the batsman had jogged to first, and Biff Thompson was pushing and tagging the second baseman for pure triumph.

Now Harp Cassidy stands by the plate, a gigantic figure of a man. Now Slats Martin, after a preliminary throw to first, has let go another hook in-curve. The Harp takes a step and heaves forward, body and bat in one great sweep. He meets the ball; it rises up and still up.

For a second, Hope whispered to Jim Purdy, "An easy fly!" But Judgment beheld the outfielders tearing with one impulse

crowd, and where a hit meant—anything. He saw the center fielder turn over his shoulder and leap vainly into the air. He saw the ball pass over him, and speed on. He saw it strike that section of the fence which means a new suit to the batsman; he saw the three fielders scrambling; he perceived dimly, as the right fielder threw, that the last of a procession of white legs had crossed the plate, all standing. Score, Chicago 4, New York 2. And none out.

Now the fat pessimist woke to real enthusiasm.

"Take him out!" he bellowed. "Cremate him!"

"Shut up!" cried Jim Purdy, almost pleading; "it's a bad inning. They all have their bad innings!"

"Take him out!" bellowed the fat man, in unison with thirty thousand other voices.

The New York team stood in close conference about the mound. Muggins McGee had come over from the coaching lines, was making swift, half-arm gestures at Martin. Martin was waving his hands and shaking his head. Muggins McGee, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned his little, mincing gait back to the lines; and Martin remained on the mound. The crowd, which for twelve long years had cheered Slats Martin, groaned and hissed now as he clasped the ball to his chest and measured the plate with his eye.

The hook in-curve fluttered twice over the plate, or near it. The batsman let one go by and nicked the other back over the stands.

"Didn't I tell you knockers?" ejaculated Jim Purdy, glaring at the world against him.

The hook fluttered up to the plate again. The batsman met it fairly. It shot over the third baseman and into the crowd. And before the batsman reached second, Muggins had gestured from the coaching lines and Slats Martin was walking toward the bench,

while a slim young man in the white uniform of the home team was trotting on to the field. They passed at the first-base line; and neither looked in the direction of the other. The veteran walked with relaxed chest, his great, weary arms hanging limp at his side. The stripling advanced at a light run, whose very spring showed how he was restraining his eagerness. The descending sun caught his smooth, bronzed face, caught the tuft of light hair which waved from under the peak of his cap, and gave a halo to that which needed no radiance of sun-youth on the mission of opportunity—eager, confident, bounding youth. And the face of the veteran was turned down lest the crowd might see; and the sun granted to his eyes the mercy of shadow.

Jim Purdy rose. He had always despised as paper fans those people who leave a game, no matter how hopeless in seeming, before the last man is out in the last inning. But now, in the first of the sixth, with the score only four to two, he pushed past the fat man and jostled up the aisle. A mighty yell from the crowd; he never looked back. He strode into the long chute which leads from the entrance to the elevated station; and there he stopped for very stoppage of his heart.

A hand touched his arm. He was looking into the soft eyes of the Widow Middleton. They were full of tears. She stood so for a long time; and before she spoke there came from the other side of the fence the crack of a bat—a moment of tense silence—and then the prolonged cheer which showed that Youth was making good.

"I came out," said the Widow Middleton at length. "I couldn't stand it—I knew how you'd feel."

Jim Purdy took her hand. For an instant he struggled and gulped with emotion, and then:

"Say," he said, "let's get married."



LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT PRODUCES BUSINESS PROSPERITY

What Was Accomplished in Wisconsin

By ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

EFORMERS often stop fighting before the battle is really won: before the new territory is completely occupied. I felt that the campaign of 1904 was the very crux of our whole movement. We had passed our railroad taxation and direct primary measures in 1903; but the railroad taxation law would be a barren victory until it was supplemented by a commission to control railroad rates: and the direct nomination of candidates would fail unless we carried the election and secured the adoption of the primary bill at the referendum that fall. Without the direct primary law it would be an easy matter for the old machine to regain control of the Legislature and not only prevent further progressive legislation, but undo part, if not all, of the work already accomplished.

I felt absolutely sure that another term, with another Legislature, would securely ground and bulwark self-government in Wisconsin. I knew that the opposition understood this too, and that they would make the most desperate fight in that campaign that they had ever made. I began, therefore, delivering speeches both inside and outside the State as early as December, 1903—nearly a year before the election. As for the old machine, Congressman Joseph W. Babcock early came forward as commander-in-chief. He criticised the methods adopted by Phillipp, Pfister and others in the campaign of 1902 as being too open and noisy. He came right to Madison, rented some rooms and began what he called a "gumshoe campaign."

Men were sent quietly about the State, ar-

rangements were made for controlling the employees of the railroads, and the big industries and the federal office-holders were marshaled for duty.

Upon our part the campaign of 1904 was the most comprehensive of the whole series. We went straight to the people with the same facts—the same dry statistics—which we had used so effectively upon the Legislature in 1903. We prepared ten different pamphlets and distributed over 1,600,000 separate pieces of mail. Some of these pamphlets contained comparative tables showing transportation rates upon all the principal products shipped to market from every county seat in the State. It placed side by side with these items the cost of shipping the same products an equal distance from stations in Illinois and Iowa. In that way it was brought home to every citizen in every county just what he was sacrificing in dollars and cents as the result of the negligence of his representatives in affording him the same protection which his neighbors in Iowa and Illinois had secured many years before. Even in those two States the railroads had controlled the commissions for a long period and the rates had not been lowered in many years, though the volume of traffic had enormously increased and railway profits had more than kept pace with the big tonnage. In this connection I want to credit the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics, Mr. Erickson particularly, as its head, and his assistant, Walter Drew, with the aid rendered in constructing these rate sheets. It was Mr. Erickson's mastery of this subject which suggested to my mind his fitness as a member of the Wisconsin Railway Commission when it was later established; and upon this he has served with distinction.

Two or three weeks before the close of the nominating campaign, we were surprised by an entirely new tack taken by the old leaders. Word came that in many counties second sets of Republican delegates were being elected under such circumstances that it could have but one meaning—that the opposition was laying the foundation either for stealing the state convention or else bolting it and placing a third ticket in the field. They were desperate: they knew that it was their last chance to win the State under the old system, that the approaching convention would probably be the last ever held in the State for the nomination of candidates, as indeed it proved to be.

When the time arrived for the convention to meet, at Madison, they brought in a veritable army of men. All their leaders were there: Babcock, Pfister, Philipp, Spooner and Quarles. We realized that we were facing a crisis: that all we had been struggling for in Wisconsin might be lost if we permitted these men by force or by confusion to cast doubt upon the action of the convention.

The convention was called to meet in the University Gymnasium, the largest auditorium in Madison. We felt it necessary to protect the doorkeepers from being rushed and swept aside by a crowd of men not entitled to seats as delegates. So during the night before we had constructed at the delegates' entrance a barbed wire passage which would admit of the delegates entering only in single file. Stationed along the line of this fence we had twelve or fifteen of the old University football men—fine, clean, upstanding fellows who were physically able to meet any emergency. Among them were "Norsky" Larson, "Bill" Arne Lerum, Hazard, and Fred Kull. The machine crowd formed in a body on the Capitol square, a mile from the University, and marched down in large numbers, prepared to take possession of the convention hall. They had printed "fake" badges and delegates' tickets exactly duplicating those issued by the State Central Committee to all regularly elected delegates—theirs as well as ours. It was only by placing initials on the genuine badges and tickets at a late hour that our men stationed at the gymnasium entrance were able to distinguish the genuine from the

had been made against a rush and that they had to enter in single file. Whenever a man presented a counterfeit credential he was promptly set outside of the wire fence. All these men, however, came in later with the spectators at the front entrance and found seats in that portion of the hall which had been separated by roping off from the portion occupied by delegates; and along that roping they found another sturdy lot of "Norsky" Larsons. So well was all this preliminary work arranged that the convention organized regularly and in the best of order.

The critical moment came when Mr. Rosenberry, a machine member of the State Central Committee, arose to make his minority report regarding the election contests. The State Committee, which was composed partly of our men and partly of their men, had tried out all of these contests before the convention met, and they had unanimously seated enough of our delegates to give the progressives a comfortable majority of the convention. After the meeting of the committee and before the convention was called to order. the machine leaders evidently planned to repudiate the report of the State Committee; to ignore the roll of delegates entitled to seats for the preliminary organization of the convention in accord with all precedent; and to seat their "delegates" which the committee had unanimously rejected, and thus get control of the convention—or to involve it in a hopeless row.

As I say, Rosenberry came forward to make a speech. It had leaked out that the conclusion of his speech was to be the signal for action, that Rosenberry would then be on the platform, in a good position to seize the gavel, and take possession of the chair with the fellows down on the floor all primed to have him declared elected chairman. They were simply going to gavel it through, no matter how much protest there might be. The convention, which was the last ever held in Wisconsin, was crowded; but we reserved three or four seats close to the front of the platform and near the speakers' chair where we planted some more "Norsky" Larsons and "Bill" Hazards. The result of all this precaution was that they dared make no move, and the convention went forward in the most orderly way. Not an unparliamentary thing was done. They voted upon the contests and even upon the nominations, and of course were beaten.

were able to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. When this army appeared at the gymnasium they discovered that provision adjourned that day the machine men were so desperate that they gymnasium they discovered that provision immediately organized a bolt and called a

convention at the Madison opera house, which, we learned afterward, they had rented weeks before the caucuses and county conventions were held upon which they based their contests, no doubt with just this contingency in mind. Addresses were made by Spooner, Quarles, Babcock, and others, and they nominated a full State ticket of their own. It was the last stand!

They then proceeded to carry the validity of the regular convention into the Supreme Court, which supported us at every point, and left so little for the bolters to stand upon that much of their support deserted them. Indeed, their leaders soon began advising machine men everywhere to vote the Democratic ticket as the only way of beating me. In the election the bolters' candidate received only 12,000 votes.

One other bitter contest was to grow out of these conventions. It being a presidential year, we elected four delegates-at-large to the national convention—Senator Stout, Isaac Stephenson, W. D. Connor, and myself. The bolters' convention also elected four delegates, John C. Spooner, J. V. Quarles, J. W. Babcock, and Emil Baensch. We, therefore, prepared to meet the contest in the convention. Exhaustive briefs were prepared by Gilbert E. Roe and H. W. Chynoweth, but when we reached Chicago and the case came before the national committee, they not only would not look at our briefs, but they paid no serious attention to the oral arguments. Of course with Payne of Wisconsin serving as chairman of the National Committee, and Spooner and Babcock strongly influential with the "federal crowd," there was small chance for us, no matter what our claims might be. I have been told since by men who were in that National Convention that the committee was warned that under no circumstances should this Wisconsin movement be allowed to spread, that LaFollette was a dangerous man, and that unless he could be stopped right there, he would ultimately break up the Republican party in the nation as he had broken it up in Wisconsin. So we were not seated—and went back to Wisconsin to take up the campaign for the fall election.

In all my campaigning, covering a period of twenty years, it had been a rigid rule with me never to engage in personal controversy. I assailed abuses, attacked bad practices with all the power I could command, and though the newspaper files of that day will record the fact that I was subjected to every form of abuse and misrepresentation, I had with the calling of the caucuses I went out into senate and assembly districts, announced public meetings and executed the new policy upon which I had resolved. I did not engage in personalities, I did not attack individuals as such, but I took the journals of the two houses of the Legislature on to the public form of abuse and misrepresentation, I had

not been diverted from my course. I saw clearly that if I gave heed to personal attack and retaliated in kind that the principles would be lost sight of and the contest degenerate into one of mere abuse and recrimination. But after my legislative experiences of 1901, I had seen many men returned to the Legislature of 1903 who had made conspicuously bad records but who were able to so confuse the issues that they could and did secure their reelection. I therefore outlined a wholly new course for myself in the campaign of 1904.

I am free to confess that it had been my great ambition to be Governor of Wisconsin; not just to be Governor (for that seemed to me in itself but an empty honor), but to be in reality the chief executive of the State, to be a strong factor in securing legislation that should build into the life of the people a new order of things, laws that should be a recognition of human rights, that should make safe the vital principles of representative government. To aid in achieving such results was the realization of my highest ambition. had gone through two sessions of the Legislature, through three hard campaigns prior to that time; I had given to the work some of the best years of my life, and here I was at the end of my second term as Governor with almost nothing of a lasting nature accomplished. I was determined, therefore, to make this a campaign that should result in the election of a legislature that would finally execute the will of the people. As a basis for this, I had secured the incorporation in the State platform of a declaration that no man should be considered as a Republican candidate unless he declared his support of the principles enunciated in that platform; and "whose personal character and conduct is not a guaranty that he is reliable." It was an unheard-of thing for the Governor of the State to "interfere" in the nomination of candidates for the Legislature; but I knew perfectly well that those members of the Legislature who had served the political machine instead of their constituents would, many of them, seek renomination and reelection to the Legislature where they would again repudiate their party pledges. And so, with the calling of the caucuses I went out into senate and assembly districts, announced public meetings and executed the new policy upon which I had resolved. I did not engage in personalities, I did not attack individuals as such, but I took the journals of the two houses of the Legislature on to the public

the character of the different measures of noon luncheon, which consisted of a bottle public importance, and then read from the of good rich milk, and two slices of the crust journal the record vote of the candidate seeking reëlection, upon those measures. I felt that the people needed to be educated on men as well as on measures. I selected the districts in which those men who had wronged the public were seeking renomination, and almost without exception in those districts where I held meetings I secured the defeat of the candidates who sought renomination.

It was not possible for one man to cover, during the caucus period, all of the seventyone counties of the State, but I did as well as I could; and in those senatorial and assembly districts which I was unable to reach and in which unworthy Republican candidates secured renomination, I now resolved to make the contest against them at the election, although they were nominally members of my own party. Wherever I found a Democratic nominee for the assembly or senate whose standing was such as to warrant confidence in his pledges, and who was willing to come into my meetings and give assurance of his support of the measures for the public good embodied in the Republican platform, I besought the voters of such legislative districts to support him and defeat the Republican nominee who had betrayed them in the preceding legislatures. I utterly ignored the campaign for my own election. In nearly one half of the counties of the State I never held a single meeting in that campaign. But I picked out those legislative districts most important to the progressive movement, and I campaigned them as they had never been campaigned before. I spoke forty-eight days in succession, never missing one single day, excepting Sundays. I averaged eight and one quarter hours a day on the platform. We had two automobiles, so that if one broke down or got out of order in any way, I could transfer to the other. I began speaking about nine o'clock in the morning. I would go into a county and speak at every little hamlet or crossroads, talking to smaller groups of men during the day, often from the automobile, and sometimes in a store. Then we would have a large meeting in the evening, probably at the county seat, where I always had a large audience, finishing my work about eleven o'clock at night. Some of those night meetings were enormous; when I closed the campaign at Milwaukee I spoke to about 10,000 people for four hours.

I took only one meal a day at the table during those forty-eight days. I ate my and has been instrumental, I am positive, in

of bread buttered, and sometimes a little well-cured cheese shaved off and put in be-For my supper I duplicated my tween. luncheon. I got the bread and milk at the farmhouses along the road. It was a real whirlwind campaign, and I came out of it weighing only two pounds less than when I went in. The opposition tried for a time to follow me and catch my crowds, but they were soon worn out, and their reception, just after I had furnished my audiences with the ammunition for asking concrete questions, was discouraging, so that they soon desisted.

I discussed chiefly freight rates. I would tell them how much it cost them to ship a carload of hogs from that town to Chicago, and how much it would cost an Iowa farmer to ship a carload of hogs from his town the same distance to market. And then I would tell them that we were trying to create in Wisconsin a railroad commission to which appeal could be made, instead of to a railroad official, for fair freight rates and adequate service. Then I would take the record of the last Legislature on that question. I would say: "Now, I think you are entitled to know how your representative voted on this question. I am going to make no personal attack upon any individual, but he is your servant, and the servant of all the people of this State. His vote counts not only against your interests, but against the interests of the district in which I live as well, and I am here to-day to lay before you his record, and let you then decide whether that is the sort of service you want. There is no politics in this thing; it does not matter whether you get this legislation upon the vote of a Republican or a Democrat." Then I would tell them that I had interviewed the candidate on the Democratic side, and found him to be a man of integrity, that I had received from him assurance that he would support the important legislation pledged in the Republican platform, and submitted to them whether the promise of this man was not better than the performance of the man who had betrayed them in the session.

And I cleaned up the Legislature. That was the origin of the "roll call," which I have since used with such effectiveness. It is simply a form of publicity, of letting the light in on dark records. I have developed a department called "The Roll Call" in LaFollette's Magazine which has presented accurately the records of many senators and congressmen, putting more than one bad congressman and senator out of business. In my Chautauqua work also, I have found the roll call a most potent instrument for political regeneration.

I was elected by about 50,000 and the direct primary law, for which we had campaigned vigorously, carried by about the same majority. We also elected a safe majority of both houses of the Legislature.

Now, it is never safe to be satisfied with victory at an election. The real test comes later, when the bills incorporating new principles are written. It is one thing to talk of general propositions on the stump: it is quite another thing to perform the careful, cautious, thoughtful task of reducing those propositions into closely worded legal provisions which will afterward serve the public interest and stand the scrutiny of the courts. The trouble comes when the powerful opposition appears to cease, when the skillful corporation lawyer comes to you and says:

"You shall have no further opposition. All we ask is that the measure be fair and reasonable. We have had large practical experience and we can make a few suggestions really for the good of the legislation."

They then present changes which seem very plausible but in which may lurk the weaknesses and uncertainties that will afterward lead the court to break down the statute by construction. It is then that sincere friends of reform may be misled, because they have not the expert knowledge to meet the situation. At the outset of the Legislature of 1905, therefore, we took the greatest pains in drawing our bill. We got together leading members of the Legislature and discussed the first draft exhaustively: Senators Hatton, Sanborn, Martin, Frear, Morris and Assemblymen Lenroot, Braddock, Ekern, Dahl and others. Senator Hatton was especially helpful not only in framing the bill but in managing it in committee. Then I had copies of the bill retyped, with wide margins, and sent them to disinterested experts throughout the country, men like Commissioner Prouty, ex-Governor Larrabee of Iowa, Judge Reagan and Judge Cowan of Texas, A. B. Stickney, president of the Great Western Railroad, and many others. We took all the notes and criticisms of these men and went over our bill again before it was finally introduced.

It was a very strong regulatory bill. It provided for a commission with power not make a complete physical valuation of all the action. It showed that his interest in princi-

railroad property in the State. It was more sweeping than any legislation enacted by any State up to that time; and there is still, I believe, no law which compares with i -and none, certainly, more successfully enforced both to the advantage of the railroads and to that of the people—as I shall show later.

Of course, the railroad representatives opposed the bill at every step. The hearings continued for many weeks, and the strain was at times serious.

While we were in the stress of the fight, I was called one evening from the dinner table to answer the telephone. Some one said:

"Hello, Governor, how are you getting on with your legislation?"

I answered instantly, for I recognized his voice: "Colonel Bryan, where are you?"

He told me that he was to speak in Milwaukee that night, and the next day at Oshkosh. I said:

"Colonel, come this way. Some of the best provisions of our railroad bill are in dan-

ger. Come this way and help us."

Our leaders in the Legislature secured the passage of a joint resolution inviting Bryan to speak at eleven o'clock the next morning. I met him at the train. He was in fine spirits, keenly alive to the situation and deeply interested in a non-partisan way in our achieving the very best results we could in that impor-The galleries of the assembly tant session. chamber were crowded with citizens, and all the members of the Legislature were present on the floor. I presented Colonel Bryan and he made one of the finest speeches I ever listened to. He was witty and eloquent; he appealed to the patriotism of the Legislature without regard to party, especially urging the Democratic members to support our measure. He said he was not afraid that Republicans would steal Democratic thunder, that he would be willing to leave all the good Democratic propositions that had ever been advanced out on the porch over night if only the Republicans would steal them and enact them into law.

I had Bryan's speech taken down by a stenographer and circulated it widely in Democratic districts, thus starting a back fire on the Democratic legislators who were doubtful. The result justified the effort. It aided us materially, and when the bill came up for the final vote, it was passed unanimously.

I have always felt grateful to Colonel only to fix rates but to control service and to Bryan for this broad-minded and patriotic

Photograph by Walinger, Chicago

"I have always felt grateful to Colonel Bryan for this broadminded and patriotic action. . . . Colonel Bryan is exerting a powerful influence for good on the political thought and standards of his time"

ples was truly uppermost. I first met Bryan when I was a member of Congress. He was then a tail, slender, handsome fellow who looked like a young divine. Since then I have met him very often, and have come to feel a strong personal attachment for him. He helped us often during our long fight in Wisconsin when the Democratic machine as well as the Republican machine was opposing the things we stood for. He helped us in The Commoner with his support of our campaign for direct primaries. I have brought audi-

ences to their feet by quoting Bryan or by reading from The Commoner his words approving our measures. In the campaign of 1902, he refused to come into Wisconsin to speak in behalf of the Democratic ticket, because he did not want to solidify the Democratic party under its old and evil leadership, against the things we were espousing. Colonel Bryan is a great moral teacher and is exerting a powerful influence for good on the political thought and standards of his time.

As soon as the Legislature passed our regu-

lation law, I appointed the three commissioners. I had contended all along for an appointive rather than an elective commission. I felt that the State should have the best experts in the country in these positions, whether residents of Wisconsin or not, for much would depend upon the way in which our new law was administered. They would have to match wits with the highly skilled, highly paid agents of the railroads, and they would have to make their work pass the critical consideration of the courts. Now, the men best equipped by study and experience for such work might, if the commission were elective, prove very poor campaigners. If pitted against brilliant talkers or good "mixers," they might stand no show at all. Moreover, so many candidates are put up to the people in every election that it is almost impossible to get a wise decision in filling the

lesser places. I have always strongly advo-

cated the appointive method for filling all

places requiring the services of trained experts. I tried to persuade Commissioner Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission to come to Wisconsin, organize our commission, and take the chairmanship, but failing in that. I turned at once to the head of the transportation department of the University of Wisconsin, B. H. Meyer. A native of Wisconsin and a graduate of the University. Professor Meyer had made himself an authority upon railroad affairs in the country. He served upon our commission with great distinction, resigning in January of last year (1911) to accept a position upon the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington. As another commissioner, I appointed John Barnes, a Democrat, one of the foremost lawyers of the State, who sacrificed much in taking the place at the salary we paid. He has since been elected to the Supreme Court of the State. The third member was Halford Erickson, who had rendered invaluable service as Commissioner of Industrial and Labor Statistics. He had practical knowledge of railroading and has steadily grown in power until to-day he has no superior as a railroad authority on any state commission in the country.

The commission proceeded with wisdom. Though under great pressure at first, it refused to consider complaints until it had laid a broad foundation of scientific knowledge. Expert engineers and contractors were employed and many months were spent in making a physical valuation of all railroad propnecessary to determine the actual cost of maintenance and operation—a very difficult matter in our case—because the railroads of Wisconsin are parts of great systems.

When all this immense work was done, the commission had the wisdom and foresight to submit its findings to the railroad officials. who went over them and approved them. This prevented disputes in the future upon fundamental facts.

Having all this data, the commissioners began to entertain complaints, and to fix rates upon a basis which they knew positively was fair to the public and fair to the railroads. They have so reduced transportation charges as to effect a saving of over \$2,000,000 per year to the people of the State, and they have only made a beginning. Generally the rates of public utility corporations have been reduced. but in some cases the investigation showed that the rates were too low already and the commission raised them. The result is that individuals may be found in communities where rates have been increased or have not been promptly or radically reduced, who declare that the Railroad Commission has not met expectations by "going after" the corporations.

All through our fight for railroad control the lobbyists and the railroad newspapers made the most mournful prophecies of disaster: they predicted that capital would fly from the State, that new construction would stop, that equipment would deteriorate, and so on and so on. What are the facts?

The object of our legislation was not to "smash" corporations but to drive them out of politics, and then to treat them exactly the same as other people are treated. Equality under the law was our guiding star. It is the special discriminations and unjust rates that are being corrected; the privileges, unfair advantages, and political corruption that have been abolished. Where these do not exist, the object has been to foster and encourage business activity. Consequently, no State in the Union to-day offers better security for the savings of its people than Wisconsin. The honest investor, or business man, or farmer, or laborer, who simply wants equal opportunity with others and security for what he honestly earns, is protected and encouraged by the laws. The mere speculator, or monopolist, or promoter, who wants to take advantage of others under protection of law is held down or driven out. The result is that instead of falling behind, the erty in the State. This is the logical first step State has actually gone forward more rapidly if you are going to fix rates. It then became than the rest of the country. This may be

cally every direction where there has been progressive legislation affecting business.

The Railroad Commission keeps accurate account of all the business of every railroad

and public utility in the State. It has jurisdiction over property whose total value withstanding the fact that, mainly on account amounts to \$450,000,000. The books are kept exactly as the commission orders them to be kept. These accounts show that while, during the first five years of its existence the commission reduced rates by more than \$2,000,000 a year, the net earnings of the railroads of Wisconsin increased relatively just a little more than the net earnings for all railways in the United States. The increase in Wisconsin was 18.45 per cent., and in the United States it was 18.41 per cent.

How did this come about? Simply from the fact that the decrease in rates for freight and passengers was followed by an enormous rebates paid by twelve roads during the six

B. H. MEYER

La Follette's Railroad Commission. Through these men \$2,000,000 was saved to the people of Wisconsin every year

ing the reduction in rates, there was an actual increase of nearly 20 per cent. in revenue. while the increase of revenue of all the railroads in the United States was only 16 per cent.

This remarkable increase took place notof the greatly improved service which the commission required the railroads to perform, the expense of railroad operation in Wisconsin increased 33 per cent. more than the average rate of increase in the entire United States.

Much of what the railroads lost in the reduction of open rates that everybody shares, they recovered by being compelled to abolish free passes and secret cut rates that went only to insiders and grafters. The special examiners whom I appointed in 1903 uncovered \$5,992,731.58 as Wisconsin's share of increase in the amount of freight and number years 1898 to 1903. By stopping rebates

alone the railroads have gained at least ceeded the railroads in the rate at which they \$1,000,000 a year toward offsetting \$2,000,000 have made cash investments for new conthey lost by reduction of rates. They must struction. While the increase in railroad conalso have gained largely by the stoppage of political contributions and expenses. railroads to-day are gaining far more by treating everybody on an equality than they could have gained if their old methods of politics and secret favoritism had continued.

It is not claimed that railroads are both making and keeping more money in Wisconsin than they did before the progressive legislation began. Indeed, they are making more but keeping a smaller proportion of it. They are now paying taxes the same as other people on exactly what their property is worth. This they began to do in 1904. Under the old system of unequal taxation, in 1903, when the railroads practically assessed themselves, they paid taxes in the State amounting to \$1,711,000. Under the new system in 1010, when the State Tax Commission assessed them exactly like farms and other property, they paid \$3,142,886. This was an increase of 83 per cent. in the amount of their taxes. But during the years 1903 to 1909 the taxes of all railroads in the United States increased only 41 per cent. That is, railroad taxation in Wisconsin has been increased by the progressive legislation in six years nearly twice as much as the increase for all of the United States. If this increase in taxation is a hardship on the railroads, it is simply because equal taxation is always a hardship on those who had not been formerly paying their equal share of taxes.

Nor did progressive legislation stop new construction: during the years 1903 to 1909 the railroads have invested in new construction in Wisconsin an amount estimated by the Railroad Commission at \$30,000,000, an increase of 15 per cent. over 1903. This is not a fictitious increase in capitalization. It is actual cash baid out for new road and equip-A cash investment by railroads of \$6,500,000 a year for six years of progressive legislation refutes their prophecies of disaster.

Other public utilities besides railroads were not brought under the control of the Railroad Commission until 1907, and it was not until 1909 that the commission was able to get their accounts into such shape as to be reliable. But, for the year 1910, compared with 1909, notwithstanding reductions in rates and improvements in service, the water utilities increased their net earning 7.1 per cent., the telephone utilities 7.1 per cent., gas utilities 7.4 per cent., and electric utilities 25 per cent. These utilities have even ex-

struction has averaged 2½ per cent. a year The for six years, the water utilities in 1010 increased their new construction of property 2.5 per cent. over what it had been in 1000; the telephone utilities 5.4 per cent., gas utilities 1.6 per cent., and electric utilities 35.5 per cent. For the year 1911, compared with 1010, the water utilities increased their net earnings 4.3 per cent.; the telephone utilities, 15.9 per cent.; gas utilities, 5.7 per cent.; and electric utilities, 24.2 per cent. The water utilities in 1011 increased their property by new construction 4 per cent. over that of 1910; the telephone utilities, 5.7 per cent.; gas utilities, 6.1 per cent.; and electric utilities. 22.1 per cent.

Wisconsin is certainly not driving capital out of the State when the electrical business in the single year 1910, after two years of regulation by the State, made bona fide new investments 35 per cent. greater than it had done in 1909. All of this has been accomplished, notwithstanding the fact that the Railroad Commission has reduced the rates charged by public utilities \$250,000 a year, and has required improvements in the quality of service amounting to \$125,000 a year, a total saving to the consumers of gas, water, and electricity of \$375,000 a year.

A single example will show how these different results have been brought about. In April, 1910, after two years of careful investigation, the Railroad Commission, after improving the quality of service, reduced the maximum price of electricity in the city of Madison from 16 cents to 14 cents per kilowatt-hour, and adjusted the other rates on a lower basis. The result was that the sales of electricity increased 16 per cent., the net earnings increased 24 per cent., the company increased its investment 12 per cent., and the saving to consumers, comparing old rates with new rates, was \$18,308 a year. At the end of another fifteen months, in July, 1911, after such an increase in profits following the reduction in rates, the company accepted without protest another reduction to 12 cents. No additional investigation was necessary, because the books of the company had been kept in the way prescribed by the commission so as to show every item of expense, income, and investment. Supervision by the State Commission has thus proven of great benefit to the private corporation itself.

How has it been possible that both the people of Wisconsin and the investors in pub-

Photograph by Stein, Milwanket

FRANCIS C. McGOVERN, GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN An ardent follower of La Follette

lic utilities have been so greatly benefited by scientifically has the work of our commission this regulation? Simply because the regula-tion is scientific. The Railroad Commission has found out through its engineers, accountants, and statisticians what it actually costs to build and operate the roads and utilities. Watered stock and balloon bonds get no con-On the other hand, since the sideration. commission knows the costs, it knows exactly the point below which rates cannot be reduced. It even raises rates when they are below the cost, including reasonable profit.

The people are benefited because they are not now paying profits on inflated capital. The investors are benefited because the commission has all the facts needed to prevent a reduction of rates below a fair profit

been done that the railroads and other utility corporations have accepted their reductions without any contest at all. Our law makes it perfectly easy for the railroads to seek redress in the courts if they feel wronged in any way. Yet it is significant that there has never been an appeal taken in any railroad rate case decided by the Railroad Commission. The corporations know that the Railroad Commission has all the data for making rates that they (the railroads) have, and that it can go into court and show that it is making rates not by guess, not by estimate, but by the most careful calculation based upon definite information. Thus while the railroad companies do not enjoy having their on their true value. So honestly, capably, and rates cut down, they are not over-eager to

ing. When the other States of the country and the federal Government make rates as we do in Wisconsin, the shippers of the country will be saved millions of dollars every Wisconsin we regulate services as well as When the services of a railroad are not satisfactory to the public, complaint can be made to the Railway Commission. Under our law that complaint does not need to be a formal legal document, but a simple statement of grievance by letter or postal card. Then it is taken up by the commission in an informal way. A representative of the railroad and the party making complaint are then brought together, quite informally. I should say hundreds of cases of that sort, are disposed of and adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties, to one case requiring a formal presentation and the employment of counsel. This system makes it cheaper for the railroads, cheaper for the people, and it is a speedy way to get justice in a lot of little things. Most people deal with railroads in a large way only a few times in their lives. But they are brought into intimate contact with the railroad on little freight shipments, or with relation to crossings and depots-small annoyances which often cause more bitterness than large mat-As the result of the easy and just settlement of such difficulties I think to-day there is a better feeling in the State toward the railroads and railroad men than ever before in our history.

In other ways, our progressive legislation has materially benefited all the people of the State. For example, beginning in 1903, I secured in every water-power franchise the insertion of a provision that the rates charged should be regulated by arbitration. Since that time the water powers of the State, serving as public utilities, have been placed under the control of the Railroad Commission; and a great corporation supervised by the Railroad Commission with its profits limited to 6 per cent. on actual cost, has been created and has improved the headwaters of the Wisconsin River, in order to secure a steady flow through the year. Several enormous power dams have been constructed, and through these means the State has gone far toward utilizing its 1,000,000 available horse power, while protecting the State against water-power monopoly.

Wisconsin began in 1905 to build up a state forest reserve on the headwaters of its principal rivers. It now ranks next to New

advertise the Wisconsin system of rate mak- York and Pennsylvania in its areas of forests belonging to the State, and has adopted a permanent policy of adding annually to the

Wisconsin has also taken hold of the insuryear in excessive transportation charges. In ance problem with vigor. The special session of the Legislature which I called in 1905 provided for a committee to investigate insurance corporations. This was about the time of the Hughes investigation in New York, and the committee appointed pursuant to that legislation rendered a very signal service to our State. As a member of that committee H. L. Ekern, who was then Speaker of the Assembly—a legislator of real creative power —developed a very remarkable aptitude for the insurance problem. It was most extraordinary. Ekern is a Norwegian, a university graduate, a lawyer. In the Legislature of 1907, he appeared before the committee having charge of the insurance legislation, and there demonstrated his ability to more than hold his own against the ablest actuaries and lawyers representing the largest insurance companies in the United States.

In 1010 he was elected Insurance Commissioner of the State and in the Legislature of 1911 he brought about a complete recodification of our insurance laws. He has indeed practically laid the basis for a system of state insurance—the first, I think, in the United States.

I give here, also, some further facts to show that Wisconsin, instead of being retarded by progressive legislation, is advancing more rapidly than the country taken as a whole.

Since 1904, when we recodified our whole system for the examination of State banks, there has not been a single failure among the 573 State banks in Wisconsin, with \$27,000,ooo of capital, surplus and undivided profits. The only bank failures in the State have been those of three national banks through embezzlement.

During the years 1903 to 1911 the capital, surplus and undivided profits of all State and national banks in Wisconsin increased 72 per cent.. whereas for the United States they increased only 48 per cent. Individual deposits for the same years in Wisconsin banks increased 82 per cent.; while in the United States as a whole they increased but 74 per

The clearing-house exchanges for Milwaukee increased 117.5 per cent. from 1900 to 1910, whereas for the United States the increase was 106 per cent. Milwaukee's increase was greater than Chicago's.

Judged by commercial failures, Wisconsin has prospered better in proportion than the country. The total liabilities in commercial failures for the entire United States in the four years 1906 to 1909 increased 33 per cent. over the total amount for the preceding four years 1902 to 1905. But the liabilities in Wisconsin for the same years fell off 5.3 per cent. In other words, comparing the four years

that followed the progressive victory of 1905 with the four years that preceded it, the business failures in Wisconsin [ell off onetwentieth, but for the whole United States they increased one-third.

These are a few of the conclusive proofs that progressive legislation in Wisconsin has not been destructive, as its enemies pre-Instead dicted. of driving capital out of the State it has attracted capital more than other States. It has made investments safe for all, instead of speculative for a few. It has been conservative and constructive as

gressive laws—a law passed in 1911, declar-State, and not one has been carried into of us. the federal courts.

No account of the long and successful struggle in Wisconsin would be fair or complete that did not record the splendid services of many men in support of progressive prinlike to, in the space here allotted me. Many not be led astray.

whole chapters might be written on their work. It was a day-and-night service with them; they left their offices and their business interests and have devoted years to this work.

This closes the account of my services in Wisconsin—a time full of struggle, and yet a time that I like to look back upon. It has been a fight supremely worth making, and I want it to be judged, as it will be ultimately.

> by results actually attained. If it can be shown that Wisconsin is a happier and better State to live in, that its institutions are more democratic. that the opportunities of all its people are more equal, that social justice more nearly prevails, that human life is safer and sweeter-then I shall rest content in the feeling that the Progressive movement has been successful. And I believe all these things can really be shown, and that there is no reason now why the movement should not expand until it covers the entire nation. While

H. L. EKERN

"In 1910 he was elected Insurance Commissioner of the State and in the Legislature of 1911 he brought about a complete recodification of our insurance laws. He has indeed practically laid the basis for a system of state insurance—the first, I think, in the United States"

well as progressive. Only one of the pro- much has been accomplished, there is still a world of problems yet to be solved; we ing flowing water public property—has been have just begun; there is good fighting, and a overturned by the Supreme Court of the chance for the highest patriotism, still ahead The fundamental problem as to which shall rule, men or property, is still unsettled; it will require the highest qualities of heroism, the profoundest devotion to duty upon this and upon the coming generation to reconstruct our institutions to meet the reciples. There are so many that I cannot hope quirements of a new age. May such brave to give them the personal recognition I should—and true leaders develop that the people may

Next month Senator La Follette will deal with his election to the United States Senate and his experiences when he came to Washington as a lone fighter against the old regime.



THE MAN WHO KNEW LIFE

By PHILIP E. CURTISS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY P. J. MONAHAN

Lucas or J. C. Snaith or any of that charming group of Britishers who poke fun at each other and furnish a guide book to London under the only half-pretended guise of fiction, I could tell you in two words just where it happened with no fear whatsoever that I should be accused of subsidy. Being, however, not in London but rather in New York and beset on all sides by the tales of horrible things which happen to press agents, I must pretend cunningly to subterfuge and say that it happened at the Spitz-Charlton, leaving the reader three guesses as to what I actually mean.

At the Spitz-Charlton then, which lies, as everyone knows, at Forty-sixth Street and Munroe Avenue, a man and a girl sat at a corner table in that mysterious hour between dark and the daylight, while between them rested a tea set, a dry Martini cocktail and an ash receiver containing the butts of four cigarettes; but gather not from this, nor yet from the cocktail, that two and two made four; one all unaided made the entire four and was now commencing on his fifth.

Oh, that mysterious hour between the dark and the daylight—the children's hour, Mr. Longfellow has called it, and it may have been in his day, but autre temps autres moeurs, and nowadays there happen in that hour many things of which the children wot not. It is, rather, the hour of the homeless ones, potent or dread as occasion lies—in any case the exclusive hour of those who join not the stream of householders hurrying uptown with paper parcels under their arms to insert a latchkey and be met by a kiss and a smell of broiling steak.

Then, one by one, the lights twinkle forth in and the daylight. Feverish talk whipped the top stories of high buildings, spreading to white heat or melancholy philosophy merggradually down to the lower floors; then shine ing into silence, even as the day itself is out the arc lamps in the streets, taking up merging into night, are the inevitable accom-

their flashes in quick succession like a row of dominoes; then slam shut roll-top desks and on go celluloid cuffs, replacing black sleeve protectors; then ring forth the nasal cries of newsboys with "special extras" about things that never happened; then thicker grows the current of limousines on the avenue; then out from the theatres pour the matinée crowds, swelling the streams on the sidewalks even as the dire waters of the dark Missouri pollute the limpid flood of the Mississippi; then, in clubs and cafés, circulates the insidious highball, ruining appetite; thenoh, why did I mention Maurice Hewlett?-Walt Whitman or Baedecker were the man for this job.

But up, lads, and at 'em! Then all who have homes have gone to them; and all who have not sit in hall bedrooms or pool parlors or clubs with leather chairs and wish indifferently that the waiters would not torture a splitting headache by turning on the lights; or lone bachelors, in solitary quarters, smoke untimely pipes and dread even the effort of dressing for evening, while stomachs repel the idea of dinner and hands grow cold with deliberate ill-health. And milliners' maids welcome relief from grinding shop hours only to face penniless evenings still more grinding; and maids who are not milliners fret because Thérèse has not sewed on buttons where they should be sewed and because dinners are always a bore and because the guests are all to be fat and stodgy and because three cups of strong tea was too much and becausewell because life isn't worth living anyway.

From such as these are drawn the crowds which flock the cafés and, with the aid of the dry Martinis and a Hungarian orchestra, fight off that dread hour between the dark and the daylight. Feverish talk whipped to white heat or melancholy philosophy merging into silence, even as the day itself is merging into night, are the inevitable accom-

Swelling the streams on the sidewalks even as the dire

waters of the Missouri pollute the Mississippi

paniments of this hour, and the latter was he could knock off the ash without burning settling over the pair in the Spitz-Charlton as the fifth cigarette lost its virgin fragrance and the waiter, figuring the check, hovered clously. "Just now we have both got our discreetly in the background.

After one of the longer pauses and while we are caught in the mud.

the orchestra was growing sufficiently vehement to muffle conversation from the surrounding tables, the man looked up from the unsatisfying cigarette with which he had littered every teacup on the table and finding the girl's eyes upon him gazed into them fixedly and curiously.

"Well?" she said; and he answered, "Well?"

"Princess," he began. He had used the phrase before, in other times and other places. In his reflective moments he borrowed a term from the vaudeville stage and called it "old stuff," but he generally added that it "always got over." It did seem to get over in this case and he continued:

"Princess, it has been a pleas-

the book."

She looked gloomily at the teacups, and having no cigarette to finger she was obliged to look up at him.

"Why close it?" she asked. "You will be back in a few months and then you will come and see me. You know I am always glad to have you."

She was very young—this princess.

He shrugged and tried to see how closely

his finger.

"You know why," he replied rather vifeet on dry land and we must run before No, better than

that; I will put it in English. Lady, I don't presume to know what you are thinking, but I am just on the thin edge of falling in love and that, you know as well as I, can never be."

There was, apparently, no answer to this, and the princess still gazed at the teacup, pouting slightly but making a brave little figure with her furs thrown back carelessly and her tiny fur hat perched jauntily on her head. No answer, at least, could be spoken, but her eyes rather questioned whether the problem could be so obvious, while the man went on:

"Now look here, child, I have seen all sides of life and I know it from top to bottom."

This also was "old stuff" --

ant chapter—these days together, and I very old stuff but, on occasions such as this, am really sorry that we have to close certain lines of old stuff are perfectly permissible, just as it is always permissible for Mr. George M. Cohan to wave an American flag at the end of the second act. Among these trite but permissible lines are the following:

> For a man: "I have knocked around the world a good deal now-"

> Also: "I will tell you frankly, Margery, that I have led a pretty rotten sort of life at times, but since I have known you---"

This is a splendid piece of business and

never fails to elicit applause from even the most sophisticated audience.

For a girl: "Whether or not a man has money makes no difference to me whatsoever; the man I love must be a man."

Also: "One gets so sick of the silly, flattering men whom one meets in ballrooms and longs for a man who is always sincere."

And again: "I want you to tell me exactly what you think of me." Heaven help the man who tries it.

And once more: "I like to think that I can be just pals with a man without any thought of love."

And fifthly: "A girl in society gets so mortally sick and tired of the endless round of dinners, teas and balls. There is nothing in such a life. It is all pretense."

And finally (when circumstances demand it): "It was very different before father lost his money."

To old stuff, then, resorted the man with the cigarette:

"Now look here, child, I have seen all sides of life and I know it pretty thoroughly. I know exactly how impossible it is for me ever to think of loving you or for you to think of caring for me. Ten years ago (he was only twenty-six, but then she was only eighteen), or even five, I might have believed it possible, but I can see the utter folly of it now and I want to break away before it is too late."

She answered nothing, but then he had not asked a question, and, with all the grim completeness of a man with a theory, he continued:

"It is a platitude to say that all that I have in a year would not buy the frocks that you wear, but that is about the size of it."

She half opened her lips as if she might have said something, but he gave her no chance.

"I have always been perfectly frank with you, lady, and you know about what I am. You know as well as I do that I am not the kind of man whom you are used to seeing; I am of another and entirely different world. I have taken particular pains from the beginning to tell you that I was brought up in a little country town, that when I was a boy we never had even one servant, that I have always had to work for a living, and that even now when I have struck what seems to me a perfect fortune, the whole income for a year would not buy a respectable motor car. You have been awfully decent to me and I wish that I knew some way to make you happy for it, but there doesn't seem to be any. Your life is as clearly mapped out for you as mine is for me. In time you will marry——"

"Harry Sweet?"
He laughed grimly.

"No, of course I don't mean a man like that, or Donzetti or that Englishman; but they are not all of that kind. Strange as it may seem, there are men with money who are just as decent as men without it and a big sight more eligible. In time you will meet one and then you will thank heaven that I saw the truth in time and made you see it."

She nodded, rather absently, but probably she was listening to the orchestra which was hammering through the jovial little quirks of Rigoletto and was saying:

> "Oh, woman is changeable, Like a leaf in the wind; Varies her aspect, Scarce can you solve it."

But he was not listening and his theory grew stronger; he smiled, rather bitterly, with self-pity, a most delightful sensation, but clung to his argument.

"If you were a little village girl," he said, "you know that I would ask you in a minute. If you were on my plane or I were on yours, it would be so simple, but it isn't that way, and it never will be."

She looked at him with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, so obvious that it was remarkable that such an experienced man of the world did not notice it. His own eyes were glowing, however, with the rather tearful enthusiasm of the stoic.

"I am not kicking at the way the world is made," he added, and made a grim gesture which showed quite plainly that he didn't, and, incidentally, almost wrecked a silver teapot. "I am not kicking at the way the world is made, I am perfectly willing to play the game according to the rules, and play it hard; I am naturally sorry that the rules hit us so vitally, but they do, and so we have just got to grin and bear it."

She, however, did not give any signs of grinning.

"When are you going?" she asked.

It was entirely irrelevant to the argument and it worried him a bit that she was not following more closely the beautiful thread of his discourse; but he answered, good-naturedly, "I am sailing to-morrow at one," and then fell back into his groove:

"Yes, I know perfectly well just how it will come out and how you will thank-me that I did see it. To-morrow I will sail away and you will write me perhaps once a week, then once a month, and then you will forget that I ever existed, for, in time, the man who can

"All that I have in a year would not buy the frocks that you wear"

give you everything that you need and are used to, will come along and you will take a cruise in his yacht for a honeymoon and then have your house on the Avenue and when, sometime, you come across an old letter signed 'Bob' you will say, 'Bob? Bob? Who in thunder was Bob? Oh, yes, I remember, he was that funny little country boy who used to be so silly about me. B-r-r-r!'"

"La donna e mobile, Qual é pium' al vento."

It was odd how long it took the orchestra to finish that one selection; it was what one calls a haunting melody.

It seemed to give the girl a suggestion, however, for she began to draw figures on the tablecloth.

"But Bob," she said, "you know—you know, that the village idea is not the only way?"

He straightened up.

"Little girl," he answered, "you know that it is for me. You know perfectly well that I am not like Donzetti and that crowd and that if you came to me you would have to come for what I have. I have told you that I want you just for yourself ("Old Stuff." Get out of this. That was all right

in the first part of the story, but it doesn't go now.), and I want you to come to me for just what I have. If it ever happened, you would have to be my wife, not I your husband. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded her head. As a matter of fact she did know it, for the odd part of the statement was that it happened to be true and gave the real seriousness to the affair.

"You have mapped out my future very nicely," she said. "But what is going to be-

come of you."

He tossed aside that idea with a fine carelessness.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said. "I will loaf around France and Spain for the next month or two and then there will be a little bungalow back in the hills and a horse or two and, winter nights, I will have a pipe in front of the fire and picture you on the Mediterranean. It's not wholly inspiring, but it's simple."

The orchestra was doubling back on the trail.

"But never to have known
The flames of love,
The flames of love, the flames of love."

"Tearing down the steps"

Her answer could have had nothing to do with the melody.

"But you know I like horses, too."

Tell the boy there is no answer.

The orchestra was putting away its instruments and going out for supper. How funny that sounds in a café. The hour between the dark and the daylight was passing, for, already people in evening clothes were coming in, with the expectant look of honest hunger.

"They tell me," said a good lady from Michigan, in an awed voice, "that women

are allowed to smoke here."

They of the teacups ignored the fine gesture of the gold-laced field-marshal at the door, who wished to call a taxi—a taxi would make the trip too short—and started in search of an itinerant hansom. The streets were once more bright and rosy and the boy could not help noticing what an air of possession it gave him to keep step with the girl at his side.

The ride uptown was accomplished in silence and ended at the foot of an immense flight of stone steps which even the widening of Fifth Avenue had not erased. The door was opened noiselessly and instantaneously

by a manservant who stood there all day long for that purpose. tween times he gazed out at the world with an expression of utter gloom. It was late and the boy turned to go, but she held him a minute and said:

"I—I think that I had better give you back your letters?"

He reeled, for, somehow, that was a dash of cold water. It reduced theory to practice in a surprisingly unpleasant manner. But he was game, and, smiling at his own plight, replied:

"I suppose so, though it isn't necessary."

For how, "in after years," would she recall him if there was no letter signed "Bob"

to run across at the opportune moment. him while, in a hall bedroom, McCabe,

of the house gazing out across at the rows from a string on the gas-jet and whistling and rows of lights which made the park look like the backdrop of a melodrama with the huge cliffs of apartment houses piling up on the farther side.

She returned noiselessly with the packet of letters, neatly tied, and found him still looking out at the lights, but he turned and took the letters, taking both her hands as well, and holding them close to his coat, for she hardly came up to his shoulder. She said nothing but looked at him fearlessly and, daring, he asked:

"You know that I want to kiss you goodby?"

"No," she answered, a little huskily, "we have decided and we can't take even one more step nearer—nearer the mire."

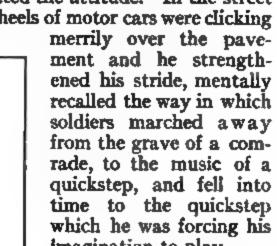
The melancholy manservant shut the door as noiselessly as he had opened it and the philosopher turned slowly to walk down the avenue toward the region where traffic ties itself in knots and mounted policemen reign supreme. Three steps from the door he threw back his shoulders and breathed in the cool night air. He had seen, somewhere, a football player, knocked almost into unconsciousness, and doused with a pail of cold water, shake himself back into the game, and mentally, he imitated the attitude. In the street the chained wheels of motor cars were clicking

> ment and he strengthened his stride, mentally recalled the way in which soldiers marched away from the grave of a comrade, to the music of a quickstep, and fell into time to the quickstep which he was forcing his imagination to play.

In a region which will add nothing to the story by being mentioned, he had rooms which he shared with three of his kind, when he was in town and, in the hallway, he found his trunks piled high each bearing a fresh new "saloon baggage" label. In a circle of gas-light sat Mortimer, an iron-gray, serious kind of man, who read William James and chuckled over

She left him in a tiny library at the front another of the trio, was selecting a dress tie merrily over some coming event of the evening.

> It all seemed so homelike and in accordance with his theory that Bob welcomed the



warmth and sought his own bedroom for a "Bob," came the voice, a very shy voice, very plebeian pipe and a very fragrant kind from the other end of the wire. "Bob, I—I of tobacco which he was soon puffing luxuriously. In a sort of resolute gaiety at the strength of his own determination he stood twirling the burning match in his fingers when perhaps it wouldn't be considered a break. a shout from the other room recalled him: "Oh, Bob; te-le-phone."

Listlessly he sauntered to the instrument and answered in a singsong: "Hello."

thought I ought to tell you—that—I wish I had let you kiss me this afternoon."

Bob broke the third commandment, or A minute later he was tearing down the stairs and out into the street.

This time he didn't disdain the speed of a

THE CHANTY ARGO'S

By WILLIAM R. BENÉT

RPHEUS hath harped her, Her prow hath drunk the sea. Fifty haughty heroes at her golden rowlocks be! His fingers sweep the singing strings, Her forefoot white before she flings, Out from the shore she strains—she swings— And lifts, oh, gallantly!

Orpheus shall harp for her, The Talking Head speak wise for her, Lynceus gaze sharp for her And Tiphys search the skies for her! May Colchis curse the dawn o' day when first she thundered free And our golden captain, Jason, in glory put to sea!

Lovely Atalanta The buskined huntress maid; The lad who stretched Procrustes on the racking bed he laid; And Hercules, whose infant thew The hissing snakes of Hera slew; And Nestor, strong to dare and do, Bring home each dripping blade!

Orpheus, etc.

Castor, aye, and Pollux Who boxed Bebrycia's king,---Warriors, seers and mages at the rowlocks reach and swing; But, heirs to winds uproarious, The Twain, sons of Boreas, With furled wings white and glorious Most magic are to sing!

Orpheus, etc.

Lemnos lies behind us And ladies of good grace. Home, bring home the oars again and lift the coasts o' Thrace! Nor yet the Clashing Islands find, Nor stark Promethean highlands find, But here, of far or nigh lands, find Adventure's very place Adventure's splendid, terrible and dear and dafting face!

Then, Orpheus, strike harp for usl Oh, Talking Head, speak true for us! Lynceus, look you sharp for us! And, Tiphys, steer her through for us!

May Colchis curse the dawn o' day when first she thundered free And our golden captain, Jason, in glory put to sea!



RIAR

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards." –From a Private Letter,

> Η. G. WELLS B_{y}

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope, engaged to Will Magnet, a humorous writer, falls in love with Professor Trafford, a brilliant young scientist. And although her father forces her to dismiss Trafford, she breaks her engagement, and later, goes to meet Trafford in London. They elope, taking a long trip into Italy. Upon

> their return to London, Marjorie furnishes the house, but, little by little, considerably exceeds the sum allowed by Trafford for that purpose. Desiring to make an impression upon her wealthy friends, Marjorie becomes more extravagant. Meanwhile Trafford is just getting into the full swing of his scientific work, when he discovers that Marjorie has greatly overdrawn his account. Things come to a crisis between them, but all disagreements are swept away by the coming of their little daughter. Trafford sacrifices part of his research-time to popular science lectures in nearby towns, in order to earn money for his household. At the end of six months, the illusion of love, the excitement of passion, has worn off, leaving them just ordinary people to each other. Then Marjorie, by a sudden extravagance, angers Trafford, who takes her check-book

away. She finds herself without occupation all day long, and tries writing, reading, Suffrage clubs. Trafford grows furious to see other scientists stealing what he has done. Then he and Marjorie have bitter words, and, after he has gone, Marjorie begins to doubt whether she is not entirely selfish.

$\mathbf{I}\mathbf{X}$

PRING and a renewed and deepened love for her husband were in Marjorie's blood. Her mind worked rapidly during the next few days, and presently she found herself clearly decided upon her course of action. She must put an end once for all to her recurrent domestic deficits, and since this could only be done by getting rid of May, she must get rid of May and mind the child herself. Then she must housekeeping on severer lines; she bought fell in very exactly with her mood. The order

fruit carelessly, they had far too many joints; she never seemed able to restrain herself when it came to flowers. And in the evenings. which would necessarily be very frequently lonely evenings if Trafford's researches were to go on, she would typewrite, and either acquire great speed at that or learn shorthand, and so save Trafford his present expenditure on a typist. That unfortunately would mean buying a typewriter. . . .

She found one afternoon in a twopenny book-box, with which she was trying to allay also make a far more systematic and thor- her craving for purchases, a tattered little ough study of domestic economy than she pamphlet entitled: "Proposals for the Estabhad hitherto done, and run the shopping and lishment of an Order of Samurai," which was to be a sort of self-appointed nobility serving the world. It shone with the light of a generous dawn, but cast, I fear, the shadow of the prig.

The project unfolded the picture of a new method of conduct to her, austere, yet picturesque and richly noble. These Samurai, it was intimated, were to lead lives of hard discipline and high effort, under self-imposed rule and restraint. They were to stand a little apart from the excitements and temptations of everyday life, to eat sparingly, drink water, resort greatly to self-criticism and self-examination, and harden their spirits by severe and dangerous exercises. They were to dress simply, work hard, and be the conscious and deliberate salt of the world. They were to walk among mountains. Incidentally, great power was to be given them. Such systematic effort and self-control as this seemed to Marjorie to give just all she wasn't and needed to be, so save her life and Trafford's from a common disaster. . . .

It particularly appealed to her that they were to walk among mountains. . . .

But it is hard to make a change in the color of one's life amid the routine one has already established about oneself, in the house that is grooved by one's weakness, amid hangings and ornaments living and breathing with the life of an antagonistic and yet insidiously congenial ideal. A great desire came upon Marjorie to go away with Trafford for a time, out of their everyday life into strange and cool and spacious surroundings. She wanted to leave London and its shops, and the home and the movements and the callers and rivalries, and even dimpled little Margharita's insistent claims, and get free and think. It was the first invasion of their lives by this conception, a conception that was never afterwards to leave them altogether, of retreat and reconstruction. She knelt upon the white sheepskin hearthrug at Trafford's feet one night, and told him of her desire. He, too, was tired of his work and his vexations, and The ripe for this suggestion of an altered life. Easter holiday was approaching, and nearly twenty unencumbered days. Mrs. Trafford, they knew, would come into the house, meanwhile, and care for Margharita. They would go away somewhere together and walk, no luggage but a couple of knapsacks, no hotel but some homely village inn. They would be in the air all day, until they were saturated with sweet air and the spirit of clean restraints. They would plan out their new rule, concentrate their aims. "And I could think," said Trafford, "of this new work I can't begin

here. I might make some notes." Presently came the question of where the great walk should be. Manifestly, it must be among mountains,—manifestly; and Marjorie's eye saw those mountains with snow upon their summits and cold glaciers on their flanks. Could they get to Switzerland? If they traveled second class throughout and took the cheaper way, as Samurai should? . . .

X

That holiday seemed to Marjorie as if they had found a lost and forgotten piece of honey-She had that same sense of fresh beginnings that had made their first walk in Italian Switzerland so unforgettable. She was filled with the happiness of recovering Trafford when he had seemed to be slipping from All day they talked of their outlook, and how they might economize away the need of his extra work, and so release him for his research again. For the first time he talked of his work to her and gave her some intimation of its scope and quality. He became enthusiastic with the sudden invention of experimental devices, so that it seemed to her almost worth while if instead of going on they bolted back, he to his laboratory and she to her nursery, and so at once inaugurated the new régime. But they went on, to finish the holiday out. And the delight of being together again, with unfettered hours of association! They rediscovered each other, the same—and a little changed. If their emotions were less bright and intense, their interest was far wider and deeper.

The season was too early for high passes, and the weather was changeable. started from Fribourg and walked to Thun and then back to Bulle, and so to Bultigen, Saanen, Montbovon and the Lake of Geneva. They had rain several days, the sweet, soft, windless mountain rain that seems so tolerable to those who are accustomed to the hard and driven downpours of England, and in places they found mud and receding snow; the inns were at their homeliest, and none the worse for that, and there were days of spring sunshine when a multitude of minute and delightful flowers came out, as it seemed, to meet them. They went as it pleased them, making detours into valleys, coming back upon their steps. The interludes of hot, bright April sunshine made them indolent, and they would loiter and halt where some rock or wall invited, and sit basking like happy animals, talking very little, for long hours together.

Trafford was now very deeply in love with

4 k

lady responded.

"We've been walking."

"With just that knapsack!"

"It's been glorious."

"But the courage!" said Lady Solomonson, and did not add, "the tragic hardship!" though her tone conveyed it. She had all the unquestioning belief of her race in the sanity of comfort. She saw only a ruined complexion and damaged womanhood in Marjorie's rain-washed, sun-bit cheek. It was dreadful, she thought, that nice young people like the Traffords should have come to this.

The rest of the party were now informally introduced. One was Christabel Morrison, the actress, a graceful figure in a green baize coat and brown fur; her neighbor was Solomonson's cousin Lee, the organizer of the Theatre Syndicate, a brown-eyed, attenuated, quick-minded little man with an accent that struck Trafford as being on the whole rather Dutch; and the third lady was Lady Solomonson's sister, Mrs. Lee. It appeared they were all staying at Lee's villa above Vevey, part of an amusing assembly of people who were either vividly rich or even more vividly clever, an accumulation which the Traffords in the course of the next twenty minutes were three times invited, with an increasing appreciation and earnestness, to join.

From the first our two young people were not disposed to do so. For eleven days they had maintained their duologue at the very highest level, seven days remained to them before they must go back to begin the hard new life in England, and there was something very attractive—they did not for a moment seek to discover the elements of that attractiveness—in this proposal of five or six days of luxurious indolence above the lake, a sort of farewell to the worldly side of worldly things, before they set forth upon the high and narrow path they had resolved to tread.

"But we've got no clothes," cried Marjorie, "no clothes at all! We've these hobnail boots and a pair each of heelless slippers."

"My dear!" cried Lady Solomonson in real distress, and as much aside as circumstances permitted, "my dear! My sister can manage all that!" Her voice fell to earnest undertones. "We can really manage all that. The house is packed with things. We'll come to dinner in fancy dress. And Scott, my maid, is so clever."

"But really!" said Marjorie.

"My dear!" said Lady Solomonson. erything." And she changed places with Lee beautiful nor very dignified, it was at any

"You look, oh!—splendidly well," that in order to be perfectly confidential and explicit. "Rachel!" she cried, and summoned her sister for confirmatory assurances. . . .

"But my husband!" Marjorie became

audible.

"We've long Persian robes," said Mrs. Lee, with a glance of undisguised appraisement. "He'll be splendid. He'll look like a Soldan."

The rest of the company forced a hectic conversation in order not to seem to listen. and presently Lady Solomonson and her sister were triumphant. They packed Marjorie into the motor car, and Trafford and Solomonson returned to Vevey by the train, and thence up to the villa by a hired automobile.

XI

They didn't go outside the magic confines of the Lees' villa for three days, and when they did they were still surrounded by their host's service and possessions; they made an excursion to Chillon in his motor cars, and went in his motor boat to lunch with the Maynards in their lakeside villa close to Geneva. During all the time they seemed lifted off the common earth into a world of fine textures, agreeable sounds, noiseless unlimited service, and ample untroubled living. It had an effect of enchantment, and the long, healthy, arduous journey thither seemed a tale of incredible effort amid these sunny excesses. The weather had the whim to be serenely fine, sunshine like summer and the bluest of skies shone above the white wall and the ilex thickets and cypresses that bounded them in from the great world of crowded homes and sous and small necessities. And through the texture of it all for Trafford ran a thread of curious new suggestion. An intermittent discussion of economics and socialism was going on between himself and Solomonson and an agreeable little stammering man in brown named Minter, who walked up in the afternoon from Vevey-he professed to be writing a novel during the earlier half of the day. Minter displayed the keenest appreciation of everything in his entertainment, and blinked cheerfully and expressed opinions of the extremest socialistic and anarchistic flavor to an accompaniment of grateful self-indulgence. "Your port wine is wonderful, Lee," he would say, sipping it. "A terrible retribution will fall upon you some day for all this."

The villa had been designed by Lee to "Ev- please his wife, and if it was neither very

rate very pretty and amusing. It might have been built by a Parisian dressmaker—in the chateauesque style. It was of grayish-white stone, with a roof of tiles. It had little balconies and acutely roofed turrets, and almost burlesque buttresses, pierced by doors and gates; and sun-trap loggias, as pleasantly casual as the bows and embroideries of a woman's dress; and its central hall, with an impluvium that had nothing to do with rainwater, and its dining-room, to which one ascended from this hall between pillars up five broad steps, were entirely irrelevant to all its exterior features. Unobtrusive menservants in gray with scarlet facings hovered serviceably.

From the little terrace, all set with orangetrees in tubs, one could see through the branches and stems of evergreens and over a foreground of budding, starting vineyard the clustering roofs of Vevey below, an agglomeration veiled ever so thinly in the mornings by a cobweb of wood smoke, against the blue background of lake with its winged sailing-boats, and somber Alpine distances. Minter made it all significant by a wave of the hand. "All this," he said, and of the crowded work-a-day life below, "all that."

"All this," with its rich litter of stuffs and ornaments, its fine profusion, its delicacies of flower and food and furniture, its frequent inconsecutive pleasures, its noiseless, ready service, was remarkably novel and yet remarkably familiar to Trafford. For a time he could not understand this undertone of familiarity, and then a sunlit group of hangings in one of the small rooms that looked out upon the lake took his mind back to his own dining-room, and the little, inadequate. but decidedly good, Bokhara embroidery that dominated it like a flag, that lit it, and now lit his understanding, like a confessed desire. He stepped through the open window into a little loggia, and stared unseeingly over glittering, dark-green leaves to the mysteries of distance in the great masses above St. Gingolph, and it seemed for the first time that perhaps in his thoughts he had done his wife a wrong. He had judged her fickle, impulsive, erratic, perhaps merely because her mind followed a different process from his, because while he went upon the lines of constructive truth, her guide was a more immediate and instinctive sense of beauty.

He was very much alive to her now, and deeply in love with her. He had reached Les Avants with all his sense of their discordance clean washed and walked out of his mind by rain and sun and a flow of high reso-

lutions and the brotherly swing of their strides together. They had come to the Lees' villa, mud-splashed, air-sweet comrades, all unaware of the subtle differences of atmosphere they had to encounter. They had no suspicions that it was only about half of each other that had fraternized. Now here they were in a company that was not only altogether alien to their former mood, but extremely interesting and exciting and closely akin to the latent factors in Marjorie's composition. Mrs. Lee's imagination had run loose in pursuit of beautiful and remarkable people and splendors rather than harmonies of line and color. Lee, like Solomonson, had that inexplicable alchemy of mind which distils gold from the commerce of the world ("All this," said Minter to Trafford, "is an exhalation from all that"); he accumulated wealth as one grows a beard, and found his interest in his uxorious satisfactions, and so Mrs. Lee, with her bright, watchful eyes, quick, impulsive movements and instinctive command, had the utmost freedom to realize her ideals.

In the world at large Lee and Solomonson seemed both a little short and a little stout, and a little too black and bright for their entirely conventional clothing, but for dinner and evening of the villa they were now, out of consideration for Trafford, at their ease, and far more dignified in Oriental robes. Trafford was accommodated with a long, black, delicately embroidered garment that reached to his feet, and suited something upstanding and fine in his bearing; Minter, who had stayed on from an afternoon call, was gorgeous in Chinese embroidery. The rest of the men clung boldly or bashfully to evening dress. . . .

On the evening of his arrival Trafford, bathed and robed, found the rest of the men assembling about an open wood fire in the smaller hall at the foot of the main staircase. Lee was still upstairs, and Solomonson, with a new grace of gesture begotten by his costume, made the necessary introductions; a little man with fine-cut features and a Galway accent was Rex the playwright; a tall, grayhaired, clean-shaven man was Bright, from the New York Central Museum, and a bearded giant with a roof of red hair and a remote eye was Radlett Barns, the great portrait-painter, who consents to paint your portrait for posterity as the King confers a knighthood. These were presently joined by Lee, and Pacey, the blond-haired musician, and Mottersham, whose patents and inventions control electric lighting and heating all

over the world. And then, with the men duly gathered and expectant, the women came down the wide staircase.

The staircase had been planned and lit for these effects, and Mrs. Lee meant to make the most of her new discovery. Her voice could be heard in the unseen corridor above arranging the descent: "You go first, dear. Will you go with Christabel?" The conversation about the fire checked and ceased with the sound of voices above and the faint rustle Then came Christabel Morrison her slender grace beautifully contrasted with the fuller beauties of that great lady of the stage, Marion Rufus. Lady Solomonson descended confidentially in a group of three, with Lady Mottersham and sharp-tongued little Mrs. Rex, all very rich and splendid. After a brief interval their hostess preceded Majorie, and was so much of an artist that she had dressed herself merely as a foil to this new creation. She wore black and scarlet. that made the white face and bright eyes under her somber hair seem the face of an inspiring spirit. A step behind her and to the right of her came Majorie, tall and wonderful, as if she were the queen of earth and sunshine, swathed barbarically in gold and ruddy brown, and with her abundant hair bound back by a fillet of bloodstones and gold. Radlett Barns exclaimed at the sight of her. She was full of the manifest consciousness of dignity as she descended, quite conscious and quite unembarrassed; two borrowed golden circlets glittered on her shining arm, and a thin chain of gold and garnets broke the contrast of the warm, sun-touched neck above, with the unsullied skin below.

She sought and met her husband's astonishment with the faintest, remotest of smiles. It seemed to him that never before had he appreciated her beauty. His daily companion had become this splendor in the sky. She came close by him with hand extended to greet Sir Philip Mottersham. He was sensible of the glow of her, as it were of a scented aura about her. He had a first full intimation of the cult and worship of women and the magnificence of women, old as the Mediterranean and its goddesses, and altogether novel to his mind. . . .

Mrs. Lee, on Trafford's left, lived in her eyes, and didn't so much talk to him as rattle her mind at him almost absent-mindedly, as one might dangle keys at a baby while one talked to its mother. Yet it was evident she liked the look of him. Her glance went from his face to his robe, and up and down the table, at the bright dresses, the shining arms,

the glass and light and silver. She asked him to tell her just where he had tramped and just what he had seen, and he had scarcely begun answering her question before her thoughts flew off to three trophies of china and silver, struggling groups of china boys bearing up great silver shells of fruit and flowers that stood down the center of the table.

"What do you think of my chubby boys?" "They're German work. They she asked. came from a show at Düsseldorf last week. Ben saw I liked them, and sent back for them secretly, and here they are! I thought they might be too colorless. But are they?"

"No," said Trafford, "they're just cool. Under that glow of fruit. Is this salt-cellar

English cut glass?"

"Old Dutch," said Mrs. Lee. iolly?" She embarked with a roving eye upon the story of her Dutch glass, which was abundant and admirable, and broke off abruptly to say, "Your wife is wonderful."

'Her hair goes back," she said, "like music. You know what I mean—a sort of easy rhythm. You don't mind my praising

your wife?"

Trafford said he didn't.

"And there's a sort of dignity about her. All my life, Mr. Trafford, I've wanted to be

tall. It stopped my growth."

She glanced off at a tangent. "Tell me. Mr. Trafford," she asked, "was your wife beautiful like this when you married her? I mean—of course she was a beautiful girl and adorable and all that, but wasn't she just a slender thing?"

She paused, but if she had a habit of asking disconcerting questions she did not at any rate insist upon answers, and she went on to confess that she believed she would be a happier woman poor than rich-"not that Ben isn't all he should be"-but that then she would have been a fashionable dressmaker. "People want help," she said, "so much more help than they get. They go about with themselves-what was it Mr. Radlett Barns said the other night—oh!—like people leading horses they daren't ride. I think he says such good things at times, don't you? wonderful to be clever in two ways like that. Just look now at your wife—now, I mean, that they've drawn that peacock-colored curtain behind her. My brother-in-law has been telling me you keep the most wonderful and precious secrets locked up in your breast, that you know how to make gold and diamonds and all sorts of things. If I did—I should make them."

She pounced suddenly upon Rex at her left

with questions about the Keltic Renascence, was it still going on—or what? and Trafford was at liberty for a time to enjoy the bright effects about him, the shadowed profile and black hair of Christabel to the right of him. and the coruscating refractions and reflections of Lady Solomonson across the white and silver and ivory and blossom of the table. Then Mrs. Lee dragged him into a sudden conflict with Rex, by saying abruptly:

"Of course, Mr. Trafford wouldn't believe

that."

He looked perhaps a little lost.

"I was telling Mrs. Lee," said Rex, "that I don't believe there's any economy of human toil in machinery whatever. I mean that the machine itself really embodies all the toil it seems to save, toil that went to the making of it and preparing of it and getting coal for it. . . ."

XII

Next morning they found their hostess at breakfast in the dining-room, and now the sun was streaming through a high triple window that had been curtained overnight, and they looked out through clean, bright plate-glass upon mountains half dissolved in a luminous mist, and a mist-veiled lake below. Great stone jars upon the terrace bore a blaze of urged and early blossom, and beyond were cypresses.

Mrs. Lee waved a welcoming hand, and drew Marjorie to a seat beside her. Rex was consuming trout, and Christabel peaches, and Solomonson, all his overnight Orientalism abandoned, was in outspoken tweeds and quite under the impression that he was interested in golf. Trafford got frizzled bacon for Marjorie and himself, and dropped into a desultory conversation, chiefly sustained by Christabel, about the peculiarly exalting effect of beautiful scenery on Christabel's mind. Mrs. Lee was as usual distraught, and kept glancing toward the steps that led up from the hall. Lady Solomonson appeared with a rustle in a wrapper of pink Chinese silk. "I came down after all," she said. "I lay in bed weighing rolls and coffee and relaxed muscles against your English breakfast downstairs. And suddenly I remembered your little sausages!"

She sat down with a distribution of handkerchief, bag, letters, a gold fountain pen and such-like equipments, and Trafford got her some of the coveted delicacies. Mrs. Lee suddenly cried out, "Here they come! Here "Upstairs," cried the boy of five and the they come!" and simultaneously the hall girl of nine. "Upstairs!" suddenly cried out, "Here they come! Here

resonated with children's voices and the vapping of a Skye terrier.

Then a gay little procession appeared ascending the steps. First came a small but princely little boy of three, with a ruddy face and curly black hair, behind him was a slender. rather awkward girl of perhaps eleven, and a sturdier daughter of Israel of nine. A nurse in artistic purple followed, listening inattentively to some private whispering of a knickerbockered young man of five, and then came another purple-robed nurse against contingencies, and then a nurse of a different, whiteclad and more elaborately costumed sort, carrying a sumptuous baby of eight or nine "Ah! the darlings!" cried Christabel, springing up quite beautifully, and Lady Solomonson echoed the cry. The procession broke against the tables and split about the breakfast party. The small boy in petticoats made a confident rush for Marjorie, Christabel set herself to fascinate his elder brother. the young woman of eleven scrutinized Trafford with speculative interest and edged toward him coyly, and Mrs. Lee interviewed her youngest born. The amiable inanities suitable to the occasion had scarcely begun before a violent clapping of hands announced the appearance of Lee.

It was Lee's custom, Mrs. Lee told Marjorie over her massively robed baby, to get up very early and work on rolls and coffee; he never breakfasted nor joined them until the children came. All of them rushed to him for their morning kiss, and it seemed to Trafford that Lee at least was an altogether happy creature as he accepted the demonstrative salutations of this struggling, elbowing armful of offspring and emerged at last like a man from a dive, flushed and ruffled and smiling, to wish his adult guests good-morn-

"Come upstairs with us, Daddy," cried the children, tugging at him. "Come upstairs!"

Mrs. Lee ran her eye about her table and rose. "It's the children's hour," she said to Marjorie. "You don't, I hope, mind children?"

"But," said Trafford incredulous, and with a friendly arm about his admirer, "is this tall young woman yours?"

The child shot him a glance of passionate

appreciation for this scrap of flattery.

"We began young," said Mrs. Lee, with eyes of uncritical pride for the ungainly one, and smiled at her husband.

"May we come?" asked Marjorie.

"May we all come?" asked Christabel, determined to be in the movement.

Rex strolled toward the cigars with disentanglement obviously in his mind.

"Do you really care?" asked Mrs. Lee. "You know, I'm so proud of their nursery. Would you care—? Always I go up at this time."

"I've my little nursery too," said Marjorie. "Of course," cried Mrs. Lee, "I forgot. Of course"; and overwhelmed Marjorie with inquiries as she followed her husband. Everyone joined the nurseryward procession except Rex, who left himself behind with an air of inadvertency, and escaped to the terrace and a cigar. . . .

It was a wonderful nursery, a suite of three bedrooms, a green-and-white, well-lit schoolroom and a vast playroom, and hovering about the passage Trafford remarked a third purple nurse and a very efficient and seriouslooking Swiss governess. The schoolroom and the nursery displayed a triumph of judicious shopping and arrangement; the best of German and French and English things had been blended into a harmony at once hygienic and pedagogic and humanly charming. For once Marjorie had to admire the spending of another woman, and admit to herself that even she could not have done better with the money.

There were clever little desks for the elder children to work at, adjustable desks scientifically lit so that they benefited hands and shoulders and eyes; there were artistically colored and artistically arranged pictures, and a little library held all the best of Lang and Lucas, rare good things like "Uncle Lubin," Maurice Baring's story of "Forget-me-not." "Johnny Crow's Garden," "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," animal books and bird books, costume books and story books, color books and rhyme books, abundant, yet every one intelligently chosen, no costly, meretricious printed rubbish such as silly Gentile mothers Then in the great nursery, with its buy. cork carpet on which any toy would stand or run, was an abundance of admirable possessions and shelving for everything, and great fat cloth elephants to ride, and go-carts, and hooks for a swing. Marjorie's quick eye saw, and she admired effusively and envied secretly, and Mrs. Lee appreciated her appreciation. A skirmishing romp of the middle children and Lee went on about the two of them, and Trafford was led off by his admirer into a cubby-house in one corner (with real glass windows made to open) and the muslin

curtains were drawn while he was shown a secret under vows. Lady Solomonson discovered some soldiers, and was presently on her knees in a corner with the five-year-old

"These are like my Teddy's," she was say-

"My Willie has some of these."

Trafford emerged from the cubby-house, which was perhaps a little cramped for him, and surveyed the room, with his admirer lugging at his arm unheeded, and whispering: "Come back with me."

Of course this was the clue to Lee and Solomonson. How extremely happy Lee appeared to be! Enormous vistas of dark philoprogenitive parents and healthy little Jews and Jewesses seemed to open out to Trafford, hygienically reared, exquisitely trained and educated. And he and Marjorie had just one little daughter—with a much poorer educational outlook. She had no cloth elephant to ride, no elaborate cubby-house to get into, only a half-dozen picture-books or so and later she wouldn't, when she needed it, get that linguistic Swiss.

He wasn't above the normal human vanity of esteeming his own race and type the best, and certain vulgar aspects of what nowadays one calls eugenics crossed his mind.

$\mathbf{x}\mathbf{m}$

During those few crowded days of unfamiliar living Trafford accumulated a vast confused mass of thoughts and impressions. He realized acutely the enormous gulf between his attitude toward women and those of his host and Solomonson—and indeed of all the other men. It had never occurred to him before that there was any other relationship possible between a modern woman and a modern man but a frank comradeship and perfect knowledge, helpfulness, and honesty. That had been the continual implication of his mother's life, and of all that he had respected in the thought and writing of his time. But not one of these men in their place—with the possible exception of Minter, who remained brilliant but ambiguous—believed anything of the sort. It necessarily involved in practice a share of hardship for women and it seemed fundamental to them that women should have no hardship. He sought for a word, and hung between chivalry and orientalism. He inclined toward chivalry. Their women were lifted a little off the cold ground of responsibility. Charm was their obligation. "A beautiful woman should be beautifully dressed," said Radlett Barns in the course of

"But she ought to dress herself," points of the old lace—chosen and assimilated. It's just through not being that that so many quisition. Caddish-women. . . . "

Trafford ceased to listen; he helped himself to a cigar and pinched its end and lit it, while noted the weary droop of her pose. He wished

his mind went off to gnaw at: "A beautiful woman should be beautifully dressed," as a dog retires with a bone. He couldn't escape from its shining truth, and withal it was devastating to all the purposes of his life.

He rejected the word orientalism; what he was dealing with here was chivalry. All these women lived in a magic security and abundance, far above the mire and adventure of the world; their knights went upon quests for them and returned with villas

pearls. And not one of them all was so beautiful a being as his Marjorie, whom he made his squaw, whom he expected to aid and follow him, and suffer uncomplainingly the rough services of the common life. Not one was half so beautiful as Marjorie, nor half so sweet and wonderful. .

If such thoughts came in Lee's villa, they returned with redoubled force when Trafford found himself packed painfully with Marjorie in the night train to Paris. His head ached with the rattle and suffocation of the train, and he knew hers must ache more. The windows of the compartment and the door were all closed, the litigious little commercial traveler in shiny gray had insisted upon that; there was no corner seat either for Marjorie or himself; the dim big package over her head swayed threateningly. The green shade over the light kept opening with the vibration of the train, the pallid old gentleman with the beard had twisted himself into a ghastly resemblance to a brokennecked corpse, and pressed his knees hard and stiffly against Trafford, and the small, sniffing, bow-legged little boy beside the rusty widow woman in the corner smelt exceptional freshness and penetration to fort cheese. For the seventeenth time the be tried? Why not "make money" for a

the discussion of a contemporary portrait little commercial traveler jumped up with painter. Lee nodded to endorse an obvious an unbecoming expletive, and pulled the shade over the light, and the silent young man said Barns. "It ought to be herself to the in the fourth corner stirred and readjusted his legs.

For a time until the crack of light overhead rich women are-detestable. Heaps of ac- had widened again everyone became a dark head-dangling outline. . . .

He watched the dim shape before him and

he had brought water. He was intolerably thirsty, and his thirst gave him the measure of hers. This jolting fetid compartment was a horrible place for her—an intolerably horrible place. How beautiful she had shone at times in the lights and glitter of that house behind there, and now she was back in her weather-stained tweeds again, like a shining sword thrust back into a rusty old sheath.

Was it fair that she should come back into the sheath because of this pas-

and pictures and diamonds and historical sion of his for a vast inexhaustible research? He wondered what Lee must think of this sort of married life. How ugly and selfish it must seem from that point of view.

> He perceived for the first time the fundamental incongruity of Marjorie's position; she was made to shine, elaborately prepared and trained to shine, desiring keenly to shine, and then imprisoned and hidden in the faded obscurity of a small, poor home. How conspicuously, how extremely he must be wanting in just that sort of chivalry in which Lee excelled! Those business men lived for their women to an extent he had hitherto scarcely dreamt of doing. . . .

His want of chivalry was beyond dispute. And was there not also an extraordinary egotism in this concentration upon his own purposes, a self-esteem, a vanity? Had her life no rights? Suppose now he were to give her two years, three years perhaps of his lifealtogether. Or even four. Was it too much to grudge her four? Solomonson had been at his old theme with him, a theme the little man had never relinquished since their friendship first began years ago, possibilities of a business alliance and the application of a mind of mysteriously and penetratingly of Roque- industrial development. Why shouldn't that

a brief strenuous time, and then come back, when Mariorie's pride and comfort were secured? .

(Poor dear, how weary she looked!)

He wondered how much more remained of this appalling night. It would have made so little difference if they had taken the day train and traveled first class. Wasn't she indeed entitled to travel first class? Pictures of the immense spaciousness, the softness, cleanliness and dignity of first-class compartments appeared in his mind. . . .

He would have looked at his watch, but to get at it would mean disturbing the silent

young man on his left.

Outside the corridor there broke out a noisy dispute about a missing coupon, a dispute in that wonderful language that is known to the facetious as *entente cordiale*, between an Englishman and the conductor of the train. . . .

XIV

In Paris there was a dispute with an extortionate cabman, and the crossing from Dieppe to Newhaven was rough and bitterly cold. They were both ill. They reached home very dirty and weary, and among the pile of letters and papers on Trafford's desk was a big bundle of Science Notes proofs, and two letters from Croydon and Pinner to alter the hours of his lectures for various plausible and irritating reasons.

The little passage looked very small and rather bare as the door shut behind them, and the worn places that had begun to be conspicuous during the last six months, and which they had forgotten during the Swiss holiday, reasserted themselves. The dining-room, after spacious rooms flooded with sunshine. betrayed how dark it was, and how small. Those Bokhara embroideries that had once shone so splendid, now, after Mrs. Lee's rich and unlimited harmonies, seemed skimpy and insufficient, mere loin-cloths for the artistic nakedness of the home. They felt, too, they were beginning to find out their post-impressionist picture. They had not remembered it as nearly so crude as it now appeared. The hole a flying coal had burnt in the unevenly faded dark-blue carpet looked larger than it had ever done before, and was indeed the only thing that didn't appear faded and shrunken.

XV

The atmosphere of the Lees' villa had dis-

more than it had Trafford's. She came back struggling to recover those high resolves that had seemed so secure when they had walked down to Les Avants. There was a curiously tormenting memory of that vast, admirable nursery, and the princely procession of children that would not leave her mind.

She was no longer buoyantly well; she was full of indefinable apprehensions of weakness and failure. She struggled to control an insurgence of emotions that rose out of the deeps of her being. She had now, she knew, to take on her share of the burden, to become one of the Samurai, to show her love no longer as a demand but as a service. Yet from day to day she procrastinated under the shadow of apprehended things; she forbore to dismiss May, to buy that second-hand typewriter she needed, to take any irrevocable steps toward the realization of the new way of living. She felt that Trafford watched her pale face with a furtive solicitude and wondered at her hesitations; she tried in vain to seem cheerful and careless in his presence, with an anxiety, with premonitions that grew daily.

There was no need to worry him unduly. . .

But soon the matter was beyond all doubt-One night she gathered her courage together, suddenly, and came down into his study in her dressing-gown with her hair about her shoulders. She opened the door and her heart failed her.

"Rag," she whispered.
"Yes," he said busily from his desk, without looking around.

"I want to speak to you," she answered, and came slowly, and stood beside him si-

"Well, old Marjorie?" he said presently, drawing a little intricate pattern in the corner of his blotting paper, and wondering whether this was a matter of five pounds or ten.

"I meant so well," she said and caught

herself back into silence again.

He started at a thought, at a depth and meaning in her voice, turned his chair about to look at her, and discovered she was weeping and choking noiselessly. He stood up close to her, moving very slowly and silently, his eyes full of this new surmise, and now without word or gesture from her he knew his thought was right. "My dear," he whispered.

She turned her face from him. "I meant so well," she sobbed. "My dear! I meant so well." Still with an averted face her arms came out to him in a desperate unreasoning turbed Marjorie's feelings and ideas even appeal for love. He took her and held her

close to him. "Never mind, dear," he said. "Don't mind." Her passion now was unconstrained. "I thought—" he began, and left the thing unsaid.

"But your work," she said; "your re-

search?"

"I must give up research," he said.

"Oh, my dearest!"

"I must give up research," he repeated. "I've been seeing it for days. Clearer and clearer. This, dear, just settles things. Even —as we were coming home in that train—I was making up my mind. At Vevey I was talking to Solomonson."

"My dear," she whispered, clinging to

"I talked to Solomonson. He had ideas a proposal."

"No," she said.

"Yes," he said. "I've left the thing too

long."

He repeated. "I must give up research for years. I ought to have done it long before."

"I had meant so well," she said. "I meant to work. I meant to deny myself. . . .

"I'm glad," he whispered. "Glad! Why should you weep?" It seemed nothing to him then, that so he should take a long farewell to the rare, sweet air of that wonderland his mind had loved so dearly. All he remembered was that Marjorie was very dear to him, very dear to him, and that all her being was now calling out for him and his strength. "I had thought anyhow of giving up research," he repeated. "This merely decides. It happens to decide. I love you, dear. I put my research at your feet. Gladly. This is the end, and I do not care, my dear, at all. I do not care at all—seeing I have you. . . ."

He stood beside her for a moment, and then sat down again, sideways, upon his chair.

"It isn't you, my dear, or me," he said, "but life that beats us—that beautiful, irrational mother. . . . Life does not care for research or knowledge, but only for life. Oh! the world has to go on yet for tens of thousands of years before—before we are free for that. I've got to fight—as other men fight. . . ."

He thought in silence for a time, oddly regardless of her. "But if it was not for you," he said, staring at the fireplace with knitted brows, "if I did not love you. . . . Thank God, I love you! Thank God, our children are love children! I want to live—to my finger-tips, but if I didn't love you—oh! love you! then I think now—I'd be glad—I'd be glad, I think, to cheat life of her victory."

"Oh. my dear!" she cried, and clung weeping to him, and caught at him and sat herself upon his knees, and put her arms about his head, and kissed him passionately with tear-salt lips, with her hair falling about his face.

XVI

So soon as Trafford could spare an afternoon amid his crowded engagements he went to talk to Solomonson, who was now "Solomonson," he said, back in London. "you were talking about rubber at Vevey."

"I remember," said Solomonson with a

note of welcome.

"I've thought it over."

"I thought you would."

"I've thought things over. I'm going to give up my professorship—and science generally, and come into business—if that is what you are meaning."

Solomonson turned his paper-weight round very carefully before replying. Then he said: "You mustn't give up your professorship yet, Trafford. For the rest—I'm glad."

He reflected, and then his bright eyes glanced up at Trafford. "I knew," he said,

you would."

"I didn't," said Trafford. "Things have

happened since."

'Something was bound to happen. You're too good—for what it gave you. I didn't talk to you out there for nothing. I saw things. . . . Let's go into the other room, and smoke and talk it over." He stood up as he spoke.

"I thought you would," he repeated, leading the way. "I knew you would. You see,

one has to. You can't get out of it."

"It was all very well before you were married," said Solomonson, stopping short to say it. "but when a man's married he's got to think. He can't go on devoting himself to his art and his science and all that—not if he's married anything worth having. No. Oh, I understand. He's got to look about him, and forget the distant prospect for a bit. I saw you'd come to it. I came to it. Had to. I had ambitions—just as you have. I've always had an inclination to do a bit of research of my own. I like it, you know. Oh! I could have done things. I'm sure I could have done things. I'm not a born money-maker. But—" He became very close and confidential. "It's—them. You said good-by to science for a bit when you flopped me down on that old croquet-lawn, Trafford." He went off to reminiscences. "Lord,

how we went over! No more aviation for any of the common rules. And that's about me, Trafford!"

"I've thought over all you said," Trafford began, using premeditated phrases. "Bluntly—I want three thousand a year, and I don't make eight hundred. It's come home to me. I'm going to have another child."

Solomonson gesticulated a congratulation. "All the same, I hate dropping research. It's stuff I'm made to do. About that, Solomonson, I'm almost superstitious. I could say I had a call. . . . It's the maddest state of affairs! Now that I'm doing absolutely my best work for mankind, work I firmly believe no one else can do, I just manage to get six hundred—nearly two hundred of my eight hundred is my own. What does the world think I could do better—that would be worth four times as much?"

"The world doesn't think anything at all about it," said Solomonson.

"Suppose it did!"

his brows and looked hard obliquely at the smoke of his cigar. "Oh, it won't," he said, rejecting a disagreeable idea. "There isn't any world—not in that sense. That's the mistake you make, Trafford."

"It's not what your work is worth," he explained. "It's what your advantages can get for you. People are always going about supposing—just what you suppose—that people ought to get paid in proportion to the good they do. It's forgetting what the world is, to do that. Very likely some day civilization will get to that, but it hasn't got to it yet. It isn't going to get to it for hundreds there you are!" and hundreds of years.'

His manner became confidential. "Civilization's just a fight, Trafford—just as savagery is a fight, and being a wild beast is a fight, -only you have paddeder gloves on and there's more rules. We aren't out for everybody, we're out for ourselves—and a few friends, perhaps—within limits. It's no good hurrying ahead and pretending civilization's That's where something else, when it isn't. all these Socialists and people come a howler. Oh, I know the Socialists. I see 'em at my wife's At Homes. They come along with the literary people and the artists' wives and the actors and actresses, and none of them take much account of me because I'm just a business man and rather dark and short, and so I get a chance of looking at them from the side that isn't on show while the other's turned to the women, and they're just as fighting as the rest of us, only they humbug more and they

what it all comes to, Trafford."

Sir Rupert paused, and Trafford was about to speak when the former resumed again, his voice very earnest, his eyes shining with purpose. He liked Trafford, and he was doing his utmost to make a convincing confession of the faith that was in him. "It's when it comes to the women," said Sir Rupert, "that one finds it out. That's where you've found it out. You say, I'm going to devote my life to the service of Humanity in general. You'll find Humanity in particular, in the shape of all the fine, beautiful, delightful and desirable women you come across, preferring a narrower turn of devotion. See? That's all. Cateris paribus, of course. That's what I found out, and that's what you've found out, and that's what everybody with any sense in his head finds out, and there you are!"

"You put it—graphically," said Trafford. "I feel it graphically. I may be all sorts The thought struck Sir Rupert. He knitted of things, but I do know a fact when I see it. I'm here with a few things I want and a woman or so I have and want to keep, and the kids upstairs, bless 'em! and I'm in league with all the others who want the same sort of things. Against anyone or anything that upsets us. We stand by the law and each other, and that's what it all amounts to. That's as far as my patch of Humanity goes. Humanity at large! Humanity be blowed! Look at it! It isn't that I'm hostile to Humanity, mind you, but that I'm not disposed to go under as I should do if I didn't say that. So I say it. And that's about all it is, and

> He regarded Trafford over his cigar, drawing fiercely at it for some moments. Then seeing Trafford on the point of speaking, he snatched it from his lips, demanded silence by waving it at his hearer, and went on:

> "I say all this in order to dispose of any idea that you can keep up the open-minded, tell-everybody-everything scientific attitude if you come into business. You can't. Put business in two words and what is it? Keeping something from somebody else, and making him pay for it—"

> "Oh, look here!" protested Trafford. "That's not the whole of business."

> "There's making him want it, of course, advertisement and all that, but that falls

> under making him pay for it, really." "But a business man organizes public services, consolidates, economizes."

Sir Rupert made his mouth look very wide by sucking in the corners. "Incidentally." don't seem to me to have a decent respect for he said, and added after a judicious pause: ing of making money."

Go on," said Trafford.

"You set me thinking," said Solomonson. "It's the thing I always like about you. tell you, Trafford, I don't believe that the majority of people who make money help civilization forward any more than the smoke that comes out of the engine helps the train forward. If you put it to me, I don't. I've got no illusions of that sort. They're about They accumulate as much help as—fat. because things happen to be arranged so."

"Things will be arranged better some

day."

"They aren't arranged better now. Grip that! Now, it's a sort of paradox. If you've got big gifts and you choose to help forward the world, if you choose to tell all you know and give away everything you can do in the way of work, you've got to give up the ideas of wealth and security, and that means fine women and children. You've got to be a deprived sort of man. 'All right,' you say, that's me!' But how about your wife being a deprived sort of woman! Eh? That's where it gets you! And meanwhile, you know, while you make your sacrifices and do your researches, there'll be little, mean, sharp, active beasts making money all over you like maggots on a cheese. And if everybody who'd he protested. got gifts and altruistic ideas gave themselves up to it, then evidently only the mean and greedy lot would breed and have the glory. They'd get everything. Every blessed There wouldn't be an option they didn't hold. And the other chaps would produce the art and the science and the literature, as far as the men who'd got hold of things would let 'em, and perish out of the earth altogether. . . . There you are! Still, that's how things are made. . . ."

Solomonson reflected over the end of his "It isn't good enough," he concigar.

cluded.

"You're infernally right," said Trafford.

"Very well," said Solomonson, "and now we can get to business."

XVII

The immediate business was the systematic exploitation of the fact that Trafford had worked out the problem of synthesizing indiarubber. He had done so with an entire indifference to the commercial possibilities of the case, because he had been irritated by the enormous publicity given to Behrens's assertion that he had achieved the long-sought

"Sometimes. . . . I thought we were talk- end. Of course the production of artificial rubbers and rubber-like substances had been one of the activities of the synthetic chemist for many years, from the appearance of Tilden's isoprene rubber onward, and there was already a formidable list of collaterals, dimethylbutadiene, and so forth, by which the coveted goal could be approached. Behrens had boldly added to this list as his own a number of variations upon a theme of Trafford's, originally designed to settle certain curiosities about elasticity. Solomonson had consulted Trafford about this matter at Vevey, and had heard with infinite astonishment that Trafford had already roughly prepared and was proposing to complete and publish, unpatented and absolutely unprotected, first a smashing demonstration of the unsoundness of Behrens's claim and then a lucid exposition of just what had to be done and what could be done to make an india-rubber absolutely indistinguishable from the natural product. The business man could not believe his ears.

"My dear chap, positively—you mustn't!" Solomonson had screamed, and he had opened his fingers and humped his shoulders and for all his public school and university training lapsed undisguisedly into the Oriental. "Don't you see all you are throwing away?"

"I suppose it's our quality to throw such things away," said Trafford, when at last Solomonson's point of view became clear to him. "When men dropped that idea of concealing knowledge, alchemist gave place to chemist,' said Trafford, "and all that is worth having in modern life, all that makes it better and safer and more hopeful than ancient life, began."

"My dear fellow," said Solomonson, "I know, I know. But to give away the syn-

thesis of rubber!"

Solomonson had always entertained the warmest friendship and admiration for Trafford, and it was no new thing that he should desire a business cooperation. He had been working for that in the old days at Riplings; he had never altogether let the possibility drop out of sight between them in spite of Trafford's repudiations. He believed himself to be a scientific man turned to business, but indeed his whole passion was for organization and finance. He knew he could do everything but originate, and in Trafford he recognized just that rare combination of an obstinate and penetrating simplicity with constructive power which is the essential blend in the making

of great intellectual initiatives. Other men might play the game of business infinitely better than he—Solomonson knew, indeed, quite well that he himself could play the game infinitely better than Trafford—but it rested with Trafford by right divine of genius to alter the rules. If only he could be induced to alter the rules secretly, unostentatiously, on a business footing instead of making catastrophic plunges into publicity! And everything that had made Trafford up to the day of his marriage was antagonistic to such strategic reservations.

"But you must think of consequences," Solomonson had cried during those intermittent talks at Vevey. "Here you are, shying this cheap synthetic rubber of yours into the world—for it's bound to be cheap! any one can see that—like a bomb into a marketplace. What's the good of saying you don't care about the marketplace, that your business is just to make bombs and drop them out of the window? You smash up things just the same. Why! you'll ruin hundreds and thousands of people, people living on rubber shares, people working in plantations, old, inadaptable workers in rubber works. . . ."

Sir Rupert was now still a little incredulous of Trafford's change of purpose, and for a time argued conceded points. Then slowly he came to the conditions and methods of the new relationship.

Behrens was to have rope and produce his slump in plantation shares, then Trafford was to publish his criticism of Behrens, reserving only that catalytic process which was his own originality, the process that was to thetic rubber, with a mysterious differ- or so, I suppose they tend to become narrow." ence in the quality of its phases, into the real right thing.

plantation shares would recover, and while their friends in the city manipulated, Trafford would resign his professorship and engage himself to an ostentatious promotion syndicate for the investigation of synthetic rubber. His discovery would follow immediately the group had cleared itself of plantation shares, indeed he could begin planning the necessary works forthwith; the large scale operations in the process were to be protected as far as possible by patents, but its essential feature, the addition of a specific catalytic agent, could be safely dealt with as a secret process.

"I believe we can do the stuff at tenpence a pound," said Solomonson leaning back in his chair at last, and rattling his fountain pen between his teeth, "so soon, that is, as we deal in quantity. Tenpence! We can lower the price and spread the market, sixpence by sixpence. In the end-there won't be any more plantations. Have to grow tea. . . . I say, let's have an invalid dinner of chicken and champagne, and go on with this. It's fascinating. You can telephone."

They dined together, and Solomonson on champagne rather than chicken. His mind, which had never shown an instant's fatigue, began to glow and sparkle. This enterprise, he declared, was to be only the first of a series of vigorous exploitations. The whole thing warmed him. He would rather make ten thousand by such developments than a hundred thousand by mere speculation. "Let's think of other things," said Sir Rupert Solomonson. "Diamonds! No! They've got too many tons stowed away already. At any time a new discovery and one wild proprietor might bust that show. Lord!—diamonds! Metals? Of course you've worked the colloids chiefly. I suppose there's been more done in metals and alloys than anywhere. There's a lot of other substances. Business has hardly begun to touch substances yet, you know, Trafford—flexible glass, for example, and things like that. So far we've always taken substances for granted."

"When men fight for their own hands and convert the inert, theoretically correct syn- for profit and position in the next ten years

> "I suppose they must " Sir Rupert's face With Behrens exploded, glowed with a new idea, and his voice dropped

a little lower. "But what a pull they get, Trafford, if—they don't, eh?"

"No," said Trafford with a smile and a sigh, "the other sort gets the

pull."

"Not this time," said Solomonson; "not with you to spot processes and me to figure out the cost -" he waved his hands to the litter that had been removed to a side table – "and generally see how the business end of things is going.

(To be continued)

THE THEATRE



By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

The New Stagecraft



RE we on the eve of a revolution in stagecraft? Do the Irish Players' production of "The Rising of the Moon" and, still more, Max Reinhardt's production of "Sumurun" in New York this past winter foreshadow what shall be for us a blessed escape from the stultifying literalness which has come to mark our stage settings—and those of other nations, as well? Is Gordon Craig about to come into his own at last, and to be hailed as a leader instead of a lunatic? These are questions well worth considering, and it is high time, surely, some attention was paid in America to the revolution, or reformation, in the theatre, which has already begun to gain headway in Europe.

Yet it would probably surprise many amiable and intelligent theatre-goers to tell them that stage settings needed any reformation. Tradition is a powerful force in the theatre; it makes us blind to many an absurdity: and it has, in the matter of scenery, forced us toward a progressively more inartistic and futilely realistic standard, till at the present time a producer who wishes to gain credit for great artistry has to call in an architect, a builder, an interior decorator, an electrician, a plumber, and erect an entire house on his stage. Or, if the scene be an exterior, he has to lay acres of grass matting, plant long beds of artificial flowers, build gates and stone walls, construct trees, and erect twostory verandas thrusting into the scene from stage left. All this is not only extremely expensive, but we are coming slowly to realize that it is also ineffective, and that it actually dwarfs the drama. Here and there actors, stage managers, little groups of the public, are longing for a way out, an escape back to freedom and impressionism and simplicity in

stage effects, and to a stagecraft which shall put the emphasis where it belongs—on the actors and the story. Gordon Craig, the Irish Players, Reinhardt and many other Germans, are all making efforts to find this escape. And the measure of their success is surely a sign that the revolution is on the way, in lands more theatrically enlightened than America.

We have only to recall the ancient Greek theatre, with its rings of seats, out of doors. half surrounding an open space where the play was performed, to realize under what different physical conditions the drama was The theatre of Shakespeare was evolved from the open courtyard of an inn. and the players performed on a platform. practically surrounded by the audience, and with little or no scenery in our sense of the Molière's theatre in Paris seventyfive years later had at last taken the modern form of a roofed auditorium, with the stage separated from the bulk of the audience by a proscenium arch, or picture frame, and adorned with painted scenery. But even here the gay blades of Paris sat on either side of the stage, and the actors nearly tripped over their feet. It was not till Garrick's régime in the Drury Lane in London, that the audience was banished entirely from the stage. From Garrick's time on, too, the stage apron gradually began to shrink. The apron is that portion of the stage which thrusts forward into the auditorium beyond the line of the proscenium arch. No scenery can be set upon it, obviously. It is-or wasa relic of the old platform stage of Shake-In Garrick's day, and speare's theatre. later, the actors came forward upon this apron, out of the scenery, to play most of

their parts. You could still see, till a year or two ago, an apron in the old Boston Theatre, which was built in the middle of the last century. If you sat in a stage box you looked into the footlights, and usually it was the backs rather than the faces of the actors which you saw. I can remember my wicked delight as a child when I once leaned out of this box and smote a performer (female, I think) in the small of the back. That apron has now been removed. In our new theatres, the footlights go right across in a straight line, forming the lower edge of the proscenium frame. In other words, the actors have been forced back completely behind the picture frame, into the scenery. Their old intimacy with the audience is quite gone, and the scene painter reigns triumphant, for it is entirely a picture which first strikes our attention when the curtain rises, and often more or less holds it to the end. Nothing is done to focus our attention supremely upon the players.

But this supremacy of the scene painter

has so far proved a trap for his destruction. Now that the actors and the lines of the play are no longer used to evoke in the audience the mood of place—as Shakespeare's lines evoked the Forest of Arden on a bare platform the scenery designer has got the idea into his head, and so got it into the heads of the public, not that he must paint something which will be beautiful to see and which will suggest a garden or a castle, but that he must actually build a garden or a castle, whether it is beautiful or not. Modern scenery has become more and more cumbersomely realistic, less and less stimulating to the imagination, till at last our stage interiors look like a crowded corner of a furniture store and our exteriors like some child's cardboard village, or garden, on a forty foot scale. Yet these "solid" walls of the interiors are always palpably not solid, these trees are palpably cut out and pasted on sublimated tennis nets, these beds of artificial flowers stop abruptly against a painted back drop, thus preventing all real illusion of distance and per-

spective, this blue sky is palpably strips of reformer, of course, expects it to. The probblue cloth lowered from the flies. It isn't realistic at all, for it deceives nobody. Only once in a thousand times is it beautiful, only once in ten thousand times (as in Belasco's production of "The Return of Peter Grimm") is it in any true sense provocative of the mood of the play, and practically never does it focus the attention on the actors and the story. Rather does it distract attention from them. It does not make for intimacy nor illusion. It is one of those strange conventions of the theatre which are tolerated, even demanded, by audiences, without rhyme or reason.

Now, there is no possibility of the theatre going back to a bare platform stage. Shakespearian revival on the platform stage, such as that made at the New Theatre of "The Winter's Tale," is immensely interesting, but it would never do for general use. And why should it? Why should the theatre abandon all its possibilities of pictorial charm—call for interior sets, and for peasant cottage

lem is not how to do away with scenery, but how to do away with the modern conven-tional "realistic" scenery, substituting something really pictorial and illusive—how to make it both beautiful and stimulating to the imagination, so that it, no less than the play and actors, shall ask the cooperation of the audience, and so that it shall heighten the mood of the drama as well as serve as an indication of place. Whoever contributes a production which helps to solve this problem, is a benefactor. And at least two such productions have been seen in America this winter, and many more have been seen in Europe, one of them, Gordon Craig's production of "Hamlet" in Moscow, being revolutionary.

When the Irish Players mounted Lady Gregory's one act play, "The Rising of the Moon," they had a somewhat different problem confronting them from that in most of their dramas. The majority of those dramas and the illusion of electricity? No sensible interiors, at that, which are comparatively easy to manage. They made these interiors with all the attention focused on them, insmall and plain, with the least possible furniture, and they strove in their acting to move about as little as possible, "playing for the lines," as they say in "the profession"—that is, letting the author's language tell at the utmost and ridding the stage of all rising and sitting down, crossing to right and left, changing chairs, fiddling with matches and teacups, except when such movements are absolutely essential to the narrative. And what a blessed relief such stage management is:—only, alas, it presupposes some literary value to the dialogue! But when they came to stage "The Rising of the Moon" they had to put on not a simple interior, but a picture of a harbor at night with a quay in the foreground, lit by the moon.

Now, the obvious and traditional way to do this—and the expensive way—would be to build the wharf in the foreground, with real pile heads sticking up, coils of real rope all about, behind, perhaps, the mast of a boat rocking back and forth, and an elaborately painted back drop of the harbor, with holes cut through the canvas where painted ships were moored upon a painted ocean, and through these holes realistic red and green lights shining. Finally, no doubt, a real moon would rise, cast a real reflection on the water, and go sailing up a painted heaven. That is the way any American manager would have staged the play, and it would have cost him several thousand dollars.

Fortunately, the Irish Players didn't have several thousand dollars to spend, and we feel sure they wouldn't have spent it thus, if they had. The essence of the scene was the mystery of night on a lonely quay, where all the action took place. Therefore the Irish Players placed a big keg (called for by the dialogue) in the middle of the stage, indicated by some simple means, hard to grasp in the dimness, the end of the quay at the back, hung a back cloth of almost negative value, turned off the footlights entirely, and simply played from one side upon the center of the stage a strong illumination of moonlight This light threw the actors into prominence, and their bodies cast sharp shadows, like nature. It also practically obliterated the background and the wings. You were told that the harbor was out there in the rear, and you could readily believe it, because you could see nothing; it was all the mystery of the night. And in this ray of moonlight on the quay, figures isolated from dignity and elevation. To many good souls the dark, the actors played out the drama who find no fault with "Kismet" the pan-

finitely more convincing to the imagination than if they had been placed in one of those \$5,000 "realistic" settings so dear to the hearts of our producers. This effect was entirely accomplished by means of a wisely directed calcium light, and the absence of all other lights, including the almost always silly and needless footlights. The only "property" on the stage was the empty cask for the actors to sit upon, and a policeman's lantern. Of scenery there was next to none. Indeed, we could not say absolutely now that there was any. Yet the essential illusion of night and mystery on a lonely quay was there, the true *mood* of the scene was evoked: and the actors themselves, with their sharp shadows against the surrounding dark, made a memorable picture. The imaginations of the audience, acting upon the suggestion of the stage manager, created the illusion far better, and far cheaper, than any realistic scenery could do it for them.

Yet some of our learned critics affirmed that these Irishmen were only "amateurs"! Not amateurs, but artists—which is, to be sure, equally a sin in the eyes of those blinded by convention.

The Irish Players, more's the pity, attracted little attention in New York. Reinhardt's production of "Sumurun" has attracted a great deal of attention. Yet for us its lesson, too, is the lesson of simplicity and suggestiveness in stage scenery.

Reinhardt is a German actor who has been strongly influenced by the ideals of that erratic son of Ellen Terry, Gordon Craig. He has in recent years staged all sorts of works, Greek dramas, Shakespearian comedies, the realistic plays of Ibsen, great spectacles and pantomimes. But he has, in almost all of them, striven for simplicity, for suggestiveness, and for intimacy with the audience. Always he asks the audience to do their share in creating the illusion. "Sumurun" is a pantomime, or, as he calls it, "a wordless play." It is a tale out of the Arabian Nights, and not unlike Mr. Knoblauch's "Kismet," which Otis Skinner, oddly enough, presented in the adjoining theatre last winter. Being pantomime, "Sumurun" as a play, however, seems a much more elemental thing than "Kismet." Both stories are saturated with the cruel lustfulness of the fabled Orient, but the intellectual processes involved in following a play with language take off the sting in the one case, and give the work a certain

tomime seems primitive and "indecent." However, that is neither here nor there. It is the method of staging with which we are now concerned.

"Sumurun" is staged in nine scenes, and only two of them have much likeness to the accustomed scenery, or require more than a moment or two to set. The actors make their first entrance on the stage not from the wings, but along a bridge built over the tops of the orchestra chairs from the rear of the auditorium. The object of this is to increase the intimacy between players and public. We cannot honestly say that it wholly succeeds, probably because it is rather too startling. But there is no question of the success of the stage settings, which are in the style of the "relief theatre," as it is called in Germany, where it has been developed, with suggestions from Gordon Craig. The "relief theatre" largely eliminates perspective. It is flat and shallow, and the actors move against the pictorial background almost save to one side a screen around a couch and

One dimension of realism, then, has been abandoned altogether.

Two of the settings for "Sumurun" have also abandoned scenery, in the ordinary sense. Across the stage, ten or fifteen feet from the front, is hung a great black curtain, which soaks up the light. The wings are banished in shadow. In the foreground are merely two or three properties, and the actors, so illuminated that they form a living picture against the dark. Now, of course, both these sets are supposed to be interiors, and dim interiors. Just as, in a great, black hall, a lamp will isolate the group around it out of the dark, so this method of staging isolates the actors and makes scenery super-The first of these scenes shows the fluous. interior of the Hunchback's theatre—a little platform in the center, illuminated by curious lanterns, and round it, their faces lit by the glow, the crowd of bizarre spectators watching a dancer perform. There is nothing else like animated figures on a sculptured relief. lamp, to form a dressing room for the Slave

of the Fatal Enchantment. Naturally, the effectiveness of such a set depends upon the ability of the stage manager to light it right, and to keep his actors composed in pictorial groupings, as well as on its suggestiveness of the weird dark to the imagination. second scene set before the black draperies shows only a strange Oriental bed, lit by a great lamp on top of the couch post. To one side, dimly seen, is a hand-rail suggesting stairs which come up from below. This great, dim chamber, then, is at the top of a house. The simple hand-rail tells us that at a glance. On the couch lie the sleeping sheik and the wakeful slave. Up the stairs, their heads emerging into the circle of light around the couch, come the lover of the slave and the jealous Hunchback. Still in this circle of light, against the inky background, swirl the figures doing swift murder. The effect is achieved by the simplest of means, by one dominant and picturesque piece of furniture, four good actors, and the right system of lighting, which includes the total which peep the houris of the harem. Each

abolition of the footlights and the conventional "spot" from balcony or flies. Yet no realistic setting could possibly be so exactly in keeping with the mood of the scene, so stimulating to the imagination, so obviously a place for lust and murder; and none could so supremely focus the attention on the players and the play.

The other sets are as interesting as these two, but they are not so simple. Compared, however, with the effort in "Kismet" to reproduce realistically the exterior of a mosque and the view of Bagdad in the distance, they are simplicity itself. Here we have, for instance, three exteriors, one of a theatre, two of the Sheik's palace. In each case, across the entire stage, not far back from the footlights, is erected the plain wall of a building. It may very well be only a painted drop, reinforced by a frame. In the center is a door of fantastic design, to give the exotic note required, and here and there the wall is pierced by exotic windows, through

wall is painted a flat color, one pink, one lemon yellow, for instance, and in each case this color dominates the scene and curiously heightens the emotional note. There are next to no foreground "properties," and no wing pieces. To the eye, the proscenium frames a single impressionistic picture, in two dimensions only, so far removed from reality that it does not even pretend to ape it, but absolutely suggestive of the mood and place. In another scene, showing a Bagdad street at night, the back drop represents a dim sky, with towering minarets painted against it in pitch black silhouette. All across the base of this is stretched a whitish cloth like a wall. and between the audience and this wall the actors pass in fantastic procession. light is dim, the wings mere caves of shadow. The whole effect is purely impressionistic, purely pictorial. Yet the spectators are stirred to applause every night, for it kindles their imaginations.

"This is all very well," the reader may be urging, "for an Oriental play of times long ago. But how are you going to apply such methods of staging to a realistic drama of to-day, which shows Times Square, perhaps, or Mrs. Boyde-Jones's drawing room?"

Well, we answer, in the first place that is not a question for the critic to solve, but the stage managers. We have no doubt Reinhardt would have a solution. We can think of a partial one ourselves. Let us take the recent production of "Everywoman," which had a scene representing Times Square at night, built according to "realistic" methods, with a lobster palace in the foreground and the towering Times Building painted on the back drop, lights twinkling through the window holes. It wasn't very convincing, was it? It was even a trifle ridiculous. We venture to predict that Reinhardt would have done something like this: he would have erected the entrance to the lobster palace at one side, the walls going up out of sight, and all his illumination would have been centered round that entrance, probably from an arc lamp. The rest of the stage would have been plunged in mysterious darkness, only, perhaps, glowing against the dark in the distance, an electric sign, seemingly far off. It wasn't the Times Building which was important in that scene—it was the hectic glow and glitter of the lobster palace in contrast to the forlorn poverty of Everywoman, draggling her skirts through the dark outside. Reinhardt could have said all that by his lights and shadows, before a word was spoken. Realistic scenery required whole pages of dialogue. And when we come down to so prosaic a thing as Mrs. Boyde-Jones's drawing room, nearly any of us could throw out at least half the furniture and rearrange what is left into a picturesque grouping with the actors, to the enormous betterment of the scene

Reinhardt has applied his methods to Shakespeare, it is said with great success. Without in the least going back to a bare stage, he has finally enabled the players to present the entire text, eliminated the long, tedious waits, and substituted true and poetic pictures for the cardboard realism of a Sothern and Marlowe production.

In staging Shakespeare, Gordon Craig has gone several steps beyond Reinhardt. The German still clings, in most scenes at least, to an impressionistic representation of place in his scenery. Craig in his production of "Hamlet" last winter at the Art Theatre in Moscow (the leading theatre of the world) abolished even impressionism, resorting to sheer symbol. Every scene in the play was represented by some arrangement of a set of huge screens in cream color and gold, architectural in design, devoid of decoration, and towering far up to the full height of the proscenium. It is very difficult to understand how a rearrangement of these screens can convert the battlements before Elsinore into the Queen's chamber, or the graveyard, and of course it cannot be done without the sympathetic coöperation of the audience. the bulk of the testimony from Moscow is that the essential mood of each scene was suggested by the change in the screens, and by the lighting system.

The ideal theatre Craig dreams of is to be a theatre without words. He talks in his book "On the Art of the Theatre," about super-marionettes and a new art of motion, pure motion expressing ideas and feelings in the playhouse, as sound does in the concert hall. This is an ideal, of course, which the world has no desire to see attained. Nobody but Mr. Craig wishes to throw overboard all the myriad intellectual interests which the spoken dialogue adds to scene and motion. But that is no reason at all for refusing to take account of Mr. Craig's scenic reformations, and making use of them up to the point where they seem to depart from effectiveness, becoming freakish. Obviously you cannot stage every play as he has staged stage!

"Hamlet," nor does he himself advocate it. Such a setting would not do for a lesser play. and obviously not at all for some modern, realistic, social drama. We fancy Mr. Craig is not interested in modern, realistic, social dramas. But why should we not be permitted to see "Hamlet" as he has staged it? Why should not some adaptation of his method be applied for us to others of Shakespeare's plays? Why should not some of our stage managers study his work, and Reinhardt's work, and try to create on their own account a little of the pictorial and suggestive in stage scenery? Why must we always wait in America, to see any new or vital experiment, until it has proved such a success abroad that one of our managers thinks it "a good business proposition" and brings it over to us? Wouldn't it be "a good business proposition" for some manager to have a little imagination and initiative of his own? We talk of benighted Russia—but the Russian theatre is fifty years ahead of ours.

Of course, the fact of the matter is we have no stage directors in America, with the possible exception of David Belasco. We have a lot of ignorant showmen who hire what they call a stage manager to "put on" the plays they pick, and then don't let him do it. A true stage manager should be an all-round man of the theatre, with full knowledge and command of every department, and absolute control. He should pick the play, choose and drill the players, design the scenery and the properties, plan out the lighting to the last detail, and even arrange the music, if there is any. He should be an artist whose work is to produce on the stage a finished dramatic product, all of a piece, absolutely unified, bearing the stamp of his taste or genius in every detail. To do this, he must be able to think in scenery and electric lights, no less than in the speech and movements of actors. Such a man is Reinhardt. But at present we have no such stage directors, such true theatrical artists, in America excepting Belasco, who is wedded to realism, because our theatrical overlords have been too ignorant and shortsighted to train them. Until we do have, however, we shall certainly be unable to reform either our acting or our scenery. All we shall know of such reform will be the occasional glimpses vouchsafed us of the productions of a Reinhardt or a Craig, or of the Irish Players. What a chance is here for such an organization as the Chicago Theatre Society to do something really helpful for our



FREAK PLAYS

That Decide Baseball Championships

FULLERTON By HUGH S.

Author of "Touching Second," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR CARY

phia's Athletics were struggling in the outcome depended the championship of meet the Chicago Cubs for the World's Championship. The Athletics were ahead not ripened to its full strength it looked as if it would hold its lead. The game was the first of four that were to be played in Detroit, and in the eighth inning the Tigers were leading by the narrow margin of one run. series.

defensive and saved by the wonderful fielding feats of Cobb and Bush. The eighteen athletes were strained to the breaking point and each one was "on his toes" every instant. In the eighth inning the Athletics got a runner to second base with no one out. It looked like a tied score, perhaps victory, when one of the strangest freak plays ever seen intervened, saved Detroit, and turned the entire tide of the season. The batter twice attempted to sacrifice, failed and was forced to hit. He swung at a fast ball, high and outside the plate, and sent a twisting, teasing fly over the head of the first baseman, perhaps seventy feet back of the bag, and the ball was falling almost on the foul line,

ETROIT'S Tigers and Philadel- field where balls fall safe almost every time, just out of the reach of any fielder. Rossthe final series of the baseball man, the first baseman, turned and tore season in the Tigers' lair. Upon down the foul line, his back directly to the plate, but from the first it was evident he the American League, and the chance to could not reach the falling ball. Schaefer, who was playing second, had been playing in perfect position to cut off a right-field hit in the race, and although Mack's team had from the bat of a left-handed hitter. He started the instant the ball was hit and sprinted at top speed toward it. From short right came Ty Cobb who, seeing the victory snatched from his team by sheer luck, had turned on the wonderful burst of speed that Every member of the two teams knew that has made him the marvel of baseball. It the first game probably would decide the, looked as if Cobb might reach the ball by a feat possible only for him, yet Schaefer, al-Detroit was clinging desperately to the though slower, had made a quicker start. one run lead that was earned by two terrific claimed the catch and reached the ball. His drives by Crawford and Cobb. Donovan final leap, made with hands outstretched, was pitching magnificently yet he could not brought him to the ball just inside the foul prevent the Athletics from hitting; time and line and, as he accomplished the wonderful again the Tigers were thrown back on to the catch, and while the crowd was roaring with

applause, Cobb, unable to check himself in one of the few spots on the entire playing his frantic effort, crashed against Schaefer, turned a somersault over him and, as he went down, Schaefer allowed the ball to fall from his hands. A groan arose from the crowd. The Athletic runner on second had tried to get back to the base when he saw that Schaefer would reach the ball, and now he turned and raced for the plate. Schaefer, dazed by the shock, reached for the ball, and, in a sitting position, with a last effort before going "out," threw wildly to the infield, in hope that someone would catch it and stop the runner at third. He threw without aim, but the ball, going over Rossman's head, struck the grass, and went on the first bounded into Schmidt's hands at the plate, retiring the runner who was striving to score from second. Philadelphia failed to score. Detroit won the game, won the series and finally won the pennant in the last few days of play.

This play reveals the manner in which one turn of fortune may change an entire season's outcome and upset all the calculations of the baseball world. No one ever has been able to figure out the percentage of luck in the national game. I have heard players estimate that luck is 20 per cent., while others claim it is at least 65 per cent. "Cap" Anson, who is something of a fatalist, as well as superstitious, maintains that luck "evens up" in the course of time; that in baseball, luck runs in periods, pursuing a club for a long time, then deserting it completely. Because the fortunes of the game favored the New York Giants during the entire National League season last summer, he calculated it would last long enough to make them the World's Champions.

Oddly enough when one begins to study the freak plays that decide games and not infrequently settle pennant races, it will be found that most of the strange bits of play that seem inexplicable, happen to clubs during their winning streaks. In looking over the queer plays of the last two seasons in my records I picked out twenty and discovered in every instance that the "luck broke" for the club that was at the time having a "winning streak." There are times when "everything breaks for" one club, when nothing another club may try will win. Ask any Yale or Harvard man, either in baseball or football, about "Princeton luck" and the tales they will tell you concerning the outrageous manner in which the luck follows the Jerseyites will make it appear as if the Goddess of Fortune dwells at Old Nassau. Ask any professional player about

tell you instance after instance of freak plays that have given those clubs victories that should have been defeats.

There is an explanation, of course, but it does not explain entirely. There is that spirit of dash and determination, that neversay-die feeling that keeps every man "on his toes" and enables him to take advantage of every opportunity. The beaten team, cursing the "luck," often overlooks chances, fails to run out every play to the last step, or loses heart and nerve. The winning team tries everything, "takes all chances," and, filled with confidence, makes plays that seem Yet, in spite of this, that nineteen out of twenty such plays should "break for" the winning team, is one of the mysteries that no algebraic calculation can explain. One thing is certain: That if a "run of luck" comes to a club at the critical stage of a season, that club wins. If the ill luck happens at a vital moment in the race, the club is beaten. No better example of this fact has ever been seen than the case of the Chicago Cubs last fall. They were pressing New York for the lead in the race and were to play a double header with Pittsburg on Forbes Field. At 1.30 in the afternoon the Cubs were quietly confident. They were going home to remain the rest of the season. New York was on the road. Before the game started any man on the team would have wagered 8 to 5 that Chicago would again win the pennant. Pittsburg, however, won both games, 3 to 2 and 2 to 1, chiefly by lucky plays. At 5.15 that same afternoon every man on the Cub team knew the club's pennant chances were gone, and the team slumped pitifully, losing all the confidence and dash that had kept them in the race.

The case of the St. Louis Cardinals of last season is another clear example of the phenomenon. The team was not strong enough to deserve to win consistently. But Bresnahan had the good fortune to have four pitchers working steadily, if not brilliantly—able to pitch in rotation while not one other team in the league had more than two pitchers in working condition. During the early part of the season luck ran strongly in favor of the Cardinals, and the tale of their success was a long succession of unusual plays. Later the luck turned as strongly against them, then back in their favor and finally, toward the close of the season, appeared to desert them entirely.

if the Goddess of Fortune dwells at Old During the early weeks of the season it Nassau. Ask any professional player about seemed as if, no matter whether they did the "luck" of winning teams and he will well or ill, the freak plays all resulted in their

"It's the only team I ever saw," mourned Fred Clarke "that can win games by making errors." There was one play that must still remain impressed upon the memories of those who saw it. The game was at Chicago and had gone into extra innings. In the tenth, I believe it was, Chicago had a runner on third base with two out. The batter smashed a fierce drive just inside the first base, the game seemed over and the victory Konetchy, the Cardinal first Chicago's. baseman, dived at the ball as it was passing, slapped his mitt down and by this despairing effort, he managed to make the glove hit the ball. But instead of stopping, the ball rolled slowly back into right field on fair ground and stopped perhaps twenty-five feet behind the bag. Like a flash Konetchy leaped in pursuit of the ball, retrieved it and whirling he threw to the pitcher who was covering the base at top speed, only a step ahead of the runner. Konetchy is one of the most powerful throwers in the business and he threw with all his force in an effort to make the play and save the day. The ball flashed past

the pitcher so fast he hadn't time to put up his hands, shaved the head of the runner, who dodged, and bounded perfectly into Bresnahan's hands at the plate. The runner coming home from third with the winning run had been loitering, and when to his amazement he saw the ball beating him to the plate he made a belated effort to slide, but Bresnahan blocked him and touched him out. It perhaps was the only time on record when a wild throw to first base ever caught a runner at home and saved a ball game. It was merely an exaggerated example of the manner in which fortune followed the Cardinals during that period.

The most sensational game I have ever

Washington team and the Chicago White Sox late last season. It was filled with freakish plays from start to finish. The Washington team just then was in the only lucky streak it enjoyed during the season and seemed a certain winner. First, Walter Johnson hit one of the longest drives I ever saw, a ball that on a still day would have cleared the deep center-field fence. A high wind, however, was blowing directly from center toward the plate and the ball, soaring high, was caught by it. Bodie had started straight outward at top speed seemingly without a chance to reach the ball, but as the wind checked the force of the drive, the ball began to slow up and then fall, at first directly downward and then backward toward the

pursuing fielder, who actually overtook it, and made a spectacular catch. A few moments later Walker, in left field for Washington, raced to left center in pursuit of a vicious line drive. There was a puddle of water in his path and Walker appeared to be watching that puddle more than he was the ball.

He skirted the water and turned as if in pursuit of the ball and, glancing up, he saw that the high wind had broken the flight of the sphere and that it was coming straight at his head. He ducked, threw up his bare hand as if to ward off the blow, and the ball struck his hand and stuck there.

Inning after inning of sensational catches, startling stops, line smashes aimed straight at fielders, rapid double plays, followed, keeping the crowd roiled up and wild with enthusiasm. Finally "Prince Henry" Schaefer capped the climax by starting a play that became historic, and started never ending discussion. Clyde Milan, a fast and clever runner, was on third, Schaefer was on first, two men were out and a weak batter was at the plate. On the first ball pitched Schaefer stole second, loitering purposely and trying to draw a throw from the catcher that would give Milan a chance to score. As two runs seen during twenty seasons of watching would not do any more damage than one, major league baseball was that between the the Sox let him run unmolested, feeling cer-

tain the batter could not hit. On the next from second back to first, again striving to force Chicago to throw. The White Sox instantly raised a protest. The umpires were silent. They could not tell the Chicago players what to do although palpably the play was for the first baseman to run ahead of Schaefer, take the throw from the pitcher, force Schaefer back to the first base and touch him out. Milan hadn't a chance to go home if the play was made that way. Schaefer had no right to first base but was free to return to second if he could escape being

touched, as no runner is out on the bases unless touched or forced. Chicago, evidently ignorant of the rules, was arguing heatedly and Manager Duffy ran from the third base coaching line to the pitcher's slab to appeal to the assistant umpire. Finally was caught at the plate. Then Washington protested the game, in case of defeat, on the grounds that, when the play was made, Chicago had ten men in uniform on the playing field.

The game went to the twelfth inning and finally with a runner on third base, and Schaefer again on first, the batter drove out a clean single that ended the contest. Still unsatisfied with the freaks of the day Schaefer ran from first down to second, stopped, looked around to see if anyone, (especially an umpire), was looking, walked all the way around second base without touching it, and, satisfied that he had duplicated Merkle's | famous play, came off the field grinning. That evening he held a celebration to gloat gerald, after scratching his head an instant, over the White Sox and the umpires, not one called the batter out and refused to allow of whom had observed his failure to touch either of the runs that crossed the plate on the bag.

Perhaps the strangest freak play was one made by Frank McNichols on the Logan Squares and the famous colored team, the

Square grounds in Chicago. ball pitched, also a strike, Schaefer stole besides owning and managing and playing with the West Ends and representing his district in the Illinois Senate, is a ball player of major league caliber who plays because he loves the game. The Logan Square team, then owned by Jimmy Callahan, now manager of the Chicago White Sox, had persuaded McNichols to play first base against the Gunthers, another strong team, and the score was tied in the ninth inning. Gunthers had runners on second and third with two out, and a base hit meant probable defeat for the Logans, and loss of the city championship. Matty Fitzgerald, a wellknown umpire, was officiating alone from behind the pitchers' slab. His blouse was filled with extra balls and in stooping to sight along the plate as the pitcher wound up, he allowed one of the spare balls to fall to the ground behind him. The batter hit a hard line drive that seemed aimed at the pitcher's ankles. Fitzgerald leaped aside to avoid being hit, the batted ball struck the ball on the ground and the two balls kissed off at right angles. One went straight toward the shortstop, the other toward the second baseman. Each player thought the ball rolling toward him was the one in play and each dashed forward, made clever running scoops at the same instant and threw to first base at the same time. The shortstop the ball was thrown to first base, but behind threw high and to the left of McNichols, the Schaefer, who instantly started for second second baseman threw low and to his right. and when the ball was thrown to second McNichols, with his left hand stretched high Milan made a dash for the plate. Schaefer caught one ball in his mitt and with the other achieved his purpose, even though Milan hand he caught the low throw, and Fitz-



the play to be recorded. On the same grounds, in a game between the Logan

safe over the head of the second baseman, struck an English sparrow, killed the bird, and fell directly in front of the baseman, who threw the runner out and saved the game. If you doubt this Callahan will show you the bird, which he had mounted to keep as a souvenir of what hard luck may do to a ball club.

Among the abnormal incidents that figured in the earlier history of the national game, perhaps none is as well known to old-timers as the one which happened to Cliff Carroll, on the St. Louis grounds, when he was a



member of the famous "Browns." Perhaps ers have breast pockets. Cliff Carroll is the reason. He was running forward to take a base hit on the first bound. The ball bounced crooked and hit him on the chest. grabbed at the ball hastily and, as he clutched it, he shoved it down into the handkerchief pocket on his shirt front. The runner saw Carroll tugging and straining to tear the ball out of the pocket and instead of stopping at first, he sprinted on to second while Carroll, still trying to dislodge the ball, ran to second. The batter passed the fielder and turned for third with Carroll in pursuit. At third Carroll stopped and tried in vain to release the ball, and the runner kept on across the plate and scored the winning run. Chris von der Ahe, who at that time was at the head of the euphonic trio, Von der Ahe, Muckenfuss and Diddlebock, which operated the club, was furious and ordered all pockets removed from baseball shirts. Other teams followed and the pockets never have been restored, except by a few players who are willing to risk the repetition of the accident. A freak play, somewhat similar, robbed occasion the Chicago and Pittsburg clubs

Leland Giants, there happened another the Eastern League. The game was at Rochfreak play that helped the Giants to win the ester and Casey's catching staff was so crip-City pennant. A batted ball that was going pled that the plump little veteran was compelled to don the wind pad himself. Casey is short and quite stout. But he was doing fairly well until the tenth inning, when Rochester had a runner on third with two out. A wild pitched ball struck the ground in front of Casey and disappeared. The runner hesitated until he saw Casey making frantic efforts to get the ball from under his protector, then he came home with the winning run just as Casey located the sphere, which had gone under the protector and wedged itself past the elastic belt too tightly.

Most of the tales of freak plays that are retailed among the players are the "hard luck" variety; for the professional player remembers the accidents that deprived him of base hits longer than he does anything except his best batting average. But there are good luck tales. There were three holes on three different baseball parks that became famous, all of which now have disappeared. The best known was the one in the old Allegheny park at Pittsburg. This hole was scarcely large enough for a rat to crawl through and was at the level of the ground directly back of first base,—perhaps forty feet away,—and was unnoticed until the first time a ball went through it. The openyou have wondered why baseball players ing was so small that a baseball hardly could have plain shirt fronts, and why so few play- be pushed through it and I have seen half

a dozen players stand not more than ten feet from the hole each throwing dozens of times and failing to make even one ball go through. Yet in three seasons, four wild throws, all made by Pittsburg's opponents, went through that hole and under the stands, and each one of the wild throws gave the Pirates a game. The hole was preserved with great care, being kept open in spite of umpires' orders and the protests of visitors. On one "Doc" Casey's Toronto team of a game in nearly engaged in a pitched battle because

"lucky hole." Another hole, also back of first base, was regarded as Detroit's "luck"; it gave the Tigers three games in two seasons. But finally fortune favored the visiting team, and the next day the hole was stopped.

On the old Washington grounds, when Washington was in the National League, the players left the field by passing under the stands, and the entrance to the passage was closed by a cellar door arrangement which sloped down to the ground. The doors, of course, were kept closed during games, but at the top, cut in the planks of the stand, was a small square hole to permit the players to reach through and unlatch the doors when they desired to leave the field. During one game I saw a ball, which had been thrown wild to the plate in an effort to cut off the tying run, roll up the doors and disappear through that hole. The batter circled the bases and scored the winning run. The Chicago club, under Anson, was beaten and protested the game on the ground that the opening existed in violation of the rules. In the investigation of the complaint an attempt was made to force a ball through the hole and although it was pounded with a bat the ball refused to pass through the hole until the cover gave way. After that almost every team that came on the grounds tried to put balls through the hole and failed. How that thrown ball managed to twist its way through the aperture never has been explained satisfactorily.

Of all the good luck freaks that I ever heard recounted, the best was that which happened to Frank Isbell when he was playing with St. Paul in the old Western League. In those days baseball on Sunday was not permitted within the corporation limits of St. Paul, and a Sunday park had been erected outside the city's jurisdiction. The ground was

extremely small and was inclosed by a high fence. So small was the inclosure that batters hitting the ball hard against the fences were compelled to sprint to first, because if the ball happened to rebound directly to the fielder, he could throw a slow runner out. As it required about four hits or their equivalent in

Anson's men tried by force to close the errors to yield a run, small scores were the In the ninth inning of this game rule. Milwaukee had two runs the advantage and there were runners on first and second with Isbell at bat. St. Paul's only logical hope was for a home run over one of the high fences. Isbell hit a hard line smash to right field against the fence. The runner on first was a slow man and the fielder squatted, expecting the ball to rebound to him and to whirl and force the slow man at second base, ending the game. But the ball didn't rebound. It impaled itself on a wire nail about ten feet up the fence, and while the Milwaukee outfielders were hunting a ladder, Isbell circled the bases and won the game.

> Another peculiar play once gave the Chicago White Sox a game that seemed lost. Harvey, a left-handed pitcher, was compelled to play third base because of the badly crippled condition of his team and in the seventh inning, Chicago being one run ahead, the opposing team got runners to first and second before anyone went out. Naturally the play was for the batter to push down a sacrifice bunt. The White Sox had a system of play designed to kill the sacrifice in that situation. The shortstop and second baseman, aided by the pitcher, were to hold the runner at second as close to the base as possible. The third baseman was to play close, as if intending to take the bunt but as the ball was being pitched he was to run back, cover third, while the pitcher fielded the bunted ball, threw to third and forced out the runner at that point. Harvey had been carefully coached how the play was to be executed, but the batter, detecting the play from the actions of the shortstop and second baseman, changed signals and decided to try to drive the ball past Harvey hard instead of bunting. As the pitcher

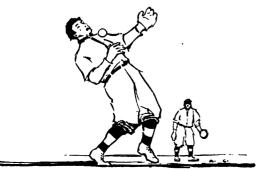
wound up Harvey whirled and sprinted back to third. The batter chopped the ball hard and sent a line hit straight toward third base. The ball struck Harvey on the back of the head, and bounded high; the sub-third baseman, as he went staggering on over the base, caught the ball and, by a fast throw to



second, doubled the runner off. As Harvey bound, it struck something, shot straight at came off the field nursing the bump on his using your noddle, Old Man."

recorded by Jack Holland, owner of the St. Joseph team, which was made in a game against Denver. The field had been extremely dry and the pitchers, pawing and digging with their spikes in front of the slab, had dug a hole so deep that the front of the rubber plate was almost two inches above the ground. The bases were filled with Denver players in the seventh inning, with no one out. The batter drove a hard low line smash straight back at the pitcher, who failed to touch the ball. The ball, however, hit the exposed front of the pitcher's plate, bounded straight back into the hands of the astonished catcher, who stepped back on to the plate, threw to first and completed a double play. Sadly enough for Holland, the play did not save the game, for the next victory.

Leeford Tannehill was the hero of a remarkable play late in the season of 1906 and, as the play saved the game for Chicago, and as the White Sox won the pennant by a onegame margin and then beat the Cubs for the World's Championship, the freak play might be said to have given the Sox the World's The game was against St. Championship. Louis and with the White Sox one run in the lead, an error and a two base hit put Brown runners on second and third with one out. The infield was called close to cut off the runner at the plate and prevent a tied score, as Jones, the manager, saw his team could not hit the St. Louis pitcher and figured a tie probably meant a defeat. The ball was hit fiercely and straight at Tannehill, who is one of the surest fielders in the business and possessed of a wonderful pair of hands for blocking hard-driven balls. The ball appeared to be bounding true but on the short



Tannehill's chin, hit him and, as he reeled head Manager Jones remarked: "That's from the knockout blow, the ball fell back directly into his hands. He threw to the Scarcely less extraordinary was an incident plate, then sat down looking foolish and took the full count before he was able to get up.

Larry Doyle's lucky kick which almost gave the Giants the National League Championship in 1008 is another historic freak of play. Those perennial rivals, the Giants and Cubs, were playing what seemed the deciding series of the year; the Cubs needed one run to tie and had two men on bases, when the batter hit viciously between Doyle and second base. Doyle reached the ball but it broke through his hands, and it seemed as if the error had given Chicago the game. Instead, the ball hit Doyle's shin, bounded straight into the hands of Bridwell who was on second waiting for the throw, and an easy double play retired the Chicago team, New York winning by one run.

The tales most often told are those illusbatter made a long hit that gave Denver the trating how ill fortune will pursue teams and the instances of "runs of luck" and "tough breaks" are as numerous as there are games multiplied by players. The Chicago Cubs never will cease mourning the fact that George Rohe, of the White Sox, one of the weakest players that ever broke into the American League, and a weak hitter, beat them out of one World's Championship. Rohe, who wasn't strong enough to hold a substitute position on the team more than one more season, made two three-base hits and each of them gave the White Sox a victory. Every player has a fund of stories of hard luck in hitting, but I believe the one related by Jimmy Callahan is near the limit. Callahan was pitching his first season in the major league and "Doc" Jimmy McJames, was at McJames was a magnificent pitcher, but perhaps the worst hitter ever in the National League. During the entire season McJames made two hits, each a two bagger, and each two bagger beat Callahan out of an extra-inning game.

There are dozens of hard-luck stories connected with the old left-field fence on the Boston National park. That fence was against the railroad embankment and the sliding dirt and cinders kept forcing it down until the top leaned over the field at an angle of forty-five degrees. The most famous of the stories is how Billy Hamilton, in pursuit of a batted ball, crawled under the fence and found the ball had rolled into an empty can. Unable to get the ball out he threw the can, with the ball inside it, back to the infield

and Herman Long relayed it to the plate and caught the runner who was trying to score. The game, according to the story, was protested on the ground that the runner was touched with the can and not the ball, although no record of such a protest exists in National League archives. The fence beat Chicago out of a hard game in 1907. "Rabbit" Slagle was pursuing a long high fly in left center, which, if he caught it, would have ended the inning with two Boston runners on the bases. He caught the ball, but either he was too near the fence to stop, or he miscalculated the distance, and he crashed against the boards and was knocked out. The other fielders, thinking the catch certain had started for the bench, and before anyone could reach the senseless fielder and recover the ball, three runners had scored and Chicago was beaten.

Hal Chase lost a game for New York last season in peculiar fashion. Two runners were on the bases and two men were out when an easy bounder was hit to third. Hartzell made a perfect throw and the inning seemed over, but as the ball came near to him Chase dodged suddenly, threw up his hands as if to protect his face, two runs scored and the Highlanders recorded another hard luck defeat. It developed later that a photographer was squatting on the ground outside the coachers' box and the sun reflected from the metal of the camera dazzled Chase just at the critical instant and cause him to lose sight of the ball.

Possibly no greater example of what "luck" will accomplish in baseball has ever been seen than that furnished last fall in the World's series games between the Giants and Athletics. Every game, except the final slaughter, was decided by luck. To me the freakish part of the series was Devore's hitting. He made four hits,—three of which were semi-accidents,—and won two games The oddest one was his first. on them. Bender, as everyone who has studied his work realizes, is one of the best fielding pitchers in respect to knocking down hits past his position, yet in the first game he let Devore's easy bounder go past him shoulder high, only slapping it with one hand. The queer part of the play was that both Devore and Bender were "outguessed." Bender had Devore hitting so helplessly that the little Giant was only "choking up" his bat (that is, shortening his grip) and poking at the terrific speed which the Indian was serving him. Devore shortened his grip again, and Bender, seeing the act, thought he was going

to make a desperate effort to bunt. The Indian leaped forward as he let go the ball. Devore poked his bat at the ball, which was high and on the out corner, and sent it on the first bound just to the right of the pitcher who was coming forward so fast he could only slap at the ball and check its force, so it went as a hit.

But of all the strange things that prove what a vital element sheer luck is in the national game the thing that seems to me the strangest, is the play which gave the bartenders of a certain Chicago restaurant victory over the waiters of the establishment. Every waiter and barman in the place is a baseball "fan" and the greatest of these, perhaps, is Bill Dorgan, President of the Dugan club and head barkeep. The annual games are played at five o'clock in the morning on the lake front, that being the only hour at which all are free. In the ninth inning the score was eleven to eleven and the struggle raged feverishly. With two out, Dorgan was on third base earnestly imploring George Plant, who was at bat, to deliver a hit and give the barmen a year of gloating. The spectators, mostly hoboes who had slept in Grant Park all night and had been awakened by the sounds of strife, sat around on the grass, while a swarm of them perched upon a pile of lumber about forty feet to the first-base side of the plate. Suddenly, with two strikes called on Plant, a roar went up from the crowd. I gazed awe-struck toward third, the pitcher hesitated and stood gaping. Dorgan, who is fat and weighs 220, was coming up the line from third base like Ty Cobb at his best. didn't slide—he beat the ball to the plate, scored the winning run untouched,—stealing home as brilliantly as ever it was done. The bartenders went wild. They were for lifting Dorgan on their shoulders and parading with him up Michigan Avenue. Dorgan didn't stop or slacken speed after he had scored. He put on more and more speed, sprinted to the lumber pile, jerked his coat and vest from under two tramps who were roosting on them, made a hasty examination and came back, breathing heavily but smiling, to receive congratulations for his nerve and daring as well as brilliant execution.

"Fact is," confessed Dorgan when he recovered breath, "I didn't know I was stealing home. I was standin' there on third when I suddenly remembered I'd left my week's pay in my inside pocket on that lumber pile and I started for it."

After that who will disparage "luck" in baseball!



THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP



Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

The American Woman's First Declaration of Independence

HE question has arisen among some of our readers whether Miss Tarbell was correct or not in stating in her article on "The Ineasy Woman" in the January number of this magazine that there was a documentary basis for her claim that the organized movement for woman's rights, as we have it in this country, was founded on the idea that man is a conscious tyrant. The following List of Grievances which was adopted with a Declaration of Sentiments at the first convention called in this country to consider the rights of women will, we think, settle the point:

"The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establish-

ment of an absolute tyranny over her.

"He has never permitted her to exercise her inalienable right to the elective franchise.

inalienable right to the elective franchise.

"He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she has had no voice.

"He has withheld from her rights which are given to the most ignorant and degraded men. "He has made her, if married, in the eye of the

law civilly dead.
"He has taken from her all right in property,

even to the wages she earns.

"He has so framed the laws of divorce, as to what shall be the proper causes, and in case of separation, to whom the guardianship of the children shall be given, as to be wholly regardless of the happiness of the woman.

"After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single, and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be

made profitable to it.

"He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed

against her.

"He has created a false public sentiment by giving to the world a different code of morals for men and women, by which moral delinquencies which exclude women from society are not only tolerated but deemed of little account in man.

"He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and to her God. "He has endeavored, in every way that he could, to destroy her confidence in her own powers, to lessen her self-respect, and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life."

All Sorts of Towns and Different Conditions

HEN a man writes calmly with all of the assurance in the world that life in the average small town in the United States is uninteresting, and that the average small town in the United States is full of incompetent people who have no thought above the food they eat and the clothes they wear, I know that he does not know what he is talking about and I feel that most of your readers will say that I am quite right about it without any argument upon my part whatever.

The world has in it many well-meaning people, who, with the best of intentions, sit in their libraries and plan schemes for the betterment of men they do not know. They prepare for the carrying out of their ideas, they put them into execution and something goes wrong—the big idea is a failure. Whereupon well-meaning people look upon intended beneficiaries as thoroughly unappreciative and feel that altogether it's an ungrate-

ful world anyway.

They argue with the school teacher and theorize with the preacher, and wonder why working-

men will not join the Ibsen Club.

Mr. Editor, there is such a thing in this world as humanity. You know it—your magazine is full of it—but does a man know it who works for years in a large industrial organization, where he is thrown in contact with hundreds of human beings, and hasn't interest enough in any of them to go back to see them, because they aren't working under good conditions?

working under good conditions?

Let me advise Mr. McNaughton to go down and sit on the store steps some Sunday. Not as a patronizing amateur sociologist nor as the self-constituted carrier of a message, but as a man. Get down to the level of the corner loafer and get his point of view. Find out who he is, why he is a loafer and all about him. If he will do this honestly and thoroughly, I'll venture to say he will have found one thing of interest in his small town and one man who has a soul above clothes and food. An American Living in Canada.

A Letter from the Ringmaster of the Circus Which Ed Howe Wrote About in "When the Circus Came to Town"

IN the December number of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE there is an article written by Mr. Ed Howe, "When the Circus Came to Town." Many of our friends here spoke to me about it and some have written to me from St. Paul that were raised here and remember the exciting times of show days. I want to congratulate you on your article, which has caused a great deal of favorable comment here in this town, where we have lived since 1864. The drunken man that came in the ring was Miles Orton, and we called him Pete Jenkins, and as you remember, Doc Gilkerson was the clown, and I was the ringmaster.

I quit the circus business in November, 1881, and put my whole attention to farming, but have retired and live in Adel, Iowa, now. Miles Orton continued in the business till his death at Key West, Fla., 1903. His sons, Norman and Myron, are still in the circus business and were in Central America a year ago this winter. Last summer they were in South America. Will be in the United States this season with Yankee Robinson's circus, of Des Moines. Dr. Gilkerson died and is buried here. My youngest brother lives three miles east of here at Ortonville. He has a family circus of his own that travels in the summer.

I traveled twenty years and over twenty-two States by team and wagon. Traveled from here to Texas and back in 1867-68 and 1869-70. It was a long, hard trip. Wild and woolly, hard fare, no roads, plenty of scraps but lots of money. I know of seven people who were on those trips alive yet. I write this, for some of our friends here thought you would be pleased to know some of us are still alive.

LESTER ORTON.

Heroic Timber for World Scouts

THERE has not come to my knowledge, in a long life, a more daring rescue than that which occurred in front of my house on Oyster Bay Harbor two weeks ago. I was away from home, so learn of it from several sources. The "World Scouts" article in your January number leads me to send this statement to you; for these two boys are not ardent believers in the Boy Scouts, but prefer to work without emulating the militant spirit of the great killer who lives across the water from us. Two men, one the foreman on the Colgate Hoyt place, were in the evening crossing on the ice. The foreman, Pedro -last name not known—got too close to the channel, where the swift tide keeps open water and thin ice, and he fell through. He made intelligent efforts to get out, but owing to the soft, brittle character of salt water ice was unable to do so. His companion, a large man, he insisted shouldn't come near him, but go for help. So he put up loud cries which were heard by Joseph Sterling, a slight boy of seventeen, who set off grabbing a hockey stick. He reached the

man and made many efforts on the bending ice. several times nearly getting him out by putting his legs over the edge of the ice, to be taken hold of while he held on the hockey stick which he stuck in the soft ice. The ice simply crumbled off at the edge; and as the man was becoming exhausted from cold, Joe put the curved end of the stick through the man's coat and up under his chin, and sat there calling for help. He was some quarter of an hour alone making these trials. His calls were heard by his chum, Paul Weaver Wakeman (my ward), who lives back on a hill. He, knowing the call, signaled with an electric torch and hurried to his assistance—putting on his skates and taking an oar. These signals put new life in Sterling, who told the man that help was at hand. This was nearly three-quarters of a mile from shore. Two men started with a rope, and Sterling's young brother, aged ten, started with a sled, but he was made to return. men mistook the direction and went astray. When Paul arrived the man was about to sink, but the torch seemed to fascinate him. Paul hastened after the men with the rope. They very reluctantly gave it up, fearing for themselves. They, however, after much persuasion, let Paul have it and hastened to shore. Just as the man was about to sink Sterling got the rope around his neck and under one armpit and then with great difficulty the boys dragged the man out from the water. The boys had to constantly change their positions on the ice to keep from breaking through. With nothing but the rope these boys dragged this heavy man over the ice to the shore. The man was taken to the Sterlings' house and Paul made a swift bicycle ride for the doctor. After a long rubbing the man was taken home between two feather beds. Except for some uncomfortable frost bites all are now well.

I might add that these cries were heard by others who were driving by, but they "passed by on the other side"; it was these two boys in the dark who, disregarding danger to themselves, made the rescue. It is also to the credit of young Sterling that he absolutely refused fifty dollars that Pedro earnestly wished him to take, he saying he wouldn't do such a thing for money. These boys are excellent shots but don't shoot to destroy wild animals and birds. I think they may be classed as World Scouts.

ELBERT WAKEMAN.

(Personal Note to the Editor)

Your delightful publication did well to bring to America's notice the World Scouts. Much as there is that is admirable in the Boy Scouts, I couldn't approve of the militant spirit. The statement above please to print. More worthy than many who have the world's acclaim are these two boys, who are so modest that they didn't even want the rescue noticed in the village paper, but this example should be for public benefit. Young Sterling is a high-school graduate and is now working in a greenhouse for a very moderate wage.

ELBERT WAKEMAN.



INTERPRETER'S HOUSE THE



"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

T is not very often that an article in a that every business man will approve. newspaper receives the unqualified approval of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. Our great friend holds opinions on the papers which are most disposed to respect his magnificence that would, perhaps, astonish the editors of these publications; while toward those papers which attack or laugh at his pretensions to superiority while minutely recording his goings and comings, his dinners.

Silence! Greatness is About to Speak

his opinions and his dress, he wavers between repressed indignation and open scorn. But one day a little while ago he came into our office with a paper in his hand. It was a copy of the most brilliant of

our journals, whose sense of fun never leaves it. Sometimes its jokes are public, keep open house, as it were, and invite all the world to their hospitality. At other times they are for the entertainment of scholars only, or politicians or artists or soldiers. Again a joke classes are dependent. I don't mind the will appear which is so secluded and mysterious that only half-a-dozen of its readers are admitted to its presence and they must possess all the passwords and grips. But the joke is always there for the initiated and earnest seeker, and our sense of professional pride was gratified when we discovered within five seconds after he commenced talking that Mr. Worldly Wiseman was the victim of one of those hoaxes which the paper loves to play even on those who respect it most.

"I brought up the Orb to show you an article," said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "You don't have to read it now. It's too long. You can look at it later. I brought it here because I thought I saw a chance for you to start a series that would be popular in a presidential year. I want you to succeed and you never will if you don't take up some-

short it is that sensible people should get

together and elect a BUSINESS MAN President. This strikes An me as the first real thought Absolutely that has been contributed to Original the political controversy for a year. Why shouldn't it be Suggestion carried out? After I saw this

and New

article I read up on the history of the country in the Encylopedia last night and, do you know, no business man has ever been President of the United States. Here we are, the greatest business nation in the world; business is more than an occupation; it is a passion with us; we have carried our poetic admiration for success in business to a point where the country is called the land of the Almighty Dollar, yet no man of business has ever been President. We have had lawyers, Southern gentlemen, soldiers and writers; but not one member of the class on which all of these lawyers. They are reliable. They know who their clients are. Besides the profession of the law makes a man conservative. He doesn't want a change. His daily bread depends on the general acceptance by the public of the belief that the only test of the correctness of modern law is whether it conforms to the principles of feudal law. They would be as foolish to urge experiments in government as-as---"

S," the Observer suggested, "an owner of horses with a monopoly of transportation would be to advocate the introduction of automobiles."

H, I wouldn't go that far," Mr. Worldly Wiseman exclaimed. "A lawyer must recognize changes in thing that appeals to the financial interests conditions. But a lawyer not only must not of the country. Now here is something start new ideas in government, but he must

prevent them from starting if he can. So putting through the long-deferred reform of lawyers are usually safe in positions of authority and when they are advising the public. We don't have to be afraid of them. If they start smashing the tablets they will have to go back to school, by George! I have no objection to soldiers as a class, although individually they are pretty liable to be stupid and you can measure the difference in the intelligence required for business success and the intelligence required for military success

Yes, Poor Old General Grant Was a Failure

when you think that the greatest military man we have produced was one of our most unsuccessful business General Grant conquered the South and served two terms as President. But

when he tried to enter a field where the highest forms of intelligence, courage, command of men and silent patience are required, —that is, running a bank on Wall Street,—he failed miserably. Still this was perhaps too severe a test of his capacity. I remember my father telling me how he regretted the appearance of the General in a business requiring powers of which he had only the slightest understanding. There was nothing to do about it except to warn the public, quietly, of the General's lack of experience as a banker and of the crookedness of his partners and to await the inevitable. He was not surprised when the failure came. He was only sorry. He was one of the first to congratulate the General upon his determination to write his biography in order to provide for his family. I have somewhere a letter from the General thanking my father for his congratulations and his offer to call on the General personally, but regretting that the General is leaving New York at once and does not know when he will return.

"There never can be too many gentlemen in public life and it is pleasant for an American to think that several of our Presidents have been gentlemen. It is true they were Southern gentlemen, which is an entirely different kind from a New York gentleman, of course. Still the difference is, after all, only one of degree and speaking as a New York gentleman, I wish to say that in discussing with foreigners about Washington and Jefferson I have always dropped the word 'Southern' and spoken of them simply as 'gentlemen.'

"Still I wouldn't say that a man who is a gentleman and nothing more would necessarily be a good President. In peaceful times when the mob are contented with their lot, a gentleman would be of great service in so much. But he's a typical writing man, an

social observances at the White House, designing uniforms for our ambassadors abroad. and so forth. I know several who could carry this important work out to perfection. Unfortunately we have not arrived at that stage of civilization where their services can be successfully employed at present.

"But if lawyers are only tolerable as Presidents and soldiers are thick-skulled, and the conditions of politics keep out gentlemen of leisure, what possible excuse can there be for putting in that place a man who makes his living by writing? A dam'd scribbler, a

dam'd penny-a-liner."

"Why not?" demanded the Poet hotly.

TY dear fellow," Mr. Wiseman exclaimed. "I beg ten thousand pardons. Upon my word of honor I had entirely forgotten who I was talking to. It's your own fault. When I am with you I never think of you as writing fellows. You seem to me just like gentlemen-what I Down, Fido, mean to say is, like the kind That's a of gentlemen one is apt to Nice Boy meet in one's club. And a

deuced sight better, too, by Gad, for you have intelligence and most of these fellows don't know anything even if they are of superior birth. I've not only got a great respect for you personally, but I respect your calling. I always have been fond of books. But the very mental characteristics which make a man a good writer necessarily exclude the qualities that would make him a good administrator. He is an artist, notoriously improvident, emotional, generous, probably afflicted with vague notions about the Rights of Men and so forth. I may admire him personally, I may admire his work greatly in the same sense that I admire an actor, a singer or, if you will excuse the comparison, a trapeze performer. But I would not think, if I had my way, of entrusting the government of the country to a writer any more than I would to an actor or a singer or a tumbler. There's Roosevelt, for instance. I suppose he is a fine writer——"

"Ahem!" said the Poet.

"The Poet doesn't like his writings, but the rest of us do. Go on," said the Observer.

"Well, I don't read him, I dislike the man

power to prevent it. By George, I'd go short every stock on the list.

"No, sir, it's the calm, cool head of the successful business man that is needed in the White House. We want a man with business instincts, business training, business judgment

Of Course We Have No Right to Hope for This

and a business man's conception of right and wrong. Of course, the very top men couldn't take the place. They could not abandon the direction of the great financial wars of the world which are

of infinitely higher importance and magnitude than the political administration of this country. John D. couldn't take it. J. P. couldn't. I couldn't."

TOULDN'T you give part of your time to it?" the Observer suggested. "Wouldn't it be possible to spend every Tuesday in Washington? You could have somebody from your office represent you at other times. A good deal can be done over the long distance telephone."

TO," said Mr. Worldly Wiseman, decisively. "I couldn't do it. I can hardly spare the time now for grouse shooting in August. And there is no necessity for commandeering the most important people for the Presidency. Of course, the ideal men for the position would be those I have named, or such men as James J. Hill, H. C. Frick, James Stillman, W. K. Vanderbilt, J. Ogden Armour, or twenty or thirty others I could mention, but it would be unsafe to business to remove them even temporarily from the sphere in which they are now so useful to the world.

"Everyone in Wall Street knows that these men would make almost ideal Presidents. Our general feeling is one of contempt for the people who are now sent to Washington. This feeling is mitigated in the case of Mr. Underwood, who is at present the

almost unanimous choice of One the financial community, by Candidate the knowledge that he has Who Has a considerable amateur ac-Mr. Wiseman's quaintance with business and Approval is not averse to taking counsel with those who have

But as a general thing we regard them as our inferiors and when they are in danger they betray their inferiority by trusts. They cannot be spared. It would

emotionalist and a disturber. And if I coming to us on their knees for help. The thought he had a chance to be elected Presi- Anarchist says we place the dollar above the dent of this country I'd do anything in my man. The proof that he slanders us is that when a man has come up for high office whom we thought dangerous we have invariably contributed enough money to beat him. Mark Hanna never had to ask twice for funds to defeat Bryan. Take the Hearst-Hughes campaign. I have no doubt at all that Hearst would have been elected if at the right moment a flood of money had not poured into the State. We had no great feeling for Hughes, although we had no inkling at the time of his fanatical opposition to horseracing. But I and my friends felt it was a patriotic duty to beat Hearst and we did not spare expense. I have heard of a single remittance of \$250,000 which was sent into one tier of counties on the Saturday before election day.

always have to laugh at the talk of corruption in New York city. Very few votes are bought here. We control Tammany through our rela-

A Proof of the Importance of Man

tions with the leaders between elections, and they control most of their voters through jobs, sentiment, social feeling, bluff and charity. But the up-State patriots are good bargainers. They demand five dollars a day 'for their time' and if they don't get it they don't vote. The sentiment is not so bitter against Hearst now. There is a feeling that as his responsibilities increase his conservatism grows. We have always felt regret that he has never chosen to take the position in the financial community to which he is entitled by his great wealth. I have even heard men of great authority in the Street suggest that we induce the Democrats to nominate A Generous

him for Vice-President on a ticket headed by Harmon. Harmon and Hearst! Well, there have been stranger combinations. Still to gain my support he would have to show that he has experi-

Suggestion to Mr. Hearst and the **Democratic** Party

enced a change of heart since the days when he attacked wealth with so much ferocity.

"But to return to what I was talking about. It does seem odd that the business men of the country should have to turn to a Western lawyer, or a Southern Congressman, for a Presidential candidate when they have so many men in their own ranks who would fill the office to perfection. Of course we must eliminate the financial leaders, the railway directors and the executive officers of the

be sheer waste to take these men from positions which, in spite of the sentimental non-sense that is always talked during a campaign, are of infinitely greater importance than the Presidency. Only a war would justify such a draft. In time of peace it would be like calling on a major-general to drill an awkward squad in the militia. The best plan would be to organize a national

The Privy Council; A Great Idea! advisory committee selected by these gentlemen, something like the executive committee of a bank which would pass on loans—I mean policies—submitted by the President of the United

States. For the office itself I would propose a man who is good at detail, one who has held a comparatively subordinate position, and who is used to making himself agreeable to customers. I have just such a man in mind. He is third vice-president of one of our companies, an active, aggressive fellow, a little noisy but a good business getter. His

It Looks
Like Lubbins
for
President!

name is Elijah Lubbins, but everyone knows him as 'Lije. If anything comes of this movement to elect a business man President, I shall go to that fellow in Washington— What's - his - name? — good

talker—smooth-shaven fellow—fellow collects the campaign fund—nigger delegates—postmaster-general—Hitchcock, that's it—and tell him about Lubbins."

"What advice would you give to your employee?" the Observer asked. "How would you start him on his new career?"

"WOULD simply say to him: 'You run this business as you would our can factory. Reduce expenses everywhere. The employees of all the departments are overpaid

Good, Sound Business Advice to a Chief Magistrate and underworked. For example, you could get plenty of men to serve as letter carriers for half the wages now paid. Abolish the rural free delivery system. It is costly and useless. What good does

it do the country to have letters and newspapers delivered to farmers? If they want these luxuries let them go to the post-office for them. Stop the juggling with the tariff. The tariff is here to stay. It is so closely bound up with our financial system that reducing it would be like cutting the carotid artery. Half the Democrats in Congress who talk against the tariff believe in it. Make the impulses of crazy people who demand from courts something which nature has denied them and which they call 'justice,' instead of the preservation of the balances between the classes which have always existed and which courts were created to preserve. The outbreak against the Massachusetts magistrate who put women in jail, after they had been clubbed by the police for attempt-

government pay. That's your business. When any questions of policy beyond your understanding arise, like a war or a treaty with a foreign power, you can always get to New York in six hours and submit the matter to the advisory committee!"

"But wouldn't Congress have something to say about all this?" the Observer suggested.

TF you could only see Congressmen as I see them!" said Mr. Worldly Wiseman. "They could be easily handled if they knew who stood behind the President. But it isn't in concrete things alone that our man would be serviceable, but in checking dangerous tendencies. Roosevelt was a menace to the country, not because of his specific acts, but because of the tendencies which he encouraged. He did us little immediate harm while Taft, under the skillful driving of Wickersham has unwillingly done some mischief. But we are not afraid of occasional and isolated acts. We can meet them and defeat their purpose. For example the American Tobacco Company is stronger now after its 'disintegration' than it ever was before. But while foolish laws can be evaded or defeated, dangerous tendencies are hard to control. The trend of Taft's mind is sane. He may be persuaded by popular clamor to

He may be persuaded by pop make mistakes, but in the end he will always be found in the right camp. He has what I regard as the best possession of a public officer next to the high intelligence which is never found in this

His Heart is Good though His Blood is Bad, Sing Glory Halleluiah!

which is never found in this country outside of financial circles—that is an almost superstitious reverence for the courts, regardless of the personality of the judges. Of course lawyers of the very first rank entertain no such reverence and would as soon think of quoting in conversation with their equals an opinion of Justice—— or Judge—— as the opinion of a junior clerk. But the superstition which is held by a very large body of men of a certain order of mind is one of the religions that should be cultivated. It is the surest means of checking the impulses of crazy people who demand from courts something which nature has denied them and which they call 'justice,' instead of the preservation of the balances between the classes which have always existed and which courts were created to preserve. The outbreak against the Massachusetts magistrate who put women in jail, after they had been clubbed by the police for attempt-

Technically, of course, these case in point.

Reverence for the Courts is Excellent in Its Place

women were exercising a constitutional right, but practically they were committing an economic crime. If they carried out their purpose the strikers would have fewer mouths to feed and

would be able to prolong the strike. The first duty of magistrates, policemen, and militia in this case is to enforce order. But their second duty is to break the strike at all hazards. Of course the clubbing of the women was unpleasant. But you must remember these foreign women are as bad as the men.

"You can see how a business man would deal with cases of this character by Gov. Foss's attitude toward the Lawrence affair. Contrast it, if you wish to understand what I mean, with the outbreak of the author, you know whom I mean,—Howells—who confessed that his blood ran cold when he read of this 'outrage.' So far as I have been informed Gov. Foss has made no attempt to interfere with the sharp enforcement of the military and police power." The emotional literary man on the one side and the hardheaded man of business on the other.

"But, of course," Mr. Worldly Wiseman concluded, "in speaking of business men I don't mean to include the ordinary merchant or small dealer. He is not a business man in the sense in which I employ the words.

ing to send their children out of town, is a He is an agent who subsists on an allowance granted by the superior men of business, and the size of that depends upon his efficiency as an agent. He is not all the kind of person I would wish to see in a position of authority. Very often I have found his socalled opinions to be tainted with the most absurd radical or democratic notions. No. the man chosen should be from a class which understands as well as respects the creative imagination, the courage and the antiseptic selfishness that have contributed to the building-up of our great fortunes. Over him. as I have said, we would place a national council of leading financiers who would themselves fill the vacancies caused by death. Undoubtedly the introduction of the hereditary principle in this council would be an added inducement to us to spend a part of our time in guiding the government of the republic. But this probably would be unnecessary. The principle would naturally assert itself through the common desire among men to bequeath power to their heirs.

After saying all this, Mr. Worldly Wiseman rose and walked through our hall not like a man, but like a procession of the gods. As soon as the Poet could regain his breath he said: "I live in the same precinct with that man and I'm going to challenge his vote."

"On what grounds?" we asked.

"Because he has never been naturalized,"

ТНЕ SEEKERS

By VICTOR STARBUCK

NE asked a sign from God; and day by day The sun arose in pearl, in scarlet set, Each night the stars appeared in bright array, Each morn the thirsting grass with dew was wet, The corn failed not its harvest, nor the vine. And yet he saw no sign.

One longed to hear a prophet; and he strayed Through crowded streets, and by the open sea He saw men send their ships for distant trade, And build for generations yet to be. He saw the farmer sow his acres wide, But went unsatisfied.

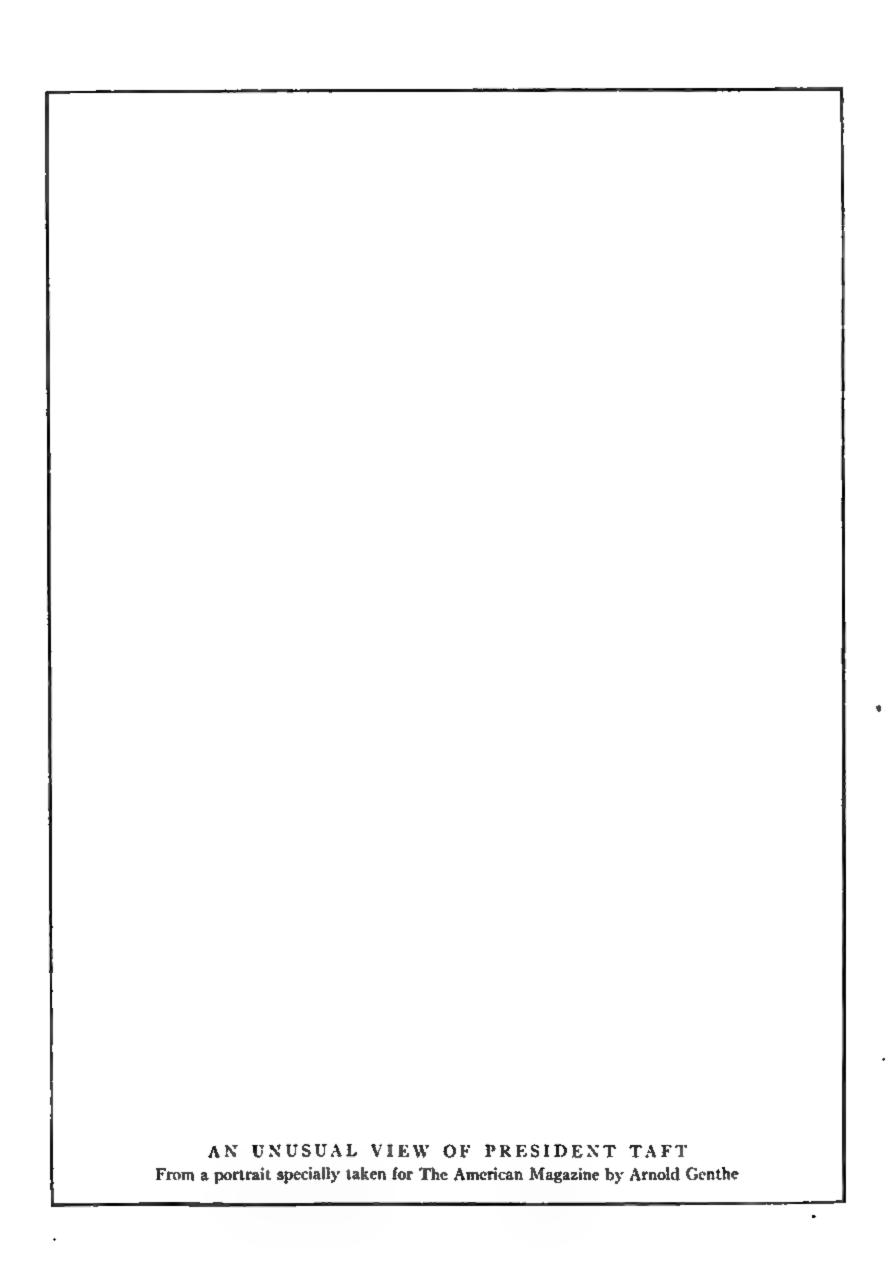
One prayed a sight of heaven; and erewhile He saw a workman at his noontime rest. He saw one dare for honor, and the smile Of one who held a babe upon her breast; At dusk two lovers walking hand in hand. But did not understand.

The Home

June in the City

This rock-rimmed Northern land is ringed with bloom— Each night the warm sky hovers soft and low Above young strolling lovers,—and I know That on far beaches drives the sea-salt spume.

Oh for a strength of flowering to thrust Green leaves up through this iron city street! Brown thrushes in the twilight, and a sweet Clean wind to sweep the dim stars free from dust!



OUR NEXT PRESIDENT

And Some Others

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH CARTOONS BY C. DE FORNARO AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS BY ARNOLD GENTHE TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

At the time this article was in preparation both Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Wilson were in the West, so that Mr. Genthe was unable to include their pictures in this series.

the country has seen in sixty years. For the first time since the Civil candidate is not, "Does he belong to the Grand Old Party?" or, "Is he a loyal Democrat?" but, "Is he a Progressive?"

Harmon and Wilson, for example, no more belong in the same party than Taft and La They represent fundamentally Follette. different ideas: and La Follette and Wilson, of opposite parties, are far more nearly in accord than Wilson and Harmon.

Considered along these new lines of division it is comparatively easy to classify at least six of the important presidential candidates.

· Progressives Conservatives Taft La Follette Wilson Harmon Cummins Underwood

nently mentioned, Champ Clark of Missouri people in this country have recently fallen.

HIS is, without question, the most and Theodore Roosevelt, are not so readily remarkable presidential campaign classified. Each stands more or less in a class by himself.

Champ Clark has been the surprise of the War party lines seem to have disappeared primaries. No one supposed that he could so completely. The first question asked of a easily carry so many States, or win so many delegates. It is true that he has been a long time in public life—a member of the House of Representatives for seventeen years—but he has made no especially conspicuous record, and he became Speaker of the House last year more by virtue of his long service and his personal popularity than because he had become a potent national figure. Being Democratic floor leader when his party came into power he succeeded naturally to the speakership. His name has never been connected with notable constructive legislation, he has laid down no great principles, nor illuminated any great issues of the day. Why, then, should he bulk so large as a presidential candidate?

Clark's candidacy represents a condition The other two candidates most promi- of mind into which a considerable number of

4___

WILLIAM H. TAFT

As seen by his friends

As seen by his enemies

They are a little weary of the more strenuous reformers who continue to urge upon them unpleasant facts, of the truth of which they are already convinced. They have grown a little irritable over the prevalent note of agitation. A lively minded friend of mine in Washington finds an esoteric significance in the "houn' dawg" song, which has come from Missouri with Clark's candidacy. He asserts that it represents a mood of the American people—

"No matter if he is a houn', You gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'."

Now, while a large group of people, convinced of the unhealthy and unjust conditions prevailing in the country, may not be willing to support a "stand-patter" who will keep things as they are (note the political sense which causes every candidate in the field to declare that he is a real or true or genuine progressive!), neither are they quite willing, yet, to take the plunge into any comprehensive scheme of reform. They don't want Harmon for the first reason and they are against Wilson for the second. What more natural, then, that they should turn toward the colorless Clark?

It is one of Clark's chief recommendations, indeed, that he has nothing very serious against him. He stands for nothing new, or He voted for Bryan in 1896; for Bryan in

strange, or surprising. He is an old-fashioned institutional Democrat. It is his foremost claim as a candidate that no matter what has happened in the last twenty-five years, he has always voted the Democratic ticket! He was equally agile in supporting both Bryan and Parker; no matter what a candidate believed, if he bore the name Democrat, Clark was behind him. He has no ideas that are not sanctioned by ancient Democratic precedent. Indeed, he is a fine example of the oldfashioned partisan politician. As he stands at the speaker's desk in his long coat—and he is a distinguished-looking figure—or appears on the street in his broad-brimmed black slouch hat, with a touch of color in his neckscarf, he makes one think—well, of Henry His speeches are old-fashioned -illuminated by quotations from old poems and songs, old adages, and catch phrases from the Bible and Thomas Jefferson, and enlivened with old-fashioned jibes at the Republican party.

A pamphlet widely circulated by the Clark Campaign Committee gives six reasons why Clark should be President. The first two of these represent the strongest arguments that have been advanced for Clark. I quote:

He is a dependable Democrat who has never wavered in support of his party.

CHAMP CLARK

As seen by his friends

As seen by his enemies

1900; for Parker in 1904, and for Bryan in 1908, and for every other Democratic candidate since he became of age. He not only voted but he supported the ticket with pen and voice.

"2. His record cannot be assailed from any quarter, for it is straightforward and Democratic. His supporters invite the closest scrutiny of his long and active public service. We submit it to the Democracy of the nation as an open book, and challenge attention."

Thus Clark is the sort of a candidate who can be voted for without thinking! And in these perplexing times it is hard work to think and decide.

In whatever particulars the old-fashioned Democratic creed is still progressive—for example, in the matter of tariff reduction—Clark is truly a Progressive, but I have nowhere found, after a somewhat extensive reading of his speeches, that he shows any vigorous grasp of the great economic and social problems which are now crowding upon the country, demanding the masterly elucidation of great statesmanship. He is, therefore, quite acceptable to old-line leaders who have been fearful of Wilson. We even find shrewd machine politicians in the Republican party commending him: for they can understand him fully; they know just how far he will go.

For example, Tawney of Minnesota, formerly one of Cannon's chief supporters in the House of Representatives, recently said of him:

"Speaker Clark, I believe, will get some of the Democratic delegates from Minnesota. I hope he will get many. If Champ Clark is nominated by the Democrats, and President Taft by the Republicans, it will mean a clean, open campaign."

There is also another influence working strongly behind Clark—William Randolph Hearst. Clark acknowledges the potency of the Hearst support in a letter to the Chicago American after the Illinois primaries. He says:

"I am profoundly grateful to all who aided in carrying Illinois for me. Among them was the powerful influence of the Hearst newspapers, which have stood by me loyally, manfully and unselfishly from the beginning, from Massachusetts to California."

That Mr. Hearst is supporting Clark, as usual, with the idea that he may himself, somehow, reap the benefit of the campaign, is shown in this ingenuous letter of Mr. Hearst to the editor of Pearson's Magazine:

"I have declared a preference for the man (Champ Clark) who I believe represents them (my policies) best, and I shall labor to secure the presidential nomination for him. If at any time, or for any reason, he should retire, and the selection of a candidate to represent true Democracy and genuine progressive principles should lie between an avowed reactionary and a pretended progressive, I might become a candidate."

Now, there is all the difference in the world between an old-fashioned conservative like Clark and a new-fashioned conservative like Underwood. Two men could scarcely be more different, indeed, than these two Democratic leaders of the House of Representatives.

Underwood is a modern man. Although the youngest of all the presidential candidates, being only fifty years old, he is one of the two oldest members in point of continuous service in the House of Representatives. Though educated as a lawyer, and the son of a lawyer, most of his life has been given to politics. He is one of the type of quiet, hardworking, clear-thinking Congressmen who has grown steadily in power and influence—and is still growing. When he first entered the House he occupied a seat in the rear rows and read his speeches in a low voice: to-day he is the most powerful man in Congress—the leader of the majority in the House. Under the new rules, as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he is far more powerful than the Speaker, and the manner in which he has led the Democratic members, formerly torn with dissensions and highly ineffective. has been not short of masterly.

His ways are quiet ways, he has the easy manners of the South, but his hand is firm. Among his fellow-members of both parties, he is highly respected as a fair, straightforward and courageous leader. There is no buncombe about him. When he has made up his mind upon a subject—thought it out—he is willing to take his stand squarely and firmly, give his reasons, and let it go at that. In a time when the whole progressive tendency of the country is toward more direct democracy through the instrumentality of such devices as the initiative, referendum, and recall, he has come out strongly against these new measures.

"The people suffer far more from the failure to enforce existing laws than they do from the lack of proper legislation," he says. "The people should drive from the places of power and responsibility the unfaithful servants and elect those who will be faithful to the trust imposed upon them. The masses of people are far better judges of men than they are of measures, and are far more likely to select an honest man than an honest measure."

Another instance of his courage was his reply upon the floor of the House to W. J. Bryan, who had accused him of opposing a reduction in the iron and steel schedule because he came from the steel manufacturing district of Alabama, and had an individual interest in the business. His denial was not only sweeping and vigorous but it awakened the greatest enthusiasm among his Democratic associates.

"Mr. Speaker," said Underwood, "Mr. Bryan did not say I was protectionizing the Democratic party when I brought in the free-list bill. Not until I differed with him on the woolen schedule did he have one word of criticism so far as my conduct was concerned. . . . I had to write a woolen schedule that would protect the revenues of this Government, and because I did so and did not obey the command of the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, he is endeavoring to make the country believe I am not an honest Democrat in favor of an honest revenue tariff."

It was this dramatic incident, combined with Underwood's real leadership in bringing forward bills for tariff revision and for other constructive legislation, that convinced many people that he was possessed of the real qualities of leadership—that made him, in short, a presidential candidate.

Moreover, he has won a reputation, the result of studious digging, for a real mastery of the tariff question. It has been said of him that "he is the only man in either branch of Congress who could be shut up in a hermetically sealed room and emerge with a complete tariff bill." A new Congressman told me that Underwood was the only man in the House who could speak upon the tariff in a way to make the subject perfectly clear. Without being an orator he has a great gift for the clear, forcible, reasonable exposition of great questions. He is a fine representative of the New South—the first Southerner since the war, indeed, who has been seriously considered as a presidential candidate.

During the entire primary campaign he has remained strictly in his place in the House of Representatives, performing his work as floor leader. He has made no political speeches, nor any personal campaign for the nomination.

Underwood is not a Progressive, though he stands for a number of progressive measures, particularly the reduction of the tariff. But he seems to have an honest mind and a fearless spirit: he is a conservative from conviction. Progressives, of whom I count my-

THEODORE

As seen by his friends

self one, may not agree with such a man, but danger is not from clear-thinking, honest they can respect him.

Now, the danger in this country is not from honest and clear-thinking men in puburous underwood and Hughes, but from men lic office, whether conservatives or radicals. like Taft and Champ Clark. Sometimes it An honest, clear-thinking man is never dan- seems, indeed, in these hours of confusion gerous. If he is a radical, responsibility and complexity that the qualities most chastens him, and if a conservative, the needed in the statesman who is to lead necessity of events pricks him forward. The the republic for the next four years, are

ROOSEVELT

As seen by his enemies

qualities of clearness, steadiness, intellec- constructive, honest leader to guide us upwere at one time in arousing a sluggish people. We are convinced that the facts concerning wood. the abuses to which Roosevelt refers are mainly true; what we need now is a patient, greater admiration for many of his high quali-

tual honesty. Qualities wholly different from ward to a new plane of national life. The those possessed by Roosevelt are now re- Progressives of the country have to-day two quired. We no longer need the fiery moral candidates who are thus both honest and revivalist-great and necessary as his services clear: La Follette and Wilson, and the conservatives have at least one in Mr. Under-

As for Theodore Roosevelt, no one has a

THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN CONGRESS

"Underwood is a modern man, Although the youngest of all the presidential candidates, being only fifty years old, he is one of the two oldest members in point of continuous service in the House of Representatives

ties than the present writer, but what a pity that he should have been drawn into this campaign! There are thousands of people in this country who are for Roosevelt-but not for President. We admire him, but we don't want him to own us or own the country. As Emerson says of the genius: "He thinks we wish to belong to him, as he wishes to occupy He greatly mistakes us!" Many progressives who followed La Follette because they believed that he had the best and clearest grasp of public questions of any man in the field, deserted La Follette and went over to Roosevelt, not because they believed him to be more nearly right, but because they thought he was the only man who could win Bryan and the populists were crying in the

against Taft. And winning, with the ordinary political leader, is the primary requirement.

Not the least striking feature of the present campaign is the extraordinary agreement of the candidates in their diagnosis of the condition of the country. They all, with one accord, admit that conditions are wrong and should be readjusted. They all agree that the existence of powerful trusts and monopolies in private hands is a genuine danger to the country. They all agree that the tariff must be revised and revised downward. They all believe that government functions should be somewhat extended. Upon this diagnosis, which is practically the diagnosis which

wilderness twenty years ago, they may all call themselves Progressives. But the test comes when the remedies are talked of. Harmon, Taft, Underwood and Clark would adjust the tariff and prosecute the trusts. They would treat the symptoms. But the real progressives, La Follette, Wilson and Roosevelt, would go deeper. They say that the difficulty is not merely the tariff and the trusts, but the control of the government by those trusts and other moneyed interests. They would strike at the root of the difficulty by demanding more popular government, a more direct democracy. If once the people can be placed in power over their own affairs by means of direct primaries, direct election of question which is just coming to the front in

United States senators, direct presidential primaries and such devices as the initiative, referendum, and recall, then they can be trusted to settle the economic questions well and fully. The difference between the Conservatives and the Progressives in this campaign is fundamental. The Conservatives believe that the people cannot be fully trusted; the Progressives believe that they can. It is because La Follette and Wilson have convinced people of the sincerity of this belief that the whole field is against them. As for Roosevelt, he believes in trusting the people, provided he is around to tell them what to do.

Now, then, we arrive at a curious new

this country and, indeed, in all the world. Who are the people? Who are the people who are to be trusted with the initiative, referendum, and recall?

It is one of the most curious things in the world, how men differ when they speak of "the people." For example, are negroes people? Are women people? In a few places negroes are people in a political sense, but in the South there are 0,000,000 of them who are not people. In a few places women are people, to be trusted with the democratic instrumentalities, but in most places they are not. If we could really agree on who are the people, we should have all our troubles settled in a twinkling! But we can't: and that is the very basis of this and of all other great political crises.

Now, then, in the past, while nominally we have had a democracy in this country. we have had a very narrow idea as to how many people should be included in the democracy. In early days in New England only church members could vote, and afterward only owners of a certain amount of property. Every political revolution is caused by the effort of a new class of people to get into the democracy. No mere quarrel over an injury done to a material interest ever produced a revolution. Such quarrels produce revolts, but not revolutions.

Now, the conservatives of to-day—Taft, Harmon and others—are willing to tinker the tariff, and thus redistribute in small measure a few material benefits. But the proposal of the Progressives goes deeper: They would let in as sharers of government with the business men and property owners who have so long dominated the country, an immense class of people further down in the scale men who, though nominately voters, have in reality had nothing to say about their government. And that is why, to all of those who are comfortable and safe, such men as La Follette and Wilson are dangerous. They are revolutionaries. They disturb the former They are looked equilibrium of control. upon much as old King John must have looked upon his barons, coming to force him to sign the Magna Charta, letting in a whole new class of people to share in the govern-

Nothing, indeed, can exceed the amazement of a modern Conservative—the type of the comfortable, prosperous business man when he sees whole States sending in huge majorities for such "demagogues" and "revolutionaries" as Roosevelt, La Follette or Wilson. He has the sensation of the angler revolutionary changes in our system of in-

who suddenly feels the surprising tug of a fish bigger than he supposed was to be found in the pool! The reason is that formerly, when he wanted political news he asked his friend the banker, or the merchant, or the railroad owner-and lo! he got his true prophecy. He never considered the mass of the people at all. But now the mass is awakening, rubbing its eyes, and demanding a share in the government.

We may profitably pursue our query-Who are the people?—a step further. To many of the Insurgents and Progressives of the two old parties, the definition of people is still more or less a limited one. Many of them come from the middle west and represent farming districts or States—a constituency of up-standing, highly intelligent American farmers. These farmers and dwellers in small towns have seen their governmental powers usurped by railroad and other corporations and combinations, working through political bosses and machines, and they want their rights back again. They want to get into the government again and share its rights and privileges. But the men of this class are mostly comfortably well off-landed proprietors and country business men-and when they speak of themselves as "the people" they do not include the swarming thousands of men in the great cities and industrial centers of the country.

It is significant that in States like Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, California and others, where the so-called Progressive movement is very strong, the cities—the industrial centers—are either Socialist or tending strongly toward Socialism. In the most progressive of all the States, Wisconsin, the chief city for two years has had a Socialist administration.

Here are, then, an enormous number of workers who are also setting up the claim that they are "the people" and that they must be admitted into the government. Unlike the farmers and small business men, who are struggling to regain a power which they once possessed, these industrial workers are asking for powers which they have never really possessed. And where they have no other weapon of protest they bring about the revolutionary strike, such as that at Lawrence, Massachusetts, which I described in last month's magazine. There are millions of men in this country who have no property and little or no opportunity to rise, who are just waking up.

Now, neither of the two old parties wants

WOODROW WILSON

As seen by his friends

As seen by his enemies

dustry: both are seeking to mitigate the evils of the system —reduce the tariff, control the trusts, and sparingly adventure on small, new governmental enterprises like the parcels post. But the Socialist demands the most revolutionary and sweeping changes. He would do away with the private ownership of property entirely; he would abolish the wage system. It is not unlikely that many of those who now call themselves Progressives (when they think of the immense power and wealth of those above them) will find themselves Conservatives when the great mass of have-nots below them begin to stir. In Milwaukee both the old parties have combined against the Socialists. This may happen soon in the nation.

The Socialists are not only proposing revolutionary changes, but they are advancing a new sort of leader. Most Socialist candidates are workingmen -or at least they have had a working-class origin -with the point of view of the workingman.

Now, every candidate advanced by the old parties in the present campaign belongs to a type, a genus, long familiar in American leadership. We have had our standard of presidential qualifications very clearly fixed—and they have been high standards and rigid standards. When we have assured ourselves that every candidate in the field belongs to this genus presidentus we are quite prepared

to permit and even to enjoy a large measure of head-breaking over specific divergencies. But here are the Socialists apparently with an entirely new genus!

In the past we have chosen chiefly men from the farm or lawyers, usually country lawyers, with an occasional soldier. We have never had either a business man or a workingman in the presidency. We have never had a man who really represented the new and powerful industrial life of our nation. It is interesting to know that every one of the seven candidates, even including Roosevelt, has been admitted to the bar, and five of them have had successful careers in the law. Two have been judges. No one of them is a business man, and no one, save Mr. Harmon, has had any considerable experience with business affairs, either large or small. No one of them is a rich man, and though several of them, by virtue of their high talents, have been able at times to earn large incomes, they have all been hard workers. Two or three of them have been relatively poor men all their lives, living frugally and devoting themselves unreservedly to public work.

All of the candidates, save Wilson, have had long experience in public office, and in dealing with public men and public questions. Four have been governors of their States, three have served long in Congress, two have been Presidents and two have been in a Presi-

JUDSON HARMON

As seen by his friends

As seen by his enemies

dent's cabinet. In a high sense all of them have made a profession of public life. While most of them can be called able politicians, no one of them belongs to that extreme type known as a machine politician: a boss. There is to the credit of every one of them not a little sound public service.

All of the seven, save possibly Harmon, are at the very prime of life for national leadership. These are their ages.

Underwood,	50 ye	ars old
Roosevelt,	54 '	4 46
Taft,	55 '	4 64
Wilson	56 '	
La Follette	57 '	6 64
Clark	62 '	6 (4
Harmon	66 .	6 46

It is also of curious rather than of important interest that most of the seven were born in States which have long been fertile in the production of Presidents and presidential candidates. Wilson was born in Virginia, Clark and Underwood in Kentucky, Taft and Harmon in Ohio, and Roosevelt in New York. Only one candidate, La Follette, comes from what may be called a new presidential State.

Despite their many and radical differences, them all the more. And, find all these candidates represent established their wives must be reasonably American types of leadership and established and democratic in their ways.

American views of life. Over against them is this rising party of workingmen who have different ideas of life and a different sort of leadership.

In the past we have demanded of our candidates, first of all, that they conform to what may be called the homely moralities—and it is certain that of whatever party our Presidents of the future come—whether Republican, Democrat, or Socialist —we shall insist upon high personal qualities. Whatever may be their views upon economic, or political, or social questions, we have always demanded that they possess a high measure of individual We have insisted -and will continue to insist—that they must be upright American types, clean-living and sober-thinking. We have permitted our candidates, and indeed our Presidents, a moderate amount of personal ambition, but not avarice. No man of great wealth could be elected to the presidency. We have asked that our Presidents be home-loving men; we like to have children growing up in our White House. If they are men of genuine religious feeling, or of real scholarly attainments, we admire and respect them all the more. And, finally, they and their wives must be reasonably simple, direct,

THE BODY LEADS THE LAGGARD SOUL

By WITTER BYNNER

LMOST the body leads the laggard soul. To honor and uncover bidding it see The beauty of surrender, the tranquillity

Of fusion with the earth. The body turns to dust

Not only by a sudden whelming thrust, Or at the end of a corrupting calm; But oftentimes anticipates, and, entering flowers and trees

Upon a hillside or along the brink Of streams—encounters instances

Of its eventual enterprise: Inhabits the enclosing clay, In rhapsody is caught away

On a great tide Of beauty; to abide

Translated through the night and day Of time and, by the anointing balm

Of earth, to outgrow decay.

Hark in the wind—the word of silent lips!

Look where some subtle throat, that once had wakened lust,

Lies clear and lovely now, a silver link Of change and peace!

Hollows and willows and a river-bed,

Anemones and clouds, Raindrops and tender distances

Above, beneath,

Inherit and bequeath

Our far-begotten beauty. We are wed With many kindred who were seeming dead.

Only the delicate woven shrouds Are vanished—beauty thrown aside A deeper beauty; as the veil that slips Breathless away between a lover And his bride.

So by the body may the soul surmise The beauty of surrender, the tranquillity Of fusion; when, set free From semblance of mortality, Yielding its dust the richer to endue A common avenue Of earth for other souls to journey through, It shall put on, in purer guise,

The mutual beauty of democracy. Nothing I have of loveliness

Exceeds a minute part

Of my own loveliness when it shall be fulfilled

With yours and with all loveliness that lies

In every heart.

All that I have is but the start And the beginning, the bewildering guess Of what shall be distilled Out of my soul by you and you, Each soul of all souls, till one soul remains Which every beauty shall imbue Clean of the differences and pains, The soul of everlastingness. How shall we fear for our identities, When what pride forfeits, beauty gains?— Nothing is lost. For never beauty dies That lived . . . Nightly the skies Gather, in stars, the light of hopeful eyes

And daily brood on the communal breath—

Stubby's route wasn't nearly so long after he had Hero to go with him

THE ANARCHIST-HIS DOG

The Story of Stubby's Fight for Hero

By SUSAN GLASPELL Author of "The Glory of the Conquered"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORD

he happened to get a dog. For the benefit of those who have never carried papers it should be thrown in that having a route means getting up just when there is really some fun in sleeping, lining up at the Leader office—maybe having a scrap with the fellow who says you took his place hair. His head was a faithful replica of a in the line getting your papers all damp chestnut burr. His hair did not lie down and from the press and starting for the outskirts take things easy. It stood up—and out! of the city. Then you double up the paper in the way that will cause all possible difficulty in undoubling and hurl it with what force you they do for the hands just wouldn't sink. have against the front door. It is good to They'd have to float. have a route, for you at least earn your salt, does, you know it isn't so.

TUBBY had a route, and that was how it, but it is the custom—as could be sworn to by many sleepy citizens. And as time goes on you succeed in acquiring the easy manner of a brigand.

Stubby was little, and everything about him seemed sawed off just a second too soon, —his nose, his fingers, and most of all, his and gentle ladies couldn't possibly have let their hands sink into it—as we are told

And alas, gentle ladies didn't particularly so your father can't say that any more. If he want their hands to sink into it. There was not that about Stubby's short person to When you have a route, you whistle. All cause the hands of gentle ladies to move the fellows whistle. They may not feel like instinctively to his head. Stubby bristled.

That is, he appeared to bristle. Inwardly, even threw a stone after him. Stubby was Stubby yearned, though he would have swung into his very best brigand manner on the spot were you to suggest so offensive a thing. Just to look at Stubby you'd never in a thousand years guess what a funny feeling he had sometimes when he got to the top of the hill where his route began and could see a long way down the river and the town curled in on the other side. Sometimes when the morning sun was shining through a mist making things awful queer-some of the mist got into Stubby's squinty little eyes. After the mist behaved that way he always whistled so rakishly and threw his papers with such abandonment that people turned over in their beds and muttered things about having that little heathen of a paper boy shot.

All along the route are dogs. Indeed, routes are distinguished by their dogs. Mean routes are those that have terraces and mean dogs; good routes—where the houses are close together and the dogs run out and Though Stubby's greater wag their tails. difficulty came through the wagging tails; he carried in a collie neighborhood, and all collies seemed consumed with mighty ambitions to have routes. If you spoke to them-and how could you help speaking to a collie when he came bounding out to you that way?—you had an awful time chasing him back, and when he got lost—and it seemed collies spent most of their time getting lost—the woman would put her head out next morning and want to know if you had coaxed her dog

Some of the fellows had dogs that went with them on their routes. One day one of them asked Stubby why he didn't have a dog, and he replied in surly fashion that he didn't have one 'cause he didn't want one. If he wanted one, he guessed he'd have one.

And there was no one within ear-shot old enough or wise enough—or tender enough? to know from the meanness of Stubby's tone, and by his evil scowl, that his heart was just breaking to own a dog.

One day a new dog appeared along the route. He was yellow, and looked like a cheap edition of a bulldog. He was that kind of dog most accurately described by saying it is hard to describe him, the kind you say is just dog—and everybody knows.

He tried to follow Stubby; not in the trusting, bounding manner of the colliesnot happily, but hopingly. Stubby, true to the ethics of his profession, chased him back where he had come from. That there might be nothing whatever on his conscience, he

an expert in throwing things at dogs. He could seem to just miss them and yet never hit them.

The next day it happened again; but just as he had a clod poised for throwing, a window went up and a woman called: "For pity sake, little boy, don't chase him back here.'

"Why—why ain't he yours?" called Stubby.

"Mercy, no. We can't chase him away." "Whose is he?" demanded Stubby.

"Why he's nobody's! He just hangs around. I wish you'd coax him away."

Well, that was a new one! And then all in a heap it rushed over Stubby that this dog who was nobody's dog could, if he coaxed him away—and the woman wanted him coaxed away—be his dog!

And because that idea had such a strange effect on him he sang out, in off-hand fashion: "Oh, all right, I'll take him away and drown him for you!"

"Oh, little boy," called the woman, "why,

don't drown him!"

"Oh, all right, I'll shoot him then!" called obliging Stubby, whistling for the dog, while all morning long the woman grieved over having sent a helpless little dog away with that perfectly brutal paper boy!

Stubby's mother was washing. She looked up from her tubs on the back porch to say, "Wish you'd take that bucket," then seeing what was slinking behind her son, straightway assumed the rôle of Destiny with, "Git out o' here!"

Stubby snapped his fingers behind his back as much as to say, "Wait a minute."

"A woman gave him to me," he said to his mother.

"Gave him to you?" she scoffed. think she would!"

Then something happened that had not happened many times in Stubby's short lifetime. He acknowledged his feelings.

"I'd like to keep him. I'd like to have a dog."

His mother shook her hands and the flying suds seemed expressing her scorn. That ugly good-for-nothing thing?"

The dog had edged in between Stubby's feet and crouched there. "He could go with me on my route," said Stubby. "He'd kind of be company for me."

And when he had said that he knew all at once just how lonesome he had been sometimes on his route, how he had wanted something to "kind of be company" for him.

His face twitched and he stooped down to

pat the dog. Mrs. Lynch looked at her sonyoungest of her five. Not the hardness of her heart but the hardness of life had made her unpracticed in moments of tenderness. Something in the way he was patting the dog suggested to her that Stubby was a "queer one." He was kind of little to be carrying papers all by himself.

Stubby looked up. "He could eat what's

thrown away."

That was an error in diplomacy. woman's face hardened. "Mighty little'll be thrown away this winter," she muttered.

But just then Mrs. Johnson appeared on the other side of the fence and began hanging up her clothes and with that Mrs. Lynch saw her way to justify herself in indulging her son. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Lynch had "had "You just let him stay around, Stubby," she called, and you would have supposed from her tone it was Stubby who was on the other side of the fence, "maybe he'll keep the neighbors' chickens out! Them that ain't got chickens o' their own don't want to be bothered with the neighbors'!"

That was how it happened that he stayed; and no one but Stubby knew—and possibly Stubby didn't either—how it happened that he was named Hero. It would seem that Hero should be a noble St. Bernard, or a particularly mean-looking bulldog, not a stocky, shapeless, squint-eyed yellow dog with one ear bitten half off and one leg built on an entirely different plan from its fellow legs. Possibly Stubby's own spiritual experiences had suggested to him that you weren't

necessarily the way you looked. The chickens were pretty well kept out, though no one ever saw Hero doing any of it. Perhaps Hero had been too long associated with chasing to desire any part in it—even with rôles reversed. If Stubby could help it, no one really saw Stubby doing the chasing either; he became skilled in chasing when he did not appear to be chasing; then he would get Hero to barking and turn to his mother with, "Guess you don't see so many chickens

round nowadays."

The fellows in the line jeered at Hero at first, but they soon tired of it when Stubby said he didn't want the cur but his mother made him stay around to keep the chickens out. He was a fine chicken dog, Stubby grudgingly admitted. He couldn't keep him from following him, said Stubby, so he just let him come. Sometimes when they were be shot? You got any two dollars and a half waiting in line Stubby made ferocious threats at Hero. He was going to break his back and wring his head off and do other heartless Well, it was something of a joke. Stubby

things which for some reason he never started in right then and there to accomplish. It was different when they were alone—

and they were alone a good deal. Stubby's route wasn't nearly so long after he had Hero to go with him. When winter came and five o'clock was dark and cold for starting out it was pretty good to have Hero trotting at his heels. And Hero always wanted to go; it was never so rainy nor so cold that that vellow dog seemed to think he would rather stay home by the fire. Then Hero was always waiting for him when he came home from Stubby would sing out, "Hello, cur!" and the tone was such that Hero did not grasp that he was being insulted. Sometimes when there was nobody about Stubby picked Hero up in his arms and squeezed him —Stubby had not had a large experience with squeezing. At those times Hero would lick the boy's face and whimper a little love whimper, and such were the workings of Stubby's heart and mind that that made him of quite as much account as if he really had chased the chickens. Stubby, who had seen the way dogs can look at you out of their eyes, was not one to say of a dog, "What good is he?"

But it seemed there were such people. There were even people who thought you oughtn't to have a dog to love and to love you if you weren't rich enough to pay two dollars and a half a year for the luxury.

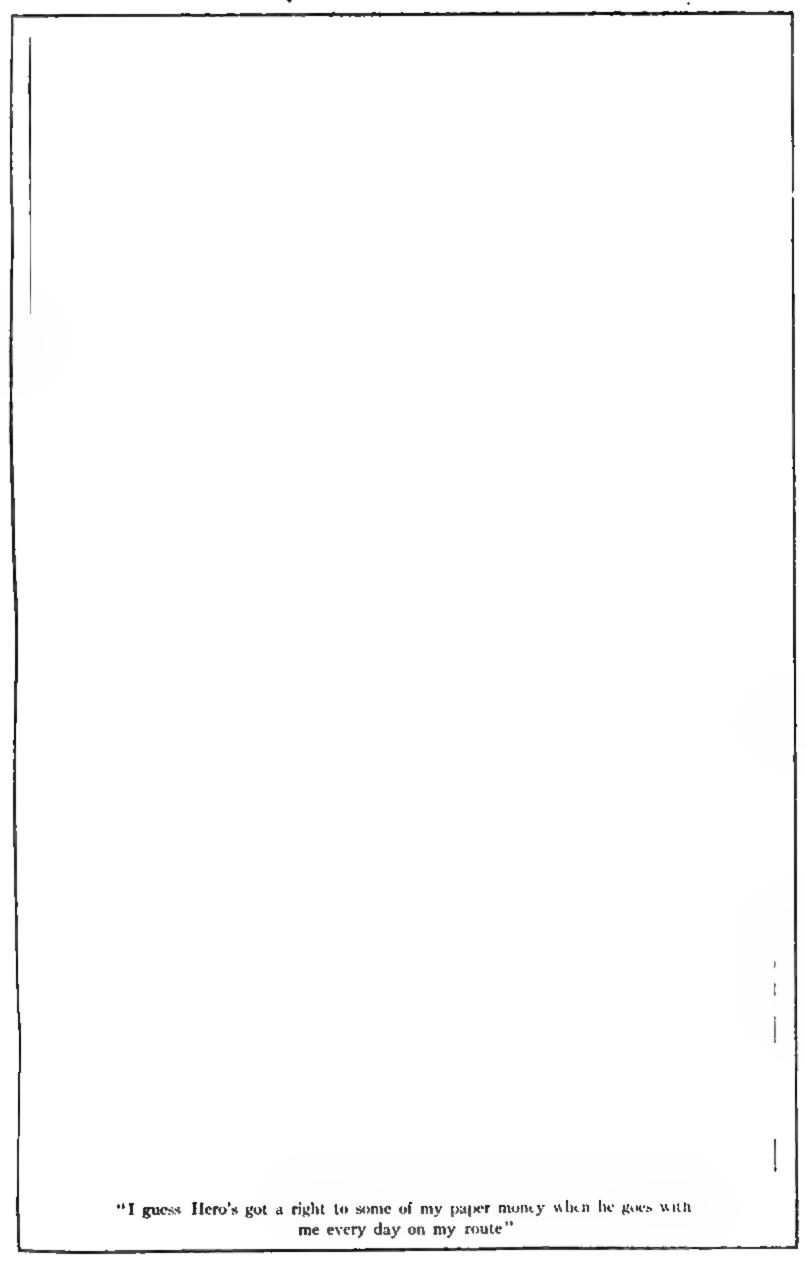
Stubby first heard of those people one night in June. The father of the Lynch family was sitting in the back yard reading the paper when Hero and Stubby came running in from the alley. It was one of those moments when Hero, forgetting the bleakness of his youth, abandoned himself to the joy of living. He was tearing round and round Stubby, barking, when Stubby's father called out: "Here!—shut up there, you cur. You better lie low. You're goin' to be shot the first of August."

Stubby—and as regards the joy of living Hero had done as much for Stubby as Stubby for Hero—came to a halt. The fun and frolic just died right out of him and he stood there staring at his father, who had turned the page and was settling himself to a new horror. At last Stubby spoke. "Why's he going to be shot on the first of August?" he asked in a tight little voice.

His father looked up. "Why's he goin' to

to pay for him?"

He laughed as though that were a joke.



The rest he "turned in."

Then he went back to his paper. There me every day on my route." was another long pause before Stubby asked, in that tight queer little voice: "What'd I have to have two dollars and a half for? Nobody owns him."

His parent stirred scornfully. "Suppose you never heard of a dog tax, did you? 'Spose they don't learn you nothin' like that at school?"

Yes, Stubby did know that dogs had to have checks, but he hadn't thought anything about that in connection with Hero. He ventured another question. "You have to have 'em for all dogs, even if you just picked 'em up on the street and took care of 'em when nobody else would?''

"You pay your dog tax or the policeman comes on the first of August and

shoots your dog."

With that he dismissed it for good, burying himself in his paper. For a minute the boy stood there in silence. Then he walked slowly round the house and sat down where his father couldn't see him. Hero followed —it was a way Hero had. The dog sat down beside the boy, and after a couple of minutes the boy's arm stole furtively around him and they sat there very still for a long time.

As nobody but Hero paid much attention to him, nobody save Hero noticed how quiet and queer Stubby was for the next three days. Hero must have noticed it, for he was quiet and queer, too. He followed wherever Stubby would let him, and every time he got a chance he would nestle up to him and look into his face—that way even cur dogs have of doing when they fear something is wrong.

At the end of three days Stubby, his little freckled face set and grim, took his stand in front of his father and came right out with: "I want to keep one week's paper money to

pay Hero's tax.'

His father's chair had been tilted back against a tree. Now it came down with a thud. "Oh, you do, do you?"

jobs."

"You can, can you? Now ain't you smart!"

The tone brought the blood to Stubby's face. "I think I got a right to," he said, his voice low.

The man's face, which had been taunting, grew ugly. "Look a-here, young man, none o your lip!"

got ten cents a week out of his paper money. stumbled on: "I guess Hero's got a right to some of my paper money when he goes with

> At that his father stared for a minute and then burst into a loud laugh. Blinded with

tears, the boy turned to the house.

After she had gone to bed that night Stubby's mother heard a sound from the alcove at the head of the stairs where her youngest child slept. As the sound kept on she got out of her bed and went to Stubby's

"Look here," she said, awkwardly but not unkindly, "this won't do. We're poor folks, Freddie" (it was only once in a while she called him that), "all we can do to live these times—we can't pay no dog tax."

As Stubby did not speak she added: "I "You bet you do," his parent assured him know you've taken to the dog, but just the same you ain't to feel hard to your pa. He can't help it—and neither can I. Things is as they is—and nobody can help it."

> As despite this bit of philosophy Stubby was still gulping back sobs, she added what she thought a master stroke in consolation. "Now you just go right to sleep, and if they come to take this dog away maybe you can pick up another one in the fall.

> The sobs suddenly stopped and Stubby stared at her. And what he said after a long stare was: "I guess there ain't no use talking

about it."

"That's right," said she, relieved; "now you go right off to sleep." And she left him, never dreaming why Stubby had seen there was no use talking about it.

Nor did he talk about it; but a change came over Stubby's funny little person in the next few days. The change was particularly concerned with his jaw, though there was something different, too, in the light in his eyes as he looked straight ahead, and something different in his voice when he said: "Come on, Hero."

He got so he could walk into a store and demand, in a hard little voice, "Want a boy to do anything for you?" and when they said, "Got more boys than we know what to do "I can earn the other fifty cents at little with, sonny," Stubby would say, "All right," and stalk sturdily out again. Sometimes they laughed and said, "What could you do?" and then Stubby would stalk out, but possibly a little less sturdily.

Vacation came the next week, and still he had found nothing. His father, however, had been more successful. He found a place where they wanted a boy to work in a yard a couple of hours in the morning. For that The tears rushed to Stubby's eyes but he Stubby was to get a dollar and a half a week.

But that was to be turned in for his "keep." There were lots of mouths to feed—as Stubby's mother was always calling to her neighbor across the alley.

But the yard gave Stubby an idea, and he earned some dimes and one quarter in the next week. Most folks thought he was too little—one kind lady told him he ought to be playing, not working—but there were people who would let him take a big shears and cut grass around flower beds, and things like that. This he had to do afternoons, when he was supposed to be off playing, and when he came home his mother sometimes said some folks had it easy-playing around all day.

It was now the first week in July and Stubby had a dollar and twenty cents. It was getting to the point where he would wake in the night and find himself sitting up in bed, hands clenched. He dreamed dreams about how folks would let him live if he had ninety-nine cents, but how he only had ninety-seven and a half, so they were going to shoot him.

Then one day he found Mr. Stuart. He was passing the house after having asked three people if they wanted a boy, and they didn't, and seemed so surprised at the idea of their wanting him that Stubby's throat was all tight, when Mr. Stuart sang out: "Say, boy, want a little job?"

It seemed at first it must be a joke—or a dream—anybody asking him if he wanted one, but the man was beckoning to him, so he ran

up the steps.

"Now here's a little package,"—he took mething out of the mail box. "It doesn't something out of the mail box. belong here. It's to go to Three hundred and two Pleasant Street. You take it for a dime?"

Stubby nodded.

As he was going down the steps the man called: "Say, boy, how'd you like a steady iob?"

For the first minute it seemed pretty mean -making fun of a fellow that way!

"This will be here every day. Suppose you come each day, about this time, and take it over there,—not mentioning it to anybody."

Stubby felt weak. "Why, all right," he managed to say.

"I'll give you fifty cents a week. That

"Yes, sir," said Stubby, doing some quick

"Then here goes for the first week,"—and he handed him the other forty cents.

It was funny how fast the world could

change! Stubby wanted to run—he hadn't been doing much running of late. He wanted to go home and get Hero to go with him to Pleasant Street, but didn't. No sir, when you had a job you had to 'tend to things!

Well, a person could do things, if he had to, thought Stubby. No use saying you couldn't, you could, if you had to. He was back in tune with life. He whistled; he turned up his collar in the old rakish way; he threw a stick at a cat. Back home he jumped over the fence instead of going in the gatelately he had actually been using the gate. And he cried, "Get out of my sight, you cur!" in tones which, as Hero understood things, meant anything but getting out of his sight.

He was a little boy again. He slept at night as little boys sleep. He played with Hero along the route—taught him some new tricks. His jaw relaxed from its grownupishness.

It was funny about those Stuarts. Sometimes he saw Mr. Stuart, but never anybody else; the place seemed shut up. But each day the little package was there, and every day he took it to Pleasant Street and left it at the door there—that place seemed shut up, too.

When it was well into the second week Stubby ventured to say something about the next fifty cents.

The man fumbled in his pockets. Something in his face was familiar to experienced Stubby. It suggested a having to have two dollars and a half by August first and only having a dollar and a quarter state of mind.

"I haven't got the change. Pay you at the end of next week for the whole business. That all right?"

Stubby considered. "I've got to have it before the first of August," he said.

At that the man laughed—funny kind of laugh, it was, and muttered something. But he told Stubby he would have it before the

It bothered Stubby. He wished the man had given it to him then. He would rather get it each week and keep it himself. A little of the grown-up look stole back.

After that he didn't see Mr. Stuart, and one day, a week or so later, the package was not in the box and a man who wore the kind of clothes Stubby's father wore came around the house and asked him what he was doing.

Stubby was wary. "Oh, I've got a little job I do for Mr. Stuart."

"I had a little job I The man laughed. did for Mr. Stuart, too. You paid in adStubby pricked up his ears.

"'Cause if you ain't, I'd advise you to look enoughout for a little job some'eres else." Some

Then it came out. Mr. Stuart was broke; more than that, he was "off his nut." Lots of people were doing little jobs for him—there was no sense in any of them, and now he had suddenly been called out of town!

There was a trembly feeling through Stubby's insides, but outwardly he was bristling just like his hair bristled as he demanded: "Where am I to get what's coming to me?"

"'Fraid you won't get it, sonny. We're all in the same boat." He looked Stubby up and down and then added: "Kind of little for that boat."

"I got to have it!" cried Stubby. "I got to!"
The man shook his head. "That cuts no ice. Hard luck, sonny, but we've got to take our medicine in this world. 'Tain't no medicine for kids, though," he muttered.

Stubby's face just then was too much for him. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dime, saying: "There now. You run along and get you a soda and forget your troubles. It ain't always like this. You'll have better luck next time."

But Stubby did not get the soda. He put the dime in his pocket and turned toward home. Something was the matter with his legs—they acted funny about carrying him. He tried to whistle, but something was the matter with his lips, too.

Counting this dime, he now had a dollar and eighty cents, and it was the twenty-eighth day of July. "Thirty days has September—April, June and November—" he was saying to himself. Then July was one of the long ones. Well, that was a good thing! Been a great deal worse if July was a short one! Again he tried to whistle, and that time did manage to pipe out a few shrill little notes.

When Hero came running up the hill to meet him he slapped him on the back and cried, "Hello, Hero!" in tones fairly swaggering with bravado.

That night he engaged his father in conversation—the phrase is well adapted to the way Stubby went about it. "How is it about—'bout things like taxes,"—Stubby crossed his knees and swung one foot to show his indifference—"if you have almost enough—do they sometimes let you off?"—the detachment was a shade less perfect on that last.

His father laughed scoffingly. "Well, I

"I thought maybe," said Stubby, "if a per- Stubby's mother wanted to know.

son had tried awful hard—and had most enough—"

Something inside him was all shaky, so he didn't go on. His father said that *trying* didn't have anything to do with it.

It was hard for Stubby not to sob out that he thought trying *ought* to have something to do with it, but he only made a hissing noise between his teeth that took the place of the whistle that wouldn't come.

"Kind of seems," he resumed, "if a person would have had enough if they hadn't been beat out of it, maybe—if he done the best he could——"

His father snorted derisively and informed him that doing the best you could made no difference to the government; hard luck stories didn't go when it came to the laws of the land.

Thereupon Stubby took a little walk out to the alley and spent a considerable time in contemplation of the neighbor's chicken-yard. When he came back he walked right up to his father and standing there, feet planted, shoulders squared, wanted to know, in a desperate little voice: "If some one else was to give—say a dollar and eighty cents for Hero, could I take the other seventy out of my paper money?"

The man turned upon him roughly. "Uh-huh! That's it, is it? That's why you're gettin' so smart all of a sudden about government! Look a-here. Just I'me tell you something. You're lucky if you git enough to eat this winter. Do you know there's talk of the factory shuttin' down? Dog tax! Why you're lucky if you git shoes."

Stubby had turned away and was standing with his back to his father, hands in his pockets. "And I'me tell you some'en else, young man. If you got any dollar and eighty cents, you give it to your mother!"

As Stubby was turning the corner of the house he called after him: "How'd you like to have me get you an automobile?"

He went doggedly from house to house the next afternoon, but nobody had any jobs. When Hero came running out to him that night he patted him, but didn't speak.

That evening as they were sitting in the back yard—Stubby and Hero a little apart from the others—his father was discoursing with his brother about anarchists. They were getting commoner, his father thought. There were a good many of them at the shop. They didn't call themselves that, but that was what they were.

"Well, what is an anarchist, anyhow?"

her, "is one that's against the government. He don't believe in law and order. The real bad anarchists shoot them that tries to enread the papers these days you'd know."

ويبلو

Hero! It was the governmentthe laws of the land-that didn't care how hard you had tried didn't care whether you had been cheateddidn't care how you *∫elt* —didn't care about anything except getting the money! His brain got hotter. Well, he didn't believe in the government either. He was one of those people—those anarchists—that were against the laws of the land. He'd done the very best he could and now the government was going to take Hero away front him just because he couldn't getcouldn'i get—that other seventy cents.

"Right now! Quick! Get him!"

Stubby's mother didn't hear her son crying that night. That was because Stubby was successful in holding the pillow over his head.

The next morning he looked in one of the papers he was carrying to see what it said about anarchists. Sure enough, some place way off somewhere the anarchists had shot somebody that was trying to enforce the laws of the land. The laws of the land—that didn't care.

That afternoon as Stubby tramped around looking for jobs he saw a good many boys

"Why, an anarchist," her lord informed playing with dogs. None of them seemed to be worrying about whether their dogs had checks. To Stubby's hot little brain and sore little heart came the thought that they force the laws of the land. Guess if you'd didn't love their dogs any more than he loved Hero, either. But the government Stubby's brain had been going round and didn't care whether he loved Hero or not! round and these words caught in it as it Pooh! -what was that to the government? whirled. The government—the laws of the All it cared about was getting the money. land—why, it was the government and the He stood for a long time watching a boy givlaws of the land that were going to shoot ing his dog a bath. The dog was trying to

get away and the boy and another boy were having lots of fun about it. All of a sudden Stubby turned and ran away-ran down an alley, ran through a number of alleys, just kept on running, blinded by the tears.

And that night, in the middle of the night, that something in his head going round and round, getting hotter and hotter, he decided that the only thing for him to do was to shoot the policeman who came to take Hero away on the morning of August first — that would be day after to-morrow.

All night long policemen with revolvers stood around his bed.

When his mother called him at half past four he was shaking so he could scarcely get into his clothes.

On his way home from his route Stubby had to pass a police-station. He went on the other side of the street and stood there looking across. One of the policemen was playing with a dog!

Suddenly he wanted to rush over and throw himself down at that policeman's feet—sob out the story—ask him to please, please wait till he could get that other seventy cents

But just then the policeman got up and went in the station, and Stubby was afraid

to go in the police-station.

That policeman complicated things for Stubby. Before that it had been quite simple. The policeman would come to enforce the law of the land; but he did not believe in the law of the land, so he would just kill the policeman. But it seemed a policeman wasn't just a person who enforced the law of the land. He was also a person who played with a dog.

After a whole day of walking around thinking about it—his eyes burning, his heart pounding—he decided that the thing to do was to warn the policeman by writing a letter. He did not know whether real anarchists warned them or not, but Stubby couldn't get reconciled to the idea of killing a person without telling him you were going to do it. It seemed that even a policeman should be told,—especially a policeman who played with a dog.

The following letter was penciled by a shaking hand late that afternoon. It was written upon a barrel in the Lynch wood-shed, on a piece of wrapping paper, a bristly little head

bending over it:

To the Policeman who comes to take my dog cause I aint got the two fifty—cause I tried but could only get one eighty—cause a man was off his nut and didn't

pay me what I earned-

This is to tell you I am an anarchist and do not believe in the government or the law and the order and will shoot you when you come. I wouldn't a been an anarchist if I could a got the money and I tried to get it but I couldn't get it—not enough. I don't think the government had ought to take things you like like I like Hero so I am against the government.

Thought I would tell you first.

Yours truly, F. Lynch.

I don't see how I can shoot you cause where would I get the revolver. So I will have to do it with the butcher knife. Folks are sometimes killed that way cause my father read it in the paper.

If you wanted to take the one eighty and leave Hero till I can get the seventy I will not do anything to you

and would be very much obliged.

1113 Willow street.

The letter was properly addressed and sealed—not for nothing had Stubby's teacher

given those instructions in the art of letter writing. The stamp he paid for out of the dime the man gave him to get a soda with—and forget his troubles.

Now Bill O'Brien was on the desk at the police-station and Miss Murphy of the *Herald* stood in with Bill. That was how it came about that the next morning a fat policeman, an eager-looking girl and a young fellow with a kodak descended into the hollow to 1113 Willow street.

A little boy peeped around the corner of the house—such a wild-looking little boy—hair all standing up and eyes glittering. A yellow dog ran out and barked. The boy darted out and grabbed the dog in his arms and in that moment the girl called to the man with the black box: "Right now! Quick!

Get him!"

They were getting ready to shoot Hero! That box was the way the police did it! He must—oh, he must—must... Boy and dog sank to the ground,—but just the same

the boy was shielding the dog!

When Stubby had pulled himself together the policeman was holding Hero. He said that Hero was certainly a fine dog—he had a dog a good deal like him at home. And Miss Murphy—she was choking back sobs herself—knew how he could earn the seventy cents that afternoon.

In such wise do a good anarchist and a good story go down under the same blow. Some of those sobs Miss Murphy choked back got into what she wrote about Stubby and his yellow dog, and the next day citizens with no sense of the dramatic sent money

enough to check Hero through life.

At first Stubby's father said he had a good mind to lick him. But something in the quality of Miss Murphy's journalism left a hazy feeling of there being something remarkable about his son. He confided to his good wife that it wouldn't surprise him much if Stubby was some day president. Somebody had to be president, said he, and he had noticed it was generally those who in their youthful days did things that made lively reading in the newspapers.

LIONS

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "My First Lion," "The Blazed Trail," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

VERY large lion I killed stood three feet and nine inches at the withers, and of course carried his head higher than that. The top of the table at which I sit is only two feet three inches from the floor. Coming through the door at my back that lion's shoulder would stand over a foot higher than half-way up. Look at your own writing desk; your own door. Furthermore, he was nine feet and eleven inches in a straight line from nose to end of tail; or over eleven feet along the contour of the back. If he were to rise on his hind feet to strike a man down, he would stand somewhere between seven and eight feet tall, depending on how nearly he straightened up. He weighed just under six hundred pounds; or as much as four well-grown specimens of our own "mountain lion." I tell you this that you may realize, as I did not, the size to which a wild lion grows. Either menagerie specimens are stunted in growth, or their position and surroundings tend to belittle them; for certainly until a man sees old Leo in the wilderness he has not understood what a fine chap he is.

This tremendous weight is sheer strength. A lion's carcass when the skin is removed is a really beautiful sight. The great muscles lie in ropes and bands; the forearm thicker than a man's leg, the lithe barrel banded with brawn; the flanks overlaid by the long, thick muscles. And this power is instinct with the nervous force of a highly organized being. The lion is quick and intelligent and purposeful; so that he brings to his intenser activities the concentration of vivid passion,—whether of anger, of hunger or of desire.

So far the opinions of varied experience will jog along together. At this point they di-

Just as the lion is one of the most interesting and fascinating of beasts, so, concerning him one may hear the most diverse opinions.

This man will tell you that any lion is always dangerous. Another will hold the king of beasts in the most utter contempt as a coward and a skulker.

In the first place, generalization about any species of animal is an exceedingly dangerous thing. I believe that, in the case of the higher animals at least, the differences in individual temperament are quite likely to be more numerous than the specific likenesses. Just as individual men are bright or dull, nervous or phlegmatic, cowardly or brave; so individual animals vary in like respect. own hunters will recall from their personal experiences how the big bear may have sat down and bawled harmlessly for mercy; while the little unconsidered fellow did his best until finished off; how one buck dropped instantly to a wound that another would carry five miles; how of two equally matched warriors of the herd one will give way in the fight, while still uninjured, before his perhaps badly wounded antagonist. The casual observer might—and often does—say that all bears are cowardly; all bucks are easily killed; or the reverse according as the god of chance has treated him to one spectacle or the other. As well try to generalize on the human race,— as is a certain ecclesiastical habit—that all men are vile or noble. dishonest or upright, wise or foolish.

The higher we go in the scale the truer this individualism holds. We are forced to reason not from the bulk of observations, but from their averages. If we find ten bucks who will go a mile badly wounded to two who succumb in their tracks from similar hurts, we are justified in saying tentatively that the species is tenacious of life. But as experience broadens we may modify that statement; for strange indeed are runs of luck.

For this reason a good many of the wise conclusions we read in sportsmen's narratives are

enough with lions to rise to averages through the possibilities of luck. Especially is this true of lions. No beast that roams seems to go more by luck than felis leo. Good hunters may search for years without seeing hide or hair of one of the beasts. Selous, one of the greatest, went to East Africa for the express purpose of getting some of the fine lions there, hunted six weeks and saw none. Holmes of the Escarpment has lived in the country six years, has hunted a great deal, and has yet to kill his first. One of the railroad officials has for years gone up and down the Uganda Railway on his handcar, his rifle ready in hopes of the lion that never appeared; though many are there seen by those with better fortune. Bronson hunted desperately for this great prize, but failed. Rainsford shot no lions his first trip; and ran into them only three years later. Abel Chapman's description of his continued bad luck at even seeing the beasts. Mac-Millan, after five years' unbroken good for- shot at and even grazed the beast; if he had tune, has in the last two years failed to kill a lion; although he has made many trips for the purpose. F. told me he followed every rumor of a lion for two years before he got one. Again one may hear the most marvelous of yarns the other way about—of the German who shot one from the train on the way up from Mombasa; of the young English tenderfoot who, the first day out, came on three asleep, across a river, and potted the lot; and so on. The point is, that in the case of lions the element of sheer chance seems to begin earlier and last longer than is the case with any other beast. And, you must remember, experience must thrust through the luck element to the solid ground of averages before it can have much value in the way of generalization. Before he has reached that solid ground, a man's opinions depend entirely on what kind of lions he chances to meet, in what circumstances, and on how matters happen to shape in the crowded moments.

But though lack of sufficiently extended experience has much to do with these decided differences of opinion, I believe that misapprehension has also its part. The sportsman sees lions on the plains. Likewise the lions see him, and promptly depart to thick cover or rocky butte. He comes on them in the scrub; they bound hastily out of sight. He may even meet them face to face; but instead of attacking him, they turn to right and left and make off in the long grass. When he follows them, they sneak cunningly away.

worth very little. Few men have experience If, added to this, he has the good luck to kill one or two stone-dead at a single shot each. he begins to think there is not much in lion shooting after all, and goes home proclaiming the king of beasts a skulking coward.

> After all, on what grounds does he base this conclusion? In what way have circumstances been a test of courage at all? The lion did not stand and fight, to be sure; but why should he? What was there in it for lions? Behind any action must a motive exist. Where is the possible motive for any lion to attack on sight? He does not—except in unusual cases—eat men; nothing has occurred to make him angry. The obvious thing is to avoid trouble, unless there is a good reason to seek it. In that one evidences the lion's good sense, but not his lack of courage. That quality has not been called upon at all.

> But if the sportsman had done one of two or three things, I am quite sure he would have had a taste of our friend's mettle. If he had happened upon him where an exit was not obvious; or if he had even followed the lion until the latter had become tired of the annovance he would very soon have discovered that Leo is not all good nature, and that once angered his courage will take him in against any odds. Furthermore, he may be astonished and dismayed to discover that of a group of several lions, two or three besides the wounded animal are quite likely to take up the quarrel and charge too. In other words, in my opinion, the lion avoids trouble when he can, not from cowardice but from essential indolence or good nature; but does not need to be cornered* to fight to the death when in his mind his dignity is sufficiently assailed.

> For of all dangerous beasts the lion, when once aroused, will alone face odds to the end. The rhinoceros, the elephant, and even the buffalo can often be turned aside by a shot. lion almost always charges home. Slower and slower he comes, as the bullets strike; but he comes, until at last he may be just hitching himself along, his face to the enemy, his fierce spirit undaunted. When finally he rolls over, he bites the earth in great mouthfuls; and so passes, fighting to the last. The death of a lion is a fine sight.

> No, I must confess, to me the lion is an object of great respect; and so, I gather, he

^{*}This is an important distinction in estimating the inherent courage of man or beast. Even a mouse will fight when cornered.

[†] I seem to be generalizing here, but all these conclusions must be understood to take into consideration the liability of individual variation.

P	
	, 6%.
	,,,,
	`
	,
	•
	_
	•
	••
	<u>'</u>
The state of the s	manne fili e conflictore a superficiente e e experimente e e employere de ambiente e a la confesio de la experimenta de
THE BIG LION-AN	CD MEMBA CACA
He was nine feet and eleven inches in a straigh	t line from nose to end of tail; or over elev
feet along the contour of the back. If he were	e to rise on his hind feet to strike a man dov
he would stand somewhere between seven and	eight feet tall, depending on how nearly
straightened up. He weighed just under six hur	adred pounds; or as much as four well-gro
straightened up. He weighed just under six hui	aurea pountais for as much as four well-gre 'mountain lion.'"

is to all who have had really extensive experience. Those like Leslie Tarleton, Lord Delamere, W. N. MacMillan, Baron von Bronsart, the Hills, Sir Alfred Pease, who are great lion men, all concede to the lion a courage and tenacity unequaled by any other living beast. My own experience is of course nothing as compared to that of these men. Yet I saw in my nine months afield seventy-one lions. None of these offered to attack when unwounded or not annoyed. On the other hand, only one turned tail once the battle was on; and she proved to be a three-quarter-grown lioness, sick and out of condition.

It is of course indubitable that where lions have been much shot they become warier in the matter of keeping out of trouble. They retire to cover earlier in the mornings: and they keep more than a perfunctory outlook for the casual human being. hunters first began to go into the Sotik the lions there would stand imperturbably, staring at the intruder with curiosity or indifference. Now they have learned that such performances are not healthy—and they have probably satisfied their curiosity. neither in the Sotik, nor even in the plains around Nairobi itself, does the lion refuse the challenge once it has been put up to him squarely. Nor does he need to be cornered. He charges in quite blithely from the open plain, once convinced that you are really an annovance.

As to habits! The only sure thing about a lion is his originality. He has more exceptions to his rules than the German language. Men who have been mighty lion hunters for many years, and who have brought to their hunting close observation, can only tell you what a lion may do in certain circumstances. Following very broad principles, they may even predict what he is apt to do; but never what he certainly will do. That is one thing that makes lion hunting interesting.

In general, then, the lion frequents that part of the country where feed the great game herds. From them he takes his toll by night, retiring during the day into the shallow ravines, the brush patches or the rocky little buttes. I have, however, seen lions miles from game, slumbering peacefully atop an ant hill. Indeed, occasionally, a pack of lions like to live high in the tall-grass ridges where every hunt will mean for them a four or five mile jaunt out and back again. He needs water, after feeding, and so rarely gets farther than eight or ten miles from that necessity.

He hunts at night. This is as nearly invariable a rule as can be formulated in regard to lions. Yet once, and perhaps twice, I saw lionesses stalking through tall grass as early as three o'clock in the afternoon. This eagerness may, or may not, have had to do with the possession of hungry cubs. The lion's customary harmlessness in the daytime is best evidenced, however, by the comparative indifference of the game to his presence then. From a hill we watched three of these beasts wandering leisurely across the plains below. A herd of kongonis feeding directly in their path, merely moved aside right and left, quite deliberately, to leave a passage fifty yards or so wide; but otherwise paid not the slightest attention. I have several times seen this incident, or a modification of it. And yet, conversely, on a number of occasions we have received our first intimation of the presence of lions by the wild stampeding of the game away from a certain spot.

However, the most of his hunting is done by dark. Between the hours of sundown and nine o'clock he and his friends may be heard uttering the deep coughing grunt typical of this time of night. These curious, short, farsounding calls may be mere evidence of intention; or they may be a sort of signal by means of which the various hunters keep in touch. After a little they cease. Then one is quite likely to hear the petulant, alarmed barking of zebras, or to feel the vibrations of many hoofs. There is a sense of hurried, flurried uneasiness abroad on the veldt.

The lion generally springs on his prey from behind or a little off the quarter. By the impetus of his own weight he hurls his victim forward, doubling its head under, and very neatly breaking its neck. I have never seen this done, but the process has been well observed and attested; and certainly, of the many hundreds of lion kills I have taken the pains to inspect, the majority had had their necks broken. Sometimes, but apparently more rarely, the lion kills its prey by a bite in the back of the neck. I have seen zebra killed in this fashion, but never any of the buck. It may be possible that the lack of horns makes it more difficult to break a zebra's neck because of the corresponding lack of leverage when its head hits the ground sidewise.

Once the kill is made, the lion disembowels the beast very neatly indeed, and drags the entrails a few feet out of the way. He then eats what he wants; and, curiously enough, seems often to be very fond of the skin. In fact, lacking other evidence, it is occasionally

possible to identify a kill as being that of a portion of the hide has been devoured. After eating he drinks. Then he is likely to do one of two things: either he returns to cover near the carcass and lies down; or he wanders the method, a pack of lions will often de-

py home. the latter case the hyenas, jackals and carrion birds seize their chance. The astute hunter can often diagnose the case by the general actions and demeanor of these camp followers. A half dozen sour- and disgusted-looking hyenas seated on their haunches at scattered intervals, and treefuls of mournfully hump-backed vultures sunk in sadness, indicate that the lion has decided to save the rest of his zebra until to-morrow; and is not far away. On the other hand, a flapping, snarling Kilkenny-fair of an aggregation swirling about one spot in the grass means that

the principal actor has gone home. It is ordinarily useless to expect to see the lion actually on his prey. The feeding is done before dawn, after which the lion enjoys stretching out in the open until the sun is well up, and then retiring to the nearest available cover. In an undisturbed country, or one not much hunted, the early morning hours, up to say nine o'clock, are quite likely to show you lions sauntering leisurely across the open plains toward their lairs. They go a little, stop a little, yawn, sit down a while, gradually work their way home. At those times you come upon them unexpectedly face to face; or, seeing them from afar, ride them down in a glorious gallop.

In the actual hunting of his game the lion lion by noticing whether any considerable is apparently very clever. Two or more will maneuver very skilfully to give a third the chance to make an effective spring. In a rough country, or one otherwise favorable to slowly and with satisfaction toward his hap- liberately drive game into narrow ravines or

> cul-de-sacs where the killers are waiting.

> At such times the man favored by the chance of an encampment within five miles or so can hear a lion's roar.

> Otherwise I doubt if he is apt often to get the full-voiced, genuine article. The peculiar questing cough of early evening is resonant and deep in vibration, but it is a call rather than a roar. No lion is fool enough to make a noise when he is stalking. Then afterward, when fullfed, individuals may open up a few times—but only a few times —in sheer satisfaction, apparently, at being well fed.

menagerie row at feeding time, formidable as it sounds within the echoing walls, is only a mild and gentle hint. But when seven or eight lions roar merely to see how much noise they can make—as when driving game, or trying to stampede your oxen on a wagon trip—the effect is something tremendous. The very substance of the ground vibrates; the air shakes. I can only compare it to the effect of a very large deep organ in a very small church. There is something genuinely awe-inspiring about it; and when the repeated volleys rumble into silence, one can imagine the veldt crouched in a rigid terror that shall endure.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

The greatest baseball reporter in the world, described by Grantland Rice. A woman who rolled up her sleeves and scoured ten square miles of slums. The head of a great American corporation who would rather do charitable work. The "Cowpea Apostle," who made waste lands of the South blossom in farms. A scientist who has revolted against "Museum" research. and studied to make the world happier.

HUGH S. FULLERTON

NY man who has seen 3561 games of baseball, who has scored 178,569 put outs, 98,562 assists, 14,442 stolen bases and 3987 double plays, must be fairly well posted upon the lore and work-

ings of America's national game.

Hugh S. Fullerton—Chicago "Chooey"—has not only seen 3561 games while scoring 178,569 put outs, 98,562 assists and the rest of it, but in each play of each game he has taken the time to figure out the whys and the wherefores—the causes and effects—as he went along, with time enough and energy enough and enthusiasm enough left to look about him and reflect upon whatever else life had to show along the trail that was interesting or complex or both.

Fullerton is a vital part of baseball. The game has produced but one Wagner, one Anson, one Mathewson, one Lajoie, one

Cobb—and one Hugh S. Fullerton.

There are others who have seen as many games—who have watched these games as closely. But there have been few others with all of this who have had as keen an insight into the spirit of both play and player and who have achieved deductions with so much skill and keenness—who have excavated as deeply beneath the surface for all of importance that might lie below the obvious and who have applied the result of these excavations to the general trend of the contest.

To have the correct answer one must know Fullerton. If Hughey were breaking in as a young pitcher he would be listed by the war scribes as a "tall and rangy guy." He is well over six feet and his frame is as lank as his eyes are keen and as his drawl is magnetic, and there isn't much around him that his eyes miss seeing or that his ears miss hearing. On a training trip with some ball club, no one

will watch the work of the players with any more intentness. But in addition Hughey is reflecting upon the different shades of climate encountered, the varieties of food and cooking along the way, the character and actions of the natives met with in each hamlet and the modes and customs of the trail he is taking in general detail. It may be the manner in which french fried potatoes are handled one day and the condition of the putting greens upon some local course the next, but in either instance it is a certainty that Hughey has studied both carefully and overlooked no point of interest in his summing up.

The only wonder is that he can go to all of it with so much enthusiasm. His specialty is whatever happens to be at hand—whether it be baseball, cooking, golf, climate, people or local industries. For Fullerton is almost as much of an expert at cookery and climate as he is an expert upon diamond affairs. Whether it be at broiling a steak, boiling an egg, compiling meringue, frying a sausage or baking a pie—or the general average of cross currents in South Carolina or dry days in Oregon, the author of "Touching Second," "The Inside Game" etc., is primed and poised for the test.

After graduating from Ohio State University and working through a spring training on a country weekly, Fullerton broke into baseball as a scribe under Comiskey's régime in Chicago. And like the Old Roman, one of the chief causes of his success has been the faculty of making friends and interesting them with a magnetism that isn't to be denied.

This faculty has kept him in close touch with the players and he is one of the few base-ball writers who can "pan" a ball player in picturesque detail and still hold his friend-ship; for the player knows that Fullerton is fair and will be quick enough to change when there is cause for praise.

One would think that after scoring 178,569

WŁ

put outs, the average scorer would be about ready to close his book and turn to something else. But the most rabid fanatic in the land is not more interested in the present pennant campaigns than the man who has in detail 18 flag races in the past.

One of the chief causes of Fullerton's success as a baseball historian, beyond his own insight and powers of deduction, is the great esteem in which he is held by most players and the faith they have in his judgment. Here's an example. One morning he was out completing some base running tests with Tyrus Cobb, the Detroit star. Cobb faced a hard contest that afternoon and vet continued to make play after play from home plate to the different bases while Hughey held the stop watch. Finally Fullerton noticed that Cobb's time was lagging considerably. He looked at his watch and saw that the speed tests had extended beyond two hours and vet the fleet outfielder had made no complaint of overwork. The answer was Fullerton—a mixture of likeable drawl, friendly manner, keen pleasant eyes and attractive personality that made even the Georgia Ghost forget that his \$10,000 underpinnings were getting to be a bit fagged and weary. GRANTLAND RICE.

ANNA MURPHY

the civil service examination that entitled her to become one of the ward superintendents of Chicago, she might well have been appalled when she was assigned to the twenty-ninth ward. Perhaps it was with some idea of "trying out" the woman who had implied that street cleaning was not necessarily men's business, that she was given the largest, dirtiest, and most unhealthful ward in the entire city.

They gave her an office, a broken-down old dwelling house near the stock yards, allowed her an appropriation that was all too small for the work to be done, and left the work to her judgment. She went about cleaning up the ward exactly as a good housekeeper would go about cleaning up a house, left in bad order by the last tenants. The task was fit for Hercules. To begin with she had ten square miles to look after. And this area embraced everything from farm lands to the stock yards. Very few of the streets and none of the alleys were paved. Many of the streets were under water more than half the year. Others were paved with rotting cedar blocks.

A beginning had to be made somewhere, so she started on the alleys. She had her men bring out incinerators and gave them orders to burn the trash, knee deep. They burned everything from cats and dogs to old mattresses. She didn't do as men do with janitors either, give a general order and retire to pleasanter scenes; she did as a good housekeeper does when she bosses a man of all work—gathered up her skirt, stood over her employees and saw that nothing was slighted.

Next she had the barns and fences white-washed to destroy the vermin. Then she established the custom of garbage cans, two for each family. Directions for the separation of waste were printed by her orders in three languages and hung in every kitchen. When she found then that the foreign women were still careless about the condition of the alley, she had those buckets carried into their own back yards. "You see, if their yard is filthy it reflects on them," she reasoned, "instead of on the city." This measure was effective from the first.

But her greatest triumph has been her economical solution of what to do about the flooded streets. The city had no idea of paving them, yet no good municipal housekeeper could countenance their condition. The water was actually deep enough in places to drown a baby. Here is what Miss Murphy did. She had all the trash from the alleys, tin cans, mattresses and so forth, every thing but the food (that is burned), carted to the swimming streets and dumped there. When the street was full, she had gravel. ashes, broken stone, whatever she could get, put on top. The whole was rolled, and behold—without the cost of an extra cent to the property owners—Chicago had a beautiful new highway smooth enough for automobiles to glide over.

A year has passed since Anna Murphy took charge of her vast district, much yet remains to be done, but, anyone will tell you that she has accomplished wonders. To do so she has worked hard. Every morning at seven she has been at her office, starting out from fifteen to sixty men on their rounds. Big, burly fellows most of them are, yet their discipline is the least of her troubles. "I have men working for me," she said, "so good and faithful I'd fight through the city hall to keep them with me."

When she is asked how she won their allegiance she says thoughtfully, "I have always tried to make them feel we were working in a common cause. And I let them know when I am pleased."

This is an age when women are invading many fields of work hitherto closed to them. The ultimate decision as to their right to engage in the new occupations will not rest on either argument or prejudice, there is always in the end but one test: the quality of the work itself. Judged by the standard that Anna Murphy has set as a ward superintendent, the Municipal Housewife has come OCTAVIA ROBERTS. to stay.

JULIUS ROSENWALD

HAT a man does with his leisure moments or with made time, is perhaps the best index to what he is. Mr. Rosenwald remains in business because he enjoys the fellowship of his associates; he gives the major portion of his time to civic and charitable activities because social service is really uppermost in his life.

This is a remarkable thing to say of a man. especially in view of the magnitude and fascination of his business. Mr. Rosenwald is president of Sears, Roebuck and Company, the largest mail order house in the world. Last year it took \$8,000 a day to buy their stamps. A daily average of 75,000 letters pours into the big concern. In the month of February 40,000 people outside of Chicago sent \$8,000,000 for goods ordered from the huge catalogue which is a familiar object in every community in the United States. 20,000 pairs of shoes sold every day in the year is an example of the pace. It requires 0,000 employees to carry on the business. And all built up in sixteen years!

The Jewish Charities first claimed Mr. Rosenwald's social service activities. same optimism, directness and business insight which won such distinguished success in the commercial world, gave him an immediate grasp of the needs and possibilities In the five years before Mr. of this work. Rosenwald took hold, the annual income of the Associated Jewish Charities averaged about \$140,000. His five years have swelled it until around \$400,000, all in annual subscriptions, is assured for next year-"and nobody giving more than he can afford" -done at an annual expense of about \$5,000.

But in efficiency only does this service afford any measure of the man. He is a director of the Religious Education Association, Boy Scouts, City Club, Immigrants' Protective League, Infant Welfare Society, Jewish in order to deal directly and fairly with his

Home Finding Society, trustee of Hull-House, Tuskegee, Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, chairman Bureau of Public Efficiency, member Commercial Club, vicepresident United Charities of Chicago, Chicago Sinai Congregation, president Jewish Agricultural Station in Palestine, Chicago Hebrew Institute, Associated Jewish Charities, is active in the management of other organizations, an efficient contributor to many more.

He gives his dollars; he gives himself. No drudgery is too great. One close to him said, "I never knew a man who gives with so much simplicity, so little of self-interest." He believes a man has a duty in proportion to his standing and influence and never asks another to do what he has not done himself. He puts his heart in the cause, his hand in his pocket, and his feet to the sidewalk. He not only gives generously, but wisely, usually conditioning his gifts on other contributions, and then seems to take pleasure in doing what most men deem a disagreeable task—inducing others to give to good causes in proportion to their means. He is willing to take the rebuke which sometimes comes from trying to show another man his duty.

Asked what single thing had given him greatest satisfaction, Mr. Rosenwald un-hesitatingly answered, "The work with the colored people." Six cities have already claimed the \$25,000 toward a Y. M. C. A. for colored people which he has offered to any community that will raise \$75,000 and give assurance that the building can be supported. In many places the two races, working together for this end, have found that they had interests in common. The colored man is more hopeful of his future; the white man becomes convinced that it is for the interest of both races that the colored man should have free opportunities for a livelihood and the development of character.

Social workers appreciate Mr. Rosenwald's generosity and his influence on other givers. They love him for what he is. He knows their problems. He understands. He is thoroughly democratic, knows no distinction of rank or class except that based on merit and character. Among his best gifts are the discriminating words of praise and appreciation and the personal fellowship which he, in sympathetic, big-brotherly fashion, freely gives to the workers in this field.

He continues in business through attachment to the workers who have helped build up the enterprise, refuses casualty insurance help, gave \$100,000 to insure the facilities of a Y. M. C. A. for his workers and the neighborhood, takes time, no matter what the pressure, for a daily visit with his mother, teaches young men to respect and hold sacred the influence which they are bound to exert, maintains relationships toward his home and family that could with profit be copied the country over.

These and many like considerations enter into the count which places Mr. Rosenwald high on Chicago's list of most useful and best loved citizens. All this at forty-nine! It means much for the future that such a man turns the full tide of his splendid powers to service among his fellow men. His example is the best antidote in the world for anyone who is swelling a fortune but dwarfing a life. SHERMAN C. KINGSLEY.

WILBUR F. MASSEY

T would be impossible to estimate wit... any degree of accuracy just what the teachings of Wilbur F. Massey, now a citizen of Maryland, but whose work was largely done in North Carolina and Virginia, have been worth to Southern farmers. Certain it is that by hundreds of them he is regarded as the final authority on almost all agricultural questions. And they can give as a reason for the faith that is in them, the rather convincing fact that he has helped them to do better farming and to make more money.

After the war Southern farmers, as a class, had few farm animals, few and poor tools, little money, and a surplus of inefficient, unreliable, improvident farm laborers. So there sprang up the "Cropping system" that is, the land-owner rented to the "cropper" a certain tract of land for a share of the crop made on it. This cropper was a negro, as a rule, and had no money. So the storekeeper who furnished him his year's "suplien upon the crop yet to be made. When the of plant foods. crop—cotton, of course—was sold the account was balanced up, the man who had furnished the supplies took out what was due him, the cropper received the rest and generally remained idle until he had spent it all, which was often long before it was time to begin work on a new crop.

Of course, the merchant charged exorbitant prices for his goods—he had to—and ordinarily he would advance only on a cotton campaign, and to-day there is not an agriculcrop. This was the "money" crop; the tural writer or speaker of any authority in

demand for it was always there, and if prices were low and yields small so that the cropper did not make enough to pay the merchant. the latter still had a mortgage on the mule and the plows. It was a beautiful system for the man who furnished supplies,—usually a local storekeeper, sometimes the planter himselfbut it was hard on the cropper and doubly hard on the land-owner. The crude methods and the continued planting of one crop reduced yields, and as the land became poorer, it was "turned out" to grow up in broomsedge and pine or to waste away. The cropper cleared up new lands or moved away.

Such was, in raw outlines, the cropping system once prevalent all over the cotton country and by no means a thing of the past even now. The negro's great idea was to raise as much cotton as possible so as to have some money of his own in the fall. planted, of course, small patches of other crops, corn, cane, sweet potatoes, cowpeas, but they were side issues and neither he nor the landlord dreamed what the cowpea, if given a chance, would do for the depleted

Professor Massey, who had introduced crimson clover into the Delaware-Maryland Peninsula, and who had already a reputation as a teacher of horticulture and agriculture, seems to have been the first man fully to realize that what the soils of the South needed even more than the plant food which was being applied at great cost in commercial fertilizers, without which thousands of acres would no longer produce enough to pay for working, was the return of the vegetable matter which had been dissipated by continuous summer cropping and winter exposure. One could grow cowpeas and turn them under, or feed them to live stock and apply the manure to the soil, and get this vegetable matter. More than this, the peas would gather from the air—as do all the legumes—the nitrogen needed for their own growth, and thus make plies"-food, feed, clothing, etc.,-took a it unnecessary to buy this most expensive

> Other men knew the value of the cowpea, but he saw in it the redemption of the "Plant cowpeas," became his cry, "not in little patches, but in every corn field, on every acre of land not needed for other crops." He filled bulletins with it, and farm papers, and institute lectures; farmers took his advice and found it profitable; other teachers and writers joined in the

the South who does not "preach cowpeas."

What this long-delayed recognition of the value of leguminous crops to mistreated soils is to-day doing for the South is apparent on every hand. So it is no wonder that all over the South can be found men who, among all the leaders of agricultural thought, look first to him who by his untiring insistence on the value of a neglected plant became known as "The Apostle of the Cowpea."

Professor Massey is now 72 years old, looks 60, has the energy and enthusiasm of 50, finds his recreation in working a big garden with his own hands, and still "preaches cowpeas" through the farm papers and from the institute platform.

E. E. MILLER.

CLIFTON FREMONT HODGE

SixTEEN million flies, over forty bushels, were killed last summer by a few Worcester boys and girls in a three weeks' campaign. While the figures were wired all over the United States and to Europe, the momentous result escaped notice in the dispatches. The children pronounced it the best game they had ever played and their sentiments, as voiced by the winner of the first prize indicated that they had learned a lesson of life-long value more precious than prizes or other immediate results. This twelve-year old boy is quoted as saying: "I have learned so much about their

CLIFTON F. HODGE

Professor of Biology in Clark University who led the children of his city in an interesting scientific campaign against flies—all this being a part of his idea of getting vital science into the life of the people by way of the public schools

filthy ways that I hate flies and am not going to have them buzzing around our house any more. It is everybody's duty to exterminate them." This is the kind of enthusiasm that Clifton F. Hodge, Professor of Biology at Clark University is able to create right at home in the city of Worcester.

"Easy as turning over your hand," says Hodge. "So simple as to be almost humorous and so effective that it is little short of the uncanny," writes Dr. Guy L. Hunner who tried out the Hodge plan last summer on his Maryland farm. "It's the best fun we ever had," say the boys and girls. The "Hodge Plan" is biologically the easiest, simplest and most direct solution of the filth disease fly problem imaginable, a solution which means the saving annually of at least 100,000 lives, \$500,-000,000 and endless discomfort to 100,000,000 people in America. "Carry the whole fight outdoors, where it belongs. With durable wire traps set over all garbage pails, where they feed, and in the windows of all stable cellars, where they breed, simply let the pests catch themselves; and then feed them to the chickens." One Worcester boy brought in twenty-two quarts as the catch of a single day. It is only a question of educating everybody to cooperate. Only 232 out of the more than 25,000 Worcester children entered the campaign, and in the best sections of the city not more than one family in ten even tried to do effective work, but the results plainly indicate the possibilities of the plan.

In a paper read before the American Civic Association at its last meeting in Washington on the subject of Civic Fly Campaigns, Dr. Hodge called attention to the fact that by offering prizes for the largest number of flies caught we put a premium on unsanitary conditions and may actually stimulate flybreeding. To correct this error he offered the following suggestion:

"The civic fly campaigns of the future will focus all prizes and honor on the complete absence of flies. Dividing a city into equal districts, instead of crowning him winner who catches the most, he will win who has his district clean first, i. e., who first catches none. The real object of our civic effort will thus be attained and the result will be subject to perfectly clear inspection and demonstration. Instead of our children wailing for more flies to catch, we shall have general rejoicing that the work is well done, rejoicing in clean, wholesome homes, free from danger of filthdisease infections, clean, wholesome stores and market places, a time-old weary fight ended and the most deadly enemy of mankind

vanquished at last. This is now a perfectly possible, even easy consummation, if every household will coöperate. It could all be accomplished at less labor and expense than is now required in extra window and house cleaning due to the presence of the pests."

In getting vital science into the life of the people Hodge recognizes the public school as the shortest cut. In a remarkable paper entitled "Instruction in Social Hygiene in the Public Schools" he states his position clearly for the entire field when he says: "We cannot hope effectively to reach parents—heterogeneous, busy, untaught, scattered, often foreign, immoral sometimes themselves. Hence our main hope is through the schools, to save the young from falling into the mire and being contaminated through ignorance."

We are yearly losing billions in money, and the labor of millions in suffering and bereavement, to preventable diseases. All these from the black death to the white plague represent forces of living nature that operate under laws as definite and discoverable as the law of gravitation. Billions more go to the insects, the fungi and to the rats, English sparrows and other vermin that prey upon our grain fields and forests, our orchards and gardens. We are exterminating many of the finest species of game birds and mammals the continent has produced. We have despoiled our forests, until devastating floods are followed by wide-spread water-famines and droughts. Even the best elements of our soils are being washed away to befoul our rivers and harbors. All this flood of loss and wreckage can be stopped by adequate education.

Looked at from this, or any common-sense, point of view no one can question Professor Hodge's position, viz., that we must begin adequate education young. His plan in a single word is that Nature Study should develop the vital interests of the child in the home—the children's gardens, vegetable, fruit and flower, with the planting and owning of grape vines, and wisteria and clematis, peach trees, apple, pear, plum and quinceeverything that will bring the home up to its possibilities of comfort and beauty-study of soil, its conservation and increase of fertility, easy lessons with birds, insects, toads, fishes, garden fungi, even the bacteria as related to intelligent cleanliness. Here lie the roots of the whole problem: for if every home is made ideal, the whole country will be, and the only way to bring this about is to start the children right.

MRS. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.



SIMPLY SKIRTS

An Emma McChesney Story

By EDNA FERBER

Author of "Dawn O'Hara," "Buttered Side Down"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

isn't what it used to be. Second: If only they could find an opening for a nice, paying gents' furnishing business in a live little town that wasn't swamped with that kind of thing already they'd buy it and settle down like a white man, by George! and quit this peddling. The missus hates it anyhow; and the kids know the iceman better than they do their own dad.

On the morning that Mrs. Emma McChesney (representing T. A. Buck, Featherloom petticoats) finished her talk with Miss Hattie Stitch, head of Kiser & Bloch's skirt and suit department, she found herself in a rare mood. She hated her job; she loathed her yellow sample cases; she longed to call Miss Stitch a green-eyed cat; and she wished that she had chosen some easy and pleasant way of earning a living, like doing plain and fancy washing and ironing. Emma McChesney had been selling Featherloom petticoats on the road for almost ten years, and she was famed throughout her territory for her sane sunniness, and her love of her work. Which speaks badly for Miss Hattie Stitch.

Miss Hattie Stitch hated Emma Mc-Chesney with all the hate that a flat-chested, thin-haired woman has for one who can wear a large thirty-six without one inch of alteration, and a hat that turns sharply away from the face. For forty-six weeks in the year Miss Stitch existed in Kiser & Bloch's store at River Falls. For six weeks, two in spring,

HEY may differ on the subjects of models (slightly modified for River Falls), but cigars, samples, hotels, ball teams incidentally she took a regular trousseau with and pinochle hands, but two things her. All day long Hattie picked skirt and there are upon which they stand suit models with unerring good taste and united. Every member of that fraternity business judgment. At night she was a which is condemned to a hotel bedroom, or a creature transformed. Every house of which sleeper berth by night, and chained to a sam- Hattie bought did its duty like a soldier and ple case by day agrees in this, first: That it a gentleman. Nightly Hattie powdered her neck and arms; performed sacred rites over her hair and nails, donned a gown so complicated that a hotel maid had to hook her up the back, and was ready for her evening's escort at eight. There wasn't a hat in a grill room from one end of the Crooked Cow-path to the other that was more wildly barbaric than Hattie's, even in these sane and simple days when the bird of paradise has become the national bird. The buyer of suits for a thriving department store in a hustling little middle-western town isn't to be neglected. Whenever a show came to River Falls Hattie would look bored, pass a weary hand over her glossy coiffure and say: "Oh, yes. Clever little show. Saw it two winters ago in New York. This won't be the original company, of course." The year that Hattie came back wearing a set of skunk everyone thought it was lynx until Hattie drew attention to what she called the "brown tone" in it. After that Old Lady Heinz got her old skunk furs out of the moth balls and tobacco and newspapers that had preserved them, and her daughter cut them up into bands for the bottom of her skirt, and the cuffs of her coat. When Kiser & Bloch had their fall and spring openings the town came ostensibly to see the new styles, but really to gaze at Hattie in a new confection, undulating up and down the department, talking with a heavy Eastern accent about this or that being "smart" or "good this year," or having "a world of two in fall, and two in mid-winter, Hattie style," and sort of trailing her toes after her lived in New York, with a capital L. She to give a clinging, Grecian line like pictures went there to select the season's newest of Ethel Barrymore when she was thin. The

her slinky silk the floor was mobbed, and they had to call in reserves from the basement ladies-and-misses-ready-to-wear.

Miss Stitch came to New York in March. On the evening of her arrival she dined with Fat Ed Meyers, of the Strauss Sans-Silk Skirt Company. He informed her that she looked like a kid, and that that was some classy little gown, and it wasn't every woman who could wear that kind of thing and get away with it. It took a certain style. Hattie smiled, and hummed off-key to the tune the orchestra was playing, and Ed told her it was a shame she didn't do something with that voice.

"I have something to tell you," said Hattie. "Just before I left I had a talk with old Kiser. Or rather, he had a talk with me. You know I have pretty much my own way in my department. Pity if I couldn't have. I made it. Well, Kiser wanted to know why I didn't buy Featherlooms. I said we had no call for 'em, and he came back with figures to prove we're losing a good many hundreds a year by not carrying them. He said the Strauss Sans-Silk skirt isn't what it used to be. And he's right."

"Oh, say—" objected Ed Meyers. "It's true," insisted Hattie. "But I couldn't tell him that I didn't buy Featherlooms because McChesney made me tired. Besides, she never entertains me when I'm in New York. Not that I'd go to the theatre in the evening with a woman, because I wouldn't, but— Say, listen. Why don't you make a play for her job? As long as I've got to put in a heavy line of Featherlooms you may as well get the benefit of it. You could double your commissions. I'll bet that woman makes her I-don't-know-how-many thousands a year."

Ed Meyers' naturally ruddy complexion took on a richer tone, and he dropped his fork hastily. As he gazed at Miss Stitch his glance was not more than half flattering. "How you women do love each other, don't you! You don't. I don't mind telling you my firm's cutting down its road force, and none of us knows who's going to be beheaded next. But-well-a guy wouldn't want to take a job away from a woman—especially a square little trick like McChesney. Of course she's played me a couple of low-down deals and I promised to get back at her, but that's business. But-

"So's this," interrupted Miss Hattie Stitch. "And I don't know that she is so square. and she's as dependent on a packer and a

year that Hattie confided to some one that Let me tell you that I heard she's no better she was wearing only scant bloomers beneath than she might be. I have it on good authority that three weeks ago, at the River House, in our town-"

Their heads came close together over the

little, rose-shaded restaurant table.

At eleven o'clock next morning Fat Ed Mevers walked into the office of the T. A. Buck Featherloom Petticoat Company and asked to see old T. A.

"He's in Europe," a stenographer informed him. "spaing, and sprudeling, and badening.

Want to see T. A. Junior?"

"T. A. Junior!" almost shouted Ed Meyers. "You don't mean to tell me that fellow's

taken hold-

"Believe me. That's why Featherlooms are soaring and Sans-Silks are sinking. Nobody would have believed it. T. A. Junior's got a live wire looking like a stick of licorice. When they thought old T. A. was going to die, young T. A. seemed to straighten out all of a sudden and take hold. It's about time. He must be almost forty, but he don't show it. I don't know, he ain't so good looking, but he's got swell eyes."

Ed Meyers turned the knob of the door marked "Private," and entered, smiling. Ed Meyers had a smile so cherubic that invol-

untarily you armed yourself against it.
"Hel-lo Buck!" he called jovially. hear that at last you're taking an interest in skirts-other than on the hoof." And he offered young T. A. a large, dark cigar with a fussy-looking band encircling its middle. Young T. A. looked at it disinterestedly, and spake, saying:

"What are you after?"

"Why, I just dropped in-" began Ed

Meyers lamely.

"The dropping," observed T. A. Junior, "is bad around here this morning. I have one little formula for all visitors to-day, regardless of whether they're book agents or skirt salesmen. That is, what can I do for you?"

Ed Meyers tucked his cigar neatly into the extreme right corner of his mouth, pushed his brown derby far back on his head, rested his strangely lean hands on his plump knees, and fixed T. A. Junior with a shrewd blue eye.

"That suits me fine," he agreed. "I never was one to beat around the bush. Look here. I know skirts from the draw-string to the ruffle. It's a woman's garment, but a man's There's fifty reasons why a woman can't handle it like a man. For one thing the packing cases weigh twenty-five pounds each.

porter as a baby is on its mother. Another is that if a man has to get up to make a train at 4 A.M. he don't require twenty-five minutes to fasten down three sets of garters, and braid his hair, and hook his waist up the back, and miss his train. And he don't have neuralgic headaches. Then, the head of a skirt department in a store is a woman, ten times out of ten. And lemme tell you," he leaned forward earnestly, "a woman don't like to buy of a woman. Don't ask me why. I'm too modest. But it's the truth."

"Well?" said young T. A., with the rising

"Well," finished Ed Meyers, "I like your stuff. I think it's great. It's a seller, with the right man to push it. I'd like to handle it. And I'll guarantee I could double the returns from your middle-western territory."

T. A. Junior had strangely translucent eyes. Their luminous quality had an odd effect upon anyone on whom he happened to turn them. He had been scrawling meaningless curlyqueues on a piece of paper as Ed Meyers talked. Now he put down the pencil, turned, and looked Ed Meyers fairly in the eve.

"You mean you want Mrs. McChesney's

territory?" he asked quietly.

"Well, yes, I do," replied Ed Meyers, without a blush.

Young T. A. swung back to his desk, tore from the pad before him the piece of paper on which he had been scrawling, crushed it, and tossed it into the wastebasket with an air of finality.

"Take the second elevator down," he said.

"The nearest one's out of order."

For a moment Ed Meyers stared, his fat "Oh, very well," he said, face purpling. "I just made you a business proposition, that's all. I thought I was talking to a business man. Now, old T. A.-

"That'll be about all," observed T. A.

Junior, from his desk.

Ed Meyers started toward the door. Then he paused, turned, and came back to his chair. His heavy jaw jutted out threateningly.

"No, it ain't all, either. I didn't want to mention it, and if you'd treated me like a gentleman, I wouldn't have. But I want to say to you that McChesney's giving this firm a black eye. Morals don't figure with a man on the road, but when a woman breaks into this game, she's got to be on the level."

T. A. Junior rose. The blonde stenogfeatures now. They glowed luminously into ney. I guess that'll help some."

Ed Meyers' pale blue ones until that gentleman dropped his eyelids in confusion. He seemed at a disadvantage in every way, as T. A. Junior's lean, graceful height towered over the fat man's bulk.

"I don't know Mrs. McChesney," said T. A. Junior. "I haven't even seen her in six years. My interest in the business is very recent. I do know that my father swears she's the best salesman he has on the road. Before you go any further I want to tell you that you'll have to prove what you just implied so definitely, and conclusively, and convincingly that when you finish you'll have an ordinary engineering blue-print looking like a Turner landscape. Begin."

Ed Meyers, still standing, clutched his

derby tightly and began.

"She's a looker, Emma is. And smooth! As the top of your desk. But she's getting careless. Now a decent, hard-working, straight girl like Miss Hattie Stitch, of Kiser & Bloch's, River Falls, won't buy of her. You'll find you don't sell that firm. And they buy big, too. Why, last summer I had it from the clerk of the hotel in that town that she ran around all day with a woman named Le Have-Blanche Le Have, of an aggregation of bum burlesquers called the Sam Levin Crackerjack Belles. And say, for a whole month there, she had a tough young kid traveling with her that she called her son. Oh, she's queering your line, all right. The days are past when it used to be a signal for a loud, merry laugh if you mentioned you were selling goods on the road. It's a fine art, and a science these days, and the name of T. A. Buck has always stood for-

Downstairs a trim, well-dressed, attractive woman stepped into the elevator and smiled radiantly upon the elevator man, who had smiled first.

"Hello, Jake," she said. "What's old in New York? I haven't been here in three

months. It's good to be back."

"Seems grand t'see you, Mis' McChesney," returned Jake. "Well, nothin' much stirrin'. Whatcha think of the Grand Central? I understand they're going to have a contrivance so you can stand on a mat in the waiting room and wish yourself down to the track an' train that you're leavin' on. The G'ints have picked a bunch of shines this season. T. A. Junior's got a new sixty-power auto. Genevieve—that yella-headed steno—was married last month to Henry, the shipping rapher who had made the admiring remark clerk. My wife presented me with twin girls anent his eyes would have appreciated those Monday. Well, thank you, Mrs. McChesand into the big, bright office. She paused at the head bookkeeper's desk. The head bookkeeper was a woman. Old Man Buck had learned something about the faithfulness of women employees. The head bookkeeper looked up and said some convincing things.

"Thanks," said Emma, in return. "It's mighty good to be here. Is it true that skirts are going to be full in the back? How's

business? T. A. in?"

"Young T. A. is. But I think he's busy just now. You know T. A. Senior isn't back yet. He had a tight squeeze, I guess. Everybody's talking about the way young T. A. took hold. You know he spent years running around Europe, and he made a specialty of first nights, and first editions, and French cars when he did show up here. But now! He's changed the advertising, and designing, and cutting departments around here until there's as much difference between this place now and the place it was three months ago as there is between a hoop-skirt and a hobble. He designed one skirt— Here, Miss Kelly! Just go in and get one of those embroidery flounce models for Mrs. McChesney. How's that? Honestly, I'd wear it myself."

Emma McChesney held the garment in her two hands and looked it over critically. Her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. She looked up to reply when the door of T. A. Buck's private office opened, and Ed Meyers walked briskly out. Emma McChesney put down the skirt and crossed the office so that she and he met just in front of the little gate that formed an

entrance along the railing.

Ed Meyers' mouth twisted itself into a

smile. He put out a welcoming hand.

"Why, hello, stranger! When did you drive in? How's every little thing? I'm darned if you don't grow prettier and younger every day of your sweet life."

"Quit Sans-Silks?" inquired Mrs. Mc-

Chesney briefly.

"Why—no. But I was just telling young T.A. in there that if I could only find a nice, paying little gents' furnishing business in a live little town that wasn't swamped with that kind of thing already I'd buy it, by George! I'm tired of this peddling.

"Sing that," said Emma McChesney. "It might sound better," and marched into the

office marked "Private."

T. A. Junior's good-looking back and semibald head were toward her as she entered. She noted, approvingly, woman-fashion, that his neck would never lap over the edge of his collar in the back. Then Young T. A. turned private and family affairs into the business

Emma McChesney swung down the hall about. He gazed at Emma McChesney, his eyebrows raised inquiringly. Emma Mc-Chesney's honest blue eyes, with no translucent nonsense about them, gazed straight back at T. A. Junior.

> "I'm Mrs. McChesney. I got in half an hour ago. It's been a good little trip, considering business, and politics, and all that. I'm sorry to hear your father's still ill. He and I always talked over things after my

long trip."

Young T. A.'s expert eye did not miss a single point, from the tip of Mrs. McChesney's smart spring hat to the toes of her well-shod feet, with full stops for the fit of her tailored suit, the freshness of her gloves, the clearness of her healthy pink skin, the wave of her soft, bright hair.

"How do you do, Mrs. McChesney," said Young T. A. emphatically. "Please sit down. It's a good idea—this talking over your trip. There are several little things now Kiser & Bloch, of River Falls, for instance. We ought to be selling them. The head of their skirt and suit department is named Stitch, isn't she? Now, what would you say of Miss Stitch?"

"Say?" repeated Emma McChesney iickly. "As a woman, or a buyer?"

quickly.

T. A. Junior thought a minute. "As a woman."

Mrs. McChesney thoughtfully regarded the tips of her neatly gloved hands. Then she looked up. "The kindest and gentlest thing I can say about her is that if she'd let her hair grow out gray maybe her face wouldn't look so hard."

T. A. Junior flung himself back in his chair and threw back his head and laughed at the ceiling.

Then, "How old is your son?" with disconcerting suddenness.

"Jock's scandalously near eighteen." In her quick mind Emma McChesney was piecing odds and ends together, and shaping the whole to fit Fat Ed Meyers. A little righteous anger was rising within her.

T. A. Junior searched her face with his glowing eyes. "Does my father know you have a young man son? Queer you never

mentioned it.

"Queer? Maybe. Also, I don't remember ever having mentioned what church my folks belonged to, or where I was born, or whether I like my steak rare or medium, or what my maiden name was, or the size of my shoes, or whether I take my coffee with or without. That's because I don't believe in dragging

relation. I think I ought to tell you that on the way in I met Ed Meyers, of the Strauss Sans-Silk Skirt Company, coming out. So anything you say won't surprise me."

"You wouldn't be surprised," asked T. A. Junior smoothly, "if I were to say that I'm considering giving a man your terri-

tory?"

Émma McChesney's eyes—those eyes that had seen so much of the world and its ways, and that still could return your gaze so clearly and honestly—widened until they looked so much like those of a hurt child, or a dumb animal that has received a death wound, that Young T. A. dropped his gaze in confusion.

Emma McChesney stood up. Her breath came a little quickly. But when she spoke,

her voice was low and almost steady.

"If you expect me to beg you for my job, you're mistaken. T. A. Buck's Featherloom petticoats have been my existence for almost ten years. I've sold Featherlooms six days in the week, and seven, when I had a Sunday customer. They've not only been my business and my means of earning a livelihood, they've been my religion, my diversion, my life, my pet pastime. I've lived petticoats, I've talked petticoats, I've sold petticoats, I've dreamed petticoats—why, I've even worn the darned things! And that's more than any man will ever do for you."

Young T. A. rose. He laughed a little laugh of sheer admiration. Admiration shone, too, in those eyes of his which so many women found irresistible. He took a step forward and laid one well-shaped hand on Emma McChesney's arm. She did not shrink, so he let his hand slip down the neat blue serge sleeve until it reached her snugly

gloved hand.

"You're all right!" he said. His voice was very low, and there was a new note in it. "Listen, girlie. I've just bought a new sixty-power machine. Have dinner with me tonight, will you? And we'll take a run out in the country somewhere. It's warm, even for March. I'll bring along a fur coat for you. H'm?"

Mrs. McChesney stood thoughtfully regarding the hand that covered her own. The blue of her eyes and the pink of her cheeks were a marvel to behold.

"It's a shame," she began slowly, "that you're not twenty-five years younger, so that your father could give you the licking you deserve when he comes home. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd do it anyway. The Lord preserve me from these quiet, deep devils with temperamental hands and luminous eyes.

Give me one of the bull-necked, red-faced, hoarse-voiced fresh kind every time. You know what they're going to say, at least, and you're prepared for them. If I were to tell you how the hand you're holding is tingling to box your ears you'd marvel that any human being could have that much repression and live. I've heard of this kind of thing, but I didn't know it happened often off the stage and outside of novels. Let's get down to cases. If I let you make love to me, I keep my job. Is that it?"

"Why-no-I-to tell the truth I was only-"

"Don't embarrass yourself. I just want to tell you that before I'd accept your auto ride I'd open a little fancy art goods and needlework store in Menominee, Michigan, and get out the newest things in Hardanger work and Egyptian embroidery. And that's my notion of zero in occupation. Besides, no plain, everyday workingwoman could enjoy herself in your car because her conscience wouldn't let her. She'd be thinking all the time how she was depriving some poor, hard-working chorus girl of her legitimate pastime, and that would spoil everything. The elevator man told me that you had a new motor car, but the news didn't interest me half as much as that of his having new twin girls. Anything with five thousand dollars can have a sixty-power machine, but only an elevator man on eight dollars a week can afford the luxury of twins."

"My dear Mrs. McChesney-"

"Don't," said Emma McChesney sharply.
"I couldn't stand much more. I joke, you know, when other women cry. It isn't so wearing."

She turned abruptly and walked toward the door. T. A. Junior overtook her in three long strides, and placed himself directlybefore her.

"My cue," said Emma McChesney, with a weary brightness, "to say, 'Let me pass, sir!"

"Please don't," pleaded T. A. Junior.
"I'll remember this the rest of my life. I thought I was a statue of modern business methods, but after to-day I'm going to ask the office boy to help me run this thing. If I could only think of some special way to apologize to you—"

"Oh, it's all right," said Emma McChes-

ney indifferently.

"But it isn't! It isn't! You don't understand. That human jellyfish of a Meyers said some things, and I thought I'd be clever and prove them. I can't ask your pardon.

T. A. BUCK'S PEATHERLOOM PETTICOATS HAVE BEEN MY EXISTENCE IN THE WEEK, AND SEVEN, WHEN

FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS. I'VE SOLD FEATHERLOOMS SIX DAYS I HAD A SUNDAY CUSTOMER



JAMES MONIECTMENT FLAGS

There aren't words enough in the language. Why, you're the finest little woman—you're smile shining radiantly through the tears. -you'd restore the faith of a cynic who had chronic indigestion. I wish I— Say, let me relieve you of a couple of those small towns that you hate to make, and give you Cleveland and Cincinnati. And let me— Why say, Mrs. McChesney! Please! Don't! shoes. The eyelets in that embroidery are This isn't the time to-"

"I can't help it," sobbed Emma Mc-Chesney, her two hands before her face. "I'll stop in a minute. There; I'm stopping now. For Heaven's sake stop patting me on

the head."

"Please don't be so decent to me," entreated T. A. Junior, his fine eyes more luminous than ever. "If only you'd try to get back at me I wouldn't feel so cut up about it."

Emma McChesney looked up at him, a

"Very well. I'll do it. Just before I came in they showed me that new embroidery flounced model you just designed. Maybe you don't know it, but women wear only one limp petticoat nowadays. And buttoned just big enough to catch on the top button of a woman's shoe, and tear, and trip her. I ought to have let you make up a couple of million of them, and then watch them come back on your hands. I was going to tell you, anyway, for T. A. Senior's sake. Now I'm doing it for your own."
"For—" began T. A. Junior excitedly.

And found himself addressing the backs of the letters on the door marked "Private." as it slammed after the trim, erect figure in blue.

BLIND LEGION THE

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HEIR drums roll on the night. Their fifes shrill up the dawn. Their coming is of light. Bright files, raised knee by knee, swing by perpetually. Saith one, "They march in shame, ill-fame or fouler name!" But I know not in my heart. I, who brood apart,

Know only in my heart: They are marching, marching on!

Uncaptained, rank by rank their tramp and tread rocks by. No weapons gleam or clank

And neither voice nor sign is flashed along their line Saith one, "They march with pride and boast that Heavens deride!"

But I know this verily Who watch them secretly:

They are marching Whitherless with neither Whence nor Why!

Skies o'er them have they none but one unshining arch Of Time. The years withdrawn

Roll down its western slope; and on its eastern cope, Saith one, the years to be crowd forth unweariedly.

I only see their white Stern faces in the night,—

I know only, without fear their dauntless dying march!

Their drums roll on the night. Their fifes shrill up the dawn! With neither voice nor sight

Grim files, raised knee by knee, fade past perpetually. Saith one, "They march in sin and shame, no bliss to win!"

> But I know not, in my heart. I, who brood apart,

Know only in my heart,—they are marching, marching on.

FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ALONE IN THE SENATE

My First Difference with Roosevelt—Railroad Legislation —Disturbing Time-Honored Traditions, and Senator Hale

By ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

WAS elected to the United States Senate on January 25, 1905, four weeks after the Legislature met. I was at first very doubtful whether I ought to resign the governorship. Much work still remained to be done in Wisconsin, and I felt that I could not accept the senatorship until all of the pledges which we had made to the people were redeemed in letter and spirit.

While I recognized that the work of democracy is never finished, I resolved for myself that I would not leave Wisconsin until our legislation had been enacted and its efficiency proven. In the following spring we tested our new direct primary law at the poles; and we tried out the railroad taxation law before the Circuit Court.

In December, 1905, I called a special session of the Legislature to complete our work. When the session adjourned, eleven months after my election to the Senate, I resigned as Governor of Wisconsin and prepared to go on to Washington.

In making this final decision I was not a little influenced by the urgent letters and interviews with people of prominence outside of Wisconsin. During that summer I lectured in some twenty-five different States and I never went anywhere that leading Progressives did not urge me to go to Washington and carry forward the fight on the wider National platform. I remember meeting W. J. Bryan once or twice during the summer.
"La Follette," he said, "I hear you are

not going to the Senate. I do hope that is not true. You must go and make the fight there in the public interest."

cision to accept the senatorship. It was suggested that a few months in the Senate refrigerator to which I would be promptly consigned would considerably cool my ardor and give me time for reflection and the adoption of saner, more rational views of business and government. I remember one of the cartoons of the time pictured my approach to the Senate end of the Capitol apparently all unconscious of the fact that every window was open and that the Senate leaders were leaning halfway out, each holding aloft a mallet with which to extend a senatorial welcome.

After my election to the Senate I had received the usual form letter from Senator Hale, chairman of the Committee on Committees, asking me to state my preference as to committee assignments. In my reply I expressed but one preference—the Committee on Interstate Commerce. I suggested that my interest in the subject of transportation led me to believe that I could render better service upon that committee than upon any other. I need scarcely say that I was not appointed to the Committee on Interstate Commerce. Of all my assignments, the Committee on Indian Affairs was altogether the best; though I should not overlook the bestowal upon me of a Chairmanship which carried with it a committee room, a clerk and a messenger. The title of this committee impressed me considerably. It was the "Committee to Investigate the Condition of the Potomac River Front (Select)." I had immediate visions of cleaning up the whole Potomac River Front until I found that in all its history the Committee I found not a little amusement in the treat- had never had a bill referred to it for considment by the press of the country of my de- eration, and had never held a meeting. My

committee room was reached by going down into the sub-cellar of the Capitol, along a dark, winding passage lighted by dim skylights which leaked badly, to a room carved out of the terrace on the west side of the Capitol.

But I decided to make the best of my committee appointments. Upon one of them, indeed, that of Indian Affairs, I soon found congenial service. A bill was under consideration by that committee for the settlement of the Affairs of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory, one of the most important provisions of which related to the Segregated Coal Lands of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. As passed by the House the bill provided for an extension of the policy of leasing the coal lands to private mining companies. The Senate committee proposed to amend this provision of the House bill and provide for the sale of the lands. It was a new question for me, but I went to see the Secretary of the Interior and the Director of the Geological Survey, and learned that coal of a very superior quality had been located upon 413,000 acres of this land. I also discovered that leases covering about 121,000 acres, while taken in the name of private coal-mining companies, were really controlled by the railroads of the territory. I found that there was little or no competition in prices, and that the transportation rates for shipments from the mines to the consumers, were enormously high.

I therefore opposed in committee the sale of these coal lands. Being voted down on that proposition, I proposed such amendments as seemed to me to better the measure, but was defeated on all of them. When I reserved the right to oppose the committee upon the floor of the Senate, the members smiled a broad smile. I was regarded at that time, I am sure, as a disturber of peace and prosperity. I knew what was back of that smile. The members of the committee were thinking what the Senate would do to me when I attempted to oppose their action in selling these coal lands.

Well, when the bill came before the Senate, I offered amendments which led to a two days' discussion. Though they were voted down, the whole subject was so effectively aired in the newspapers as a scheme of the railroads to get hold of the Indian coal lands that the plan of the committee to sell the coal had to be abandoned.

This first fight in the Senate proved to be an important one. It was the beginning of the battle for conservation of coal lands be-

longing to the people. I am not aware that President Roosevelt had ever, prior to this time, given expression to any view in regard to a policy upon this subject, but as an evidence of the quickness with which his mind grasps an important subject, I mention my first call upon him after the debate in the Senate. I do not now remember the purpose of my visit; I do remember his greeting:

"Senator La Follette, by Jove! you struck a mighty good lead on that coal matter in Indian Territory. I think that is a very im-

portant subject."

And I said to him: "Yes, Mr. President, its importance will develop. I am going to work out a bill providing that the Government shall take over that coal and save it from being exploited by monopoly control."

"Bully! It is a bully good thing!"

"Mr. President," I said, "I think it would also be a good thing applied to all the coal fields of the Government, and I want to come and talk to you about that when you haven't so many in here waiting to see you."

He said: "I would be very much interested.

I wish you would come."

I did go to have a talk with him, and I found him not only open-minded upon the subject, but ready to assent to the importance of some action in that direction. I then suggested to him the withdrawal from sale and entry of all coal, asphalt, and oil lands by executive order; but he at once raised the question of the power of the President to act without Congressional authority. I argued that the President had such authority, but he said that he would get Attorney General Moody's opinion on it. When I saw him afterward he said that Moody's opinion left the matter still in doubt. I then told him that I would introduce a joint resolution in the Senate clothing him with power to withdraw the public lands from entry.

Accordingly, on the 20th of June, I offered such a joint resolution authorizing the President "to withdraw from entry and sale all public lands known to be underlaid with coal, lignite, or oil, and all such lands which, in the judgment of the Director of the Geological Survey, contain deposits of coal, lignite or oil, and that all such lands be withheld from entry or sale until such time as Congress shall determine otherwise."

I next saw President Roosevelt on the 30th of June a few hours prior to the adjournment of Congress. He was then in the President's room at the Capitol. I told him it had been impossible to get action upon my joint resolution, at the same time saying that I did not

think that such action was necessary on the called at the executive office and went over

part of Congress.

"Well," he said in his characteristic and energetic way, "Moody thinks there is some doubt about it, but I'll resolve that doubt in favor of the public, and after Congress adjourns I'll withdraw all government lands known to contain coal deposits."

I told him I believed that such action on his part would have the backing of all the people of the country, and that I proposed to give such time as I could during the summer to a study of the subject with a view to introducing a comprehensive bill not only dealing with the coal lands belonging to the Indians, but with all the coal lands belonging to the general government.

He said: "Good! You go ahead, get your bill ready, and I will make it the leading subject in my message to Congress in December. Come and see me as soon as you return,"

Not long after Congress adjourned, while on the road in the Middle-West filling lecture engagements, I saw a Washington dispatch announcing the withdrawal by the President of many millions of acres of Government coal lands, and that afternoon in an address on the dangers threatening representative government. I told the story of the coal lands and of the President's keen interest in the whole subject.

On my return to Washington in December, 1006, I called promptly upon the President. Almost his first words were:

"Senator La Follette, I have got it in the

message!"

I told him I had made a first draft of my bill but that I needed some further assistance in perfecting it. Upon my request he gave me a card to Attorney General Moody and one of the best men in the Department of Justice was assigned to help me. Many weeks were spent in mastering all the literature and legislation upon this question in Great Britain, Germany and New Zealand, and we then prepared a broad conservation measure. In view of the fact that the bill was in large degrees the work of the able assistant assigned by the Attorney General, I may be pardoned for saying that it is the one bill that has been put before Congress that deals with the subject in a comprehensive way.

Its essential provisions are that all coal lands shall be reserved by the general government and that they shall be leased or licensed to mining companies, not sold outright. By the passage of such a measure the Government would forever control its coal reserves.

the bill, section by section, with the President. At every important point Mr. Roosevelt would smite the table and declare his approval with an emphatic:

"Admirable, admirable, that does the

business!"

When we had finished with the bill, he said: "You may announce, if you desire, that it is an Administration measure."

I was delighted, and expressed my very great appreciation that this important measure could have the active support of the Administration. I introduced the bill, and gave to the press a brief statement of its provisions. Within three days I was surprised to receive a note from the President advising me that he had conferred with friends about the coal bill which I had introduced, and found that it would be impossible to get support for any such measure; that its provisions were regarded as too drastic, and that in order to "get something through" it would be necessary to agree upon a less comprehensive plan. He said it had been suggested to him that Senator Nelson had introduced a bill shortly before, which would be acceptable to everybody. The joint resolution which I had introduced on the 20th of June, 1906, with its preamble reciting the conditions that existed, followed by the President's withdrawal of the coal lands, had served as a warning that action in some form was likely to be undertaken, and Senator Nelson of Minnesota had on the 3rd day of January, 1907, introduced a bill upon the subject. I replied to President Roosevelt's note by letter, as I wished to place before him a careful analysis of the Nelson bill to the end that he might see that legislation of that character would be not only not worth while, but would, if enacted, serve only to bring government control into actual disrepute, and end, as do all compromises with principle, in defeating the very object in view. In my letter to the President I assured him that no pride of authorship would impel me to insist upon my bill; that in order to secure legislation upon this important subject, I stood ready to support any bill, provided it embodied the principles essential to make this new legislation really effective. In reply, the President did not attempt to answer the objections which I presented to the Nelson bill, but said briefly that if those who were supporting the new policy were not willing to agree upon "something which could be passed," he would wash his hands of the Before I introduced the bill, however, I whole matter and would cancel his withdrawal of the lands and open them again to sale and entry.

I state the facts here just as they transpired, because they illustrate the difference in methods which sometimes rendered it impossible for President Roosevelt and myself to cooperate on important legislation. He acted upon the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread. I believe that loaf is fatal whenever it is accepted a. sacrifice of the basic principle sought to be attained. Half a loaf, as a rule, dulls the appetite, and destroys the keenness of interest in attaining the full loaf. A halfway measure never fairly tests the principle and may utterly discredit it. It is certain to weaken and dissipate public interest. Compromise is almost always necessary in legislation, but it calls for the most thorough mastery of the principles involved in order to fix the limit beyond which not one hair's breadth can be yielded.

Roosevelt is the keenest and ablest living interpreter of what I would call the superficial public sentiment of a given time, and he is spontaneous in his response to it; but he does not distinguish between that which is a mere surface indication of a sentiment, and the building up by a long process of education of a public opinion which is as deeprooted as life. Had Roosevelt, for example, when he came to consider railroad rate regulation, estimated correctly the value of the public opinion that had been created upon that subject through a space of nine years, he would have known to a certainty that it lay in his power to secure legislation which should effectually control the great transportation companies of the country. But either through a desire to get immediate results or through a misunderstanding of the really profound depth of that public sentiment, he chose to get what little he could then rather than to take a temporary defeat and go on fighting at the succeeding session of Congress for legislation that would be fundamentally sound.

To get back to the coal matter: I knew instinctively what had taken place immediately after the introduction of my bill. Representatives of the railroads and of the corporations both inside and outside of Congress had probably swarmed to the White House, denounced the bill, denounced me, and told the President that the plan I had offered was socialistic, and that the committee would not tolerate it.

EDITOR'S NOTE. This matter was all

Colonel Roosevelt became a candidate for the Republican nomination for the presidency.

That ended, for the time being, any chance of legislation on that subject. But I have presented the same bill at every session of Congress since 1907, and it is now before the Committee on Public Lands. I am very hopeful that public sentiment and the changes that are gradually taking place in the personnel of the committee will soon make it possible to secure favorable action. I am glad to see, indeed, that the Secretary of the Interior has used this bill as well as that which I introduced to provide for the control of the Indian coal land of Oklahoma, as a basis for his plan for the control of coal and other mineral resources in Alaska.

The simple scheme of dominating the committees in the Senate and the House, as exemplified in the case of these coal land bills, is the familiar procedure of those private interests, both inside and outside of Congress, which seek to direct National legisla-Any attempt to bring about progressive reforms is met by this entrenched opposi-For example, the Committee on Naval Affairs will be found composed almost entirely of members representing States or districts within which have been built up—often wrongfully—great naval establishments, harbors, docks and the like. I venture to say that an expert, unbiased naval board would close many, if not most, of the principle naval yards and docks, and never permit the expenditure of another dollar upon them. Every experienced naval officer will tell you that owing to channel and currents, every large battleship docks at Portsmouth at the risk of serious injury or total loss; and yet Hale of Maine, and Gallinger of New Hampshire were, for years, important members of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and Portsmouth was maintained. The same is in a measure true of the Mare Island yard at San Francisco; but Senator Perkins of California is now chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Every principle of naval warfare requires that this Government should have one of its most important stations at Guantanamo, Cuba. But we have no Senator from Guantanamo, and so we have no harbor there.

Now, I had grown tired of sitting in the Senate, and seeing appropriation bills carrying hundreds of millions of dollars brought in, not reasonably early in the session, but held back until near its close. Such delay served dictated by Senator La Follette months before two purposes. The appropriation bill having

the right of way under the rules could be used to kill off any measure that the interests did not want passed. Furthermore it could be urged that there was no time for full debate on the different appropriations and thus many a job escape criticism. One afternoon, therefore, when Mr. Hale arose and presented the naval appropriation bill stating that he hoped the first reading of the bill would be dispensed with, I said that I had had no opportunity to see what was in the bill; that I thought the time had come when the Senate should stop such proceedings; that my remarks were not intended as an affront to the committee; but that each of us had his personal responsibility to his State and to the country, and that the organization of the Senate contemplated that legislation should not be enacted by the fifteen or seventeen men who constituted the committee. about whose selection the Senate itself had had very little to say. At once Mr. Hale started in to rebuke me. I told him that I was not accountable to him for the course that I was taking: that I stood ready to assume all the responsibility for any loss of time to the country on this important legislation: that appropriation bills, it seemed to me, should be reported early enough so that members of the Senate could have a few days in which to investigate them, and I asked that he defer pressing the bill for a day or two. But Hale made no response and the clerk started in to read the bill.

Now, I had not studied the naval appropriation bill at all, but I began to send for documents, and I determined to speak on the bill until adjournment for the day, and thus gain time to study it. Hale saw that I was quite determined to prevent the passage of the bill that afternoon and so he rose and said that he wanted to be reasonable about these things; and the bill went over finally until the following Monday.

I went home that night and immediately began getting telephone calls from naval officers here in Washington, who said they were gratified to see that there was to be some discussion of the bill; that there were many things about it that were bad; that they had pride in the navy and that they wanted to see a navy built up for the ocean, and not for the land. I answered that I would be glad to have them meet me and certain of my associates who would be selected with the greatest care, and who would protect them absolutely. Then I called in Cummins, Borah, and Dixon. I called Dixon

Hale and expressed sympathy with the course I had taken. This was the first gathering of the group of so-called Progressives in the Senate for concerted action on legislation. We spent the entire Sunday on it—assisted by a number of naval officers, and threshed out the whole bill. When we had determined on the items in the bill that should be opposed, we shared them among us and each one went to work.

In the course of the debate on the Naval Appropriation bill which followed, the Senate bosses for the first time were vigorously attacked for the way they made up the committees. I contended that members from States where appropriations were to be expended ought not to be on committees which controlled those expenditures. I said that no one would think of permitting a jury to sit in any case where that jury was directly or indirectly interested in the result of the verdict. Of course, it was taken by my associates as theoretical preaching and sneered at, but it had its effect just the same. We did not, indeed, get any change in that particular bill, for they had a big majority and passed it in spite of us; but at the close of the debate I offered a resolution as fundamentally important in principle as the resolution that I offered for the reservation of the coal lands, with reference to naval appropriations in the future. That resolution provided that the President should appoint a Board of Naval Experts to investigate all of the naval harbors, yards and drydocks in the United States, and report to the next Congress whether appropriations were being made in the best interests of the service. They voted me down, but a few weeks after this, Roosevelt, just before he went out of office, appointed just such a board, which has since made a valuable report.

I made a fight for time to investigate all important appropriation bills during that session, and since then immediate consideration is rarely asked upon the report of an appropriation bill.

There is, indeed, a great field for reform, not only in the method of selecting the members of the various committees of the Senate, but in the principle that should control. I do not believe that any committee charged with the responsibility of the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars of the public moneys should be composed of senators or members of the House representing States within which such expenditures are made. It is a common thing for members and because he had come to me after my tilt with senators to urge as one of the arguments in

making their personal and semi-confidential appeal to their friends upon the various committees that the expenditure of so many hundreds of thousands of dollars in their districts or their States would materially help them in their coming election. It is not an exceptional thing for a man to support his claims for reëlection on the size of the appropriations he has secured. Senator Warren, of Wyoming, within a year, in a speech made to his constituents, compared the amount he and his colleague had obtained in the way of appropriations for Wyoming, with what other senators had been able to get for some of the most important States in our Union—and boasted of it as a meritorious achievement.

The most important thing of all is to send honest men to Washington—men in this time of stress who want to serve the public, and nobody else. The abler these men are the better, but above all, the people should see to it that their representatives are honest—not merely money honest, but intellectually honest. If they have the highest standards of integrity and the highest ideals of service, all our problems, however complex, will be easily solved.

Jethro was a wise counselor when he said to Moses, "Thou shalt provide out of all the people able men such as fear God, men of

truth, hating covetousness."

I have said before in the course of this narrative that the legislation in which I took the greatest interest as a member of the House of Representatives, was the enactment of the Interstate Commerce Act. And when I came to the Senate nineteen years later, I found the same subject the most important legislation pending. The Hepburn bill, amending the Interstate Commerce Act, had passed the House and was before the Senate.

There followed months of debate through which I sat waiting for some one to raise what seemed to me to be the real issues—the real questions as we had met them in our years of struggle with the railroad problem in Wisconsin.

Now, there are just three principal purposes in the governmental regulation of railroad rates. The first—to prevent unjust and extortionate rates from being imposed upon the country. The second—to prevent discriminations between shippers, or localities, or commodities. The third—to enforce an adequate service.

The primary purpose in the enactment of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887—I recall clearly the arguments and hearingswas to prevent the imposition of unreasonable and unjust rates. In saying this I do not wish to belittle the abuses arising from discriminations of which rebates furnish one example. They have been most serious in their consequences; but the early advocates of railroad regulation saw clearly that the subject of deepest importance was not discriminations, but unreasonable rates.

Again and again President Roosevelt laid it down in his messages and public addresses, that there was very little complaint that rates were unreasonable, but that there was much complaint against discriminations. And that statement was true. It was true for this The shippers can easily organize and reason. make themselves felt. The thing in which the shipper is vitally interested is that his competitor shall not have a better rate or better facilities than he has. But he is not concerned as to whether that rate is high or low, because he does not pay the rate, excepting in the first instance. He always charges the rate in as a part of the cost to the consumer, who is the real freight payer the country over.

Now, the consumer who is primarily interested in unreasonable rates, has little or no opportunity to be heard. Nor has he the means of knowing, when he buys his coal, his supplies, his food, his lumber, his hardware, how much of the price he has to pay is due to excessive freight charges. He realizes that year by year it costs more for everything he must buy, but he is not able to put his finger upon the particular amount of that excessive cost which is due to freight charges made in the shipment of raw material to the factory, in the shipment of the partially finished product to some other factory, and in the further shipment of the finished product to the wholesaler or jobber, and in the final shipment to the retailer, from whom he buys it. He cannot organize and come before a legislative committee and make himself heard.

It is true that the Interstate Commerce Commission has assumed from time to time to say that rates were reasonable or unreasonable, but they have based their decisions, in that regard, merely upon comparisons of one rate with another, both of which may be wholly unreasonable. They have never had, and have not now, any real standard of judgment.

For ten years after its organization in 1887, the Commission did assume the right to fix rates; then in 1897 came a crushing decision of the Supreme Court which robbed it of this power and left it worse than helpless. During

Hepburn bill to which I have referred was introduced, the committees in both Senate and House were so dominated by railroad and other corporation interests that it was impossible to get any real reform measure

reported out.

During all the years from 1807 to 1906, the Commission, which was a very able one, kept calling the attention of Congress and the country to its utter helplessness. Year after year they repeated their pleas; they appeared before Committees; they showed how the railroads were rapidly combining in enormous monopolies; they showed in 1905 that unwarranted increases in transportation rates amounting to more than \$100,000,000 a year had been levied upon the people since the Commission lost its power in 1897—but Congress would not move.

All this time, however, the clamor of both the shippers and the public had been increasing in volume and intensity. In 1903, Congress passed the Elkins law which dealt with rebates and discriminations—for the railroads by that time had grown weary of paying rebates, and were not unfavorable to having the practice forbidden. But nothing was done for the consumers, who were still suffer-

ing from unreasonable rates.

Finally, by 1006, the situation had become so unbearable, and centers of production throughout the country had suffered to such an extent, that there arose a great outcry of protest. The railroads, finally realizing that something must be done to quiet the public clamor, loosened their hold sufficiently to permit the so-called Hepburn bill to pass the House of Representatives. When it came to the Senate it fell into the hands of the Committee on Interstate Commerce, a majority of which was absolutely opposed to any legislation restoring any power to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Finally, however, through an alliance of Dolliver and Clapp with the Democrats, the bill was reported out, and the debate began. Incredible as it may seem the bill did not include in its terms the recommendations which the Interstate Commerce Commission had for years been urging as necessary to make it a workable statute. It never touched the heart of the matter, namely, whether the Commission should be given the power to determine what was a reasonable rate, and to enforce its decisions.

For months I sat through these debates, as I say, waiting for someone to raise the real questions. I had studied the bill with great

the next o years down to 1006, when the care. There was just one portion of it which was important and did really improve the law, and that was the amendment empowering the Interstate Commerce Commission to require all railroads engaged in interstate commerce to adopt a uniform system of bookkeeping, and authorizing the commission through its examiners and accountants to examine the books and accounts of railroad companies at all times. The value of that provision could not be overestimated. But that was about all there was of a vital character to the act of 1906.

I was very loath to see the bill pass in its imperfect form, but I was a new man in the Senate, without influence with the members of that body. I felt strongly that if President Roosevelt rightly estimated the strength of the public sentiment in favor of effective legislation, and would exert his influence upon the Senate, that legislation which would really count could be secured; I had known him for fifteen years, but I was conscious that he had been warned that I was dangerous and extreme in my views, and I was in no position to offer him any suggestions unsolic-

Lincoln Steffens was in Washington during that winter. On one occasion he asked me why I did not go to see the President and warn him of the defects in the bill.

"I have been seeing the President," he said, "and I am going to suggest to him that you have gone all over this question in Wisconsin: that you have been at it for years up there, and it will do no harm for him to have a talk with you about it."

This he did, with the result that I received an invitation to go to the White House and see the President one Sunday evening at ten o'clock. He was alone, and after chatting with me a few moments, he said, "Senator La Follette, I sent for you to come and talk with me about the rate bill."

Then he proceeded to say that the most needful thing to be done in the way of changes in the law was to strengthen it, so that the injustice done to a great many shippers by discriminations would be made impossible.

"Discrimination is important," I said, "and should not be tolerated. Every man who deals with a common carrier has a right to treatment on an equal footing with every other shipper of the same product. But the question, Mr. President, is very much bigger than that. To begin with, the first and the vital thing, in which the great body of the people of this country are interested, is in having transportation charges reasonable."

Then I took up and discussed with him the changes that ought to be made in the bill. I sat with him until twelve o'clock that night, and I did not outstay my welcome either. I found him a very good listener and I had the feeling that I had made some impression upon him. In the course of my talk, he stopped me to say, "But you can't get any such bill as that through this Congress."

Republican colleagues to listen to me, aside from New Jersey, Mr. Kean, who seemed to have been left on guard. I understood perfectly well that I was being rebuked. It was not altogether because I was a new man in the Senate, but I had no sympathy, no fellowship, no welcome from Republican members of the Senate when I entered. I knew that

My answer was, "That is not the first consideration, Mr. President."

"But," he said, "I want to get something through."

And I remember very clearly saying to him, "Mr. President, you pass such a bill as is pending in the Senate, and a successor in your place will have to tear it to pieces, and build it all over again. The record that your administration leaves on this legislation will count for a world more in your history, and in the history of the country, if you will try to get what is right even though you fail, than if you take what you can get, knowing that it does not reach the vitals of this question." I said, "If you will send a special message to Congress right now, while this bill is pending, pointing out the things needful to be done, you may not get it through this session, but you have got an organized sentiment that has been building up for nine years, and if you lay down clearly, so the public can understand, just what ought to be done, and this Congress fails to act, in the next Congress you will have the people back of you more strongly than ever. If you went to the end of your service as President, reiterating in your messages every time you dealt with the subject the true lines upon which this legislation should be written and the public interest protected, you will have left in your messages a monument compared with which such a statute as this would be trivial."

But however the President may have been impressed by what I said—and I am quite sure he was impressed—no message came from him on the subject of strengthening the bill fundamentally. So I made up my mind that I would put before the Senate and the country the defects in the bill and would offer the necessary amendments to make it an effective statute. I spent several weeks preparing my argument, and beginning on April 19, 1906, I spoke for about two hours and a half, the same length of time on the 20th, and the same on the 21st. I reviewed the history of the whole subject. The printed speeches (published together) numbered 148 pages.

I had not been speaking more than ten minutes before I found myself without any

Republican colleagues to listen to me, aside from New Jersey, Mr. Kean, who seemed to have been left on guard. I understood perfectly well that I was being rebuked. It was not altogether because I was a new man in the Senate, but I had no sympathy, no fellowship, no welcome from Republican members of the Senate when I entered. I knew that I was familiar with my subject. I had studied it for several years. In Wisconsin it had been the one subject, above all others, which had been discussed, investigated, and legislated upon. I knew that big things had been done there in a fundamental way, and that I had been a part of the doing and I felt that my experience should be of some value to the country. So I could not help saying:

"Mr. President, I pause in my remarks to say this. I cannot be wholly indifferent to the fact that senators by their absence at this time indicate their want of interest in what I may have to say upon this subject. The public is interested. Unless this important subject is rightly settled, seats now temporarily vacant may be permanently vacated by those who have the right to occupy them at this time."

It was said very quietly, but it elicited general applause in the galleries, which immediately brought Senator Kean to his feet to demand that the rule of the Senate be enforced and the galleries cleared. The presiding officer thereupon admonished the occupants of the galleries that upon a recurrence of what had transpired the galleries would be cleared.

What occurred in the Senate gallery found its way into the cloak rooms and committee rooms, whence the senators had retired, and before long they began drifting back into the Senate, and it is fair to say that throughout the remainder of my speech I had exceptional attention.

Senator Dolliver was a member of the Committee that had framed this bill, and when I began to attack what was called the Hepburn-Dolliver bill, naturally he felt compelled to defend it. He had been for six or seven years a member of the Committee on Interstate Commerce and he did not seem to understand what I was talking about when I suggested the radical defect in the bill—that it was not possible for the Commission to make and enforce reasonable rates, even if this bill passed. He thought my statement preposterous. Then he proceeded to point out that section so and so of the bill declared

every unreasonable rate to be unlawful, and and before I finished, I had a goodly number then, almost in the next sentence it stated on the other side. that the Commission should have authority to enforce reasonable rates. He seemed to think that this was all that was necessary, and I do not believe that Dolliver or any other man in the Senate at that time had ever seriously considered the idea of determining the value of the property, the cost of maintenance and the cost of operation as a necessary basis for fixing the reasonableness of rates. The thing seemed to break upon the Senate as a startling idea and yet most of them as business men would never have thought of fixing a price on a commodity or for a service without knowing definitely what that service cost. True, the Interstate Commerce Commission had urged a valuation of the railroads in their reports, but the subject had never been aired on the floor of the Senate.

I pointed out to Senator Dolliver in the course of the debate, that there were no means by which the Commission could ascertain what was a reasonable rate: that under the law of 1887, as proposed to be amended by the pending bill, it would be possible for the Commission to determine whether rates were relatively reasonable, but not that they were reasonable per se; that one rate could be compared with another, but that the Commission had no means of determining whether either ette, Warner. rate so compared was itself a reasonable rate. And then I proceeded to lay down the basis for determining reasonable rates, and we had a running debate for about an hour when Dolliver, who had come down until he stood squarely in front of my desk, said:

"Mr. President, I am disposed to sympathize with the views of the Senator from Wisconsin: I believe that the bill ought to be amended."

And he was one of five other senators besides myself on the Republican side who voted for the amendment to authorize the Interstate Commerce Commission to ascertain the value of the railroad property of the country. And from that time on Senator Dolliver, as long as he lived, stood with me whenever the question of valuation was raised.

Dolliver was honest-minded, and when his intellect pointed the way, that way Dolliver went always. I shall have more to say of him later in this narrative.

I do not think the "Stand Patters" of the Senate understood what I was talking about when I discussed the Hepburn-Dolliver bill. They did not follow me closely enough to the Senate chamber I had excellent attention.

When the time came to offer amendments I secured the pledges of enough Democratic senators to enable me to get a roll call on the amendments as I offered them. I made no personal appeal to any senator to vote for any amendment. All that I asked was that they give me an opportunity to put the Senate on record. And I found the Democrats very ready to do that.

In offering each amendment I made perhaps a five- or ten-minute statement, and then demanded the yeas and nays. On the amendment for the valuation of railways, I demonstrated conclusively the overcapitalization of the railroads of the country. I argued that if the same system were applied which we were then applying in Wisconsin, it would work a saving in transportation charges of something more than \$400,000,000 to the people of this country every twelve months. In support of that amendment I used the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the demonstration made in Wisconsin. And yet, when the roll was called, my amendment was beaten 40 to 27, the only Republicans voting for it being Burkett, Dolliver, Elkins, Gamble, La Foll-

There were nine amendments in all. Eight of them had the endorsement of the Interstate Commerce Commission, an unprejudiced body. Each had reason and justice back of it. No argument could be made against any one of them, and no argument ever was made on the floor against their merits, either at that time or since. There was nothing to be said on the other side.

Coming home on the street car one day, I wondered how far they would go. And I took a pad out of my pocket and outlined an amendment to the effect that any federal judge should be disqualified from hearing, trying or determining any case for the regulation of railway rates against any road in which he was a stockholder or whose bonds he owned, or upon which he used free passes. And that amendment was lost 40 to 27. There were only three Republicans who thought that a federal judge ought not to own stock in a road, and then, hear, try and determine a case involving its interests!

Formerly, record votes on delicate questions were avoided in the Senate; but I had a purpose in thus committing the senators on understand. But on the Democratic side of these phases of railroad control. I wanted to show exactly where they stood and why.

During the summer which followed I made a speaking tour that covered nearly all the States from New York to California, and everywhere I went I used these roll-call records of the Senate. I made twenty-one speeches in which I showed the record of Dryden of New Jersey, and I have no doubt that the proof which these roll-calls furnished of the true attitude of senators served to retire not a few of them.

At the beginning of the next session (1907) and again in 1909, I introduced a bill providing for a comprehensive valuation of the railroads as a basis for establishing just and reasonable rates, and I have kept it before the Senate Committee ever since. I believe absolutely that it is the only basis of a just settlement of the problem: I know how well the plan is being worked out in Wisconsin, and I am certain sooner or later that the National Government must adopt it.

To illustrate the futility of the Hepburn law as passed, it is worth noting that the railroads began almost immediately to raise their rates, and they accompanied these raises by a costly campaign of publicity to make the public believe that the advances were necessary. But in spite of this, during the years 1907, 1908 and 1909, a number of large meetings were held at which shippers, manufacturers and producers protested against the raises.

And in 1910, the next railroad legislation which really got before Congress was the socalled Commerce Court bill, though the establishment of a Commerce Court was only one of its provisions. That bill as it came from Attorney General Wickersham with the approval of President Taft was, in all the history of railroad legislation, the rankest, boldest betrayal of public interest ever proposed in any legislative body. If it had been passed as introduced it would have lost to the people all the ground that had been gained in the long struggle with the railroad corporations. The bill as it was originally presented practically took all the power away from the Interstate Commerce Commission; deprived them of the right of employing counsel to defend their own orders and transferred all that authority to the Attorney General's office. It bestowed upon the railroads much larger rights in contesting before the court the orders of the Commission than they had ever had before, and cut out root and branch the right formerly enjoyed by outside interested parties and communities of employing their own attorneys to aid in sustaining the orders of the Commission.

In short, it threw the determination of railroad questions back into the hands of the Attorney General and the courts.

Before the Progressives in the Senate began an attack upon this bill. I made a speech reviewing the acts of the present Attorney General, Mr. Wickersham, in the very important matter of the New Haven merger cases brought before Mr. Roosevelt left the White House. The Government's case against the New Haven merger was unassailable and yet the first act of the Taft administration, through the Attorney General, was to surrender to the interests and hand over all that great section of New England to the New Haven railroad which had acquired control not only of all means of transportation by rail, but had bankrupted or bought in practically all of the steamship and trolley lines. That whole speech was aimed to sound a warning in the ears of the Senate when we came to consider the question of clothing the Department of Justice with the sole power of saying the final word with reference to litigation between the people and the railroads. And I think my speech had much to do in preventing the adoption of this provision of the law.

My first speech on the Commerce Court bill, made on April 12, 1910, dealt with the New Haven merger. I also spoke on the bill April 29, May 25, 26, and 31, and June 3. My amendment for the valuation of railroads was defeated by a vote of 33 to 29; 11 of the 29 were Republican: the 33 who opposed it were all Republicans.

The reception of my speeches by the Senate in 1910 on the railroad question was markedly in contrast with the reception given in 1906.

In the fight made on the President's railroad bill Senators Clapp and Cummins, who were members of the committee, took very active part. Senator Cummins, particularly during the earlier weeks of the contest, was almost constantly in the debate. The entire progressive group carried the great burden of the contest against the administration bill, and so strong and so effective was their attack, and so reasonable their arguments, that the administration senators on the floor were compelled to abandon entire sections of the bill to avoid the humiliation of being overwhelmingly voted down in the Senate.

Several sections of the bill were put forward in the beginning under the guise of reforming abuses in watering and overcapitalizing railroad properties. These sections, under the mask of preventing overcapitalization, were railroad capitalization of the country and under cover of ingeniously worded phraserailroad stock-jobbing for all future time.

Mr. Taft, in a recent Outlook interview, takes to himself credit for the railroad legislation as it finally passed. As a matter of fact, the fangs in this bill as originally introduced were—with the exception of the Commerce Court provisions—all drawn by the fight of the Progressives. We could not. however, prevent the establishment of a Commerce Court—which is in a position to destroy, and is now actually destroying, the work of the most progressive Interstate Commerce Commission the country has ever had. It is scarcely possible to speak of the course of the administration upon this legislation in temperate language.

I wish in this place to refer briefly to another fight I made in which I had to meet the railroad interests as they had entrenched themselves in the Interstate Commerce Committee. The Railroad Brotherhoods of Engineers, Firemen and Trainmen, a remarkably intelligent body of men, had long maintained a very efficient and faithful legislative representative, Mr. Hugh Fuller, here at the national capital, but they had found it impossible even to get a record vote on important measures in which they were interested. No bill in their interests relating to hours of service or liability of the employer for negligence was permitted to get out of the committee. I took up the matter of an Employers' Liability and attempted in 1906 to have it adopted as an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act. Failing in this, by an unexpected move I got a bill before the Senate where I could force a record vote. Now, no Senator wanted to put himself wrong with the railway employees, and so, after fencing for delay, I finally got it passed without a roll call. This law, having been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court (by a vote of 5 to 4) I introduced another Employers' Liability bill in the next session and had it referred to the Committee on Education and Labor (of which Dolliver was chairman) instead of to the Committe on Interstate Commerce. The bill was reported out by Dolliver, was passed, and is now the law.

I also secured the passage in 1907, after much opposition and filibustering, of a law to limit the hours of continuous service of railroad employees. This law has been of great use in preventing those accidents which formerly arose from the continuous employ- the control of private interests.

in fact designed to legalize every dollar of the ment of men for twenty-four or even thirtysix hours without sleep or rest.

I wish finally and briefly in this place to ology would have made possible unlimited outline my views as to how this most important problem of the railroads shall be handled in the future in this country.

> There is but one true basis for determining reasonable transportation rates. ernment should ascertain the reasonable value of the physical property of the railroads, determined upon a sound economic basis and make such values the base line for determining reasonable rates. Strict justice to the public requires the exclusion of the value of all property paid for out of unreasonable rates, and of all values on railroad real estate representing the unearned increment. The real estate of a private citizen can be taken against his will by process of law and conferred upon the common carrier, but it can be taken upon no theory which will warrant the common carrier in treating it as a speculative investment. Taken solely for the public use, it represents an investment upon which the carrier is entitled to a reasonable return only upon the amount invested. It is manifestly unjust that the carriers should impose upon the public the burden of everincreasing transportation charges to pay a return upon an increasing valuation upon its real estate, which does not represent capital invested, but enormously advanced value due to the improvement of surrounding property, privately owned and improved.

> A complete reorganization of the Interstate Commerce Commission is necessary. To this end the country should be divided into traffic districts, each traffic district provided with a sub-commission; such subcommission being authorized to investigate all complaints within its districts with a provision for appeals in important cases to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Interstate Commerce Commission should be equipped with a traffic department superior to that of any railroad system in the country, and should be authorized to employ all the experts necessary for a thorough administration of the law. For forty years the public has endeavored through its government to control and regulate interstate commerce. Up to the present time we have little more than feebly scratched the surface of the great problem.

> If, after a thorough trial, public regulation of common carriers should fail, then public ownership must come. No free people will for all time permit their highways to be under

THE SENATOR'S BROTHER

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MONTE CREWS

"The other son was a son of a gun. He was! He was!" (Old sone.)

ENATOR ZANES is a political prostitute. . . ." The man in the blue flannel shirt, leisurely breakfasting behind a morning paper, flinched slightly. Then his jaws closed hard, and he started to rise; then his expression relaxed into a smile, he settled back into his chair and went on with his do." breakfast, after remarking, mentally,

say that's just what he is."

The man in the blue flannel shirt, who was Senator Zanes' brother, finished his breakfast and went out into an atmosphere appallingly clear and bright. From across the broad, unpaved main street of Hapsburg Center, the proprietor of the livery stable hailed him.

"Bin readin' the Senator's speech for the Smithers bill," said he, and smiled mali-

"You have, Jonesy?" returned Zanes in a slow drawl. "That's nice of you."

"He's a deep one, Harry! Too deep for me to fathom."

"Maybe he ain't so deep as all that, Jonesy. Maybe he's just opaque."

The speakers had approached each other until they met in the middle of the street.

"Looks to me," said Jonesy, "zif certain parties, not altogether unknown, was bringin' pressure to bear on poor Zeke. No man havin' bin reared in this here State is a-goin' to favor the Smithers bill of his own free will."

"You're forgetting," said Zanes, "that my brother don't represent his native State in the United States Senate, 'n that what's good for one State ain't necessarily good for another State, and that sometimes what's good for all the States and all the people in them States ain't good for the party. But what I want to say to you is, I'll be obliged if you'll put the horse to my buggy. I've jes' heard a piece of news that obliges me to go home for my store clothes. Then I'm a-comin' back

here, and I'm a-goin' to board train for a little trip to the Capital.'

"Harry," said Jonesy, "air you goin' to see the Senator and make a speech against the Smithers bill?"

"I shall of course call on Ezekiel," said Harry, "and pay my respects—such as they are. But it wouldn't do-now would it?-to inflooence a public servant for private ends?"

"No, sir," said Jonesy, "that would never

For a moment the two men smiled know-"What's the use of getting mad? I dare ingly, and even affectionately, at each other.

> The Harry Zanes who boarded a Pullman some hours later was a very different individual in appearance from the Harry Zanes of the blue flannel shirt and the loose, easy, half-farmer, half-cowboy clothes. He looked uncomfortable and muscle-bound. His hair was too slick, his neck and wrists too red. His necktie invited comments. And all through the long Eastern journey he sweated as in the hot room of a Turkish bath. He smoked one cigar after another and read one novel after another, painstakingly and with scorn. He made some smoking-room acquaintances and listened to much talk upon the Smithers bill. He heard his brother the Senator lightly spoken of.

In Washington he bathed—a regular Saturday night affair—had himself barbered, and changed into a still more awkward suit of blue serge, a shirt with green dots and a Then he found out where crimson necktie. his brother lived and had himself announced.

Rich food, success and politics, had reduced the muscles with which nature had endowed Senator Zanes to pulp. He was a chalkwhite man, deeply pouched and paunched. In exchange for a fine physical manhood his party had given him a great mansion that had deep rugs upon the floors and mahogany and oak paneling upon the walls; had given him levant and morocco and calf books with which to line his library. Over a stately mantelpiece of white marble hung a painting of a

naked lady who sat by a shadowy pool in her-she's ours now. She takes more after deep thought. Her feet were in the water. Her hair was a glorious red, her skin brown and golden. The Senator's paperweight was an ingot of silver. A photograph of his wife gazed somewhat stiffly at him when he sat down to write.

At the moment he was sitting down to dictate, and his greeting (after seven years)

"One moment, Henry---"

He finished his dictation and dismissed his secretary. Then he rose, and in his public voice—that hearty growl, sustained and unintelligible—made his brother a speech of greeting.

Henry answered, his eyes wandering, yokel-

like, about the room:

"I always did wonder where you got your money, Zeke. . . . That's why I wouldn't ever take any of it from you."

If there was offense in his words, his manner

of speech belied it.

"How rich you do live!" he exclaimed, and there was genuine admiration in his voice.

"What good wind," said the Senator, "has

brought you to Washington?"

"It'll take some time to go into that," said Henry, and now, for the first time, he looked his brother in the face, mildly enough and

wide-eyed, but very steadily.

"I want first," he said slowly, "to tell you how forty-eight years of life have used me. . . . At the age you went to college—having saved and scraped to that end—I got married. You didn't. There was some said you ought. But father got that hushed up. Father died and his lands fell to you and me. We drew a line through the middle and cut a pack of cards for choice. You cut the ace —the ace of clubs. You sold your half. I worked mine. You left the State and practised law in the State where you'd took your degree. I worked my land. You began to get a name in politics. I worked my land. I kept my wife and children from actooal deprecation. want. You kept a chorus girl in actooal luxury. Is that her?"

He looked toward the picture over the mantelpiece. The Senator shook his head

curtly.

"She began to sue you for breach of promise. You were getting useful to your party. She stopped suit. You lost sight of her. She came to me. Her lungs was bad. Was that why you turned against her? . . . My missus and I took her in. We had no money to give her. She had a girl baby. Then she died. We got the girl still—but I didn't come about of Zanes, my name, my good name of Zanes,

mother than you. First and last me and my missus have raised a heap o' children, through good times and bad. My missus lost her good looks through hard work and much suffering. There's girls and boys now to do the work and we're what you might call come to the brink o' prosperity. . . .

Inwardly the Senator groaned, and remarked:

"Now for the Smithers bill."

"First and last," continued the Senator's brother in his slow, gentle way, "I've learned one thing—that honesty is a mighty comfortable policy. It don't make a man rich, maybe, but it makes him a power among those few that's thrown with him and knows he's honest. I've had my chances to make a little here and there, by bein' a little extra sharp, but I let the chances slip, somehow, though often tempted when savin's was low and times bad. Well, sir, I've reached the forty-eighth milestone and out there at home I've as good a name as there is to be had. The other day a reflection was cast on my good name, and that's what I've come to see you about. . . . Zeke, I've tried all these years to shut my eyes where you was concerned, but . . . Howsomever . . . I heard the stranger talkin'. He says:

"Senator Zanes is a political prostitute."

"The man that said that came mighty near losin' his front teeth. But I says no-maybe that's just what he is. . . . You see, it seems to me, as just a man o' no account, that you don't cast a vote once a year the way I'd cast it if I was a United States Senator. And that's a funny thing. We're brothers, and had the same early trainin'—how is it that we don't both have the same idea of right and wrong?"

"Hapsburg Center," said the Senator, "is as I suppose, in a ferment over the Smithers

bill?"

The Senator's brother lifted his big hand in

"I didn't come to talk of a particular measure, Zeke."

"No?"

"I come to talk to you about general principles."

For the first time he placed a marked accent upon a word. His voice thereafter

became stronger and louder.

"Whether you put the Smithers bill over or whether you kill it don't matter to me. Who'm' I to know if it's for the good o' the greatest number or if it isn't? But the name

"Don't take on so, Zeke-it's all in the family. I ain't a-goin' to tell anybody"

has been touched by the light way in which my brother's name of Zanes is bandled about in this country. The farmers, Zeke, the drummers, the magazines, some of the newspapers, these talk of you, and say that you are no good. I come all the way from Hapsburg Center to tell you you got to make a new reputation for yourself. When this Smithers bill comes up I want you to be guided by your—conscience. I don't want you to be moved by your interests and your party. I want you to distinguish between right and wrong-you're smart enough-and act accordin'. If you know-and it's a case of knowledge—that the Smithers bill is a noble, necessitous measure, why, you pass it. That 'ud ruin me, but don't you care. On the other hand, if you know that it's a lowlived, cheating, tricking, skunk-smelling piece o' special privilege, you kill it. And if you can't kill it you go on record as havin' done your best to kill it. . . . There, that's what I've come for—all the way from Hapsburg Center in a Pullman."

The Senator smiled.

"My dear Henry," he said, "the party that is in power wishes the Smithers bill passed." "The party, Zeke? Do you mean a majority of the people in the United States?"

"The representatives of the majority."

"Oh!" said Henry.

"If I were to oppose the bill I should be

politically dead."

"Zbad as all that? Zeke, if you was asked to take the wheel of the Lusitania and steer her into port, would you do it?"

"No; I don't understand navigation."

"What's the difference between a first-class navigator that happens to be a Democrat and one that happens to be a Republican?"

"None that I know of."

"Port is port to both of them, and starboard starboard, and north north—isn't that right? But in politics what's port to a Republican navigator is starboard to a Democrat, and yet each of 'em is just pinin' to get a hold of the wheel that steers the ship o' State and each of 'em yells to his constituents that he's the only one that can bring her into port."

"Navigation," said the Senator, "is a science; poli—statecraft is matter for prayer, guesswork, and earnest, hard-sought con-

viction."

"By the grace o' God," said Henry, "the

waters in which our ship o' State sails are deep, wide waters and we're out in the middle of 'em. It don't matter much out here what mistakes we make—out where there's no rocks nor shoals. It'll be when the ship draws near the shore that trouble'll comemaybe then the passengers and crew lookin' forward won't see the safe harbor they was you to vote for the Smithers bill or against led to expect; maybe they'll see but a granite coast, and the waves breakin'. . . . A thing's right, Zeke, or it's wrong, whether it's in navigation or in lawmaking. And all I'm askin' of you is henceforward and forever to lean hard on your sense of right and wrong and act accordin'."

The Senator was dreadfully bored.

"It's very kind of you to—er—do you find it too close in here?"

Henry was taking his coat off.

"A man's sense of right and wrong gets torpid sometimes," said he, "like his liver."

He folded his coat and laid it across a chair.

"I've said what I come to say. And now I'm going to do what I come to do. Do you forensic mouth. remember in old school days, Zeke, how you used to get the little boys to do what you told 'em?"

The Senator stood up.

"What are you up to, Henry?"

The answer was a heavy back-handed blow on the solar plexus. It almost made the Senator sick at his stomach.

"My God," said Henry, "how pobby you are! You were meant to be stronger than me, too. Brains and a torpid sense of right and wrong have softened you. I never hit a woman, but now I know what it would feel like. You used to have a trick of catching a little boy by the hand, doubling his little finger up—so—and squeezing until the pain most killed him."

Great drops of sweat sparkled on the Senator's forehead. His mouth opened.

"Twisting the arm up very tight—like this"-said Henry, "was one of your favorites, and then with the edge of the free hand long." bangin' frequent and hard upon the biceps so-beats noorightis, don't it? If you call for help—I'll pretty near kill you before it comes.

The Senator wrenched himself free and offered a very presentable resistance. It was swiftly and ominously overcome.

"I handle you," said Henry, "as easy as I could a little slip of a girl, far gone in consumption."

And he continued to torture his brother as

a bully at school tortures a little boy. Eyes that could look unblinkingly upon the pain of others were shedding tears now—tears of anguish, tears of self-pity, tears of shame.

"I'm just tryin' to waken your torpid sense of right and wrong," said Henry. "I bet that hurt—quite some! Now, mind I'm not telling it, and I'm not asking you to use your best judgment. I'm asking you before actin' to have a little talk with your nooly awakened sense of right and wrong and to act accordin'. There's a certain place in the elbow—if I can only find it—aha!—makes a feller feel yelly all over. . . . I bet you you'll know right when you see it and wrong when you see it when I get through with you-you bin a bad, nasty, thievin' little boy too long, Zeke—too long."

The Senator was in a hideous state of dishevelment and blubbering-

"Damn you-let me-

A rain of slaps closed the clean-shaved

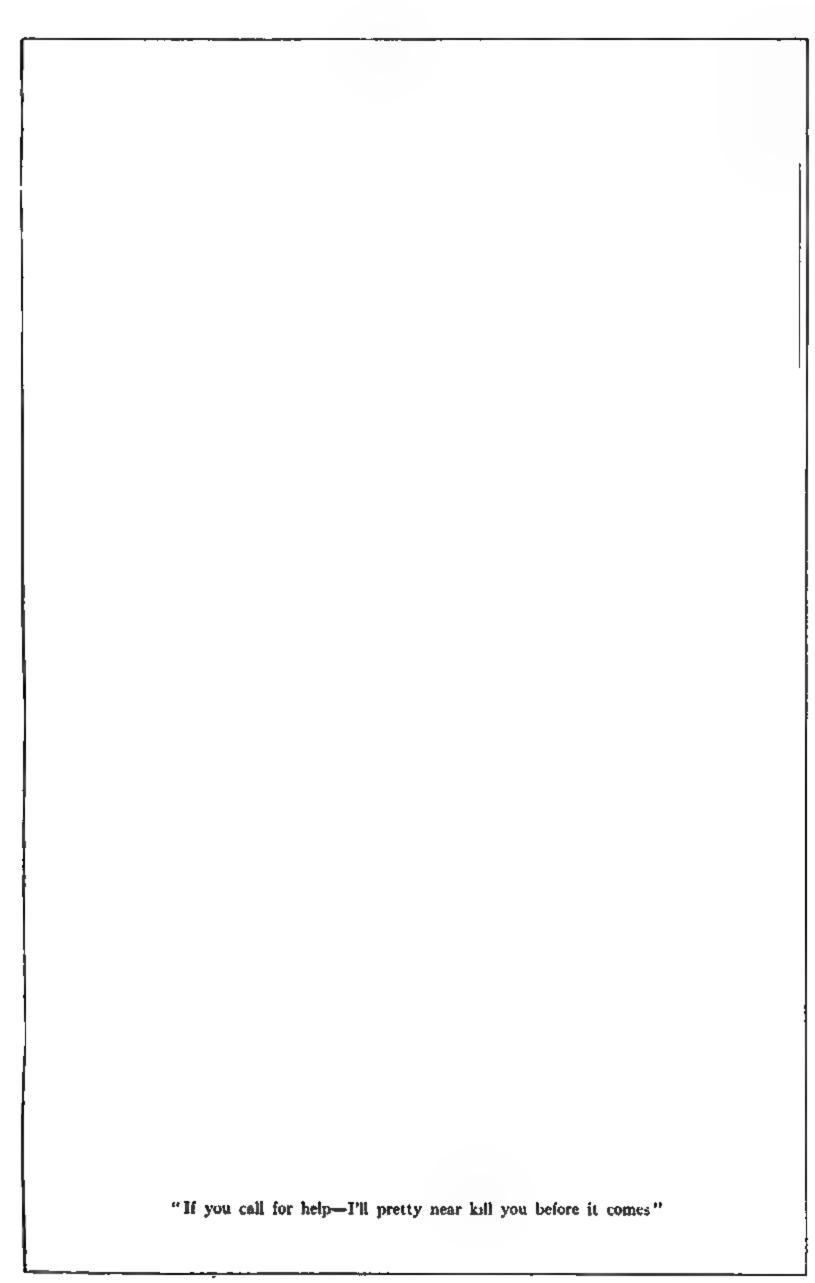
"Now then," said Henry, "there's just one more solemn rite in the awakening process and I'm off for Hapsburg Center. . . ."

The doors of Senator Zanes' library were wondrous thick and massive, else the sound of that which followed must have discoursed to curious ears. It would have sounded to the Senator's household as if a very strong man were clapping his hands together—palm on palm—not in any frenzied passion of applause, but slowly, methodically and with great violence.

"Don't take on so, Zeke—it's all in the family. I ain't a-goin' to tell anybody. Better fix yourself up - somebody might come. And mind now you're goin' to lean on your sense of right and wrong in the future. If you don't-and I'll know-why, I'll have to come on again—all the way from Hapsburg Center in a Pullman. So

Three days later, to the astonishment and delight of a large majority of the citizens of the United States, Senator Zanes killed the Smithers bill dead as a stone.

And a year later, when he presented himself for reëlection, I am sorry to say that his political head, which had at last learned to know the difference between right and wrong, was sharply snapped off by an eminent statesman whose office is Blankety Blank Wall Street.



ABE MARTIN ON VOTES FOR WOMEN

By KIN HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. POX

"Th' only real objection I kin see t' women votin' is that our elections are allus held on Tuesday—ironin' day "

"H' only real objection I kin see t' women votin' is that our elections are allus held on Tuesday—ironin' day, otherwise I would be heartily fer it," said Tell Binkley, our leadin' tornado insurance writer. Mr. Binkley is predisposed t' bright colors an' has a tenor's mustache an' reminds you o' th' boss barber o' th' late seventies.

Miss Mame Moon's fifth arrest in two days fer bein' too militant has started a discussion on woman's suffrage that makes th' third term question look like a church social. Miss Moon is our most brilliant an' fearless suffragist. She has strong square features, a fairsized knot o'red hair under moderate control. steel gray eyes at no considerable distance apart an' wears a four-in-hand tie an' side pockets. She would command attention even on circus day an' has long galled under taxation without repersentation. Turnin' t' Constable Plum in th' squire's office she said: "I've got jist about as much use fer you an' th' law as I have fer a croquet set, an' if I ever pay any taxes without first knockin' your head off I'll be in a trance."

Later in th' day Miss Moon paid her respects t' men in general by declarin' 'em jist a lot o' stomachs an' watchchains whose whole idea o' citizenship wuz throwin' a round steak on th' table three er four times a week er buyin' a wife a clothes wringer. She said that th' growin' tendency 'mongst our girls t' seek some lighter employment other than marriage made her buoyant with hope an' courage.

All our most prominent folks, regardless o' party er social standin' are expressin' 'emselves freely on th' suffrage question. Rev. Wiley Tanger said he thought th' ole motto, "You run th' home an' I'll git out an' protect it," wuz all right in th' hostile injun days. But t'day, said he, we have too many triflin' pickets an' no injuns.

Mrs. Tilford Moots, who has contributed more sons t' th' Reg'lar Army than any woman in th' world, an' who has allus been closely affiliated with a champion checker player, stopped plowin' long enough t' say that, while she didn't take no newspapers an' only knowed what she heerd from th' hucksters, she'd allus felt like ther wuz somethin' unequal. She said she'd never found time t' look int' things an' that her husband wuz too busy defendin' his title t' be o' much help.



Miss Mame Moon's fifth arrest in two days



Mrs. Tilford Moots, who has contributed more sons t' th' Reg'lar Army than any woman in th' world, says if women git t' votin' she'li vote with 'em—that is if it's too wet t' plow and she kin git off

·However, she says if women git t' votin' she'll vote with 'em—that is if it's too wet t' plow an' she kin git off.

Miss Tawney Apple, ticket seller at th' Alhambry nickel theater an' accomplished horsewoman, said she thought votin' would be jist dandy. Miss Germ Williams, editress o' th' Hen an' Home, said she'd been too busy t' pay much attention t' th' suffrage business, 'cept t' scim o'er a few arrests er glance at th' pictures o' some o' th' leaders. She said she didn't calculate that th' pictures would hurry th' day when th' hopes o' th' originals would be realized. She said, though, that th' pictures wuz probably given t' th' papers t' sort o' hold th' movement back, as most leaders hardly ever want ther cause t' succeed, th' reason bein' evident. Then she said: "But in all seriousness, when we consider that ever' egg that wends it's way t' th' American breakfast table, whether direct from th' hen er on parole from some man's storage house, is a tribute t' th' industry o' some farmer's tired, round-shouldered wife, it is only fair that she should have some voice in other affairs equally as vital t'th' happiness o' th' home."

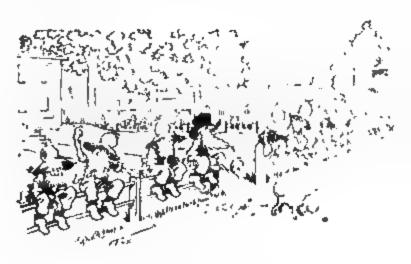
Miss Williams is gotten up purty much along th' lines o' th' average woman that is makin' her way along th' intellectual route, 'cept that her mussy appearance is due t' th' eccentricities o' genius rather than a effort t' appear great. After a while you git so you kin look right at her.

Tipton Bud, whose civic pride has made him unpopular with our less progressive citizens, says that as long as th' average town is run by a lot o' ole grannies we might jist as well let th' women vote. Uncle Ez Pash, who has jist resigned from th' "I Remember th' Winter of "club, says he has lived t' see th' gun barrel skirt an' is not lookin' fer any new sensations.

Mis Fawn Lippincut, recitationist, authoress an' inventor o' th' "Little Corporal" sink strainer, says th' whole opposition t' th' franchise fer women simmered down is, "Can woman, after faithfully fulfilling ever' duty that naturally befalls her an' th' many others that have been saddled on her, find th' time t' vote?" She says it's jist a question o' woman gittin' out her work, an' that ther's a deep-rooted fear that she might knock off early an' vote anyhow. If women ever do git t' votin', she says, th' courthouse fence will be as bare in July as it is in January, an' women won't have t' wear tub dresses ever' time they pass th' pustoffice corner. She claims ther's absolutely no hope fer th' ugly girl but th' ballot—that she'll have t' battle along on th' Moscow scale o' wages er sink.

Hon. Ex-editur Cale Fluhart, whose virile pen an' vigorous style are too well known t' need introduction here, says that woman's suffrage is unthinkable an' that his condemnation exhausts th' vocabulary. He says if we'll jist take away all publicity, er at least th' pictures, th' suffrage cause 'll fall as flat as a Western man's candidacy fer th' presidency. Here's what he says:

"Jist picture an American 'lection day with women entrusted with th' franchise. Can you not see throngs o' red nosed women shiverin' around th' votin' places while bread is burnin' in a thousand ovens? Think o' th' unaired beds, stacks o' breakfast dishes an' hundreds o' innocent tots with ther little noses pressed agin th' window panes cryin' fer food in homes once filled with warmth an' love; think o' some mollycoddle runnin' fer Mayor an' boastin' around that your wife is solid fer him; think o' tryin' t' unfasten th' traces o' your little children an' gittin' 'em



is run by a lot o' ole grannies we might jist as If women ever do git t' votin', she says, th' courtwell let th' women vote. Uncle Ez Pash, house sence will be as bare in July as who has jist resigned from th' "I Remember it is in January

ready fer bed while your wife is waitin' fer th' returns from some outlyin' county t' be brought in on horseback, er carryin' a torch; think o' tryin' t' hold your head up among your peers while your wife electioneers fer some feller that has owed you nine dollars fer years. How'd you like t' have a peroxide chief o' police that polishes her nails with a orange wood stick an' tries t' combat th' crime wave an' keep up her bridge scores? Are we ready t' relegate love, happiness, warm meals, children—ever'thing t' th' scrap heap? Woman's suffrage is jist around th' corner. T' arms, men!"

Mr. Fluhart is in his eighty-ninth year an' has jist completed his sixth article on th'

power o' radium.

Prof. Alex Tansey, our leadin' educator an' churn agent, is one o' them deep, conservative, well, yes an' no, highbrows that allus clear ther throats an' look like they'd jist hunyak, written a history o' th' world when anybuddy asks ther opinion about somethin'. How-

ever, even Alex is aroused an' he laid aside a well-thumbed copy o' Epictetus long enough t' say that in some states where women have been votin' ther's been both wet an' dry victories. Regardin' th' suggestion "that woman should first prove that her full possession o' suffrage will be used fer th' highest good o' state an' nation," he says that such proof is never required o' th' feller that hangs around th' polls till th' last dollar has been slipped int' th' hand o' th' independent voter. Prof. Tansey said he regretted, however, that our women didn' give more study t' th' pearl button schedule an' th' annual report o' th' Alaskan gold output an' less attention t' ther waist lines. Still, he said, from what infermation he'd been able t' gather from sections where th' women folks had voted he felt justified in sayin' that they had voted 'bout as intelligently, an' fer earlier, than th' average. hunyak, that don't even know who Tony Pastor wuz, much less Washin'ton an'

THEMOB

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

OU see me not while Justice keeps her seat;
Where Right is on her throne I stand on guard,
Or go my way upon my million feet,
In peace I go—until my way is barred.

I speak all tongues; about the world I range
And live forever, though I seem to die.
I am the bright impatience of slow change,
The lightning when the storm is passing by.

For ages I lie silent under wrong,

Then seize some outcast man to be my head;

From out the gutter I catch up a song;

And round me, when I rest, the land is red.

They call me brute who would not have me man;

They keep me chained who would not see me free;
They reap above the furrow that I ran;

They eat my grindings—and they trample me.

I am the last cry of a land undone,

The huge abortion of a people's pain.

I rise and make a way where way was none;

I am their manhood come to life again.

THE BASEBALL PRIMER

B, HUGH S. FULLERTON

INTERNATIONAL NEWS ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS SERVICE, BURKE AND ATWELL AND OTHERS

ASEBALL needs a Webster and a standing-Revision Board to keep the dictionary of the game up to date. The sport is building its own language so steadily that, unless some step soon is taken to check the inventive young men who coin the words that attach themselves to the pastime, interpreters will have to be maintained in every grand stand to translate for the benefit of those who merely to bean—to pitch or love the game and do not care to master it throw and hit the thoroughly.

Joe Campbell, the Chaucer of baseball literature, was sitting in his office one evening, lamenting to me that his paper (The Washington Post) would not permit him to write as he pleased, but insisted that he confine his writings to straight English. reached over and took the sheet he just had finished. "And Amie Rusie" it ran "made a Svengali pass in front of Charlie Reilly's drive timid batters lamps and he carved three nicks in the weather." What could be plainer or more expressive of the fact that Rusie had hypnotized Reilly into striking out? Or what could be more graphic than Lennie Washburn's description of a ball that was hit hard and instead of bounding, "hugged the dirt," as the players say, and tore its way through the grass.

The following does not pretend to be a complete dictionary of the baseball language. It merely is the primer, containing some of the commonest words and phrases, with an explanation of their meaning.

Agreement (National) The Constitution of Organized baseball. The contract entered into by the American and National leagues and later subscribed to by the minor leagues, numbering about forty, to insure peace, protect property rights and assign territory as well as to prevent competitive bidding for the services of players.

Air (Up in)—Excited, unnerved. A term used to describe the condition of a pitcher that player.

who loses his courage or presence of mind at critical stages of a contest.

Alley—Imaginary lanes between the right and center and right and left fielders down which hard hit balls go between the fielders, usually for home runs. "Down the Alley' means a home run hit.

Bean (N)—The head of a player (V) batter in the head (See Lima).

Bean ball—A fast ball pitched at or near the head of a player who is standing too close to the plate with intent to drive him back. Often used to away from the plate, after which the pitcher usually throws a fast curve.

CHANCE, of the Cubs. Who had to give up playing last summer because he had been "beaned" so many times

Beany — Slightly

erratic mentally, a condition attributed to being hit on the head by pitched ball, or beaned. Condition similar to "The Dance" a disease among prizefighters who have been struck on the head often.

Big One (The)—The third strike. After two strikes are called the "big one" is left. The percentage of safe hits made by batters after two strikes are called is extremely high, and the term probably results from that fact.

Bingle—A clean base hit, the ball being driven clean over or past the fielder without presenting a chance for any possible play.

Bite—A term applied to batters who are weak in that they cannot resist the temptation to strike at a curve ball, especially at a slow curve. The message "He will bite" passed through a league among the players generally means the end of the usefulness of

Bleachers—Uncovered field seats on basewhere the colored spectators were forced to sit in the sun, and were "bleached."

open seats; the hoi polloi among spectators. The bleacherites usually are much better posted on the game than those patrons who occupy the grand stand boxes and seats and are much more dreaded by the players because of their caustic criticism. Many of them occupy seats in certain sections to be a fly into the air. near the fielder they admire most.

Boner—A stupid play; a blunder in the science of the game. Term adapted from the idea that a player making a stupid play has a head composed entirely of osseous tissue.

Bone-head—A player noted for making stupid plays; one adapter spoke of a player's head as his "armored turret."

Boot—An error, in the making of which the player fumbles with his hands and allows as they are supposed to be in the "deep the ball to bound off his feet or legs, kicking bushes," the "high grass," or the "tall or "booting" it. "Why does he waste his efforts booting baseballs" inquired Boze Bulger of a new infielder, "when Yale is that is, leagues belonging to the National mourning the lack of a punter."

Break (The)—The turning point of a game of ball; the crucial play which starts a stampede of the defendant team and a fusillade of hits by the attacking club. Also "the Classes AA, A, B, C, D, and E. breaks" are used to express the luck of the game. "The breaks were all against us" means clubs depends that in every instance in which luck entered into the play, it favored the opposing team.

Bumps—Overwhelming defeats. pitcher gets his "bumps" when his delivery is among minor hit hard, a team "gets its bumps" when it is badly beaten. Synonymous with "Gets his," "Gets his trimmings," "takes his beatings."

Bunt—A ball, struck with the bat with the cases being deintention of dropping or rolling it onto fair ground and only a short distance, forcing the National Board infielders to hurry the play to throw out the of Arbitration runner. It is used chiefly to advance runners who already are on bases. The invention of the play generally is attributed to leagues. Dicky Pearce, who used it successfully in 1866. Batters formerly turned their bats term of conquickly and struck the ball with the small tempt used end, dropping it to the ground. Later many held their bats loosely in the hands and toward weak merely let the ball hit it and fall. The faster players, insinuball now in use compelled a change and now most of them push or hook the ball with their rank below all bats, striving to control its direction and to organized clubs. roll it at medium speed past the pitcher, yet so slowly the infielders have difficulty in A player or manreaching and handling the ball. See Sacrifice. ager who, from

Bunt and run—The term used to desig-Term originated in the south nate a play much used in the more finished teams. The batter and base runners exchange signals and as the pitcher starts to deliver Bleacherites—Patrons who occupy the the ball to the batter, the runner or runners start for the next base at full speed. The batter bunts as they go, and if he pushes the ball fair the play obviates the chance to force the other runners. The play is extremely dangerous to bad bunters, as a double play is almost certain if they bunt

> Busher—A Major league term of scorn applied to players from the smaller leagues, especially to those who have but recently

been promoted to the higher class.

Bushes—Any place outside of the Major leagues; as anything outside of New York is a "Camping place," or anything outside of California is "China" to residents of those places. All minor leagues are "Bush" leagues, timbers."

Classification—"Organized baseball": agreement, are classified on a general population basis for purposes of fixing salaries and prices of players. The classes are the Major leagues (American and National), and

As the draft price of players taken from

upon their Classification there is A much argument leagues as to their respective classes, such cided by the and approved by the Major

> Class F—A among players ating that they

Coacher-



HUGHEY JENNINGS Whose antics on the coaching line have won many games and amused thousands of fans

the coacher's boxes back of first and third bases, endeavors to guide and advise batters and base runners, warning them of the movements of the enemy and flashing the manager's signals to players, as orders for certain plays. In the early days of the game the duties of coachers were to play clown, make noise and strive to excite or anger opposing players. The coacher in the modern game usually is quiet, studying the movements of the opposing pitcher and catcher and assisting base runners.

Commission (National)—The Supreme Court of baseball, a body composed of three men, the presidents of the American and National leagues and a chairman chosen by them. The Commission is vested with legislative, executive and judicial powers, and the added power of making rules to punish offenses by players, owners or managers, not against existing law. They rule about 42 leagues, composed of about 338 clubs, and over 10,000 players.

Control—Ability to throw a baseball where it is directed to be thrown, and to pitch it over the plate between the batter's knees and shoulders when necessary. Control is the pitcher's principal stock in trade, as a pitcher who can throw the ball near where he wants it to go needs few curves and not much speed.

Crab—A crabbed player, a "grouch." The verb to crab means to show a quarrelsome or complaining spirit. Many of the worst "crabs" in baseball are the pleasantest and most genial when off the field, their crabbedness evidently being the result of the nervous strain of playing.

Crash—Verb used in baseball, not to signify a single sound, but a series of hard hits. A team "starts crashing," when three or four batters in succession make hits.

Crowd (Verb) — To stand close to the home plate when batting, the purpose being to hamper the pitcher and sometimes to force him to hit the batter. The team that "crowds" persistently is a hard team to beat, as in many cases batters will be hit, and many times pitchers, over-anxious through fear of hitting them,



SNODGRASS, of the Giants A very successful "crowder" will pitch outside the plate and give them bases on balls.

Curve-In professional baseball the only

curve spoken of as such is the fast breaking ball, pitched overhand, that darts down and out from a righthanded batter. All other curves are qualified as sidearm, out, barrel hook, slow, drop. No one speaks of an in-curve among Major leaguers. See



CHIEF BENDER
of the Athletics
The greatest curve ball pitcher in
the world

Dirt (Hit the) Slide —Usually heard in connection with an order to a player. Managers always reprove players who "stop standing up," and order them to "hit the dirt," partly because standing up is a risky way of going into a base, and partly because so many players are injured by not sliding.

Double—A two base hit, or "Two bagger."

play in which two runners are retired or put out, before the ball ceases to move, or in one continuous play. The commonest double play is from the short stop to the second baseman to the first baseman.

Double steal—A steal of bases by two runners simultaneously. The steal when made with runners on first and second is seldom called a double steal, as

TY COBB
The leading two-base
hitter in the world

the runner on second steals third and the other runner merely "trails." The double steal, as meant by the expression, is made with runners on first and third. The runner starts from first and, as the catcher throws to catch him, the runner on third tries to score before the ball can be returned to the catcher. The play is used chiefly when two are out and the chance of scoring in any other way is small.

Double Steal (Delayed)—With runners on first and third bases the runner on first

pretends to start for second. About thirty upon the ball at the moment of releasing it feet from first he stops quickly and turns as if to go back. If the catcher relaxes from throwing position, he starts for second at top speed and, as the ball is thrown, the runner at third starts for the plate. The success of the play depends upon the element of surprise and except against experienced and cool-headed catchers it is likely to be more effective than the double steal made in the ordinary manner.

Draft—Under baseball law leagues of a higher classification may draft players from clubs in leagues of a lower class between certain fixed dates each autumn on payment of the price prescribed for players of that class. The drafting rule works to wreck strong clubs in the minor leagues and to lessen that evil a limit is placed upon the number of players that may be drafted from any club in one season.

Draw throw—Base runners are under orders to force opposing players to throw the ball as frequently as possible, under the theory that a certain percentage of thrown balls will be thrown wild. Each runner therefore goes as far as he safely can past a base, or gets as far away as he dares, to draw throws. Frequently a base runner will deliberately leave his base to draw a throw, the

object being to afford another runner an opportunity to ad-Cobb vance. perhaps is the most successful player in this respect, taking many additional bases by drawing a throw behind him and advancing before it can be relayed.

Fadeaway —A slow curve ball that loses speed suddenly as it approaches the batter and falls, or "fades" away at an unnatural angle. The fadeaway is accomplished by a jerking and holding motion of the fingers

CHRISTY MATHEWSON Who invented the "fadeaway"

from the hand. Christy Mathewson developed the "fader" into its highest state

of perfection.

Farming—The practice of major league clubs in placing players in clubs belonging to minor leagues for the purpose of developing and gaining experience. Efforts have repeatedly been made to prevent the major league clubs from "farming out" young players and then recalling them, but with no success and the evil was recognized and the "optional" system substituted. The clubs still farm players to friendly minor league clubs, and the growing practice of the larger clubs owning clubs in smaller leagues has complicated the problem.

Flat-footed—Unprepared, caught nap-Any player who is caught napping off a base by a throw from pitcher or catcher is caught "flat-footed." The opposite of "on the toes." Flat-footed also is applied to runners who do not rise on the balls of the feet in sprinting but allow their heels to touch. Also, such runners are kidney-footed or

slough-footed!

Fungo—A ball batted by a player who holds it, tosses it in the air and then strikes

it with his bat, as in practice before games, to give the fielders a warming-up exercise. Great skill is shown by some players in this kind of hitting. Ed Walsh, of the Chicago White Sox, holds the offi-

ED WALSH Of the White Sox Champion distance "fungo" hitter

cial record for long distance fungo hitting made in competition. His record has been exceeded in unofficial trials by himself, Harry McIntire, Wagner, and others. Perhaps the longest driver was "Monte" McFarland, an old-

time pitcher.

Groove—An imaginary passage from the pitcher's hand over the center of the home plate. When a ball comes "down the groove" it is pitched at the natural angle (that is, without "anything on it") over the plate and therefore is easy to hit. Grooves also are the spaces between the fielders and between the fielders and the foul lines through which batted balls usually pass out of the

possible reach of the players.

Hit and Run—One of the most effective styles of attack devised in baseball. The object is concerted action on the part of the batter and the base runner, that the runner on the bases may take two bases instead of one on a hit, or reach the next base before he can be forced. The batter and base runners exchange signals and the runners know what ball the batter intends to hit. They start running as the ball is pitched, pulling the infielders out of position to cover the bases and doubling the chances for a batted ball to get through the infield. The batter is supposed to hit the ball at all hazards to protect the runners, and if it is impossible to hit the ball, to hit at it, so as to hamper the actions of the catcher and delay his throw to catch the runner.

Hold up—Perhaps the most important part of the inside work of the pitcher, catcher and basemen is to "hold up" runners, or prevent them from "getting a lead" off the bases. If pitchers do not hold up runners they can steal bases almost at will, and the object of the numerous throws to first base really is to prevent the runner from gaining a flying start rather than to catch him. With runners on second base the short stop and second baseman maneuver to get behind them and compel them to remain near the base. Holding runners up closely frequently prevents them from reaching third from first on hits, or from scoring from second because they have failed to get the proper start. One of the chief values of left-handed pitchers is their ability to watch runners at first, and to throw there quickly.

Hole (in the)—In difficulties; in dire straits. Either the pitcher or batter may be "in the hole" as the batter is "in the hole" with one or two strikes and no balls called. and the pitcher when he has pitched two or three wide balls, and has none or one strike on the batter. The object of every good batter is to get the pitcher "in the hole" so that he, in fear of giving a base on balls, will pitch a straight fast ball over the plate, giving the batter much better chance of

making a safe hit.

Hook—A fast overhand curve that breaks downward and outward at an unusually sharp angle. The hook curve is accomplished by a sharp snap of the wrist at the finish of a wide swing of the arm, which accentuates the sharpness of the curve. The hook curves of Brown and Overall, of Chicago, Joe Cor-

bett, Tom Ramsey, Bill Donovan, Bill Terry, Walter Johnson, and others have become famous for their width.

Hook Slide—Also called the "Chicago slide"—A method of sliding to bases which was perfected by Mike Kelly, of Anson's White Stockings, and taught to all the Chicago players. Later it was adopted by all good base run-The slide conners. sists of doubling one leg under the other and

WALTER JOHNSON Whose "hook" curve is a terror to batsmen

sliding on the hip, with one leg extended toward the base. The body is thrown away from the baseman who is striving to touch the runner, while one foot is extended and the purpose is to hook that foot onto the base and bring the body to a stop-hence

the name.

Inside—A pitched ball that passes between the plate and the batter is "inside" whether the batter is right or left-handed, but the "out" corner of the plate is the corner toward first base, and vice versa, when there is no batter up.

Jump on the fast one—Sometimes pitch-

ers throw much faster than at others, and on such days they have "the jump on the fast one" which means that the ball, revolving rapidly, piles up a mound of compressed air and actually jumps over it, rising sometimes, it seems, an inch or two during its sudden leap before resuming its way to the plate. When a

MARQUARD of the Giants Whose 'jump on the fast one' made him the leading pitcher of the National League last year

pitcher has such speed his delivery practi-

cally is unhittable.

Knuckle Ball—A slow ball pitched with the knuckles of the three middle fingers turned under and pressed into the ball, which is gripped with the thumb and little finger

The knuckle ball is extremely deonly. ceptive as it is delivered with a show of great speed and comes with extraordinary slowness. Summers, of the Detroit team, perhaps is its greatest master.

Lead—The distance from any base that a base runner can gain before the ball is pitched. To "get a long lead" is the object of every

Liner—A hard driven ball that is hit on a straight line to or past the infield before it

touches the ground.

Make it be good—The war cry of coachers and the order of managers to the batter when the opposing pitcher shows signs of wildness, the meaning being that the batter is not to hit the ball unless it is a perfect strike, whether or not he hits.

Meat Hand—The throwing hand of a player, the term resulting from the fact that the throwing hand is bare while the other is

protected by a glove or mitt.

Mound—The pitcher's foot plate, or slab. Derived from the fact that on most grounds the plate is higher than the rest of the infield, to give the pitcher an advantage through pitching downward at the batter. "mound" is elevated or depressed by some clubs, high plates being used for tall overhand pitchers while low ones are preferred for sidearm or underhand pitchers.

Nile Valley league—A mythical league in which all the wonderful plays ever heard of took place. Whenever a player tells some extraordinary yarn concerning a play the other players instantly inquire if it happened

in the Nile Valley league.

Outlaw—The club, league or player who offends against baseball law is punished by "outlawed" or blacklisted. alleged benefits of "protection" are withdrawn as punishment to offending leagues or clubs while players are blacklisted. There are several hundred players on the blacklist at present who cannot play in any clubs belonging to the National Agreement until reinstated by the Commission.

Outside—The side of the home plate opposite to that occupied by the batter. If the term is used without regard to the batter the first base side of the plate is the outside.

Pass—A base on balls.

Pebble Hunter—A player who makes excuses for making errors. The term arises from the fact that one old-time player was caught carrying pebbles in his pocket to drop on the ground after he fumbled, and then find, claiming each time that the ball struck five inches square. a pebble and bounded wrong.

Peg—To throw, except in the act of pitching. The catcher pegs to second, the pitcher pegs to first, the infielders all peg, but long throws and the pitch are not so designated why no one explains.

Pitchout—The most effective method of meeting and breaking up the hit and run play.

The ball is pitched rather high and on the outside of the plate, to prevent the batter from hitting it and at the same time to permit the catcher to receive it in perfect position for a



JOHN KLING Who broke up many "hit and run" plays by his signal for a "pitch-out"

throw. When a signal is detected, or when the catcher and pitcher suspect that either a steal or the hit and run is to be attempted, the pitcher pitches out to balk the play.

Putting something on it—Manipulating the ball so that it will curve, break, float or revolve in the air, rather than throwing it

naturally.

Reserve—"Organized baseball" depends upon a clause in the players' contracts, whereby the club "reserves" their services for the following season. The reserve clause really acts as a perpetual contract and the legal advisers of players declare the contracts would not hold in law. The reserve clause was placed in contracts to prevent the wrecking of leagues by competitive bidding for the services of the best players whereby the richest club always could win.

Scout—A supposed judge of ball players employed by the larger clubs to watch the playing of men in small leagues, colleges and in independent clubs to recruit good players.

Slider—An injury to a player caused by scraping a segment of skin off the leg or thigh in sliding to bases. Many players suffer much from these injuries, often having the skin torn off their limbs in patches four or

South Paw—A left-



SALLEE of St. Louis The greatest "south-paw" in the business

handed pitcher. The term is derived from the fact that most baseball grounds are laid out so the pitcher faces west, and south.

Spikes (To sharpen)—The pretense of a player to sharpen the triangular toe and heel plates he wears on his shoes, is a threat to "cut his way around," or to spike certain antagonists if they attempt to stop or touch him. Chiefly a form of braggadocio, and seldom carried into effect.

Spit Ball (The Spitter)—The most effective ball in the pitchers' repertoire. It is exe-

cuted by putting heavy friction on the under side of the ball by gripping the thumb into the seams, while the friction on the upper part is lessened by the use of saliva, slippery elm or some such oily substance. The spit ball is used most effectively by Walsh and Ford and its modern development was due to Elmer Stricklett who re-introduced it into the Major leagues. The discovery of the spit ball

FORD of the Yankees The leading "spit-ball" artist

is a matter of much argument. claim the honor for Al Orth, who used it in underhand pitching twenty years ago. It is claimed that Tom Bond, the famous old time pitcher, pitched the ball in New Bedford in 1876, and used glycerine, which he purposely. The pitcher often will, when he carried in his pocket.

Stuff -The "English," twist or reverse which causes the ball to curve or perform other unnatural movements in the air. When a pitcher "has a lot of stuff" he is making to catch a base runner. the ball curve or break more than he ordinarily can do.

Swinger—A batter who strikes at a ball with a full, long, sweep of the bat and arms, instead of "choking up" or shortening his grip and "just meeting it." The "swinger" is a type of player not wanted in finished ball clubs. They usually are long distance hitters, but uncertain and usually finish with low averages.

Texas Leaguer—A short, weak fly that a left-handed pitcher's arm is to the drops safe just over the infield and too close in for the outfielders to reach it. Usually an accident, but sometimes accomplished purposely by good batters who merely tap the ball and float it safe. The term originated from the fact that Ted Sullivan, the veteran player-manager-magnate, had a team in the Texas League that was noted for that kind of batting.

> Toes (On the)—Meaning sprinting or ready for a quick start. The player who is "on his toes" all the time, is one ready to seize any opportunity.

Triple—A hit which enables the batter

to reach third base before the ball returns to the infield. Also called Three Bagger.

Triple play —A play which retires three runners before the ball ceases to move, or in one consecutive play. There are records of eight triple plays made by one man unassisted, and about



LARRY DOYLE Who led the National League last year in making "triples

twenty triple plays are made in each league every season.

Two fingers only—The signal for a fast ball usually is one finger while two fingers indicate a curve. A pitcher is said to have two fingers only when he has nothing with which to deceive a batter except his curve ball.

Waste-Pitching high or wide to batters has the advantage of the batter in the matter of balls and strikes, waste a ball, either trying to tempt the batter into striking wildly, or striving to allow the catcher to make a play

Water Bucket (Spiking)—Drawing away from the plate as the ball is pitched. Many batters draw back the foot an entire step, out of timidity or through nervous habit, and those who step far back are said to spike the water bucket.

Whip—The throwing arm. Also called Wing and Soup-bone.



THE DISCERNMENT OF SERGEANT McCARTY

How the Robbery of the U.S. Sub-Treasury was Prevented

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE Author of "The Trapping of Sergeant McCarty," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYNARD DIXON

thin' big," declared Sergeant Mc-Carty with emphasis. "I feel it in my bones, Dugan, and my bones have never lied to me. Big, Dugan, big—the biggest thing in town."

The crafty old thief-taker had been squatting before a stove improvised of bricks and located in the gutter at the corner of California and Powell Streets, in San Francisco, and now he stood erect with a drained coffee cup in his hand. It was the hour of noon, ten days after the earthquake and fire.

"The biggest thing in town?" queried Officer Dugan, still squatting. "What would that be now?"

HERE'S somethin' doin', and some- reverence at the battle-scarred visage of his Sergeant, and not for a moment questioning his marvelous intuitions. He had seen them work out too many times.

Shading his eyes with his hand, Sergeant McCarty was sweeping the burned district in one long, comprehensive glance: westward to Van Ness Avenue, southward to the Potrero, eastward, skirting swiftly the outlines of the wharves, leaping over the gaunt frames of the burned out sky-scrapers, and finally resting on the financial district. Here lav a half dozen of the greatest banks in the West, although their vaults, piled high with golden treasure, were only beaps now, uplifting in the basements of crumbling buildings. Ten days had passed. Dugan was looking up with mingled love and. In ten more, said the experts, the vaults might

be opened without danger of their contents taking fire with the first inrush of fresh oxygen at the swinging of the doors.

Any one of those vaults, stuffed to bursting. might answer to McCarty's feeling, "the big-

gest thing in town."

The wind was blowing a hurricane on the hill. Bits of dust and sand were flying, and the lids of McCarty's eyes puckered closer, but his gaze still searched the ruins: searched until they rested upon a certain spot at the intersection of California and Montgomery streets, on stocky, one-story building crouched uncompromisingly. In the center of the fire-eaten basement of this structure rose a mound somewhat larger than the rest-the vault of the United States Sub-Treasury, with fifty millions in gold slumbering there—unquestionably the biggest thing in town.

McCarty's gaze rested upon this for a moment, bringing up suddenly with a shock, as of the impact of the mind upon an idea for which

it had been searching.

The San Francisco Police Department had not yet recovered from its terrible demoralization after the big fire. The Sergeant was almost a free lance to-day, but for all that he was still Michael Joseph McCarty, enemy of evil doers, terror of the Barbary Coast, the man most feared by criminals from Nome to Panama.

The Sergeant stumbled thoughtfully down the California Street hill. His head was in the He sniffed the breezes from the bay. Presently he had passed the little tent where the squad of soldiers detailed to guard the ruins of the Sub-Treasury idled when off duty. A soldier paced to and fro on California Street. Another picked his way in and out over the ruin-strewn sidewalk along Montgomery. Mc-Carty stood a long while looking into the hole.

"Fifty millions," he murmured, and passed a grimy hand over the stubble of half a dozen

days that covered his face.

The soldiers moved about restlessly, watch-

"They could steal the dome off the City Hall," the Sergeant admitted to himself, "easier than they could get one broken brick from the outside of that pile, let alone gettin' to the inside."

But the spot fascinated McCarty just the same. To use his own expression, he "stuck around," and so long that the sentry ordered him to move on.

"Me move on? In this town?" snapped nel, Dugan, a tunnel." McCarty, showing his star.

"That ain't no good to me," said the soldier.

"This town's under martial law. You're just the same as a cit to me, and I tell you to move on-see!"

McCarty was mad, but he saw. Besides, he

had respect for constituted authority.

"I saylute the uniform of the ar-r-rmy of the United States," he said, going through the motions, and added, significantly: "And sometime when I catch you in that same uniform drunk in a water-front saloon, maybe I'll ring for the wagon and send you right out to your company, and then again maybe I'll only roll the northwest corner where the ruins of a you in the gutter and lave the crooks bate you to death."

> The soldier's face flushed, and McCarty, marching off, was planning yet other sarcasms when his face lighted at the sight of Dugan. The Sergeant turned from the soldier, seized Dugan's arm and hurried away with him, pouring out his feelings with many emphatic shakings of the head.

> "A bad lot, ain't they, them soldiers," assented Dugan, by way of assuaging his supe-

rior's feelings.

"No," McCarty affirmed stubbornly; "they ain't bad. They're square and they're straight, and they're Johnny-on-the-spot every minute. But they have no discernment, Dugan, no discer-r-rnment. 'Get out of my way,' he says to me. But he only sees what he sees, and he don't see what he don't see. I do. I think of all that money layin' there and I don't see nobody trvin' to get it, and I says: 'Why don't What's the matter with me? wrong?' says I, 'that I don't see somebody tryin' to cop that pile?' I say, there's fifty millions there, and a thousand, ten thousand crooks that'd take it if they got the chance. Somewhere round here right now, Dugan, there's fellers standin' on the hills lookin' at that pile and figurin' to get it. It stands to reason that they are. I feel it in my bones."

"You have got some clue," suggested Dugan. "Dugan," McCarty observed solemnly, "I have at times very rare powers of discern-r-rnment."

"You have, sir," assented Dugan, as

gravely.

"Suppose, Dugan," he began, "you were a thief-or suppose you were going to become one, and pull off single-handed the biggest job of vault-breakin' ever in the history of the round world, ancient or modern, Dugan? Suppose you was going to rob the Sub-Treasury of the United States—how would you do it? What would ye do now? Ye would dig a tun-

"What made you think of that?" blurted Dugan, struck by the feasibility of the plan.

"I discer-r-rned it, Dugan," he declared. "I rayflicted, and reasoned and discer-r-rned it. A policeman should have good powers of discer-r-rnment, Dugan. D'ye mind the man that tunneled under the Nevada bank, seven years ago?" he asked.

"I do," affirmed Dugan promptly; "'twas Bad Bill Hicks. You tracked him right here in Kearney Street, and located him, and got the reward, and he went up for nine years.

Yes, I remember."

"And then," added McCarty, "he killed a guard at Folsom and escaped."

"Yes, and made his boast that before he died he'd get the man that got him. That's

you," remembered Dugan further.

"There's so many fellers threatened to get me," said McCarty, "and I ain't got yet, that I begin to think each threat's good as a life insurance policy. Anyhow, Dugan, I seen Hicks in town this morning, standin' by that corner yonder, lookin' into that hole where the Sub-Treasury vault is. And so, Dugan, I have a feelin' in my bones that Bad Bill Hicks is tunnelin' under the vault."

"Tunneling!" gasped Dugan, as the idea recurred with irresistible force.

"Yes. He was standin' with his back to me. In the wrinkle under the line of his collar was fresh dirt; not lime and brick dust like everybody has on 'em these days, but fresh dirt—where he had missed it when he brushed off so careful."

"But even with a tunnel," queried Dugan, "how could he get it through all that concrete and railroad iron and solid steel?"

"Dynamite," said McCarty tersely. "Them vaults is hot on top and cool below. Dynamite will break the bottom out."

"But what's the good of that with all the soldiers round?"

"How? This way," broke in Sergeant McCarty quickly. "Next to the Sub-Treasury building on the north is a high, menacin' wall. It needs to be blown down. You can place a dynamite charge so that wall will be blown into the basement and pile all over the vault. D'ye follow me, Dugan? And all around in all directions, they're blowin' down walls. Hear 'em, now. There it is."

The dull, hard, heavy crack of an exploding charge of dynamite, quickly succeeded by another, was borne to their listening ears, and an instant later came the rattle of falling bricks, and the strange, rustling crash as a great section of ruined wall came tottering down.

"And do ye mark me, Dugan. Suppose now, there's a charge of dynamite put under that vault; just the right size, ye understand,

and another charge placed against that high wall—a big charge—a turrible big charge. Hicks was a miner once. He knows more about powder and blastin' than old Dinny Dynamite from my own county in Oireland who invinted the stuff. He lays both his charges right. He runs connectin' wires. He touches 'em both off at once. Boom! Boom!! they go. The wall comes down with a crash like a thirteen-inch gun out to the Presidio—a rippin', rattlin' roar that's like to split the ground. At the same time there's a low, dull far away boom comin' from somewhere, and the wall comes tumblin' down on top, and the soldiers don't see nothin'. They're too busy dodgin' flyin' bricks. Then, too, there's a cloud of dust hangin' on the vault where the wall fell on it, and they're gettin' lime and brick dust out of their eyes, and cussin' like sailors, and the bottom's blowed plum out of the vault, and everything's still as a mice and unsuspectin'.

""All's well' says the soldiers. 'Move on, you cop! You old hobo police Sergeant. We're a doin' of our duty, a guardin' Uncle Sam's treasure boxes.' Meantime Bad Bill Hicks is a-settin' down in Uncle Sam's cellar a-puttin' the front end of his tunnel into shape again, and gettin' his drills ready to do what little steel work is necessary, and then he will cart off them fifty millions, or as many of 'em as he wants, at his leisure, and he has ten whole days to do it in. All he needs is to be sure he ain't caught comin' out of his tunnel."

"But you ain't found the tunnel yet," said Dugan, as if cautioning his superior against overenthusiasm.

"Whisht!" commanded McCarty suddenly, and then clumped solidly across Sacramento Street. Dugan followed, his eyes set on the back of McCarty's cap, while McCarty's own were riveted on some distant thing away up Montgomery Street, and at exact right angles to the figure of a man coming down Sacramento Street from the direction of Kearney.

Presently Dugan swept a casual glance up the line of Sacramento Street at a group of wreckers pulling at a swaying wall with a rope. By so doing, he picked up for a moment in the circle of his vision a heavy shouldered, darkbearded man, just under medium height who was coming down. He wore sweat-stained overalls and jumper, with miner's boots and a colorless slouch hat.

"Hicks!" murmured McCarty to Dugan under his breath, but not removing his gaze from the distance.

Hicks came straight down the middle of the street, crunching his way impatiently through

the broken bricks, and Dugan got his second the brick wall. It faced in the direction of look at the man, and noted the hump on his the Sub-Treasury vaults. nose, and the tense, viselike grip of his jaws.

"He'd be an ugly one, all right," he re- breath.

flected.

Sergeant McCarty realized on the instant that Hicks had seen him and probably recognized him. He gave Dugan an order which would explain his own presence in this neighborhood and at the same time give Dugan a roving commission that would enable him to follow Hicks without arousing suspicion.

"Go on down through the commercial district, Dugan," Sergeant McCarty commanded in matter-of-fact tones that could not escape the ears of any in the vicinity, "see what is bein' done in the way of makin' streets passable for teams, and give me the names of property owners where streets are impassable and no work is being done. Report in an hour at the camp on the hill."

In just twenty-five minutes after they separated, Dugan tumbled out of the tonneau of a passing automobile.

"Hicks took the ferry for Oakland," he re-

ported laconically.

Eight minutes later Dugan was idling about the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, while Sergeant McCarty, after climbing in and out of several basements on the north and west side of the block in which the Sub-Treasury was located, found himself in the cellar of a wholesale liquor house and winery, which interested him exceedingly from the very first glance. It was, first of all, so shallow that the débris from the collapsed walls had filled it almost level with the street; but under this first basement floor was a large storeroom that had been filled with immense puncheons of wine which had burned. The rear entrance to this underground storeroom or vast wine vault was carelessly covered by three or four sheets of corrugated iron, scorched by the fire, of the sort to be gathered anywhere among the ruins. Sergeant McCarty's suspicions were already aroused. He lifted the iron sheets carefully, dropped into the black hole beneath, and let the iron covering fall back as quietly as possible into place.

"If this is Hick's hole and he comes back before I get out, it'll look straight whether 'tis or not," was McCarty's comment to himself.

Darkness reigned about him, but a match revealed a half-burned candle stuck in a crevice between two bricks. McCarty lighted the candle and looked round him with an air of satisfaction. The large chamber was heaped with fresh earth save in the corner just in front of McCarty's face where a hole had been made in

"The tunnel!" he ejaculated under his

Boot tracks were about it, and indications that all the fresh earth in the chamber had come from here.

Methodically he took off his coat, folded it to the smallest possible compass and buried it out of sight in the sandy earth to one side. Then he stepped across to the tunnel entrance, but tripped over something and fell. The secret of his fall was revealed in several sets of wires that crossed the ground and ended in a kind of rude switchboard, carefully concealed under the sand. The wires were roughly fastened so that contact of their bare ends could easily be produced. He felt along the line of the wires to a point just inside the tunnel where was a little nest of dry batteries. McCarty counted the pairs of wires, one, two, three.

"Uh, huh!" he muttered. "Three plants of

dynamite ready to be touched off."

Still on his hands and knees he entered the tunnel. It was stuffy and dusty, hot from the quantities of superheated cement and brick above, and so small that the round body of the sergeant fitted it like a plug. An awesome sense of oppressiveness, as of some great, smothering weight coming down upon him, entered his soul before he had got the length of his body within the tunnel and increased with every foot he advanced. What if he should get stuck in there? What if it were all a mistake and Hicks was in there now? What if Hicks should return and catch him in there? Why had he not called Dugan to guard the tunnel mouth while he entered? He breathed slowly, heavily, with a choking sensation. Suddenly he lifted his head and listened sharply.

From somewhere ahead came a faint tapping sound, and then a scraping noise like the drag of a shovel or other iron tool on concrete or masonry. He had made a dreadful mistake. There was some one at work in the tunnel ahead of him. His quarters were so cramped he could hardly get his hand back to draw his revolver. The better way was to get out, and that immediately. Cautiously he extended a foot to the rear, then the other. But something was wrong. His body seemed to swell up and fill the tunnel too full to move in when he attempted to go backward.

There was nothing for it but to go forward— -to go forward and meet the unknown and conquer it. He began to advance, slowly, cautiously, but steadily. He drew nearer and nearer to the tapping, grating noises. A faint dim thing like a glow appeared. It was a light at the other end of the tunnel. A little farther on, he found the tunnel opening abruptly into a small, boxlike chamber, the roof of which apparently was formed by the concrete floor of the Sub-Treasury basement. In the immediate center of this chamber, and directly opposite the mouth of the tunnel, McCarty could see the great, shouldering corner of the vault.

To the left was a bit of the bare wall of the vault and a mass of shadow. To the right was a similar bit of bare wall, the glimmer of a candle, and then, low down, a shadow, and out of the shadow appeared dimly the head and shoulders of a man.

Sergeant McCarty slipped his hand cautiously back to his revolver. The reaching, fumbling hand grew suddenly weak and the elbow trembled. The revolver was not there. He turned and felt back for it as far as he could. He kneaded the ground under him with his knees and shins. He could not find it. It must be back, far back in the tunnel. His handcuffs were his only weapon. McCarty kept his eyes glued on the figure which moved constantly to and fro. The man was stooped over or kneeling, and seemed to be working with his hands or some small tool under the lower edge of the vault.

But if McCarty's heart fluttered, it was only for an instant. The light of hope came into his eye. He had but to work his way noiselessly from the tunnel, then the spring and the lion-like roar with which McCarty loved to leap upon his prey—and all would be over.

Sergeant McCarty eased himself to the mouth of the tunnel. His long left arm was extended. A grimy hand set itself upon the earth outside, and he prepared to draw his great body after, when his attention was attracted to a shadow that played across the left wall—played across once, and then disappeared, and played once more.

There was a second man in the chamber, working to the left of McCarty's range of vision, and with a second candle to light him. Evidently he had just moved the candle so it threw his shadow on the wall where McCarty saw it. The shadow, too, was a curious thing. It only pictured a portion of a figure, a mighty arm and shoulder, as of Atlas himself. Of course, shadows exaggerate often, but McCarty's own imagination, too, was exaggerating. Why did the man stand so still, all at once? Was he listening? Or did he see McCarty? No—that was impossible.

Suddenly McCarty's hand—his outstretched hand, extending outside the tunnel into the open chamber, slipped just a trifle, under the weight of his body. Did the man

see the hand? Was that why he stood so still? Was he preparing to shoot it? To drive a spade down upon it like a meat cleaver and cut it off? McCarty's nerves crawled through every fiber of his flesh. He lay there, sprawled, breathless and hoping, his gaze still fixed on the shadow. Abruptly the shadow disappeared. McCarty, on the instant, removed his hand, breathing as he did so in his relief, a deep soft sigh—a sigh that ended suddenly in a sharp little intake of breath as a great, hulking miner's boot was planted suddenly in the exact spot where his hand had been. The unseen man on the left had moved quickly across the open end of the tunnel.

"Bout ready?" he asked in a hoarse

"All set," panted the other man who had risen gradually as the pit in which he was crouching on his knees filled up. "How's you'rn?"

"All done but tamping," he replied. "You come shovel for me and I'll tamp."

The two figures moved across the mouth of the tunnel to some place on the left out of McCarty's range of vision.

"Great heavens, Steve!" exclaimed the one from the right: "the box is empty. Did you put it all in there?"

"Yes," answered Steve, speaking uncertainly, as if he might have made a mistake.

"Why," gasped the other; "it's twice too much. It'll blow the vault clear out of the ground and give us dead away. Get it out quick before Bill gets back. It'll make him ugly and he's savage as a beast already. He's gone to the water front now to see about the launch, and he'll be back here any minute."

Any minute! One thing commended itself to McCarty's mind instantly. That was to effect a turn in some way, get faced the other way in the tunnel, and make a desperate effort to get out before Hicks got in. He peered over amid the shadows where the two men were working. He drew his head and shoulders out of the tunnel. The men were stooping with their backs toward him. Noiselessly he crawled outside and lifted himself for a moment nearly to his full height. He was still unobserved. He turned noiselessly and disappeared in the tunnel.

But he had not passed the length of his own body until he heard heavy coughing in front. Some one was coming in. His attempt was made too late. He backed swiftly out toward the vault chamber. He would fight it out there with the men. As quickly as possible he backed out of the tunnel and turned to confront the astonished vault-breakers. To his surprise they did not observe him, but were still engaged

in readjusting the dynamite charge. He had a moment in which to think.

With the instinct of a fighter, he looked the ground over in which he was presently to fight for his life with three men. It was not quite high enough to stand erect in. The vault was diagonally in front. A passage three feet wide or so, and perhaps twelve feet long, ran down to the left. In this were the two men crouching over the dynamite charge. McCarty stepped around to the right. A passage here three feet wide and six feet long had been dug out past the narrow end of the vault. Heexamined this with his hands in the semi-dark-The excavation had gone a little beyond the corner. Evidently there had been some thought of exposing this side of the vault also and planting a third charge here.

Sergeant McCarty's heart leaped as he looked. In an instant his body compressed itself in the shadowy excavation. He stood stock still and waited, having time, perhaps, for a full breath or two before the sharp, irritated tones of Hicks were heard.

"Ain't you fellows ready yet?" he snapped. "That old wolf, McCarty, has been hangin' round here to-day, and he's liable to drop onto us any time. I wouldn't stick around here another twenty-four hours for the whole mint. The launch'll be ready at the Jackson Street wharf at midnight. We got to shoot this thing on time, I tell you."

With short, jerky sentences Hicks talked, giving no time for his confederates to reply to his query; and indeed, he needed no reply, for with abrupt movements, he walked first to where the men were at work, saw them just placing the cap and the connecting wires, and then turned round the corner to the right; dropped on his knees four feet from where Mc-Carty flattened himself behind the projecting corner of the vault, and carefully inspected the charge there which he saw to be ready for firing.

Sergeant McCarty's hands itched as he saw his man kneeling so near.

"Ship-shape?" Hicks snapped, interrogatively, with a keen look about him and in the direction of his two confederates.

"O.K., Bill," they replied.

"Good, then get out of here quick. It'll take us five minutes to get to the cellar, and then I'll give you fellows ten minutes to get out on the street and loaf by the corner to watch them soldiers when I shoot that wall at 'em across the way. Look sharp to see if they drop on to what's doin' here at the same time. If they don't drop on—and you bet they won't here with the drills, ready for the steel work."

Sergeant McCarty winked at himself grotesquely from his place of concealment. He, too, would be there.

"Shall we put out the candles?" asked one of the men nervously.

"Don't bother," answered Hicks; "we got plenty. You get out first, Steve, I'll follow, and you come last, Jack."

But just as Jack would have thrust his head into the tunnel McCarty seized his neck with that terrible strangle hold of which his fingers were capable. The thick digits closed about the windpipe of his man with merciless precision. There was not even a gurgle, nor the slightest faint gasp. While Steve and Hicks were crawling contentedly toward the entrance, supposing themselves to be followed by Jack, that surprised young man was writhing in the grip of a human python. Before they reached the improvised switchboard he was bound hand and foot with the telephone wire left over from the preparation of the dynamite charges.

"Who-who-who are you?" coughed the captured man, after getting a free passage of dusty atmosphere through his constricted throat.

"McCarty," answered the sergeant laconically.

The man started violently, and for a moment regarded the earth- and sweat-stained features of his captor with mingled awe and hatred, until suddenly another idea seized him violently.

"Great Peter, McCarty," he husked in terrorstricken tones; "there's fifty pounds of dynamite under us. Hicks'll get tired waiting for me and touch it off any moment."

"I thought he might myself," observed McCarty calmly, "so I just went round and pulled the wires out."

"Oh," gasped the prisoner, with a sigh of relief, after which he fell to watching McCarty narrowly.

"How'd you get in here?" he asked, after a

"Me? Oh, I come in he the fam'ly entrance," chaffered McCarty cheerfully.

"What you goin' to do now?" he asked a moment later, following with his eyes as McCarty moved over opposite the tunnel.

"Well," observed McCarty ironically, "on account of you not askin' out of idle curiosity but only for information, as it were, I'll tell you. I'm goin' to pick up this box of dynamite off the ground and shove it under the basement floor just above me head here, plumb out come back as soon as you can slip in. I'll be of reach and where it can't fall down or be knocked down."

The prisoner looked relieved when McCarty, after picking up the box very carefully, had carried it to the far end of the little chamber and stowed it in the niche which, as it happened, was just under the basement floor of the Sub-Treasury.

"Then," continued McCarty, "still as a mere matter of information, I think more of your pals than you do. Them boys ain't goin' to shoot this till you come out, and when you don't show up, one of 'em's comin' crawlin' back to see what's wrong. About two minutes after he shows up here again, he'll be another mural decoration, settin' over there beside you. And when he's been here an unreasonable length of time, Hicks'll come himself."

"You'll never tie Hicks up," affirmed the man with an air of conviction. "Hicks'd rather kill you than rob this vault. He'll do it, too—kill you right here. Besides, what's to hinder me hollerin' to 'em to keep away?" he asked.

"Nothin'," answered McCarty placidly, "only if you do, I'll take your neck in my two hands and remove so many of the bric-a-brac in your spinal column that you'll never get it connected up right again."

Meantime McCarty was taking a final look about him to see if the ground was as fit as it might be for the next struggle for life upon which he was soon to enter. As a last precaution he took up the candle from its improvised stand upon a brick and mounted it on a bit of wood from the box cover. This he thrust into the soft earth at the extreme end of the excavation about four feet from the ground, and a foot beneath where the box of dynamite nestled.

A rustling sound now issued from the tunnel. "Whisht!" ordered McCarty, stepping to the left of the tunnel and close up against it. The tawny head of the one called Steve appeared. He caught sight of his partner sitting, trussed like a fowl, and his eyes started from his head.

"Jack, what the—" he exclaimed and got no further, for his vocal organs seemed suddenly to disappear from his anatomy entirely. McCarty had seized him by the throat and jerked him out of the tunnel. He was much larger than Jack but the struggle in the end had the same issue, however, for McCarty at last bore his man down and handcuffed him; then wired his feet together, and later his hands, removing the handcuffs to be used in turn upon Hicks, since they were much more easily manipulated, and besides might be used as a weapon of offense.

McCarty had an idea Hicks would not wait

long before coming in himself to see what was wrong. Indeed, he had feared he might come before he had completed the subjugation of the second man. He slipped off his vest and opened his shirt; his red, hairy chest was bare; his breath was coming quickly, and a certain grim ghastliness had settled on his face as he prepared himself for what he felt was to be the most desperate encounter of his life.

"Hist!" ordered McCarty glowering at his two captives, and took his former position out of sight, but close up against the left side of the tunnel.

Hicks was coming. In his nervousness and rage, he was gnashing his teeth and almost foaming at the mouth as he leaped into the chamber so suddenly that he eluded the grasp of McCarty, who immediately jumped after him.

In the dim light Hicks saw his two accomplices bound and helpless, and at the same instant he felt the hands of McCarty grip him, and turned, catlike, to face his antagonist. He recognized McCarty instantly.

"Oh, you Irish hellion," he shrieked.

With an incoherent cry of mingled rage and joy he grappled with his old enemy. McCarty was heavier and taller, but Hicks had arms and shoulders whose strength was out cf. proportion to the size of his body. The sergeant closed with him and Hicks set his teeth into the stout muscles of his neck. With his thumb he sought McCarty's eye. Twice his clawlike nails tore McCarty's features, and then by miscalculation, his gouging thumb slipped into McCarty's mouth. The sergeant closed upon it, flesh and bone and gristle, with a grinding crunch of his stubborn molars. Both had forgotten to be men, and grappled, and chewed, and rolled, and fought like beasts from end to end of the little den, emitting groans and snarls; spitting, biting, fighting, kicking, scratching, striking.

In the end good luck told for McCarty. They had fought round the corner to the right of the vault where the two prisoners were sitting, chafing to get into the conflict where they were powerless to aid. As the two contestants swung round the corner, they rolled apart for an instant, Hicks falling face down into the soft excavated earth where the dynamite cartridge had been planted. The soil was sand and powder-like dust. As his sweaty face sank half out of sight in this smothering mass, McCarty saw his chance, and plumped a knee upon the back of the prostrate neck while with one sweep of his great hands he got the arms of Hicks together, and handcuffed them behind his back. He did not bother to tie the feet, but crouched on the prone form with blood-shot eyes and heaving

chest, and emitted a great, savage yell that was like a roar of triumph from the jungle.

Hicks raged impotently, spitting great mouthfuls of earth from his lips.

Sergeant McCarty was like a wild man. He stooped and felt over his vanquished enemy for his revolver. With a vell of delight McCarty

possessed himself of the weapon, spun the cylinder, saw that it was in good condition and fired a shot into the ground to make sure.

"Now you've got us, what you going to do with us?"

It was the voice of the first of McCarty's captives. The speech calmed McCarty. He darted a shrewd, admiring glance at him.

"You can't take us out through the tunnel. If you crawl out and leave us, we'll turn each other loose and blow our way out through the basement before you can get to the end of the tunnel."

"Blow your way out?" asked McCarty in amazement, struck with powerful force by a new idea. "Blow your way out?" he repeated.

Sergeant McCarty's eye wandered down the passageway to the end, to the box of dynamite reposing just above the candle in its little niche under the basement floor. Like a flash the plan formed itself in his mind.

"Sure!" he cried. "Sure! I can do it There's me little dynamite charge roughly by the collar. mesilf. already and waiting. All I do is put a bullet through that box and up goes a hole in the basement big enough to drive a dray through."

The sergeant raised his revolver and glanced steadily along the barrel.

"For God's sake, McCarty," screamed Jack,

"vou'll kill us all."

"D've suppose I mind," snapped McCarty. "Besides, ain't ye all behind the turn of the vault here with me, and do ye think that dynamite'll come at ye through a vault fourteen feet thick?"

The revolver rested against the corner of the vault behind which were McCarty and his prisoners. Only a piece of the sergeant's brow, and hand, with that steady blue eye, appeared from behind it.

"Crack!" went the pistol.

A sharp, reverberating roar like a clap of thunder filled the little chamber. A whirlwind of dust flew past, and then there was the had commanded McCarty to move on. sound of rending concrete and brickwork and a small avalanche of earth came down upon tiously. the little huddling group of men. McCarty stood dazed for a moment as the whirl and swirl of the mighty forces passed over and around him, staggering like a drunken man.

tottered round the corner into the longer passage. His head was bursting with a terrible. throbbing pain. His throat was filled with gases that choked him. He stumbled forward toward the place where the charge had been exploded. He could see nothing for the dust that filled the air. He heard the rain of falling bricks on the concrete roof above him. Resolutely he urged himself forward, alternately groping with his hands and holding them to his head. Then came an inrush of fresh air. He sank upon his knees and held his hands over his eyes but filled his lungs again and again. His tongue filled his mouth. Blood streaked his face and trickled down over his grimy chest from the bite in his neck. His heavy, haggard features were drawn and distorted so that the very muscles of his face pained him.

But with the inrush of fresh air came a great sense of triumph. His sergeant's cap, trampled out of all semblance to its former self, lay on the ground before him. He put it on. He was Sergeant McCarty. He stood erect, as nearly as he could, till the visor of his cap, turned skyward, scraped the concrete above him. He heard shouts and voices without. He turned back to look at his prisoners. They were unhurt and shaking themselves out of the dust and débris that covered them. McCarty seized Hicks

"Come out," he ordered harshly.

Hicks arose and staggered weakly forth, ahead of McCarty, mumbling and muttering. Together they climbed through the great ragged hole into the basement of the Sub-Treasury building. Officers Dugan and Meyer who had turned up from somewhere came running from Sacramento Street way. A group of soldiers were hurrying down from the tent, while the two sentries were dropping into the basement from their beats and advancing.

Sergeant McCarty, his cap askew, his shirt torn from his body except for a few rags about the armholes, halted with a masterful air.

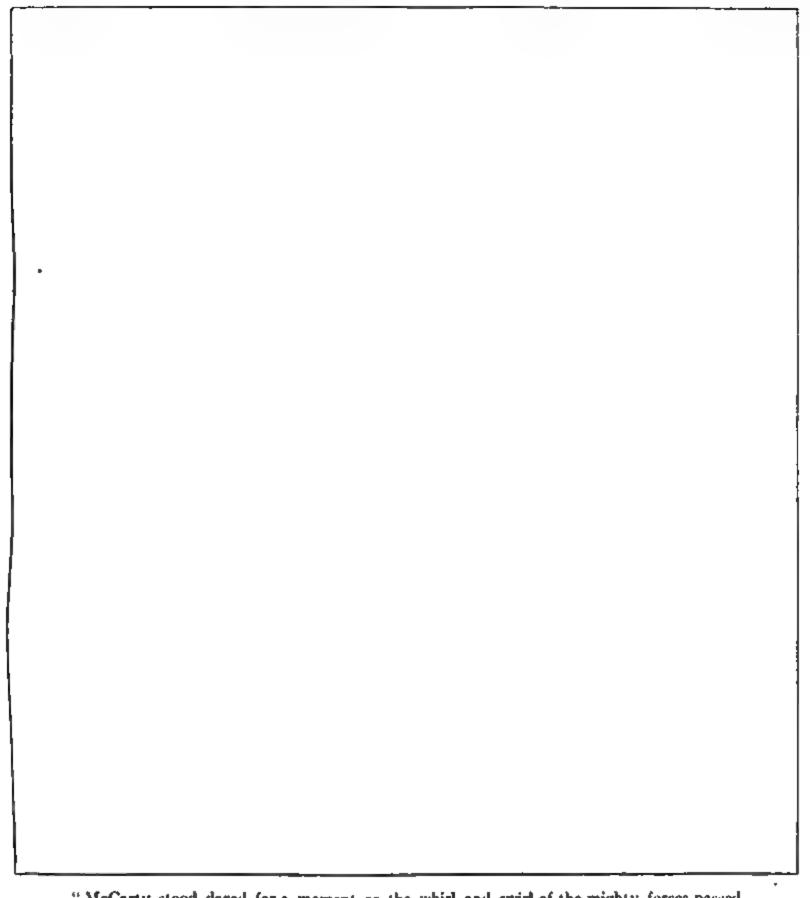
"Stand there!" he ordered of Hicks. "Officers Dugan and Meyer will bring out the remainder of the prisoners."

The patrolmen disappeared in the hole.

"What's up?" asked the sentryman who

"Ye are," responded McCarty senten-

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant in charge of the soldier squad, coming up and gazing wonderingly at the strange picture, the half-naked man with his haughty air of com-For the time he forgot his prisoners. He mand, his dejected-looking prisoner and Offi-



"McCarty stood dazed for a moment as the whirl and swirl of the mighty forces passed over and around him, staggering like a drunken man"

cers Dugan and Meyer, bringing out the other two men whose feet they had released in order that they might walk.

"Sergeant McCarty, Harbor Division, Police Department," he answered with studied formality that yet recognized the man's right to question.

"What was doing?" queried the soldier

"I arrested these men in the act of blowing

the bottom out of the Sub-Treasury vault from a tunnel," explained the Sergeant.

"But how did you know they were under there?" gasped the sentry of the afternoon encounter in amazement.

"Young man," said the Sergeant with a level gaze and an even tone. "It's your business to see what you see, and you done it. It's my business to see what I don't see, and I done that, too."

THE KNIGHT IN DISGUISE

Concerning O. HENRY (SIDNEY C. PORTER)
"He could not forget that he was a Sidney"

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

S this Sir Philip Sidney, this loud clown,
The darling of the glad and gaping town?

This is that dubious hero of the press,
Whose slangy tongue and insolent address
Were spiced to rouse on Sunday afternoon
The man with yellow journals round him strewn.
We laughed and dozed, then roused and read again
And vowed O. Henry funniest of men.
He always worked a triple-hinged surprise
To end the scene and make one rub his eyes.

He comes with vaudeville, with stare and leer.
He comes with megaphone and specious cheer.
His troupe, too fat or short or long or lean,
Step from the pages of the magazine
With slapstick or sombrero or with cane:
The rube, the cowboy or the masher vain.
They overact each part. But at the height
Of revel and absurdity's delight
The masks fall off for one queer instant there
And show real faces: faces full of care
And desperate longing; love that's hot or cold;
And subtle thoughts, and countenances bold.
The masks go back. 'Tis one more joke. Laugh on!
The goodly grown-up company is gone.

No doubt, had he occasion to address
The brilliant court of purple-clad Queen Bess,
He would have wrought for them the best he knew
And led more loftily his actor-crew.
How coolly he misquoted. 'Twas his art—
Slave-scholar, who misquoted—from the heart!
So when we slapped his back with friendly roar
Æsop awaited him, without the door,—
Æsop the Greek, who made dull masters laugh
With little tales of fox and dog and calf.

And, be it said, 'mid these his pranks so odd, With something nigh to chivalry he trod, And oft the drear and driven would defend—The little shop-girl's knight, unto the end. Yea, he had passed, ere we could understand The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand. Yea, ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn With valiant cut and thrust, and he was gone.

THE WOMAN AND DEMOCRACY

By IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Tariff in Our Times," "The History of the Standard Oil Company," etc.

As long as our civilization is essentially one of property, of fences, of exclusiveness, it will be mocked by delusions. Our riches will leave us sick; there will be bitterness in our laughter, and our wine will burn our mouths. Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."—Emerson's Essay on Napoleon.

◄HE one notion that democracy has succeeded in planting firmly in the mind of the average American citizen is his right and duty to rise in the world. Tested by this conception the American woman is an ideal democrat. Give her a ghost of a chance and she almost never fails to better herself materially and socially. Nor can she be said to do it by the clumsy methods we describe as "pushing." She does it by a legitimate, if rather literal application of the national formula for rising;

get schooling and get money.

The average American man reverses the order of the terms in the formula. He believes more in money. The time that boys and girls are kept in school after the fourteenor sixteen-year-age limit is generally due to the insistence of the mother, her confidence that the more education the better the lifechance. What it amounts to is that the man has more faith in life as a teacher, the woman more faith in schools. Both, however, seek the same goal, pin their faith to the same tools. Both take it for granted that if they work out the formulas they thereby earn and will receive letters-patent to the aristocracy of the democracy!

The weakness of this popular conception of the democratic scheme is that it gives too much attention to what a man gets and too little to what he gives. Democracy more than any other scheme under which men have tried to live together depends on what each returns—returns not in material but in spiritual things. Democracy is not a shelter, a garment, a cash account; it is a spirit. The real test of its followers must be sought in their attitude of mind toward life, labor and their fellows.

her? Labor according to democracy is a badge of respectability. You cannot poach or sponge in a democracy; if you do, you violate the fundamental right of the other man. You cannot ask him to help support you by indirect or concealed devices; if you do, you are hampering the free opportu-

nity the scheme promises him.

Moreover, the kind of work you do must not demean you. Nothing useful is menial. It is in the quality of the work and the spirit you give it that the test lies. Poor work brings disrespect and so hurts not only you but the whole mass. Contempt for a task violates the principle because it is contempt for a thing which the system recognizes as useful. Classification based on tasks falls down in a democracy. A poor lawyer falls below a good clerk, a poor teacher below a good housemaid, since one renders a sound and the other an unsound service.

Now this ideal of labor it was for the woman to work out in the household. To do this she must reconstruct the ideas to which she and all her society had been trained. In the nature of the task there could be no rules for it. It could be accomplished only by creating in the household a genuine democratic spirit. This meant that she must bring herself to look upon domestic service as a dignified employment in no way demeaning the person who performed it. Quite as difficult, she must infuse into those who performed the labor of the household respect and pride in their service.

What has happened? Has the woman democratized the department of labor she controls? If we are to measure her understanding of the system under which she lives by what she has done with her own particu-Where does the average American woman lar labor problem, we must set her down as a come out in applying this test? Take her poor enough democrat. This great departattitude toward labor,—where does it place ment of national activity is generally (though by no means universally) in a poorer estate to-day than ever before in the history of the country; that is, tested by the ideals of labor toward which we are supposed to be working,

it shows less progress.

Instead of being dignified it has been de-No other honest work in the country so belittles a woman socially as housework performed for money. It is the only field of labor which has scarcely felt the touch of the modern labor movement; the only one where the hours, conditions and wages are not being attacked generally; the only one in which there is no organization or standardization, no training, no regular road of progress. It is the only field of labor in which there seems to be a general tendency to abandon the democratic notion and return frankly to the standards of the aristocratic régime. The multiplication of livery, the tipping system, the terms of address, all show an increasing imitation of the old world's methods. Unhappily enough they are used with little or none of the old world's ease. Being imitations and not natural growths, they, of course, cannot be.

More serious still is the relation which has been shown to exist between criminality and household occupations. Nothing indeed which recent investigation has established ought to startle the American woman more. Contrary to public opinion it is not the factory and shop which are making women offenders of all kinds; it is the household. In a recent careful study of over 3,000 women criminals, the Bureau of Labor found that 80 per cent. came directly from their own homes or from the traditional pursuits of women!*

The anomaly is the more painful because women are so active in trying to better the conditions in trades which men control. Feminine circles everywhere have been convulsed with sympathy for shop and factory girls. Intelligent and persistent efforts are making to reach and aid them. This is, of course, right, and it would be a national calamity if such organizations as the Woman's Trade Union League and the Consumer's League should lose anything of their vigor. But the need of the classes they reach is really less than the need of household workers. In the first place the number affected is far less.

It is customary, in presenting the case of the shop and factory girl, to speak of them as "an army 7,000,000 strong." It is a misleading exaggeration. The whole number

of American women and girls over ten years of age earning their living wholly or partially is about 7,000,000.† Of this number from 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. belong to the "army" in shops and factories; moreover, a goodly percentage of this proportion are accountants, bookkeepers and stenographers, a class which on the whole may be said to be able to look after its own needs. The number in domestic service is nearly twice as great, something like 40 per cent. of the 7,000,000.

There are almost as many dressmakers, milliners and seamstresses as there are factory operators in this 7,000,000. There are nearly twice as many earning their living in dairies, greenhouses and gardens as there are in shops and offices.

The greater number in domestic service is not what gives this class its greater importance. Its chief importance comes from the fact that it is in a *permanent* woman's employment; that is, the household worker becomes on marriage a housekeeper and in this country frequently an employer of labor. The intelligence and the ideals which she will give to her homemaking will depend almost entirely on what she has seen in the houses where she has worked; that is, our domestic service is self-perpetuating and upon it American homes are in great numbers being annually founded. In sharp contrast to this permanent character of housework is the transientness of factory and shop work. The average period which a girl gives to this kind of labor is probably less than five years. What she learns has little or no relation to her future as a housekeeper—indeed. the tendency is rather to unfit than to fit her for a home.

But why is the American woman not stirred by these facts? Why does she not recognize their meaning and grapple with her labor problem? It is certain that at the beginning of the republic she did have a pretty clear idea of the kind of household revolution the country needed. Our greatgrandmothers, that is the serious ones among them, made a brave dash at it. There is no family, at least of New England tradi-

^{*}Report on condition of Woman and Child Wage-Earners in the United States, Vol. XV. Relation between Occupation and Criminality of Women. 1911.

[†] The number of people in 1910 in what is called "gainful occupations" has not as yet been compiled by the Census Bureau. This figure of 7,000,000 is arrived at by the following method, suggested to the writer by Director Durand. It is known that there are about 44,500,000 females in the present population. Now in 1900 there were about 14½ per cent. of all the girls and women in the country over ten years of age at work a part or all of the time. Apply to the new figure this proportion and you have between six and seven millions, which is called 7,000,000 here, on the supposition that the proportion may have slightly increased. The percentage of women in each of the various occupations in 1900 is assumed still to exist.

table, at the fireside. (They thought to change the nature of a relation as old as the world by changing its name and form.) It was like the French Revolutionists' attempt to make a patriot by taking away his ruffles and shoe buckles and calling him "citizen"!

ter i

Jil.

ber -

g t.

Bit

TILL

 $T_{n_1}^{-1}$

s≟. \$ 1.

T

 e_i^i .

B.L

10

0.7

.

37

T.

·

þ

i.

1

1.

Ċ

5.

Ì.

Of course it failed. The family meal, the fireside hour, are personal and private institutions in a home. Much of the success of the family in building up an intimate comradeship depends upon preserving them. We admit friends to them as a proof of affection, strangers as a proof of our regard. The notion that those who come into a household solely to aid in its labor should be admitted into personal relations which depend for their life upon privacy and affection was always fantastic. It could not endure because it violated something as important as the dignity of labor, and that was the sacredness of personal privacy. Moreover, it was bound to fail because it made the dignity of labor depend on artificial things—such as the name by which one is called, the place where one sits.

The good sense of the country might very well have regulated whatever was artificial in the attempt, if it had not been for the crushing interference of slavery. In the South all service was performed by slaves. In many parts of the North, at the founding of the republic, in Connecticut, in New York, New Jersey, slaves were held. It was practically impossible to work out a democratic system of domestic service side by side with this institution.

Slavery passed, but we were impeded by the fact that, liberated, the slave was still a slave in spirit and that his employer, North and South, was still an aristocrat in her treatment of him. With this situation to cope with, the woman's labor problem was still further complicated by immigration.

For years we have been overrun by thousands of untrained girls who are probably to be heads of American homes and mothers of American citizens. Most of them are of good, healthy, honest, industrious stock, but they are ignorant of our ways and ideas. The natural place for these girls to get their

tion, who does not know the methods they American women toward these foreign girls adopted. They changed the nomenclature. is plainly to help them understand our There were to be no more "servants"—but ideals. The difficulty of this is apparent helpers. There were to be no divisions in but the failure to accomplish it has been due the household. The helper was to sit at the less to its difficulty than to the fact that not one woman in a thousand has recognized that she has an obligation to make a fit citizen of the girl who comes into her

> Generally speaking, the foreign servant girl has been exploited in this country almost if not quite as ruthlessly and unintelligently as the foreign factory girl and the foreign steel mill worker. Domestic service, which ought to be the best school for the newcomer. has become the worst; exploited, she learns to exploit; suspected, she learns to suspect. The result has been that the girl has soon acquired a confused and grotesque notion of her place. She soon becomes insolent and dissatisfied, grows more and more indifferent to the quality of her work and to the cultivation of right relations.

> What we have lost in our treatment of the immigrant women can never be regained, We forget that almost invariably these girls have the habit of thrift. They have never known anything else. Thrift as a principle is ingrained in them. But the American household is notoriously thriftless. As a rule it destroys the quality in the untrained immigrant girl. It is American not to care for expense—and she accepts the method—as far as her mistress' goods are concernedif not her own.

> The general stupid assumption that because the immigrant girl does not know our ways she knows nothing, has deprived us of much that she might have contributed to our domestic arts and sciences. It is with her as it is with any newcomer in a strange land of strange tongue—she is shy, dreads ridicule. Instead of encouraging her to preserve and develop that which she has learned at home we drive her to abandon it by our ignorant assumption that she knows nothing worth our learning. The case of peasant handicraft is in point. It is only recently that we have begun to realize that most women immigrants know some kind of beautiful handicraft which they have entirely dropped for fear of being laughed at.

A very frequent excuse for the lack of pains that the average woman gives to the training of the raw girl is that she marries as soon as she becomes useful. But is it not part of the woman's business in this democinitiation into American democracy is in racy to help the newcomer to an indepenthe American household. The duty of dent position? Is it not part of her business to help settle her maids in matrimony? Certainly any large and serious conception of her is a *cheap laborer*—cheap not because she is life must include this obligation.

a poor laborer—she is not; generally she is

It is the failure to recognize opportunities for public service of this kind that makes the woman say her life is narrow. It is parallel to her failure to understand the relation of household economy to national economy. She seems to lack the imagination to relate her problem to the whole problem. She will read books and follow lecture courses on Labor and come home to resent the narrowness of her life, unconscious that she personally has the labor problem on her own hands and that her failure to see that fact is complicating daily the problems of the nation. It is the old false idea that the interesting and important thing is somewhere else—never at home while the truth is that the only interesting and important thing for any of us is in mastering our own particular situation moreover, the only real contribution we ever make comes in doing that.

The failure to dignify and professionalize household labor is particularly hard on the unskilled girl of little education who respects herself, has pretty clear ideas of her "rights" under our system of government and who expects to make something of herself. There are tens of thousands of such in the country; very many of them realize clearly the many advantages of household labor. They know that it ought to be more healthful, is better paid, is more interesting because more varied. They see its logical relation to the future to which they look forward.

But such a girl feels keenly the cost to herself of undertaking what she instinctively feels ought to be for her the better task. She knows the standards and conditions are a matter of chance; that, while she may receive considerate treatment in one place, in another there will be no apparent consciousness that she is a human being. She knows and dreads the loneliness of the average "place." "It's breaking my heart ——was," sobbed an intelligent Irish girl, serving a term for drunkenness begun in the kitchen, "alone all day long with never a one to pass a good word." She finds herself cut off from most of the benefits which are provided for other wage-earning girls. She finds the Young Women's Christian Association—in some quarters if not everywhere—closes its rooms and classes to her. She finds the girls' clubhouses generally are closed to her. She is the pariah among workers.

What is there for this girl but the factory or the shop? Yet her presence there is a

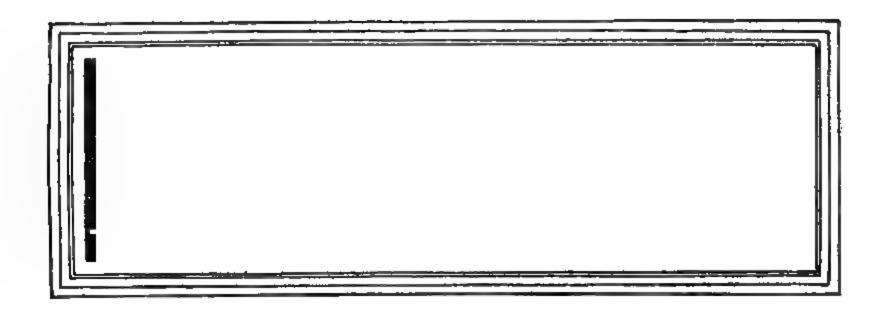
disaster for the whole labor system, for she is a cheap laborer—cheap not because she is a poor laborer—she is not; generally she is an admirable one—quick to learn, faithful to discharge. Her weakness in trade is that she is a transient who takes no interest in fitting herself for an advanced position. The demonstration of this statement is found in a town like Fall River where the admirable textile school has only a rare woman student, although boys and men tax its capacity. There is no object for the average girl to take the training. She looks forward to a different life. The working girl has still to be convinced of the "aristocracy of celibacy"!

No more difficult or important undertaking awaits the American woman than to accept the challenge to democratize her own special field of labor. It is in doing this that she is going to make her chief contribution to solving the problem of woman in industry. It is in doing this that she is going to learn the meaning of democracy. It is an undertaking in which every woman has a direct individual part—just as every man has a direct part in the democratization of public life.

Individual effort aside, though it is the most essential, she has various special channels of power through which she can work—her clubs for instance. If the vast machinery of the Federation of Woman's Clubs could be turned to this problem of the democratization of domestic service what an awakening might we not hope for! Yet it is doubtful if it will be through the trained woman's organizations that the needed revolution will come. It will come, as always, from the ranks of the workers.

Already there are signs that the woman's labor organizations are willing to recognize the inherent dignity of household service. And this is as it should be. The woman who labors should be the one to recognize that all labor is per se equally honorable—that there is no stigma in any honestly performed, useful service. If she is to bring to the labor world the regeneration she dreams, she must begin not by saying that the shop girl, the clerk, the teacher are in a higher class than the cook, the waitress, the maid, but that we are all laborers alike, sisters by virtue of the service we are rendering society. That is, labor should be the last to recognize the canker of caste.*

^{*}The National Women's Trades Union League has domestic workers among its members, though not as yet, I believe, in any large numbers. Its officials are strong believers in a Domestic Workers' Union. There are several such unions in New Zealand and they have done much to regulate hours, conditions and wages.



M R R ${f G}$ \mathbf{E}

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards." –From a Private Letter.

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:—Marjorie Pope, engaged to Will Magnet, a humorous writer, falls in love with Trafford, a brilliant young scientist. She breaks her engagement, and later elopes with Trafford to Italy. Upon their return to London, Marjorie furnishes the house, but considerably exceeds the sum allowed by Trafford's slender means for that purpose. Eager to make an impression upon her wealthy friends, Marjorie becomes more extravagant; so extravagant that Trafford finds his resources actually reduced. Just then their little daughter comes, sweeping away all disagreements. Trafford gives public science lectures, in order to eke out their increasing expenses. Then comes the period of disillusionment, when they become just ordinary people to each other. Things are strained between them when they decide to take a trip in the Swiss mountains, to talk things over and start again, to lead a more orderly and austere life. This they do, walking in the sunlight and high winds, thinking high thoughts. But they meet Solomonson at Les Avants, and are persuaded to stay at the gorgeous villa of Lee, Solomonson's brother-in-law. There, dressed in Oriental robes, surrounded by every luxury, Trafford sees Marjorie in the environment that suits her. They return to London with all the austere ideas drowned in the splendor of their visit, and Marjorie breaks down and confesses to him her love of these things. So Trafford renounces the lofty spirit of research, and goes into business with Solomonson, with his chemical secret of making rubber.

Book the Third; Marjorie at Lonely Hut

CHAPTER THE FIRST --- SUCCESS

FIND it hard to trace the accumulation of moods and feelings that led Trafford week more things happen in the mind and was a man of nearly thirty-five and touching moods of such a man as Trafford-changes, life at a hundred points for one of the under-

revocations, deflections—than one can chronicle in the longest of novels. I have already in an earlier passage of this story sought to give an image of the confused content of a and Marjorie at last to make their ex- modern human mind, but that pool was to traordinary raid upon Labrador. In a represent a girl of twenty, and Trafford now

graduate Marjorie's. him less confused, but it certainly made him fuller. Let me attempt, therefore, only the broad outline of his changes of purpose and activity until I come to the crucial mood that made these two lives a little worth telling, because a little distinctive amid the many thousands of such lives that people are living to-day.

It took him seven years from his conclusive agreement with Solomonson to become a rich and influential man. It took him only seven vears because already by the mere accidents of intellectual interest he was in possession of knowledge of the very greatest economic importance, and because Solomonson was full of that practical lovalty and honesty that distinguishes his race at its best. I think that in any case Trafford's vigor and subtlety of mind would have achieved the prosperity he had found necessary to himself, but it might have been under less favorable auspices a much longer and more tortuous struggle. Success and security were never so abundant and so easily attained by men with capacity and a sense of proportion as they are in the varied and flexible world of to-day.

Trafford found the opening campaign over the plantation shares and his explosion of Behrens' pretensions extremely uncongenial. It left upon his mind a confused series of memories of interviews and talks in offices for the most part dingy and slovenly, of bales of press cuttings and blue-penciled financial publications, of unpleasing encounters with a number of bright-eyed, flushed, excitable, and extremely cunning men, of having to be reserved and limited in his talk upon all occasions, and of all the worst aspects of Solomonson. All that part of the new treatment of life that was to make him rich gave him sensations as though he had ceased to wash himself mentally, until he regretted his old life in his laboratory as a traveler in a crowded train among filthy people might regret the bathroom he had left behind him.

But the development of his manufacture of rubber was an entirely different business, and for a time profoundly interesting. It took him into a new, astonishing world, the world of large-scale manufacture and industrial organization. The actual planning of the works was not in itself anything essentially new to him. Even the importance of sites in regions whose very names were uncost and economy at every point in the process imported no system of considerations urban railway lines to hitherto unimagined that was altogether novel to him. The railway stations, found parks, churches,

Perhaps that made necessity for husbanded material and inexpensive substitutes. But strange factors came in, a new region of interest was opened with the fact that instead of one experimenter working with the alert, responsive assistance of Durgan, a multitude of human beings—even in the first drafts of his project they numbered already two hundred, before the handling and packing could be considered—had to watch, control, assist, or do every stage in the long elaborate synthesis. For the first time in his life Trafford encountered the reality of Labor, as it is known to the modern producer.

It will be difficult in the future, when things now subtly or widely separated have been brought together by the receding perspectives of time, for the historian to realize just how completely out of the thoughts of such a young man as Trafford the millions of people who live and die in organized productive industry had been. That vast world of toil and weekly anxiety, ill-trained and stupidly directed effort and mental and moral feebleness, had been as much beyond the living circle of his experience as the hosts of Genghis Khan or the social life of the Forbidden City. Consider the limitations of his world. In all his life hitherto he had never been beyond a certain prescribed area of London's immensities, except by the most casual and uninstructive straying. homes he knew were comfortable homes, the poor he knew were parasitic and dependent poor, the shops good retail shops, the factories for the most part engaged in dressmaking.

Of course, he had been informed about this vast rest of London. He knew that as a matter of fact it existed, was populous, portentous, puzzling. He had heard of "slums," read "Tales of Mean Streets," and marveled in a shallow, transitory way at such wide wilderness of life, apparently supported by nothing at all in a state of gray, darkling, but prolific discomfort. Like the princess who wondered why the people having no bread did not eat cake, he could never clearly understand why the population remained there, did not migrate to more attractive surroundings.

He discovered this limitless unknown greater London, this London of the majority, as if he had never thought of it before. He went out to inspect favorable familiar to him, traveled on dirty little intra-British investigator knows only too well the workhouses, institutions, public-houses, canals, factories, gasworks, warehouses, foundries and sidings, amid a multitudinous dinginess of mean houses, shabby backyards, and ill-kept streets. There seemed to be no limits to this threadbare side of London; it went on northward, eastward, and over the Thames southward, for mile after mile. The factories and so forth clustered in lines and banks upon the means of communication, the homes stretched between an infinitude of parallelograms of grimy boxes, with public-houses at the corners and churches

and chapels in odd places, towering over which rose the council schools, big, biunt, truncatedlooking masses, the means to an education as blunt and truncated, born of tradition and confused purposes, achieving by accident what they achieve at all.

And about this sordid - looking wilderness went a population that seemed at first as sordid. It was in no sense a tragic population. But it saw little of the sun, felt the wind but rarely, and so had a white dull skin

that seemed degenerate and ominous to a West End eye. It was not naked nor barefooted, but it wore cheap clothes that seemed tawdry when new and speedily became faded, discolored, dusty, and draggled. It was slovenly and almost wilfully ugly in its speech and gestures. And the food it are was rough and coarse if abundant, the eggs it consumed "tasted"—everything "tasted," its milk, its beer, its bread was degraded by base adulterations; its meat was hacked red stuff that hung in the dusty air until it was sold. East of the city Trafford could find no place where by his standards he could get a tolerable meal tolerably served. The entertainment of this eastern London seemed to be jingle, its religion claptrap, its reading feeble and

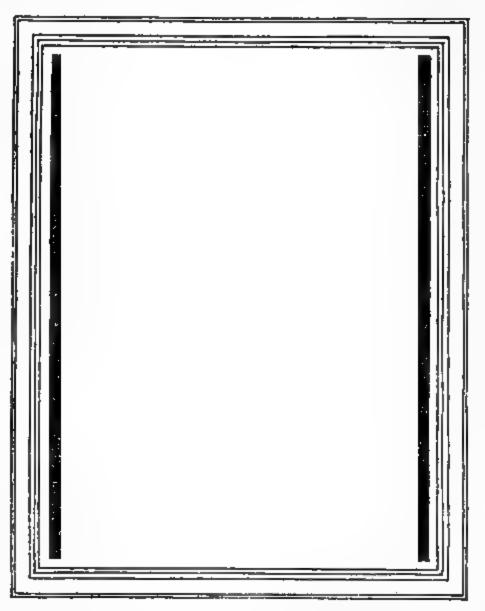
sensational rubbish without kindliness or breadth. And if this great industrial multitude was neither tortured, nor driven, nor cruelly treated—as the slaves and common people of other days have been—yet it seemed universally anxious, perpetually anxious about urgent small necessities and petty dissatisfying things. . . .

That was the general effect of this new region in which he had sought out and found the fortunate site for his manufacture of rubber, and against this background it was

> that he had now to encounter a crowd of selected individuals and weld them into a harmonious and successful "process." They came out from their millions to him, dingy, awkward, and at first it seemed without any individuality of their own. Insensibly they took on character, rounded off by unaccustomed methods into persons as marked and distinctive as any he had known.

> There was Dowd, for instance, the technical assistant, whom he came to call in his

private thoughts Dowd the disinherited. Dowd had seemed at first a rather awkward, potentially insubordinate young man of unaccountably extensive and curiously limited attainments. He had begun his career in a crowded home behind and above a baker's shop in Hoxton; he had gone as a boy into the works of a Clerkenwell electric engineer, and there he had developed that craving for knowledge which is so common in men of the energetic type. He had gone to classes, read with a sort of fury, feeding his mind on the cheap and adulterated instruction of grantearning crammers and on stale, meretricious and ill-chosen books; his mental food indeed was the exact parallel of the rough, abundant, cheap, and nasty groceries and meat that



gave the East-Ender his spots and dyspeptic mob might break windows. At last they complexion, the cheap text-books were like canned meat and dangerous with intellectual ptomaines, the cheap encyclopædias like weak and whitened bread, and Dowd's mental complexion too was leaden and spotted. Yet essentially he wasn't, Trafford found, by any means bad stuff; where his knowledge had had a chance of touching reality it became admirable, and he was full of energy in his work and a sort of honest zeal about the things of the mind. The two men grew from an acute mutual criticism into a mutual respect.

At first it seemed to Trafford that when he met Dowd he was only meeting Dowd, but a time came when it seemed to him that in meeting Dowd he was meeting all that vast new England outside the range of ruling class dreams, that multitudinous greater England, cheaply treated, rather out of health, angry, energetic, and now becoming intelligent and critical, which organized industrialism has created. There were nights when he thought for hours about Dowd. Other figures grouped themselves round him —Markham, the head clerk, the quintessence of East-End respectability with a house almost on the Victoria Park; Casement, who saw to the packing; Miss Peckover, an extelegraph operator, a woman so entirely reliable and unobservant that the most betraying phase of the secret process could be confidently entrusted to her hands.

Dowd became at last entirely representative.

When first Trafford looked Dowd in the eye, he met something of the hostile interest one might encounter in a swordsman ready to begin a duel. There was a watchfulness, an immense reserve. They discussed the work and the terms of their relationship, and all the while Trafford felt here was something almost threateningly not mentioned.

Presently he learned from a Silvertown employer what that concealed aspect was. Dowd was the sort of man who makes trouble, disposed to strike rather than not upon a grievance, with a taste for open-air meetings, a member, obstinately adherent in spite of friendly remonstrance, of the Social Democratic party. This in spite of his manifest duty to a wife and two small children. For a time he would not talk to Trafford of anything but business,-Trafford was so manifestly the enemy, not to be trusted, the adventurous plutocrat, the exploiter, when at last Dowd did open out he did so

achieved a sort of friendship and understanding, an amiability as it were in hostility, but never from first to last would he talk to Trafford as one gentleman to another; between them, and crossed only by flimsy temporary bridges, was his sense of incurable grievances and fundamental injustice. He seemed incapable of forgetting the disadvantages of his birth and upbringing, the inferiority and disadvantage of the house that sheltered him, the poor food that nourished him, the air he breathed, the limited leisure. the inadequate books. Implicit in his every word and act was the assurance that but for this handicap he could have filled Trafford's place, while Trafford would certainly have failed in his.

For all these things Dowd made Trafford responsible; he held him to that inexorably. "You sweat us," he said, speaking between his teeth; "you limit us, you stifle us, and

away there in the West End, you and the women you keep waste the plunder."

Trafford attempted palliation. all," he said, "it's not me so particularly—"

"But it is," said Dowd.

"It's the system things go on."

"You're the responsible part of it. You have freedom, you have power and endless opportunity-

Trafford shrugged his shoulders.

"It's because your sort wants too much," said Dowd, "that my sort hasn't enough."

"Tell me how to organize things better." "Much you'd care. They'll organize themselves. Everything is drifting to class separation, the growing discontent, the growing hardship of the masses. you'll see."

"Then what's going to happen?"

"Overthrow. And social democracy."

"How is that going to work?"

Dowd had been cornered by that before. "I don't care if it doesn't work," he snarled, "so long as we smash up this."

"Dowd," said Trafford abruptly, "I'm

not so satisfied with things."

"You'll Dowd looked at him askance. get reconciled to it," he said. "It's ugly here—but it's all right there—at the spending end. . . . Your sort has got to grab, your sort has got to spend—until the thing works out and the social revolution makes an end of you."

"And then?"

Dowd became busy with his work.

Trafford stuck his hands in his pockets defiantly, throwing opinions at Trafford as a and stared out of the dingy factory window.

"I don't object so much to your diagnosis," he said, "as to your remedy. It

doesn't strike me as a remedy."

"It's an end," said Dowd, "anyhow. My God! When I think of all the women and shirkers flaunting and frittering away there in the West, while here men and women toil and worry and starve . . ." He stopped short like one who feels too full for controlled speech.

"Dowd." said Trafford after a fair pause,

"what would you do if you were me?"

"Do!" said Dowd.
"Yes," said Trafford as one who reconsiders it, "what would you do?"

"Now, that's a curious question, Mr. Trafford," said Dowd, turning to regard him. "Meaning—if I were in your place?"

"Yes," said Trafford. "What would you

do in my place?"

"I should sell out of this place jolly quick," he said.

"Sell!" said Trafford softly.

"Yes—sell. And start a socialist daily right off. An absolutely independent, unbiased socialist daily."

"And what would that do?"

"It would stir people up. Every day it

would stir people up.

"But you see I can't edit. I haven't the money for half a year of a socialist daily. . . . And meanwhile people want rubber."

Dowd shook his head. "You mean that you and your wife want to have the spending of six or eight thousand a year." he said.

"I don't make half of that," said Trafford. "Well—half of that," pressed Dowd. "It's all the same to me."

Trafford reflected. "The point where I don't agree with you," he said, "is in supposing that my scale of living—over there,

is directly connected with the scale of living about here."

"Well, isn't it?"

"'Directly,' I said. No. If we just stopped it-over there-there'd be no improvement here. In fact, for a time it would mean dislocations. It might mean permanent, hopeless, catastrophic dislocation. You know that as well as I do. Suppose the West End became—Tolstoyan; the East would become chaos."

"Not much likelihood," sneered Dowd.

"That's another question. That we earn together here and that I spend alone over there, it's unjust and bad, but it isn't a thing that admits of any simple remedy. Where admit the disease as fully as you do. I—as their cocksure confidence in untried reforms

much as you—want to see the dawn of a great change in the ways of human living. But I don't think the diagnosis is complete. and satisfactory; our problem is an intricate muddle of disorders, not one simple disorder, and I don't see what treatment is indicated.

"Socialism," said Dowd, "is indicated." "You might as well say that health is indicated," said Trafford, with a note of impatience in his voice. "Does anyone question that if we could have this socialist state in which everyone is devoted and everyone is free, in which there is no waste and no want, and beauty and brotherhood prevail universally, we wouldn't? But —. You socialists have no scheme of government, no scheme of economic organization, no intelligible guaranties of personal liberty, no method of progress, no ideas about marriage, no plan—except these little pickpocket plans of the Fabians that you despise as much as I do; for making this order into that other order you've never yet taken the trouble to work out even in principle. Really you know, Dowd, what is the good of pointing at my wife's dresses and waving the red flag

at me, and talking of human miseries-"It seems to wake you up a bit," said

Dowd. with characteristic irrelevance.

 \mathbf{II}

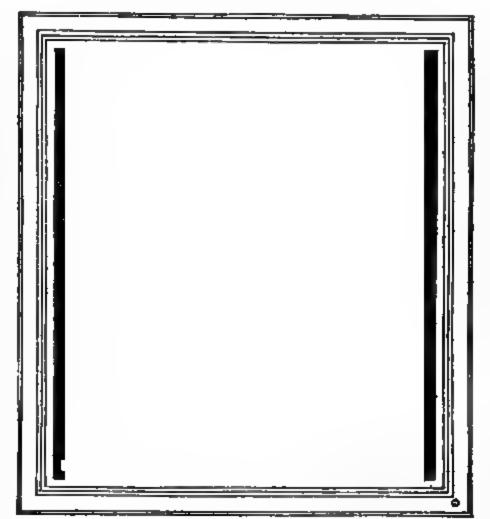
The accusing finger of Dowd followed Trafford into his dreams.

Behind it was his gray-toned, intelligent, resentful face, his smoldering eyes, his slightly frayed collar and vivid, ill-chosen tie. At times Trafford could almost hear his flat, insistent voice, his measured h-less speech. Dowd was so penetratingly right,—and so ignorant of certain essentials, so wrong in his forecasts and ultimates. It was true beyond disputing that Trafford as compared with Dowd had opportunity, power of a sort, the prospect and possibility of leisure. He admitted the liability that followed on that It expressed so entirely the advantage. spirit of his training that with Trafford the noble maxim of the older socialists, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need," received an intuitive acquiescence.

But Dowd's remedies!

Trafford made himself familiar with the socialist and labor newspapers, and he was as much impressed by their honest resentments and their enthusiastic hopefulness as we differ, Dowd, is about that remedy. I he was repelled by their haste and ignorance,

and impudent teachers, their indiscriminating progressiveness, their impulsive lapses into hatred, misrepresentation and vehement personal abuse. He was in no mood for the humors of human character, and he found the ill-masked feuds and jeal-ousies of the leaders, the sham statecraft of G. B. Magdeberg, M.P., the sham Machiavellism of Dorvil, the sham persistent good-



in and out of Parliament, was a mere formless and indeterminate aspiration.

His attention passed from the consideration of this completely revolutionary party to the general field of social reform. With the naïve directness of a scientific man, he got together the published literature of half a dozen flourishing movements and philanthropies, interviewed prominent and rather embarrassed personages, attended meetings, and when he found the speeches too tiresome smoothly organized and Dowd so reconciled, to follow watched the audience about him. He even looked up Aunt Plessington's agitation, and filled her with wild hopes and premature boastings about a promising convert. His impression was not the cynic's impression of these wide shallows of activity. Progress and social reform are not, he saw, mere cloaks of hypocrisy; a warm wealth of good intention lies behind them in spite of their manifest futility.

He emerged from this inquiry into the proposed remedies and palliatives for Dowd's Wrongs with a better opinion of people's wounds became unstimulating and ineffective hearts and a worse one of their heads than he had hitherto entertained.

from the politicians and practical workers that far outshone Magnet's, and he made the to the economists and sociologists. He transit in the minimum of time and with the spent the entire leisure of the second summer minimum of friction. It ceased to be more

sociological and economic literature. At the end of that bout of reading he emerged with a vivid realization of the garrulous badness that rules in this field of work, and the prevailing slovenliness and negligence in regard to it.

Ш

But you must not suppose that at any time these huge gray problems of our social foundations and the riddle of in-

heartedness of Will Pipes discouraging and tellectual confusion one reaches through irritating. Altogether it seemed to him the them, and the yet broader riddles of human conscious popular movement in politics, both purpose that open beyond, were the whole of Trafford's life during this time. When he came back to Marjorie and his home a curtain of unreality fell between him and It was as if he stepped all these things. through such slumber boundaries as Alice passed to reach her wonderland; the other world became a dream again; as if he closed the pages of a vivid book and turned to realities about him.

> In a year or so he had the works so trained, and encouraged that his daily presence was unnecessary, and he would go only three and then only two mornings a week to conduct those secret phases in the preparation of his catalytic agent that even Dowd could not be trusted to know. He reverted more and more completely to his own proper world.

And the first shock of discovering that greater London which "isn't in it" passed away by imperceptible degrees. Things that had been as vivid and startling as new with repetition. He got used to the change from Belgravia to East Ham and from East Pursuing this line of thought he passed Ham to Belgravia. He had a motor car now after the establishment of the factory upon disconcerting that he should have workers

whom he could dismiss at a week's notice to and Sir Rupert the Invaders; now they call want or prostitution than that he should them the Conquering Heroes. . . . Of course, have a servant waiting behind his chair. Things were so. Rubber was his, but there were still limitless worlds to conquer. He began to take up-working under circumstances of considerable secrecy at Solomonson's laboratories at Riplings, to which he would now go by motor car for two or three days at a time—the possibility of a cheap, resilient, and very tough substance—rubberglass—that was to be, Solomonson was assured, the road surface of the future. . . .

IV

The confidence of Solomonson had made it possible for Trafford to alter his style of living almost directly upon the conclusion of their agreement. He went back to Marjorie to broach a financially emancipated They took a furnished house at Shackleford near Godalming, in Surrey, and there they lived for nearly a year—using their Chelsea house only as a town apartment for Trafford when business held him in London. And there it was, in the pretty Surrey country, with the sweet air of pine and heather in Marjorie's blood, that their second child was born. It was a sturdy little boy, whose only danger in life seemed to be the superfluous energy with which he resented its slightest disrespect of his small fessionally for aviation. . . . but important requirements.

When it was time for Marjorie to return to London spring had come round again, and Trafford's conceptions of life were adapting themselves to the new scale upon which they were now to do things. While he was busy creating his factory in the East End, Marjorie was displaying an equal if a less original constructive energy in Sussex Square, near Lancaster Gate, for there it was the new home was to be established. She set herself to furnish and arrange it so as to produce the maximum of surprise and chagrin in Daphne, and she succeeded admirably. The Magnets now occupied a flat in Whitehall Court, the furniture Magnet had insisted upon buying with all the obscure cunning of the literary and artistic in these matters, and not even Daphne could blind herself to the superiority, both in arrangement and detail, of Marjorie's home. That was very satisfactory, and so too was the inevitable exaggeration of Trafford's financial importance. "He can do what he likes in the rubber world," said Marjorie. "In Mincing Lane, where they deal in rubber shares, they used to call him

it's mere child's play to Godwin, but, as he said, 'we want money.' It won't really interfere with his more important interests."...

I do not know why both these sisters were more vulgarly competitive with each other than with anyone else: I have merely to record the fact that they were so.

The effect upon the rest of Marjorie's family was equally gratifying. Mr. Pope came to the housewarming as though he had never had the slightest objection to Trafford's antecedents, and told him casually after dinner that Marjorie had always been his favorite daughter and that from the first he had expected great things of her. He told Magnet, who was the third man of the party, that he only hoped Syd and Rom would do as well as their elder sisters. Afterward in the drawing-room he whacked Marjorie suddenly and very startlingly on the shoulder blade-it was the first bruise he had given her since Buryhamstreet days. "You've made a man of him, Maggots," he

Afterward the children came round, Syd and Rom now with skirts down and hair up. and rather stiff in the fine big rooms, and Theodore in a high collar very anxious to get Trafford on his side in his ambition to chuck a proposed bank clerkship and go in pro-

It was pleasant to be respected by her family again, but the mind of Marjorie was soon reaching out to the more novel possibilities of her changed position. She need no longer confine herself to teas and afternoons. She could now,—delightful thought!—give dinners. From the first Marjorie resolved on a round table and the achievement of that rare and wonderful thing, general conversation. She had a clear center, with a circle of silver bowls of short cut flowers and low-shaded, old silver candlesticks adapted to the electric light. The first dinner was a nervous experience for her, but happily Trafford seemed unconscious of the importance of the occasion and talked very easily and well; at last she attained her old ambition to see Sir Roderick Dover in her house; and there was Remington, the editor of the Blue Weekly, and his quite beautiful wife; Edward Crampton, the historian, full of surprising new facts about Kosciusko; the Solomonsons, and Mrs. Millingham, and Mary Gasthorne, the novelist. good talking lot.

For a time Marjorie found dinner-giving

posies of human flowers—and fruits—and perhaps a little dyed grass, and it was not long before she learned that she was esteemed a success as a hostess. She had soon a gaily flowering garden of her own. Its strength and finest display lay in its increasing proportion of political intellectuals, men in and about the House who relaxed their minds from the tense detailed alertness needed in political intrigues by conversation that rose at times to the level of the smarter sort of article in the half-crown reviews. The women were more difficult than the men, and Marjorie found herself wishing at times that girl novelists and playwrights were more abundant, or women writers on the average younger. These talked generally well, and one or two capable women of her own type talked and listened with an effect of talking; so many other women either chattered or else did not listen with an effect of not talking at all, and so made gaps about the table. Many of these latter had to be asked, because they belonged to the class of inevitable wives, sine qua nons, and through them she learned the value of that priceless variety of kindly, unselfish men who can create the illusion of attentive conversation in the most uncomfortable and suspicious natures without producing backwater and eddy in the general flow of talk. . . .

These opening years of Trafford's commercial phase were full of an engaging activity for Marjorie as for him, and for her far more completely than for him were the profounder solicitudes of life lost sight of in the bright succession of immediate events.

Marjorie did not let her social development interfere with her duty to society in the larger sense. Two years after the vigorous and resentful Godwin came a second son, and a year and a half later a third. "That's enough," said Marjorie, "now we've got to rear them." The nursery at Sussex Square had always been a show part of the house, but now it became her crowning achievement. She had never forgotten the Lee display at Vevey, the shining splendors of modern maternity, the books, the apparatus, the space and light and air. The whole second floor was altered to accommodate these four triumphant beings who absorbed the services of two nurses, a Swiss nursery governess and two housemaids—not to mention those several hundred obscure individuals who were yielding a sustaining profit in the East End. At any rate, they were very handsome and most men and women remains throughout promising children, and little Margharita life. His ruling idea that she and he were

delightful—it is like picking and arranging could talk three languages with a childish fluency, and invent and write a little fable in either French or German—with only as much misspelling as any child of eight may be permitted. . .

> Then there sprang up a competition between Marjorie and the able, pretty wife of Halford Wallace, most promising of undersecretaries. They gave dinners against each other, they discovered young artists against each other, they went to first nights and dressed against each other. Marjorie was ruddy and tall, Mrs. Halford Wallace dark and animated; Halford Wallace admired Marjorie, Trafford was insensible to Mrs. Halford Wallace. They played for points so vague that it was impossible for anyone to say which was winning, but none the less they played like artists, for all they were

> Trafford's rapid prosperity and his implicit promise of still wider activities and successes brought him innumerable acquaintances and many friends. He joined two or three distinguished clubs, he derived an uncertain interest from a series of week-end visits to ample, good-mannered households, and for a time he found a distraction in little flashes of travel to countries that caught at his imagination, Morocco, Montenegro, southern Russia. . .

> I do not know whether Marjorie might not have been altogether happy during this early Sussex Square period if it had not been for an unconquerable uncertainty about Traf-But ever and again she became vaguely apprehensive of some perplexing unreality in her position. She had never had any such profundity of discontent as he experienced. It was nothing clear, nothing that actually penetrated, distressing her. It was at most an uneasiness. For him the whole fabric of life was as it were torn and pierced by a provocative sense of depths unplumbed that robbed it of all its satisfactions. For her these glimpses were as yet rare, mere moments of doubt that passed again and left her active and assured.

It was only after they had been married six or seven years that Trafford began to realize how widely his attitudes to Marjorie He emerged slowly from a naïve varied. unconsciousness of his fluctuations,—a naïve unconsciousness of inconsistency that for

indeed that had become the remotest rendering of their relationship. lives of intimate disengagement. They came nearest to fellowship in relation to their children; there they shared an immense common pride. Beyond that was a less confident appreciation of their common house and their joint effect. And then they liked and loved each other tremendously. They could play upon each other and please each other in a hundred different ways, and they did so, quite consciously, observing each other with the completest externality. She was still in many ways for him the bright girl he had admired in the examination, still - them, passed through "affairs." the mysterious dignified transfiguration of that delightful creature on the tragically tender verge of motherhood; these memories were of more power with him than the present realities of her full-grown strength and capacity. He petted and played with the girl still; he was still tender and solicitous for that early woman. He admired and cooperated with the capable, narrowly ambitious, beautiful lady into which Marjorie had developed, but those remoter experiences it was that gave the deeper emotions to their relationship.

The conflict of aims that had at last brought Trafford from scientific investigation into business had left behind it a little scar of hostility. He felt his sacrifice. He felt that he had given something for her that she beyond the free mutualities of honest love its abiding place. . . . and paid a price for her; he had deflected the whole course of his life for her, and he was entitled to repayments. Unconsciously he had become a slightly jealous husband. He resented inattentions and absences. He felt she ought to be with him and orient all her proceedings toward him. He did not like other people to show too marked an appreciation of her. She had a healthy love of admiration, and in addition her social ambitions made it almost inevitable that at times she should use her great personal charm to secure and retain adherents. He was ashamed to betray the resentments thus occasioned, and his silence widened the separation more than any protest could have done. . . .

For his own part he gave her no cause for a reciprocal jealousy. Other women did not excite his imagination very greatly, and he had none of the ready disposition to lapse to other comforters which is so frequent a char-

friends, equals, confederates, knowing every- acteristic of the husband out of touch with thing about each other, cooperating in his life's companion. He was perhaps an everything, was very fixed and firm. But exceptional man in his steadfast loyalty to his wife. He had come to her as new to love Their lives were as she had been. He had never in his life taken that one decisive illicit step which changes all the aspects of sexual life for a man even more than for a woman. Love for him was a thing solemn, simple, and unspoiled. He perceived that it was not so for most other men, but that did little to modify his own private attitude. In his curious scrutiny of the people about him, he did not fail to note the drift of adventures and infidelities that glimmers along beneath the even surface of our social life. One or two of his intimate friends, Solomonson was one of twice those dim proceedings splashed upward to the surface in an open scandal. There came Remington's startling elopement with Isabel Rivers, the writer, which took two brilliant and inspiring contemporaries suddenly and distressingly out of Trafford's world. Trafford felt none of that rage and forced and jealous contempt for the delinquents in these matters which is common in the ill-regulated virtuous mind. Indeed he was far more sympathetic with than hostile to the offenders.

But if Trafford was a faithful husband, he ceased to be a happy and confident one. There grew up in him a vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings, an accumulation of unspoken and largely of unformulated things in which his wife had no share. And it was had had no right to exact, that he had gone in that hinterland that his essential self had

> It came as a discovery; it remained forever after a profoundly disturbing perplexity that he had talked to Marjorie most carelessly, easily, and seriously during their courtship and their honeymoon. He remembered their early intercourse now as an immense happy freedom in love. Then afterward a curtain had fallen. That almost delirious sense of escaping from oneself, of having at last found some one from whom there need be no concealment, some one before whom one could stand naked-souled and assured of love as one stands before one's God, faded so that he scarce observed its passing, but only discovered at last that it had gone. At first he only perceived that he reserved himself; then there came the intimation of the question, was she also perhaps in such another hinterland as his, keeping herself from him? . . .

He had perceived the cessation of that

relapse into the secrecies of individuality, tience while he ignored her baits. She came quite early in their married life. I have already told of his first efforts to bridge their widening separation by walks and talks in the country, and by the long pilgrimages among the Alps that had ended so unexpectedly at Vevey. In the retrospect the years seemed punctuated with phases when "we must talk" dominated their intercourse, and each time the impulse of that recognized could not think where to begin. Day fol-

need passed away by insensible degrees again with nothing said.

VI

Marjorie cherished an obstinate hope that Trafford would take up political questions and go into Parliament. It seemed to her that there was something about h i m altogether graver and wider than most of the active politicians she knew. She liked to think of those gravities and reservations assuming a practicable form, of Trafford very rapidly and easily coming forward

her general expenditure a quality of concentration without involving any uncongenial limitation to suppose it aimed at the preparation of a statesman's circle whenever Trafford chose to assume it. Little men in great positions came to her house and talked with measured them against her husband while she played the admiring female disciple to could take up these questions and measures they reduced to trite twaddle, open the wide relevances behind them, and make them magically significant, sweep away the en-

first bright outbreak of self-revelation, this blind toward, she exercised miracles of panear intrigue in her endeavor to entangle him in political affairs. For a time it seemed to her that she was succeeding,—I have already told of his phase of inquiry and interest in socio-political work, and then he relapsed into a scornful restlessness, and her hopes weakened again.

But he could not concentrate his mind, he

lowed day, each with its attack upon his attention, its petty, just claims, its attractive novelties of aspect. The telephone bell rang, the letters flopped into the hall, Malcom, the butler, seemed always at hand with some distracting oblong on his salver. Dowd was developing ideas for a reconstructed organization, Solomonson growing enthusiastic about rubberglass, his house seemed full of women, Marjorie had an engagement for him to keep, or the

into a position of cardinal significance. It gave children were coming in to say good night. To his irritated brain the whole scheme of his life presented itself at last as a tissue of interruptions which prevented his looking clearly at reality. More and more definitely he realized he wanted to get away and think. His former life of research became opaque self-confidence at her table; she invested with an effect of immense dignity and of a steadfast singleness of purpose. . . .

There were moods when Trafford would, their half-confidential talk. She felt that he as people say, pull himself together, and struggle with his gnawing discontent. He would compare his lot with that of other men, reproach himself for a monstrous greed and ingratitude. Was he abnormal? Or was he crusting pettiness, the personalities and arbi- in some unsuspected way unhealthy? Traftrary prejudices. But why didn't he begin ford neglected no possible explanations. Did to do it? She threw out hints he seemed he want this great renascence of the human

mind because he was suffering from some subtle form of indigestion? He invoked, independently of each other, the aid of two distinguished specialists. They both told him in exactly the same voice and with exactly the same air of guineas well earned: "What you want, Mr. Trafford, is a Change."

Trafford brought his mind to bear upon the instances of contentment about him. developed an opinion that all men and many women were, potentially at least, as restless as himself. A huge proportion of the usage and education in modern life struck upon him now as being a training in contentment. The serious and responsible life of an ordinary prosperous man fulfilling the requirements of our social organization fatigues and neither completely satisfies nor completely occupies. Still less does the responsible part of the life of a woman of the prosperous classes engage all her energies or hold her imagination. And there has grown up a great informal organization of employments games, ceremonies, social routines, travelto consume these surplus powers and excessive cravings, which might otherwise change or shatter the whole order of human living. He began to understand the forced preoccupation with cricket and golf, the shooting, visiting, and so forth, to which the young people of the economically free classes in the community are trained. He discovered a theory for hobbies and specialized interests. He began to see why people go to Scotland to get away from London, and come to London to get away from Scotland, why they crowd to and fro along the Riviera, swarm over Switzerland, shoot, yacht, hunt, and maintain an immense apparatus of racing and motoring.

He began to understand something of the psychology of vice, to comprehend how small a part mere sensuality, how large a part the spirit of adventure and the craving for illegality may play in the part of those who are called evil livers. .

effort to adjust himself to the position in upon it.

which he found himself, and make a working compromise with his disturbing forces. He tried to pick up the scientific preoccupation of his earlier years. He made extensive schemes, to Solomonson's great concern, whereby he might to a large extent disentangle himself from business. He began to hunt out forgotten note-books and yellowing sheets of memoranda. He found the resumption of research much more difficult than he had ever supposed possible. He went so far as to plan a laboratory, and to make some inquiries as to site and the cost of building. to the great satisfaction not only of Marjorie but of his mother. Old Mrs. Trafford had never expressed her concern at his abandonment of molecular physics for money-making, but now in her appreciation of his return to pure investigation she betrayed her sense of his departure.

But in his heart he felt that this methodical establishment of virtue by limitation would not suffice for him. He said no word of this skepticism as it grew in his mind. Marjorie was still under the impression that he was returning to research, and that she was free to contrive the steady preparation for that happier day when he should assume his political inheritance. And then presently a queer little dispute sprang up between them. Suddenly for the first time since he took to business Trafford found himself limiting her again. She was disposed, partly through the natural growth of her circle and her setting and partly through a movement on the part of Mrs. Halford Wallace, to move from Sussex Square into a larger, more picturesquely built house in a more central position. She particularly desired a good staircase. met her intimations of this development with a curious and unusual irritation. The idea of moving bothered him. He felt that exaggerated annovance which is so often a concomitant of overwrought nerves. They had a dispute that was almost a quarrel, and though Marjorie dropped the matter for a For a time Trafford made an earnest time, he could feel she was still at work

(To be continued)

The Theatre

SOME RECENT WORTH WHILE PLAYS



By WALTER PRICHARD

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

while, produced during the earlier months of the season just closing. It is now possible to add to that list, and to add a very substantial number of excellent entertainments, for the season of 1911-12 in New York was peculiarly rich in successful and interesting plays-many of them, to be sure, importations, but no less interesting on that account, because in several instances they brought us into touch with the latest developments of Continental theatrical art.

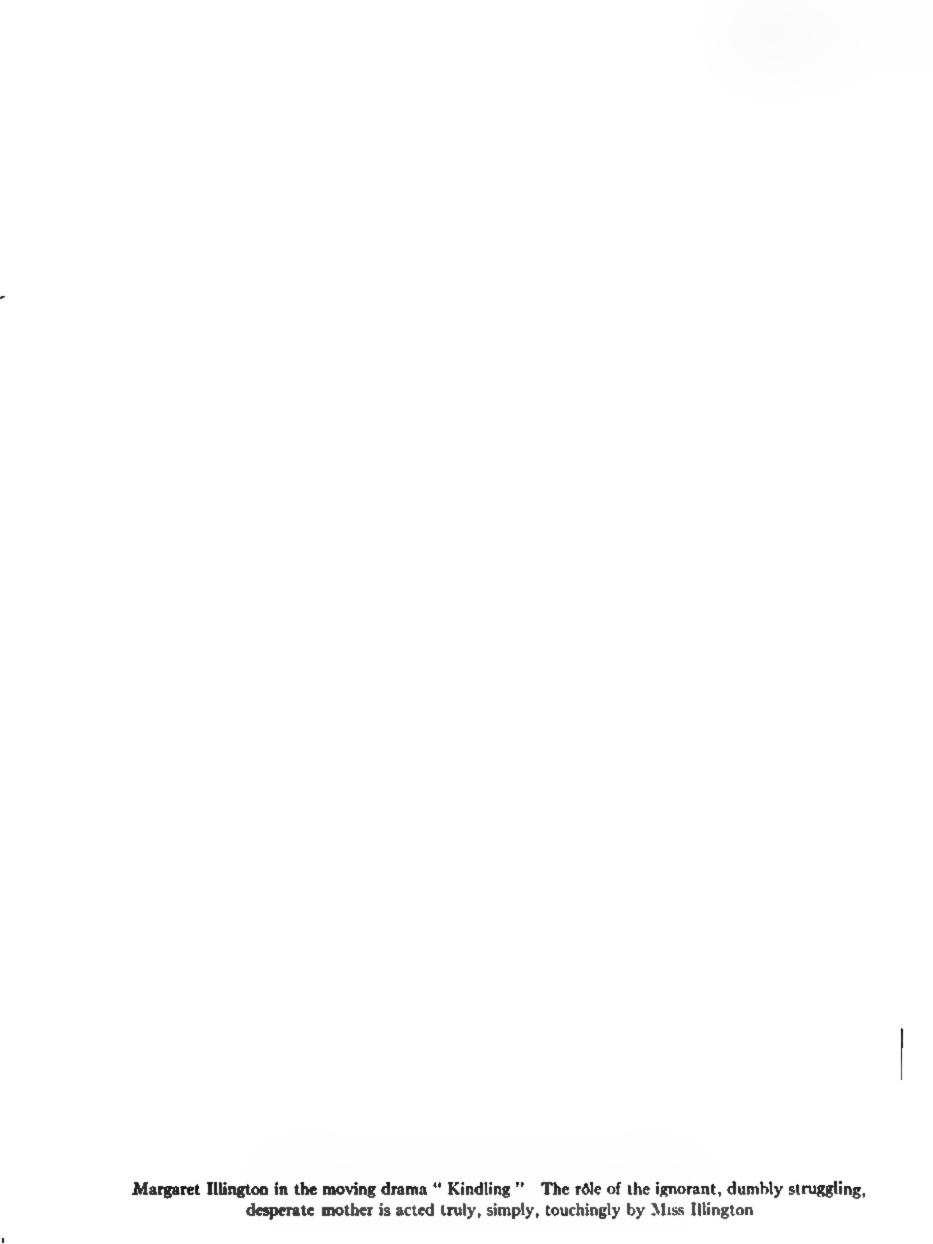
Among the new plays which can be heartily recommended are "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, acted at Mr. Ames' Little Theatre; "Kismet," by Edward Knoblauch, acted by Otis Skinner; "Kindling," by Charles Kenyon, acted by Margaret Illington; "Sumurun," Max Reinhardt's Oriental pantomime, notable for its revelation in scenery; "The Bird of Paradise," by R. W. Tully, a drama of Hawaiian life; "Typhoon," acted by Walker Whiteside; "The Return to Jerusalem," adapted by Owen Johnson from the French of Donnay and acted by Mme. Simone: "The Rainbow," a comedy of parental affection by A. E. Thomas, admirably played by Henry Miller; Lewis Waller's revival of "Monsieur Beaucaire"; the rattling farce, "Officer 666"; Elsie Ferguson's production of a play about Dolly Madison, called "The First Lady of the Land," written by Charles Nirdlinger; "The Butterfly on the Wheel," acted by Madge Titheridge and staged by Lewis Waller; the "all star" revival of "Oliver Twist"; and, last but not least, the revival by Weber and Fields of their old company and entertainment.

seen next season in various cities through the them, of this pigeon, which reaches their

N the February issue, this department country—perhaps all of them with the excep-made record of certain plays worth tion of "The Pigeon," which was the opening attraction at Winthrop Ames' Little Theatre in March, and will doubtless remain in the répertoire of the stock company there.

The Little Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street, New York, is just what its name implies. It has no galleries or boxes, it seats but three hundred persons, and it is a beautiful, intimate auditorium, like a Georgian drawing-room with a stage at one end. Everyone who visits New York should see it, and enjoy the splendid acting of its company. By the time these words reach print, other plays besides "The Pigeon" will have been added to the répertoire, doubtless all of them worthy. The company, directed by George Foster Platt, includes such fine players as Miss Edith Matthison, Miss Pamela Gaythorne, Russ Whytal, Sidney Valentine, and Frank Reicher.

"The Pigeon" (which is available in book form) Mr. Galsworthy calls a fantasy. Like all of this author's work, however, it is wrought with truth and sincerity, and its underlying message is a plea for human sympathy. Mr. Galsworthy cannot bear to see anyone's dawg kicked aroun', particularly if it is the under dawg. The Pigeon of the title is an elderly and highly impractical and "unscientific" philanthropist, whose heart and hand go out to tramps and inebriate cabbies and girls of the street, in spite of himself and his practical-minded daughter. A drunken cabby, a London flower-seller, and a philosophical Gallic tramp are the three waifs assembled in this play, who pluck the poor pigeon. But, with much humor and more irony, the author makes it plain that, after all, A majority of these plays, at least, will be it is the love of this old philanthropist for



Miss Pamela Gaythorne, Russ Whytal and Sidney Valentine in "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, at the Little Theatre

hearts, after the utter failure of institutional action swirls through Oriental bazaars, charity or institutional punishment to reach through harems, palaces, and dungeons; it is them. In a too brief paragraph no just idea full of murders and lusts; but always there

play can be conveyed. It must be read or seen,preferably the latter, for the performance is exquisitely attuned, and the individual acting, especially of Sidney Valentine as the old cabby and Frank Reicher as the philosophic vagabond, is as fine as anything now visible on our stage. The Little Theatre is going to be a force in our theatrical life.

"Kismet" has enjoyed a successful run on Broadway ever since Christmas. It is a picturesque story of an exciting day in the life of Hajj, the Beggar, in fabled Bagdad. The

of the charm and humor and depth of this runs through it the transforming humor of the

"Arabian Nights," admirably caught by Mr. Skinner, and the lusts and cruelties lose their sting. the whole becoming a kind of wonderful, fascinating, exotic dream. The production will probably visit only the larger cities next season, so great will be the popular demand to see it.

A play of a totally different sort is "Kindling," written by Charles Kenyon, a former newspaper reporter, and acted by Margaret Illington. "Kismet" is wild romance, "Kindling" is grim reality. One is a tale of the long ago, the other of here

"The individual acting of Frank Reicher as the philosophic vagabond, is as fine as anything now visible on our stage. The Little Theatre is going to be a force in our theatrical life"

play was first produced in England by Oscar and now. The story of "Kindling," in fact, Ashe. Here it is acted by that virile, roman- was largely taken from police court records. tic, picturesque player, Otis Skinner. The It is the story of a woman who stole in order to get out of a foul city tenement to a Wy- ment by the influence of a Saxon woman, oming farm, that her baby might be another man is dragged down by a

born in pure air, healthy child, not a kindling. This sto. times, crudely. simply and sincerely of the ignorant, dun desperate mother is simply, touchingly by ton. No one with human feeling in his see "Kindling" with eyes and aroused sy It is real, it is tend a human document than a play. Don it, unless you are those abominable i of reality who "don' see anything unpleas theatre—there's enc real life." "Kindlin unhappy, however, word is one of hope who gets to Wyomin cause tears of sym cleansing and health

"Sumurun," Max ental pantomime in many, was seen this in New York, Chica Next season it will to us and be shown It has already been this department, ar iveness and novelty in vestitur**e** pointed out. It represents the new Continental ex ments in stagecraft should, of course, seen by everyone w pretends to keep abre of the times in theat: matters.

"The Bird of Para interesting because i region to the stage-Islands. Mr. Tully a Californian who kn and he has successfu contrast the strivin and the languid, s lotus land. The play

matic see-saw, like "Thais."

Photograph by T. Lafemara

While one man is raised from Florence Reed and Walker Whiteside in the drunkenness to fine achieve- sensational Japanese drama, "The Typhoon"

Bird of Paradise, exchanged places rincess, however, as vicious; but incts, which take ellectual strivings ı "duties." Her nating, her story he rôle is truly played by Miss or. Other parts ed, too, and the novel and exotic. s the interest of well as of story. ne Pacific, too, ro of "Typhoon," alker Whiteside, oo good adaptathe original of Hungarian dramhero is a Japnat seeking imts at the German comes entangled: ean mistress; he ition in his selfully he loses his rturbability and roman. Because er to them than ves, his friends pire to save him, t he may finish s diplomatic mission, and one of

them takes the blame for the murder. The guilty diplomat gets ie secret for his ment, and then 's, a victim to an civilization. The sharply contrasts utterly different viewpoints, and at reason has an l value. ier play of con-

viewpoints is urn to Jerusa-," mounted last January by the French actress, Mme. Simone, and Miss Pamela Gaythorne, Russ Whytal and Sidney Valentine in "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy, at the Little Theatre

charity or institutional punishment to reach through harems, palaces, and dungeons; it is them. In a too brief paragraph no just idea full of murders and lusts; but always there of the charm and humor and depth of this runs through it the transforming humor of the

play can be conveyed. It must be read or seen, preferably the latter, for the performance is exquisitely attuned, and the individual acting, especially of Sidney Valentine as the old cabby and Frank Reicher as the philosophic vagabond, is as fine as anything now visible on our stage. The Little Theatre is going to be a force in our theatrical life.

"Kismet" has enjoyed a successful run on Broadway ever since Christmas. It is a picturesque story of an exciting day in the life of Hajj, the Beggar, in fabled Bagdad. The

hearts, after the utter failure of institutional action swirls through Oriental bazaars,

"Arabian Nights," admirably caught by Mr. Skinner, and the lusts and cruelties lose their sting, the whole becoming a kind of wonderful, fascinating, exotic dream. The production will probably visit only the larger cities next season, so great will be the popular demand to see it.

A play of a totally different sort is "Kindling," written by Charles Kenyon, a former newspaper reporter, and acted by Margaret Illington, "Kismet" is wild romance, "Kindling" is grim reality. One is a tale of the long ago, the other of here

"The individual acting of Frank Reicher as the philosophic vagabond, is as fine as anything now visible on our stage. The Little Theatre is going to be a force in our theatrical life"

play was first produced in England by Oscar and now. The story of "Kindling," in fact, Ashe. Here it is acted by that virile, roman- was largely taken from police court records. tic, picturesque player, Otis Skinner. The It is the story of a woman who stole in order

always be welcome, and popular. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is

Nat Goodwin in his wonderful impersonation of Fagin

unkind-and "Officer 666" is a sort of farcical detective

a play which gives such an actor ample scope, from fine manners to ironic comedy, from passionate love-making to thrilling sword play. To say that such an actor is appearing in a good production of "Monsieur Beaucaire" ought to be recommendation enough.

For a light, rapid-fire farce, the latter half of the season brought us "Officer 666," by a new writer, Augustus MacHugh. It is said nobody connected with the play had much figures out of our early history, and recreafaith in it; that it was put on as a "stop-ting the manners of a vanished day. The first gap"-which shows the precarious nature lady of the land is, of course, Dolly Madison,

So we'll say no more than that it story. is innocently hilarious. We might remark in passing, however, that when the policeman is asked, "How would you like to make \$50?" he replies feelingly, "Anyhow!"

"The First Lady of the Land," in which Elsie Ferguson is appearing, is not a flawless comedy; indeed, it rather peters out toward the end. But it has the unusual and pleasant merit of setting before us certain interesting

e see her first as the eping her quaint old lelphia, and half reof the ardent Aaron he advances of young n the play we see her estling with the proba democratic dinner and arch, even if not comedy of manners, t and a keen historic t of our early history, e seen on our stage, history for dramatic

purposes than any other nation—perhaps because New York, our producing center, knows less about its history than any other

capital!

"The Butterfly on the Wheel" is chiefly interesting for its depiction of the cruelties of cross-questioning. A fragile, nervous, high-strung woman is shown in the witness box; and, played by Miss Titheridge, an English actress, we suffer with her, and we suffer for her.

"Oliver Twist" was revived this spring, of course, in honor of Dickens' 100th birthday. Nat Goodwin played Fagin, with much of the humor t part, but too little grimness. Constance was the Nancy; Lyn ig, a tall Englishman, ll Sikes, and Marie he large-cyed Oliver. the players went at isks with the gusto of r day. The fact is, s on the stage belongs elder and more exint day. But the reworth seeing, if only t very account.

PHOEBE

And the Most Important Bird

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Phoebe and Ernest"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SHABELITZ

was the kind that ordinarily blurred on the telephone, but to-day a peremptory tone of command, a staccato note of excitement, sharpened and clarified it. "I'm talking from Phoebe's house. Phoebe called me up an hour ago. I hurried right over but this is my first free moment. Everything is all right. Dr. Bush has been and gone. The nurse has just come. I've telephoned Ernie not to come out—he's going to the game. You'd better get your dinner in town. And, Edward, I don't suppose it's any use saying this to you, but if you would only go somewhere for an hour or two this evening—to Keith's or any place sensible thing you could do. Now, remember exaltée. what I say. Everything is all right here. Phoebe's chattering away with the nurse this moment about that first dance she ever There's nothing to worry about. Good-bve."

"Good-bye," Mr. Martin answered mechanically. It seemed to him that there were many questions that he wanted to ask, but he could not think of a single one. Mechanically he hung up the receiver. He sat for a moment, silent. Then, still mechanically, he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a note in Phoebe's hand-writing. had come to him months ago in mid-morning haste, flourishing a special delivery stamp. It read:

Father dearest:

This is to tell you so that you may know as quick as anybody that the Most Important Bird is going to make Tug and me a visit. Now I'm going up to tell mother. Your loving PHOEBE.

Oh, father, I'm so happy.

It was curious how differently this news had affected Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Mr. Martin was inclined to be silent about the

DWARD!" Mrs. Martin's voice great change which it heralded. He never referred to Phoebe's note-not even to Phoebe herself. Previous to its receipt, he had seen his daughter daily by means of a process described by Phoebe as "intuitive collusion." If Tug and Phoebe did not appear at the Martin place during the evening, Mr. Martin always strolled over to their house just before he went to bed. Nowadays, rain or shine, he always stopped to see Phoebe on his way to Boston. And at his return, he drank down greedily Mrs. Martin's news of the day. As for Mrs. Martin-Mr. Martin used to wonder as he sat nightly in the rich flow of her monologue. Life had suddenly enlarged for her. It had lengthened, broadlike that—I do think it would be the most ened, heightened, deepened. She was almost

> "Oh, I'm so happy," she would say again and again. "I'm so happy. I feel as if life was beginning all over again. I declare if there's one thing I've learned, it's to trust life. I used to be so afraid of everything of all the changes, I mean, the chances and But now I know everything's choices. coming out all right, no matter what it is. And then Phoebe and Tug are both so happy. That's the way it ought to be. And it's come just as I hoped it would. They've had a whole year alone together, just chock-full of good times. They know each other's faults and failings. And now there's something coming that they'll live and work for as they've never lived and worked before. Phoebe says she wants a boy and Tug says he wants a girl. I tell Phoebe I don't care. I'm not looking a gift-horse in the mouth. I guess one reason you're so happy about your children's children is because you can enjoy them without any sense of responsibility. When I look back, it doesn't seem as if I'd ever had the time to enjoy my own children. And, Edward, when I think that there's going to be another baby in the house

—well! There's nothing like the comfort you get out of a little baby! It loves you so much and it's so helpless and cunning and it hasn't begun to be naughty yet. Not that I want them to be too good. And then, land! you can put them down for a moment and know that they'll be there when you come back."

"Edward, I've never enjoyed any sewing so much as baby-clothes. The materials are all so fine and dainty and soft, and the thing's finished before you get tired working on it. You've no idea how baby things have changed since our children were young. So much simpler now—and really prettier, I think. Phoebe's never been much of a hand to sew, but she's doing very well. She says she wont have a machine-stitch in a single thing. My land, she's taking every woman's magazine in the country, seem's if—looking up what she calls 'baby-dope.' She says she hasn't read a pretty-girl paper in six months. She says she knows she'll never look smart again because she'll always be so much more interested in how the baby looks. She says she knew her doom was sealed when she gave up a pair of new earrings for some real val. But I tell her that's all nonsense. And it isthose things take care of themselves."

"Phoebe says she doesn't care who does the house-keeping or if it never gets done—she's going to take care of her baby herself. And I tell her to stick to that. That's the only way you can be sure that things are being done right. Phoebe says she's not going to try to run her children's lives. She says that she hopes this one will want to go to Harvard like his father—she always talks as if it were a boy. But she says if he makes up his mind to be a chiropodist," Mrs. Martin came down on this word with Phoebe's own italicizing vigor, "she won't interfere. She says she's never forgotten the way you let Ernie go to Princeton when you were just dying, again Phoebe's forthright accent pushed its way into her mother's speech, "to have him go to Harvard. She says that it was a great lesson to her."

Little shadowy remembrances of these talks flitted through Mr. Martin's mind as he sat with Phoebe's months-old note in his hand.

"Oh, Edward, I did so hope—" Mrs. Martin began when she opened Phoebe's door to Mr. Martin about half-past six that evening. But she stopped half-way, her eyes on his face. "I don't suppose you could stay away," she ended, sighing.

"How is she?" Mr. Martin asked, following

his wife into the living-room.

"She's all right. Dr. Bush is upstairs now. He's going home to dinner right away."

Mr. Martin stood still for an instant. He stared about Phoebe's pleasant living-room. But he saw nothing—he was listening. The house was quiet; but it was the quiet of the humming-top. As he came along the street. Theresa's scared white Irish face had peered unaccustomedly at him from the diningroom window. Now a door in the diningroom creaked. Theresa was listening, even as he listened. Mrs. Martin's face was white, too, but it was a radiant whiteness. Altogether she had a new air—curt, alert, secure, victorious. The room bore its normal look of an exquisite order. Everywhere were bowls of fresh June roses—roses that must fade before Phoebe could see them again. Through the open windows drifted the scent of other roses—roses that must die before Phoebe could pick them. On the table, an ivory paper-knife protruded from a half-cut book. A handkerchief marked a place in a magazine. Some of Phoebe's sewing lay near—a tiny drift of snowy linen edged with snowy lace. The light caught on it in a steely glisten—the needle had not been pulled from the last stitch.

"Where's Tug?" Mr. Martin asked.

"Upstairs. He and Phoebe have been playing old maid and checkers and dominoes and California Jack and authors and picture puzzles all the afternoon."

"Has Ernest come yet?"

"Yes. He's in the kitchen. He got his dinner in town as I told him. But Theresa's feeding him now. She always saves something for him. Oh, here's Dr. Bush. I guess I'll go up for a moment."

Dr. Bush came running jauntily down the stairs. His big, middle-aged body was surmounted by a head that seemed entirely covered with the combination of bushy, grizzled hair and bushy grizzled beard. Somewhere in the middle of this, a pair of huge search-light spectacles magnified if possible his look of a choleric kindness.

"Hullo, Ed," he said, fumbling among the things on the settle for his hat. "What are you looking so down in the mouth for? I suppose you've got it into your head that this is a kind of a special occasion. Well, now you forget all that. But don't you go up there. You'll upset her more than anybody, looking the way you do. Now, remember, Ed, Phoebe's strong as a lion. You couldn't kill her with an axe. She's always taken everything harder than any girl in this town and thrown it off quicker. Her cour-

"Hullo, Ed, what are you looking so down in the mouth for?"

age is splendid—she hasn't stopped joking yet. So long!"

The door closed on Dr. Bush.

"Hullo, father!" It was Ernest who spoke; he had come in from the dining-room Ernest also looked pale. "How'd he say Phoebe was?"

"All right," said Mr. Martin.

There was a pause.

"Rotten game?" Mr. Martin inquired.

"Slow as death! Not a ghost of a chance for the Nationals this year and everybody knows it. There wasn't a corporal's guard in the bleachers."

Another pause.

"Who won?"

"New York, of course."

"Father," Ernest asked suddenly. "How long is this going to last?"

"Can't tell," Mr. Martin answered.

may be all night. It may be-

"Gee, I hate anything like this, father, don't you?"

"It isn't the way I'd choose to spend my evenings," Mr. Martin admitted.

There was another pause.

"Father!" Ernest broke it desperately at last. "I can't stand this any longer. guess I'll go down to Sliney's and bowl a string or two. It sort of takes your mind off a thing like this to do something. father, don't you think you'd better come too? It's fierce waiting. I've been here only an hour and, Lord, I'm as nervous as the deuce."

Mr. Martin shook his head.

"Well, I won't stir out of Sliney's. You telephone me there, in case you need me for anything,—or if-

"All right," agreed Mr. Martin.

Noiselessly Mrs. Martin returned. "Oh-Bertha-how is it upstairs?" Mr. Martin asked.

"All right," Mrs. Martin answered brightly.

"Phoebe's dozing."
"Say, mother," Ernest said, "I'm going out for awhile—as long as I can't be of any use here." He kissed his mother.

"All right." Mrs. Martin absently returned his kiss. "I guess-

"You see, mother," Ernest continued, "it gets on my nerves waiting round. You hour of this, "I'm going to telephone Bush." don't mind. do vou mother?" There was "Listen!" Mrs. Martin commanded perentreaty in Ernest's voice.

"No," Mrs. And the Mrs. "I guess I'll—disapp " Mrs. Martin answered, still ab-

sently.

Mrs. Martin disappeared noiselessly up-

The door closed on Ernest.

Alone in the living-room, Mr. Martin moved deliberately up to the center-table. Deliberately he cleared away the decorative litter on it—the bowl of roses, a big photograph of himself in a silver frame, the gaycovered gift-book, a magazine or two. He took out his watch, snapped it from the chain, opened it, and placed it on the table. He reached into the pocket of his coat and brought out a pack of cards. He laid out Canfield.

"Hullo, dad!" Tug had come noiselessly downstairs. Tug's voice was quiet; but he, too, displayed the general facial whiteness.

"Hullo, Tug," Mr. Martin rejoined, "how

is it up there?'

"They tell me everything's going as well as we can expect. That nurse—Miss Burton—is a crackerjack."

Mrs. Martin came down. "You go up, ' she said. "She's awake. She wants

Tug bolted.

"How are things going?" Mr. Martin

"Oh beautifully," Mrs. Martin said. Her manner was still buoyant and her face bright; but her tone was a little flat. thought she'd like to talk with Tug awhile." Before seating herself, Mrs. Martin walked over to the window and glanced out in a Then she moved a chaircasual way. quietly—so that it faced the end of the street. She sat with her eyes nailed to the distance.

Gradually the atmosphere of the house changed; into the quiet which Dr. Bush had left crept a vague element of disorganization.

"Don't you think I'd better telephone Dr. Bush, Bertha?" Mr. Martin asked after

a long silence.

"Oh no," Mrs. Martin said. She seemed almost shocked. "He said not to telephone him unless the nurse told us to. Did you

bring out a paper, Edward?"

Mr. Martin handed her his "Transcript." Mrs. Martin studied it carefully. At regular intervals, her eyes started at the bottom of a column, wandered up—up—up —until they hurdled its heads, shot out the window and down the street.

"Bertha," Mr. Martin said after a half an

emptorily. Came from the distance a faint chu-r-r-r which grew rapidly into chug-"Here he comes!" Her tone chug-chug. gushed relief.

Dr. Bush stopped at the gate, tinkered for a long moment about his car, walked leisurely up the path, stopped to examine a rose, snapped something off a petal, passed leisurely through the door which Mrs. Martin held open for him, pushed back his goggles, threw his hat onto the hall-settle, stopped an instant in the doorway of the living-room and said a word to Mr. Martin about the Canfield he was still playing. Then he added:

"Well, let's see how things are going!" and

proceeded leisurely upstairs.

Mr. Martin stopped and listened for a moment. The house responded at once to the stir of the doctor's big, bustling, energetic, dynamic presence, responded—but curiously -by a sudden, serene quiet.

Mr. Martin resumed his work with the

After a long while, Dr. Bush came down. "Well, everything's fine as silk here," he said. "I'm only wasting time. Phoebe's just asked me not to interrupt her dominoes again. I might as well enjoy myself this evening as not. I say, Ed, what do you say to going down in the car with me? We'll stop in for one round of the moving pictures."

"Guess not, Allen!" Mr. Martin answered.

"Thank you just as much."

"All right," Dr. Bush said, "I'm going to run up the street and take a look at old Mrs. Hooker. See you later."

Again the room filled with the soft slipping sound of the cards. Again, the house that had grown so serene appeared to lose its grip on itself.

"I finished my string at Sliney's." It was Ernest. There was a dull, listless note in Ernest's voice; and his pallor had increased. "So I thought I'd run up and see how things were going. How's Phoebe?"

"The doctor says everything's all right

so far," Mr. Martin said.

"Lord, I'm glad. I hate to think of Phoebe suffering up there. Gee, father, Phoebe's been an awful good sister to me. The things she used to try to work out of you for me! Why, if anything happened to Phoebe, I—I don't know what I'd do. Look here, father, let me teach you a new solitaire I got the other day. It's a corker, Napoleon.'

Mr. Martin watched patiently while Ernest placed all fifty-two cards on the table. He listened patiently to Ernest's long and complicated directions. "Now you've got the hang of it," Ernest directed, "try it alone." Mr. Martin patiently laid out the cards.

Mrs. Martin came in.

Mr. Martin's hand paused.

"How about it, mother?" Ernest asked.

"Oh, everything's all *right*, of course. But—well, there's nothing to do but wait. Dr. Bush'll be here pretty soon."

Mrs. Martin openly took up her station at a window. Ernest watched her for awhile.

The cards began to slip and slide over the bare table. Mr. Martin returned to his

Napoleon.

Suddenly Ernest jumped to his feet, hat in hand. "Mother, I guess I'll go down to Sliney's and bowl another string. I'll be back again soon. I don't know why it is, but this waiting seems to get on my nerves. It's worse than anything I've ever—it's worse even than before a big game. Do you notice it, mother?"

His mother stared at him an instant. There was a sudden uncharacteristic grimness in

her simple "Yes, I notice it, Ernie."

"I hope that you don't mind my leaving, mother. It isn't that I want to lie down on the job. But you see—"

"No, I don't mind," Mrs. Martin said

mechanically.

"If I could be of any use, I'd stay—gladly.

"I know, Ernie," Mrs. Martin said, still perfunctorily. Her eyes showed that she

was not listening to her son.

"Good-by, mother." Ernest kissed his mother. The door closed on Ernest for the second time; in an instant his rapid gait had lost him in the night.

Mr. Martin shuffled the uncompleted Napoleon lay-out. He went back to Can-

field.

"What time is it, Edward?" Mrs. Martin

"Twenty to eleven," Mr. Martin replied

instantly.

"Oh!" There was in Mrs. Martin's tone a note of disappointment fairly poignant. "I wouldn't let myself look at the clock before. I hoped it was later. I guess I'll go upstairs now."

Mr. Martin shuffled and dealt, and dealt and shuffled. Red cards paired themselves with black cards. Black cards paired themselves with red cards. Needed aces came

unexpectedly to the surface of the pack and superfluous kings retired with their retainers to oblivion. Many games were lost almost at the beginning. Many more were lost with victory just in sight. And all the time, the quiet in the house slowly seeped away; and confusion boiled in its place.

After a long absence, Mrs. Martin came

down again.

Mr. Martin's eyes leaped to her face, found his question answered there. All the radiance had gone from Mrs. Martin's pallid mask and many shadows and lines had come into it. She did not once address Mr. Martin, and she did not once sit down—she walked. Through the hall, into the living-room, back to the dining-room, into the hall again, she completed her round scores of times. At regular intervals, Mr. Martin stopped, his hand dead among the cards.

"Bertha, don't you think we'd better call

Dr. Bush?" he would ask.

And "No," Mrs. Martin always replied,

"He knows when to come."

Presently the automobile chur-r-red out of the distance, chugged up to the door. Mr. Martin stopped midway in his deal. Mrs. Martin paused midway across the hall. "Well, well," Dr. Bush said, after his first swift look at the two faces, "glad I came when I did. I see my real work is down here." He bounded up the stairs. A door opened. There came through it Tug's voice, welcoming, Miss Burton's voice, inquiring, Phoebe's——

The door shut. Again—and again with a sudden serene quiet—the whole house responded to the doctor's soothing executive

presence.

After awhile, Dr. Bush came downstairs.

"Everything's fine as a fiddle. Couldn't be better. Guess I've come to stay this time, though. Black Jack on your red queen, Ed. It isn't going to be as long as I thought it was. A couple of tens would help now all right. Mrs. Martin, you'd better ask Theresa to make some coffee for you two. Red seven on your black eight, Ed. That helps a lot. By Jove, you've done it."

Mrs. Martin drifted in the direction of the

kitchen.

"Any danger, Allen?" Mr. Martin asked. "Danger!" Dr. Bush snorted. "Not a bit. I tell you Phoebe's got the constitution of a horse. I know all about her. Remember, Ed, I brought Phoebe into the world. Who's that—oh, Ernest!"

"Sliney's closed," Ernest said drearily. Ernest was white—whiter than when he left—and his figure sagged to match his

voice. "I had half a mind to go in town. But, somehow, I couldn't. Oh, mother!" Ernest stared at Mrs. Martin as she emerged from the hall. "How's Phoebe?"

swered, before Mrs. Martin could speak. "Everything is going just as well as it possi-

bly can."

"Mother," Ernest begged, "isn't there something I can do? You know this waiting gets on my nerves so-if I could only get busy."

"Ernest," his mother answered—and the occasion was a rare one in which she addressed her son without the diminutive of his name. "Ernest, the thing that you can do that will help me most is to march straight home and go to bed."

Ernest considered this and for a moment "All right," with obvious sense of hurt. he said after awhile, "I'll go. But you'll surely 'phone me if you need me!"

"Yes, Ernie," his mother answered pa-

"I'll 'phone you." tiently,

"And you'll let me know just as soon-"Yes, Ernie, I'll let you know," his mother

"And you don't think I'm a quitter?"

"Of course not," his mother reassured him. "You see—it's the waiting," Ernest ex-

plained again.

"Ernie," his mother said, and again there was a touch of grimness in her tone. woman's life is all waiting. I don't remember a single day in my whole existence that I haven't been waiting—and waiting—and waiting for something that I couldn't possibly hurry!"

Ernest walked to the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned back. The halllight glittered on his wet eyelashes. "Would you like to know what I think of all this?" he asked in a dogged tone. "Well, I'll tell you. I think it's a hell of a business.'

"Yes, Ernie," Mrs. Martin said—and the grimness had deepened in her voice, "but what you think about it won't change things any. It always has been this way and it always will be."

The door closed for the last time on

"Well," said Dr. Bush, "I guess I'll take another look-see."

He strolled leisurely upstairs. Mrs. Martin followed, her toes touching his heels.

A long time passed.

Mrs. Martin came downstairs. ask me," she answered Mr. Martin's look. It came—complete silence—the silence of She resumed her monotonous pacing—but the vacuum. Mr. Martin's watch rang like a

now she almost ran. Suddenly a door opened —it was the door leading from the diningroom to the kitchen. Halfway across the table, Mr. Martin's hand stopped as if it "She's all right, Ernest," Dr. Bush an- had been pinned there with a knife.

> "I told you to keep that back-stairs door— Mrs. Martin hissed. Theresa deposited the coffee-tray, hurried away panic-

stricken.

Ignoring the coffee, Mr. Martin walked into the dining-room, opened a door in the sideboard, fumbled among the bottles there. He poured out a glass of whisky.

Mrs. Martin poured a cup of coffee, drank it almost at a gulp, disappeared upstairs.

Mr. Martin returned to his cards.

But now many things happened.

Mrs. Martin came down, Tug, disheveled, ghastly-faced, tagging her, begging for reassurance. They went upstairs together.

A faint tap sounded at the front door. Mr. Martin opened it to Mrs. Warburton, who stood swaying, her cheeks streaked with tears. In the background drooped Mr. Warburton—white and anxious-looking.

Mrs. Martin came down again.

Tug came down—a Tug utterly wilted, who put his head on his mother's shoulder and frankly cried—a Tug who, at last forcing composure, sent his gaze again and again in dumb entreaty to Mrs. Martin's face.

After awhile, Mr. and Mrs. Warburton left.

Mrs. Martin went upstairs.

Tug went upstairs.

Mr. Martin turned to his cards again.

Another long wait, and Dr. Bush came down-still dynamic, still cheery-but a little less bustling and energetic. He rapidly drank two cups of coffee and went upstairs

Another wait—the longest of all—and Mrs. Martin returned. Apparently she had no strength left for pacing the room. She fell into a chair, her head in her hands, her hands over her ears. Mr. Martin dealt and re-dealt the cards. And the house rang with the din of a battle in which Life fought, handto-hand, with Death.

Suddenly—it was as if a new turmoil had forced itself into the saturated air. Mrs. Martin's hands came down from her ears. Mr. Martin's hands dropped the half-dealt pack. Mrs. Martin lifted her head and listened. Mr. Martin dropped his head and listened. Everything was slowing up. The "Don't house seemed to be settling toward silence.

"Phoebe's little girl, Edward!" Mrs. Martin breathed

gun.

became a tangible thing—adamantine—terrifying. And then—

A sound tore through it. It was a little sound. And yet it had tremendous character. It was not a moan, or a groan, or a wail. It was a yell. And it was a yell, component of many emotions—surprise, perplexity, dismay, indignation, wrath. It was lusty—and yet it was the voice of weakness.

Mr. Martin did not move. But Mrs. Martin did. She became motion itself.

The hall-clock She did not run or fly-she floated. She boomed like a cannon. floated with an unimaginable swiftness— The silence changed—it thickened, solidified, like a feather on a cyclone. It was as if she were sucked up the broad stairway, borne away by some mysterious magnetic current.

> Mr. Martin waited, without stirring from the position in which she had left him, waited-waited-waited-

> And then, suddenly, Mrs. Martin appeared on the stairs again. Her face was clay and charcoal—but her eyes were moons. She carried a bundle in her arms. Mr. Martin's eyes fixed on it. It was little and white and



soft. Sounds came from it—peeps—as if it held a bird, new-hatched. Mrs. Martin drew a veil of fluff away from the sounds and Mr. Martin looked at what she displayed.

"Phoebe's little girl Edward!" Mrs.

Martin breathed.

She placed the bundle in Mr. Martin's

Mr. Martin sat for a long time looking into the face of his granddaughter.

Dr. Bush came down. Mr. Martin stared

at him, wordless.

"She's all right," Dr. Bush said. "Our only problem now will be to keep Phoebe in bed. It's a fine baby, too—strong as an ox— Phoebe's going to have a handful."

Mrs. Martin had accomplished another of her mysterious appearances. "She's a beautiful baby, doctor," she said, taking the white bundle from her husband's arms. "Beautiful! The image of Ernie!" She disappeared. trailing whispered baby-talk.

"Phoebe says she wants to see you, Ed," Dr. Bush went on. "She won't rest well unless she does. Now hold on to yourself,

old man."

"Oh, I'm all right, Allen."

Mr. Martin walked up the stairs, walked through the hall, walked into Phoebe's big yellow-and-white front room, walked to the foot of the bed. The dawn was coming in at the window, but the electric-light was still on. It shone on two heads on the pillow—one, tiny, pinky, bare as an egg-shell, the other-

Was this still, spent, sagging creature, Phoebe? Two braids meandered across the white pillow. The light tangled in them, flashing glints of gold; but about her brow, the hair was damp and dark. One curl had glued itself in a wet black spiral against her forehead. The dimple under her eye was ironed out. Her lower lip hung slack. Yet how tiny she looked, how young, how innocent and helpless. Never in her little girlhood had she been more a little girl. The woman Phoebe? Why her eyes were twin pools of light. All the joy in the universe lay in them. Joy-and a something that soared beyond it. Phoebe had gone for a while into a different world; she was still don't take it so hard." living there. An instant, she looked at her father. Then she spoke. Her words came dead between unfamiliar weak pauses: but suddenly she was all Phoebe.

"Pretty—snappy—work—Mr. Martin!" she said. And then, "Do-you-love-my

little—girl—father—dearest?"

When Mr. Martin answered, his words came slowly too.

Phoebe's look of holding herself in reserve for her father's coming melted into a radiant smile. The smile died slowly as she drifted into sleep.

"Dr. Bush says he'd rather we wouldn't stay, father," Mrs. Martin was saying next. "He doesn't want that there should be any excitement in the house when Phoebe wakes up. He wants me to go home and to take you home too."

"All right," Mr. Martin answered doc-

Mrs. Martin talked all the way home; her husband made no comment. He followed her lead the whole way. It was she who started their expedition across streets, she who initially made the corners, she who manœuvred the turn in at their gate, she who unlocked the door and opened it.

"You go right upstairs," Mrs. Martin said in a whisper. The next instant her voice vibrated in joyous full volume through the house. "Wake up, Uncle Ernie! Phoebe's

got a little daughter."

"How's Phoebe?" Ernest called back.

"All right! Phoebe says for you to come over to-morrow and give your niece her first tennis-lesson."

When Mrs. Martin entered their large chamber, Mr. Martin was sitting in the big chair there. Outside the birds were singing. The dawn had come full. Mr. Martin's eyes were closed, but from under his lids the tears

were coursing down his face.

"Oh, Edward," Mrs. Martin said—and, for the first time that night, her voice broke. "Don't take it like this—please don't. It's not as bad as it seems. Although—" unaccountably, she reverted to the grimness that had characterized her all the evening, "it's as bad as it possibly can be. But what I mean is—what men can't understand it's natural—the suffering all counts—it's heavy lids stirred, lifted—Was this star-faced for something. You forget all the pain when they put the baby in your arms. You don't mind what you've been through. glad. You'd go through it again. Phoebe didn't have such a bad time. Oh,

"It isn't that," Mr. Martin said. isn't Phoebe exactly, although it is Phoebe, of course. Phoebe's all right now—I know She's strong—she'll get well. it isn't Phoebe — it's — Bertha — Bertha how did I live through it twenty-six years ago?"

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

Goethe's Prophecies Which Came True

A Conversation of His with Soret, Wednesday, February 21, 1827

"UP. Wed., Feb. 21.—Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration, of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Colombia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest for him. 'Humboldt,' said Goethe, 'has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future, and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young State, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty or forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbors, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant-ships and men-ofwar, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable and expensive voyage round Cape Horn. I therefore repeat, that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain they will do it.

"'Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez.

Would I could live to see these three great works! It would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

-From Eckerman's Conversations with Goethe.

Working Out Her Problem

HAVE brought up five children. When my last child was born, every child was looking eagerly for it, and it was the topic of family conversation for months.

My sixteen-year-old daughter was present at my confinement! Now she has children of her own. I always sacrificed everything to education, and I never was anything but truly open and candid, in the smallest details from the time they could talk. I never blinked what I thought. I was transparency itself with them, and no one of them has ever deceived me.

Now I am here on the farm with a son twenty-seven years old. He is of a scientific turn of mind, and that being his natural bent, of course he turned that tendency toward research in the direction of farming scientifically. He was a slender youth, who had never done a day's work in his life. He has been here seven years. But he is now a practical, deep-thinking, scientific farmer, and a Man. And a man, too, of perfect health and strength. Iron muscles, clear eye, and rosy complexion.

Gradually has grown upon me the possibilities for making a center here of life as it should be lived.

I think the farm is the only place where one can live naturally. The farm, to my mind, is the best place to bring up children. It is, so far as I know, the only profession where the children become an asset early, with equal advantage to themselves and their parents. It is also the only place where age is not made to feel its decrepitude and its helplessness. There is always something for grandmother and grandfather to do on a farm. The farm would be a perfect place for any of us to live, if we could have the inspiration which the city affords us. Can we bring a measure of that?

The answer to this problem is what I am trying to work out. My ideal is to have a Brook Farm, with the loafers left out. My field from which to choose is terribly restricted by the fact that none but workers need apply. I am thoroughly convinced that sanity and the highest usefulness are best promoted by a fair division of the labor between head and hands. A philosophical friend of mine has said he thinks there

is more saving grace in a garden which will keep a person employed all day long, than in all the

religions in the world.

I have set myself seriously to the problem of providing a perfectly balanced ration, at a minimum cost, and nearly everything in that ration should be raised on this farm. We grow our wheat and grind it for our bread. We grow our own potatoes and all vegetables, fruits large and small, and have our own eggs, chickens, pork, beef, milk, cream, etc. I have bought a steam canning outfit, and with it I can put up, in tin cans, everything imaginable, at first cost, direct from the field or the stable or the henhouse. I have canned pumpkin, corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, all kinds of fruits, canned chicken and beef, —the trusts have no terrors for us. We put up our own ice. We cut our own wood in our own wood lot, and raise our own rye and buckwheat if we want it, and make our own maple syrup.

Now all this is not to make money. We want to make a living, it is true, but we want most of all to be able to open our doors to any and every person who has our ideals, and who wants to come here and work them out, and help us to work them out. The first hindrance to congenial working together is, of course, always the question of the expense of maintenance. For that reason, I am directing all my force toward simplifying and cheapening living, so that we may be hospitable. The house is here, and it costs no more whether one bed or ten are used. The land, the grass and the trees and birds are here and it costs nothing that others may have the benefit of them.

I want to have my life work go on surrounded by those whose society is an inspiration and an education, and, at the same time, I wish to have among us those who need the example of this kind of life.

My religion is summed up in the following: "He who would lose his life shall save it, and he who would save his life shall lose it," and, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." I want to teach all those who come here, that Happiness is found right here on earth, if we will fulfill the Law.

I want to show the world a practical demonstration of what I want to believe and prove to be true—that is, that a life where we all love and trust each other and work for the good of all is practical.

One demonstration will mean more than tons of talk.

EMMA EAMES DE GRAFF.

A Further Word About Suffrage in California

In the letter of Elizabeth Gerberding in the "Pilgrim's Scrip" for April, she says that the referendum, the recall and woman suffrage were regarded in the same light and voted

for upon the same ground in the California election. She says that woman suffrage had the same friends and the same enemies as had the other measures, etc.

How does she explain the fact that the majority in favor of the initiative and referendum amendment was 116,651, that in favor of the recall 124,360 and that in favor of woman suffrage only 3,587? From these figures it seems that in one case there were 120,773 people, and in the other 113,064 people, who did not look upon woman suffrage in at all the same light. The voting was so close on the suffrage amendment that the result was in doubt for several days.

CAROLINE M. PARKER.

Appreciation from a Fellow Editor

HAVE been sitting up in bed reading the April number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and it is past twelve, with a hard day tomorrow. But there is time to say thank you before I put out the light in my hotel room.

These things I read—the Ferber story and the Zona Gale story and The Interpreter's House. They are all of a piece; so wise but also so simple, so human and so pitiful, and on top of all so vitally heartening that to get them all at one dose, out of one binding, is almost a miracle.

But it is a plan. I know that, being by way of a near-editor myself, and I know that such miracles never happen. And so I am troubling you for a minute with a word of gratitude. Once before, a long time ago, I ventured to tell you what a tonic The American Magazine was to me. In all the intervening time I have come to it confidently, assured of finding an insight that could not be fooled, and a sympathy that could not be quenched, and the sure touch of an artist who simply cannot play a false note.

Going the Rejection Slip One Better

DO you know good verse when you see it? The author regrets that this MS. is not compulsory. It is merely an opportunity. You publish so much literature that it is quite impossible for him to criticize it personally and show you how much better this is. Except at full rates—and worth the money.

The obvious merit of this contribution does not necessarily imply any lack of intelligence in the editors who reject it. Quite the contrary. They have to maintain their average. Nothing is more experimental than variety.

Homing envelope, with wings prepaid, with this, just as though it were an ordinary MS.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE



"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

LESS these questions of civil government!—sighed the Cynic, hard afoul of editing a political article,—does Massachusetts elect a Governor retrospection. every two years or three? You'd never think I used to be letter-perfect in that stuff when I went to school, back in the days of the old fellow that the Poet and Monachus always date time from,—in the days when Plankuss was constable. Curious circumstance to remember!-some old farmer-constable, likely, who used to chase them out of orchards. Odd name, too, Plankuss!-don't seem to have ever heard it before.

But, as I was saying, for all the blood I sweat learning civil government, none of it ever stuck. The fact is, most of my book-

Education When **Plancus** Was Consul learning didn't stick. With all the will-power I used up loading my cargo you'd think I'd still be carrying a little of it, but to this good day I'm so light on book-freight that if it were all I had, I

could take shoal water like an Ohio sternwheeler.

It was real will-power, too,—continued the Cynic, tempted down the flowery slope of reminiscence,—a schoolboy has forgotten more about the strenuous life than T. R. ever knew. All the work of later years is oddjobs compared with what one does between twelve and eighteen. Think of the resolution, the energy and dogged grit it takes to get lessons on a warm spring day, with the world waiting to be explored and all the really important things of life suffering for attention; with kites to fly, tops to spin, and no end of responsibility about dogs and baseball and birds'-nests! A schoolboy in May is what Harry Lauder would call an unco' sad sight. A boy can learn his lessons,—Heaven knows how, but he can, for I did it. By stress of will I closed my eyes to the sunshine,

game, and got those lessons in civil government.—and Lord, where are they now?

The staff was silent awhile in beatified

You are pricking the marrow of our experience,—said the Philosopher, at length, strange! I can recall the sunshine, the bird's note, the look in my old dog's eyes, I can hear the "sock" of the baseball into my glove, all as clear and alluring as if it were of yesterday; yet I don't remember anything about my lessons. I got them, as the Cynic says, and knew them while I had them; but now when the Reporter cites civil government or the Poet quotes literature or Monachus talks foreign languages, I shrug and say like Pangloss, "It may be; but if so, it has escaped me." I wonder why such crucial effort should go for nearly nothing and only the effortless things remain.

Because the effortless things were natural, cried the Poet,—natural to the time of life. Their remaining in memory is Nature's at-

tenuated triumph over man's bungling pedagogy. I have thought a great deal about this matter since the papers took it up and so many prominent men have talked about it. I have a theory; but first

The Poet Springs a Theory

I want to know how radical a turn this discussion can take. In the old days when we had only our plutocratic antagonists to think of, I wouldn't raise the question; but now that our Liberal friends will have it that we are all Morganized, I admit I keep my radical theories largely to myself. I don't mind alien daws pecking at my heart, but the serpent's tooth is "something else again."

Well, we can go into executive session, said the Reporter,—we can imitate T. R. Exclude press-representatives and say that any ostensible gentleman here present who divulges the Poet's privileged communicamy ears to the birds, my mind to the ball- tions is a liar, Amen. We might start a

respectable opposition to the Ananias Club, who knows? I move an intimation to the Poet that the bridle is off and he can go the full distance.

The essence of my revised pedagogy, began the Poet, reassured,—is that in any line of study, interest should precede acquisi-

Children Taught Only What Interests Them

tion; and particularly, (here being the point where I split with existing school methods) the interest should be natural, not an artificial interest made to order. The Cynic has forgotten his civil govern-

ment because when he studied it, civil government had no natural interest for him, not the slightest. It was remote, alien, presenting no point of contact with his experience of life. Hence he got it by the very hardest, it meant nothing whatever to him when he got it, and he forgot it as soon as ever he could. The interest in birds'-nesting and baseball came out of his direct experience; it was, as I say, a natural interest brought out by something that actually happened. For him, civil government didn't happen; and one can lav it down as a rough rule that you can't take interest in things that do not happen for you.

I see everyone is taking shots at the school system these days. For my part, I never thought the system was so wrong, but I think the things aimed at are wrong. Given an antecedent interest in anything and you will get it by one system or another, though some systems are probably better than others. But there is too much stress put on the

of the things taught.

For instance, I have the greatest pity for children beginning Latin with Caesar's Commentaries. I read them as a boy and the effect was such that I never opened the book again until a couple of years ago. I had no idea,—couldn't have,—that Caesar and his care two straws. They were out of my experience. After I spent some time in the Auvergne one summer and got on the old fellow's actual trail, looked over his battlegrounds, walked his roads, saw the statue of Vercingetorix at Clermont-Ferrand, and, in short, got up an interest in Caesar as a real person with a real related place in history, instead of a scholastic lay-figure as remote and lifeless as one of Artemus Ward's miscellanyus moral wax statoots, — then the Commentaries fascinated me like a novel. Brand-new stuff they were then, and I ate them alive.

The same idea applies to modern languages, mathematics, chemistry, biology, geology and the dozen-and-one subjects peddled at by the schools. Mayor Gaynor told the teachers the other day that if a child ever Learning learned modern languages in without the New York schools he Remembering wished they would send him down to the City Hall for him to see. It was a perfectly safe play for the mayor to make, because he knows that children only care about two modern languages, -English and profane. They get those because they are interested. Language to a child is the vehicle of thought,—nothing else, —and if he can get his thought over on the light and handy sulky of his native English, he isn't going to waste time putting it over on an ice-wagon. He doesn't see what modern languages are for, and there is no use trying to tell him because there is nothing in his experience to answer to what you say; hence he isn't interested, and because he isn't interested whatever he does learn won't stay put.

Why, I'll wager that Monachus here never knew or cared a button about modern languages until he undertook his foolish and impractical crusade against American Philistinism. If we had caught him young enough, I dare say he would be yooping for insurgency with the rest of us eight now instead of preferring to waste his time philandering with

the Italian literati.

Yes,—said Monachus,—I bear out your system and not enough on the natural fit-in theory. I learned French, for instance, when I was twenty-four, because I got deeply interested in something that required at least a reading knowledge of French. If I had anticipated that interest, I'm satisfied I would never have gotten on half as easily or onetenth as fast.

Precisely,—said the Poet,—you needed it doings ever happened; and, moreover, I didn't in your business. Probably you were just formulating your precious absurdity that the only way to save this country is to triple-plate it with Con- How tinental culture. But the Monachus point is, you were interested; Came to

> hence, however foolish the Steep Himself business, what you felt you in French needed in that business came

> easily and quickly because of the antecedent natural interest. Just so a boy learns the ways of dogs and birds with avidity; wake him up at midnight and he'll rattle you off the Athletics' batting-order while you wait. It is no trouble for him to get these things be-

cause he needs them in his business. A girl a better chance of making him good as a learns to dance, dress, skate and flirt with equivalent ease and for the same reason.

But how about the practice of pedagogy? —asked the Responsible Editor,—the theory sounds well enough, and I don't think many educators would disagree with you. But how are you going to make it work? Would vou let the children simply run wild after their birds'-nesting and dancing and have their own way with them?

Scarcely that,—said the Poet,—the radical part of my pedagogy comes in here. Why not follow Nature in adapting the subjectmatter of instruction strictly to the interests peculiar to the time of life? Instead of repressing the natural interest in birds and baseball and trying to set up a wholly artificial and unnatural interest in arithmetic. why not use the natural interest in such a way as to get all the physical and moral good out of it, and wait for arithmetic to become a natural interest in its own time? In other words, train the child to use to the best advantage what he needs in his business when he needs it,—not long years before. I think that in the far-off divine event of a rational society, the early years of life will be given over to physical and moral training; and the refinements of intellectual training come in later, as the child progresses to the natural interest in such things, and (which is saying the same thing) to the consciourness of such needs.

That is fine, high-grae anarchism,—commented the Reporter,—have you been looking up the experimental schools at Yasnaya Polyana, or do you advocate an extension of the Montessori method?

I never heard of either,—replied the Poet, -I am only trying to follow the plain natural truth of things. Probably I may have gotten the idea from the passage of Plato where he brings in Protagoras saying that "from the time a child can understand language, his nurse and mother and teacher and father are all directing their efforts toward the one end of making the child good." Well, that is education,—to make him physically, morally and mentally good, not merely to ballast him with a cargo of facts or stuff him with Aristotelian chopped hay. Now it stands to reason that we ought to make the child good by use of the materials that his experience and interests progressively furnish. You have a better chance of making him morally and physically good by a right use of the earliest interests that Nature gives him than by all kinds of adult sermonizings and physical cul-

Latinist or arithmetician if you wait for him to develop his own interest in finding out what those things are for.

How about the mental discipline of study. considered as an end in itself?—asked the

Responsible Editor.

The World Scouts are proceeding largely on the Poet's doctrine,—observed Monachus, -and I should say that for mental discipline, they have the schools beaten.

In fact, it seems to me that the World Scouts have the best educational ideas and methods in the world. course, Scouting has not had a fair test yet because all the

World Scouts Discipline Their Own Minds

Scouts, or practically all, are also in the schools. But I really believe that if we could sample a random batch of children trained wholly as Scouts and another random batch trained wholly in the schools, the former would grade far higher, even in sheer mental discipline. Attention, concentration, quickwittedness, memory,—for all these, Scout training seems to be the thing. In fact, I don't see why Scouting could not be advantageously substituted for elementary schooling.

You're a bachelor, I believe,—remarked the Cynic; and Monachus admitted the soft

impeachment.

Some instinct told me so,—continued the Cynic with asperity,—barring old maids, there's nothing like 'em for knowing just what to do with children. Did it ever occur to you that one great recommendation of our present system is its compulsory character? It is an easy way to deal with the bewildering problem of children. No offense intended to American parents and schools, but it really Parents at a loss to know what to do with their children,—as most of them are,—can make them at least go to school. truancy law is on their side. Then the teachers can make them at least go through the motions of learning their lessons, and, between durance vile and the fear of punishment, even get some kind of results. Now would you rely on the mere esprit du corps of the World Scouts to take the place of this salutary compulsion?

Nonsense,-said Monachus,-nothing of the kind. I would nationalize Scouting, just as we have nationalized the three R's, by a simple reversal of their present relations. I would make Scouting compulsory and the three R's optional. There would be more scoutmasters than schoolmasters in the ture. And I make bold to say you will have United States when I got through,—a great many more. Scoutmistresses, too, for the World Scouts in England include the Girl Scouts and the Girl Nursing Corps. I believe I never mentioned the girls' side of the Scout training, but I'll tell you about it some day. The scoutmasters would be the only schoolmasters there were, until the children began of their own motion to gravitate out of the Scout training and toward some intellectual interest that they had developed naturally.

Yes,—assented the Poet,—I would do just that. I would have the school authorities make a clean sweep of everything but pure

in School Methods

World Scout methods until the children came in one by one and asked for more formally intellectual guidance and direction. I would keep a child busy every minute with the interests he has, knowing

that his interests would multiply and broaden and that he would be ready to meet them as they grew. We would have a prodigious crop of sturdy, manly, noble and resourceful young illiterates, until they got to be fourteen or fifteen,—and then the most lively and hustling transition you ever saw. I'll risk Scouttrained boys not knowing enough or not increasing their range of interests fast enough; you couldn't stop them.

But the moral and patriotic side of it interests me most. A lesson in democracy every minute; a scientific appropriation of the ideals of manliness, gentleness, generosity, -a lesson, too, taught in such a way that it would be interestedly soaked up and assimilated. I would have in Washington some man like Vane in England as National Superintendent of Elementary Education, continually sounding the fine note of international and interracial brotherhood. Think how the juvenile delinquents would fade away when children found that going to school meant doing something that they really wanted to do.

Yes,—chimed in Monachus,—and think what the country would be like with such a crop of children coming to understand the difference between bigness and greatness and what it is that makes a country really great. Think how our superficial spirit would deepen! Think how the vulgarity and hideousness of our social life and manners would be modified! The United States is a big nation now; it would be a great nation when those

youngsters grew up to make it so.

The Responsible Editor was so diverted by the Poet's ardor that he forgot his dignity and winked at Monachus. It's a good thing we are in executive session,—he said, reaching for his hat,—I think I'll run out to the country for the week-end in case some Ananias among us may be indiscreet. There is a great deal of right on the Poet's side. The kindergarten and manual training were steps in the right direction, but very likely we have not gone far enough. I agree, too, that the stress on purely intellectual training might be largely deferred. At least the number of subjects taught might be reduced. Like Artemus Ward on a certain occasion, the schools have tried to do too much and done it. I will even admit that I would like to see an extensive experiment in Scout training, used in the way the Poet suggests; not as a stop-gap for spare time, but as the staple of schooling. Something, certainly, will have to be done about the secondary schools, especially the rural schools; and from a non-professional point of view, I see nothing as promising by way of emendation as the policy of the World Scouts. I hope it will be tried. I remember, however, that the Poet lives in a rural neighborhood; if he wants light on the practical difficulties in the way of these glowing reforms of his, let him go up and spring them on the honest agriculturists who make up the local school-board. It will be a chastened and corrected Poet who returns to us on Monday.

VISION

By SUSAN DYER

Last night I wakened suddenly, and saw A bar of moonlight shining thro' my room,— As tho' an angel's wing had cleft the gloom And glory lingered. . . . For a flash, in awe, I saw,—I knew!.

O God, might I but keep The soul of one fresh waked from dreamless sleep!

American Magazine 15 cts

THE BENEFACTORS

A New Story

By RUDYARD KIPLING



"THIS MAGAZI"

CYNI

There's pest of politicia Of every half-cracked : Each truth is half a l. And yet you think you

EDITO

Who knows the Truth? White light and wind That shakes the world, That part of Truth the

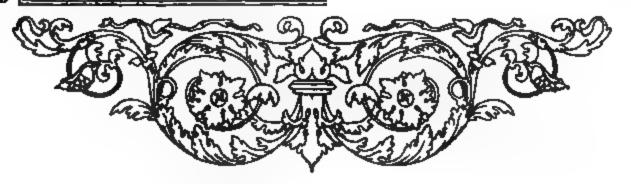
CYNI

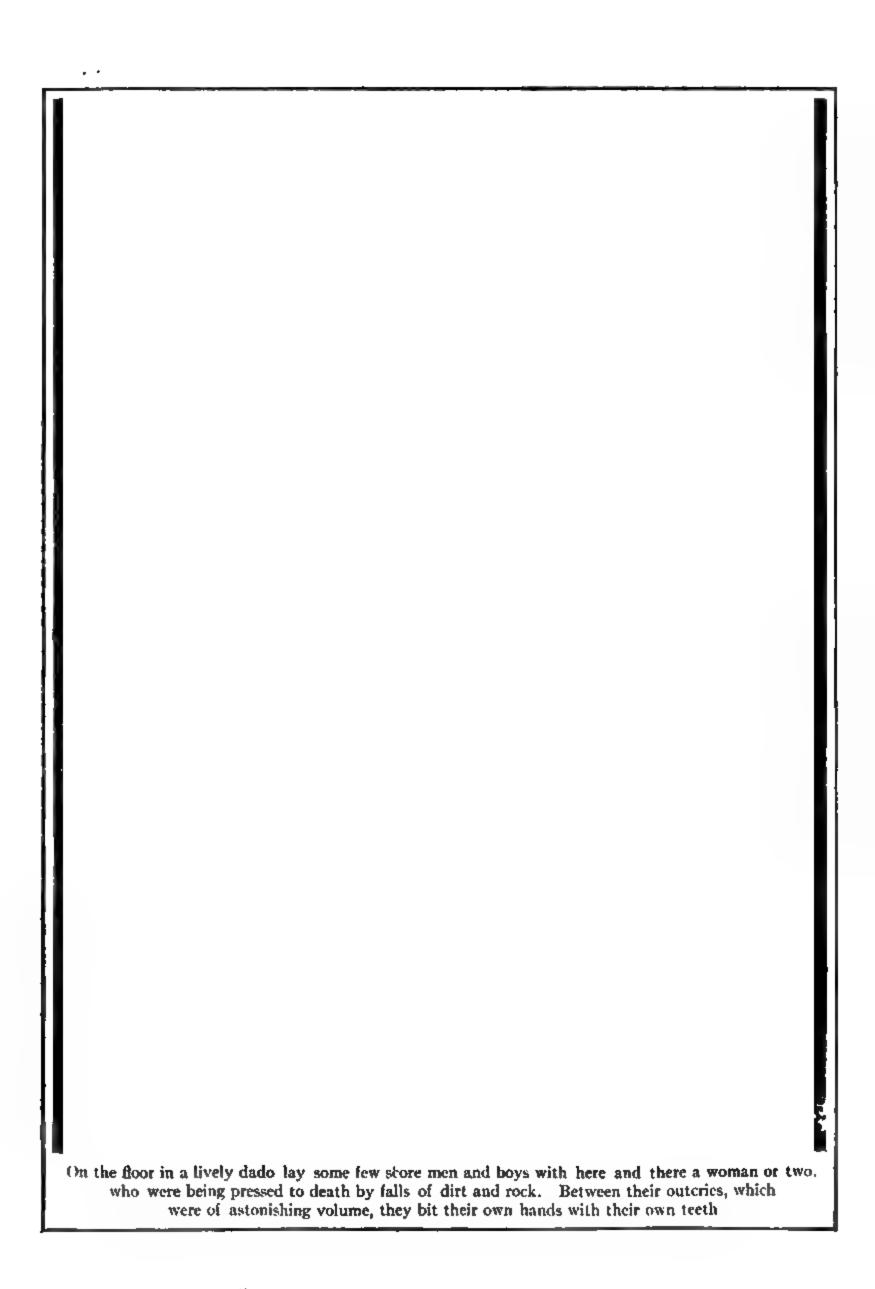
Men's thoughts are con Wind-vanes that turn of You that should be so U'hy kneel you in the o

WATER THE CANAL STAND CONTROL TO THE STAND STANDS OF STA

Евітс

Out of the dust of men All Beauty. Every w Is white-hot Life—... Humbly of Life, is to







THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



VOL. LXXIV

JULY, 1912

NO. 3

Rudyard Kipling's Warning to Labor

This powerful piece, out of the agitated spirit of our time, is in its way representative; it suggests the attitude of mind held by a great number of men of force and education. And probably no other writer could give such living quality to this state of mind. Kipling, because of his genius, is able to represent, in its fullest vigor and with bitter sincerity, the view of which he has here become the embodiment.

It may be that some of our readers will be surprised to get so fully, and in so powerful a form, the view of labor contained in this tale. To such readers the story will be particularly illuminating. And we believe it will give to most readers a fresh conception of the hostile spirit in which the great forces of the industrial world confront each other lo-day.-EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE BENEFACTORS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTON FISCHER

Men are not moved to higher things By wit or commonsense, But, cursed by Priests and kicked by Kings, Use them in self-defense.

T was change of the morning watch in Hades-the hour when, despite all precautions, fires die down, pressures fate. drop, and the merciless dynamos that have been torturing poor souls all night slack. Community," he bellowed, "so of course I hit

a few revolutions ere they pick up again for thelong day's load. The stokers of Nos. 47-53 Auxiliary Furnaces stood easy over their bowls of raw cocoa. A lost soul, with workmanlike dog-teeth and the shadow of a rudimentary tail, complained loudly against his

"I was the strongest of Our Primitive

Copyright, 1912, by Rudyard Kipling

259

"I was the strongest of Our Primitive Community," he bellowed,

them and bit them till they did what I "I'm sorry," a long-armed, heavily scarred wanted. And just when I had brought shape replied. "But I should never have them to their knees, some dog-yes, you Haka—found out that he could throw a stone farther than I could reach. He threw it and it killed me. Justice! Give me justice, somebody!''

thought of stone-throwing if you hadn't torn me nearly to ribbons. Don't bear malice. I got nothing out of my trick in the long run. I battered my tribe to their knees with boulders, and then just when they ought to have

stayed quiet, Fenir yonder, a coward who couldn't stand up to a friendly little tap on the head, invented some despicable weapons called bows and arrows and laid me out howling at eighty yards. Was that Justice?"

blew upon its drink. "Surely, Haka," it said, get even with you, and the Bow was the result.

"you couldn't expect me to stand still and be stoned forever. Besides, you'd killed my sister, two wives and an uncle with your friendly little taps. You were welcome to uncle, but two perfectly good wives was rank A slim, keen-faced shadow laughed as it oppression. It forced me to think how I could

A glorious weapon! It gave me power and all the power for a day's march round about—brought the toughest tribe to their knees whimpering. But they wouldn't leave well alone. Oisinn, you poltroon"—he turned to a smiling companion seated on a barrow—"what in—in this place led you to invent armor?"

"Pain, chum,—just pain," Oisinn replied. "With one of your arrows in my thigh and another in my forearm it was a case of protecting myself or bleeding to death. So I protected myself. There's nothing like armor! Does anyone here remember how our knights in mail used to ride through the naked peasantry, sword in one hand, battle-ax in t'other, and the arrows hopping off their breast-plates like hail, while the poor barelegged wretches dropped on their knees and begged for mercy. Ah! that was the age of chivalry! Here's confusion to the charcoalpeddling churl who stumbled on gunpowder and put an end to it!"

He threw the dregs of his cup sizzling

against a furnace door.

"That's me, I suppose," a fat friar grunted. "Surely to Badness, Oisinn, you didn't expect folk to line up twelve deep for the rest of their natural lives while your plated knights made hash of 'em! Chivalry indeed! People had to live! I remember the morning my powder put a cannon ball through four armored knights on end. You never saw such a mess! And when the news came to Milan, those Milanese armorers swore—like that silversmith at Ephesus-Demetrius wasn't it? I don't blame 'em. Their trade was gone. In less than a generation we had all the ironclad community clinking on its marrow bones, before a dirty little culverin. Here's to good old powder, Oisinn. It blew me through my own cell window, but it's the greatest invention of any age."

"D'you really think so, Brother Roger," said a pale, intellectual looking Pope, as he "When I wiped his face with a sweat-rag. held the Keys—er—in short when I held the Keys, I confided more in spiritual weapons-Interdicts, Inquisitions and such like. seen a whole nation on their knees at the mere threat of an Interdict. No marrying, no burying, no christening, no church or parishfeast—nothing but black spiritual darkness till they had made their peace with Me! But ours was a perverse world! At the very moment that I had it neatly shepherded on the road to Heaven, some villains—I regret they are not with us to-day—invented an irreligious engine called a printing-press which they

offered as a substitute for Me! For Me and my Interdicts! Now why, in Reason's name?"

A small, merry-faced compositor of Caxton's chapel sniggered where he sprawled

among a pile of cooling clinkers.

"Your Holiness does not realize," he began, "how tired we grew of your Holiness's Interdicts. We noticed too that no suit could lie against any of your Holiness's priests for any torturous or tortuous act, because (your Holiness passed the law yourself, I think), because your priests could read and write. Naturally we all wanted to read and write. It was purely a question of demand and supply. Your Holiness, if I may say so, created the demand with your strong hand. My illustrious Master supplied it with his press."

"Then it would seem," the Pope said slowly, "as though I were in a measure re-

sponsible for the new invention."

"So it struck us at the time," said the

compositor.

"I—I—I," the Tailed Man stammered, "was just going to say the same thing. By your argument, I am responsible for Haka's stone-throwing." He scowled furiously at the scarred man.

"Who else? You hit and bit me into it. And so, it follows," Haka went on, "that I, and not you, Fenir, invented that treacherous bow and arrow."

"I see," Fenir responded. "Then I with my little arrow drove Oisinn here to invent armor, which means—"

"That I," Oisinn interrupted, pointing at Friar Bacon, "am really the creator of gunpowder! Evidently we are all public benefactors without knowing it. I suppose that's

why we're put in the same watch."

"Here's a new hand sent to join us. He doesn't look much like a benefactor." Friar Bacon pointed to a trim little figure in black broadcloth and starched linen that painfully descended tier after tier of the platforms and gratings that rise in illimitable perspective above the Auxiliary Furnaces. His neat boots slipped cruelly on the greasy floorplate of the last descent.

"Hello!" said Oisinn, as he panted before

them, "what's your trouble?"

"Me 'eart," was the answer. "Overstrain through overwork. I'm another victim to the cause of Labor. Sugden's my name. Better known as Honest Pete."

"Hooray, Honest Pete," Oisinn replied; "honestly, now, what have you been up to?"

"I've been bringing the community to its knees," was the proud reply, received with shouts of mirth."

"What, again?" the Tailed Man cried. "You don't look as if you could bite much."

"What weight of bow do you draw?"

Oisinn replied.

"His weapons are probably spiritual," said

the Pope kindly.

"Nonsense. Of course he blew up the community with my gunpowder," the Friar put in, as Mr. Sugden turned smiling from one to the other.

"Powder?" he said scornfully. "Not at all! Power was our trick. We've starved the beggars! No cooking, no lighting, no heating, no travel, no traffic, no manufactures till they've made their peace with us! That's what we've done—all over England. You've 'eard of England?'

"I clapped an Interdict on it once," said the Pope. "But if you're speaking the truth it strikes me I was an amateur at that job.

And have you burned them much?"

"Contrariwise. We've put 'em in cold storage. Froze 'em out! Now by the look of you, it's quite possible you've 'eard talk of coal."

The Pope's uplifted hand checked any ribald comment. Mr. Sugden, throwing back his frock-coat, took the floor: "Well, comrades." he said. "You'll admit, I 'ope, that coal is Power—and all the power. There's no other way of getting Power which means heat, light and—and power—except through Therefore, as you can readily understand, the men who produce the coal 'ave the power and all the power in the 'ollow of their 'ands. Absolute and unlimited power over the community."

"By the way," said Haka of the bow and arrow, "how long have you thrown this stone—I mean used this coal—that gives you

this power?"

"A matter of a hundred years or so," said Mr. Sugden. "But what's that got to do with it? . . . I'll just slip off my coat if you don't mind. I'm more used to shirt-sleeves."

"I don't think you will," the Tailed Man

bared his teeth once.

"No offense. I ain't particular about my dress. But as I was saying; that being realized, it only remained to organize the power. Which we did. We then issued a mandate that no more coal was to be produced by the producers till the community 'ad satisfied our demands."

"And what were your demands?" the

Pope inquired with interest.

"Only justice an' our rights. We weren't pleased with society as it existed. We wereor rather I should say we are goin' to reor-

ganize society from top to bottom an' if the community don't like it, it can lump it and be damned."

"Excuse me a moment," said the Pope. "But this happens to be one of the few places in the universe where it is not necessary to

allude to one's social conditions."

"Ho!" Mr. Sugden fetched up with a snort. "Well, I'm willin' for the present to make allowances for the superstitions of the less advanced brethren, but if I'm to be interrupted at every turn I warn you I shan't have time to explain our plan of campaign."

"We are very rarely pressed for time here," said the Pope, "but please go on. You have, I understand, put a comprehensive interdict

on the community.

"We've brought 'em to their knees, I tell

"Then they'll throw stones at you," said

the Tailed Man. "I know 'em."

"Any stone throwin' that's needed will be done by us," said Mr. Sugden grimly. "But they've no 'eart for stone throwin'. can't make nothing, nor yet move it after it's made. Yes, when I laid down on my bed just now to get a bit o' sleep between telegrams there was one million and a 'alf people not knowin' where their food and fuel was comin' from. In another few weeks there'll be five million in the same situation. The luckiest of 'em will 'ave drawn out all their savin's so they won't be capitalists any more, an' the rest 'll be starved. All of 'em will thus be hot stuff for the real revolution. between friends, I may tell you gents, that this little kick up of ours is only a dress parade for the Social Armageddon.

"But I don't see "--a Lancastrian Baron of the Wars of the Roses shouldered forward— "I don't see how my class should find themselves starved in a few weeks. I was besieged for six months once by the neighborhood, and except for missing my daily ride and having to drink small beer instead of Burgundy the last ten days, I wasn't inconvenienced."

"And from what I remember of the clergy -" the Pope began.

"If I know anything of drilled troops," said the Friar, "I wager they didn't suffer first."

Caxton's proof-puller grinned; "'Dies erit proegelida sinistra quum typographer,'" he

"Oh, these capitalists," Mr. Sugden replied with large scorn, "was warned in time—worse luck—an' they got their coal early. But I'm talkin' of the entire community taken in bulk. That's where we are bringin' pressure to bear. They can't stand it."

"They'll play you some dirty trick or other," the Tailed Man insisted. "Communities are like snakes. If you catch 'em by the head they sting; if you catch 'em by the tail they wriggle away; and if you step on 'em in the middle they coil round you and choke you."

"They can't, I tell you," Mr. Sugden almost shouted. "We've got 'em in a cleft stick. Coal's the sole source of power, ain't Take that away and the community, man, woman and child, is bound to come to its knees or be starved."

"Then you starved women and children,"

Friar Bacon said.

"War's war," Mr. Sugden replied. "We can't make exceptions. Besides we ain't We took good care to get ourselves protected under the Trades Disputes Act before we began. Are you aware that no action against any Trades Union for anything it sees fit to do in furtherance of a trade dispute, shall be considered in any court of law?"

"O my Triple Hat!" cried the Pope en-ously. "That's beyond even my wildest viously.

dreams."

"Not bad for a first step," Mr. Sugden smiled. "So you can take it from me, comrades, the Unions are the government. Wait a little longer an' you'll see what we've done for our class. 'Ere!" he cried and spun round, "you leave go of my coat tails."

An adhesive succubus in the shape of a starved, week-old baby clung squalling at the

skirts of the silk-faced frock-coat.

"Mind!" cried Oisinn, "there's another between your reet. Don't step back! There are a couple behind you."

"Then take 'em away where they belong. What are they doin' here?" Mr. Sugden hopped nervously among the squirming horrors on the floor.

"I expect they've followed you," said the Pope. "One's works very often do."

The others stared coolly, as the stokehold filled with shapes. It was long since their works had ceased to follow them in active shape, but they were always appreciative of another's discomfort. The shape of a grayhaired woman, her head coquettishly slued to one side, her blackened tongue clacking outside her puffed lips, swung herself, rather than ran, into Mr. Sugden's arms, stuttering: "Kiss me, Pete. I only 'ung myself on Thursday. Ain't I kept well?"

Ah!" said the Pope, who in his appointed times had been visited by his own victims,

"then there were suicides, too!"

as he fenced with the lurching terror, "but don't 'ug me, you devil—the press was always against us. We must alter all that." He stepped back on a babe whose strained ribs cracked like a wine glass.

"Do be careful, Pete," the woman croaked.

"That's my little 'Erb."

"Well, I ain't legally responsible," Mr. Sugden retorted. Upon this the shape turned into a middle-aged man, who by signs—for his lower jaw was shot away—implored Sugden to tie up his shattered skull and so collapsed to the floor, rhythmically patting Mr. Sugden's boots.

"Get up!" Mr. Sugden quavered. "You ain't really 'urt. I've never seen a suicide. Government oughtn't to let 'em happen. Lend me a 'andkerchief. No, don't! I never could stand the sight o' blood. Oh, get up, chum, an' you and me 'll go an' look for the cap'tilist that brought you to this. I ain't responsible—S'welp me Gawd, I ain't."

"So we see," mused Friar Bacon as the stokehold began to fill and they smelt the heavy sour smell of extreme poverty. The shapes of girls that had been maids and wives that had been faithful ere the strike overtook them, linked arms and danced merrily in what garments were unpawned, till angry men, blazing with their own secret shames, thrust them aside and asked Sugden questions not to be hinted at above the breath. came the elderly dead, cut off before their time by a few days' cold and underfeeding, who wailed for the dear remnant of life out of which they said Sugden had defrauded them. Behind them were ranged the drawn and desperate faces of such as had spent all their savings in one month and now looked forward to certain pinch and woe-not for themselves, as they muttered, but for their families.

On the floor in a lively dado lay some few score of men and boys with here and there a woman or two who were being pressed to death by falls of dirt and rock. Between their outcries, which were of astonishing volume, they bit their own hands with their own teeth.

"Ah!" said the Lancastrian Baron critically. "This is something like a class war. Nothing but villains, serfs, vassals, and wenches.

"An' all of 'em loyal to us," said Mr. Sugden proudly. "See 'ow they stand it! There's spirit for you—an' no legal liability attachin'. They do this because they like it.

"As a show," the Pope purred, "this is of "The papers said so," Mr. Sugden panted, course nothing compared to what some of us

are responsible for; but we must look deeper than the mere shadow of things. What I am sure we all admire most is the superbly logical chain of consequences which Mr. Sugden has called into action. They should fructify and ramify for generations. Mere killing even by pressing to death—is so distressingly finite. The dead when dead cease to function toward any useful end. But to drag down. to debauch, to weaken, and stun-and-er morally disorientate the living by the million is a stroke of pure genius. And to see the whole noble work confined entirely to your own class must be a source of peculiar gratification to you, is it not?"

"Look 'ere!" said Mr. Sugden furiously, as a dozen lean babies tried to climb up his back, "that tone o' voice may 'ave suited the Feudal Ages, but times advance, me good friend, and it's obsolete. What I've done I 'ave done and there is not a court in the land which dare say I've done wrong. You can put that in your pipe an' smoke it!"

Here a whistle rang through the stokehold and Accusing Voices bade them prepare for

inspection.

"It's the Old Man himself," something cried from an upper grating, as the shapes trailed away and Friar Bacon dragged Mr.

Sugden to his feet.

It had pleased His Majesty's alert and ever kindly heart to clothe himself that morning in coolest white ducks with white covered yachting cap and creamy pipe-clayed shoe so that he looked not unlike Captain Kettle and spoke with that officer's directness when his speckless handkerchief picked up smear or

grime from any brightwork.

"You gentlemen," he began as he entered the stokehold, "seem to think you're running a refrigerator! He pointed with a palm leaf fan to the drooping gauges and thermometers. "What's your excuse? A new hand has been sent down and he's been seeing things, has he? And that has interfered with your stoking, has it? Are you aware, my sons, that you're talking to the Father of Lies? You are, eh? Then let me warn you—

At this point somebody put the watch bill

into his hands.

"You're right—I'm wrong—as usual," he "Good morning, went on after scanning it. Mr. Sugden, or if you will pardon the liberty, 'Honest Pete'"—he bowed elaborately. "Inexcusable of me to forget you. Any man with 'honest' before his name is always sure of a warm place in my regard. You were mixed up in the coal strike, weren't you? Well, you've come to the right shop. We've got

coal to burn and you're going to help burn it. Beating one Is your heart troubling you? hundred and twenty-six to the minute. Never mind! We've done with minutes down here. I give you my word you aren't in any danger We can't afford to lose a man like of dying. you."

He turned to the others cheerily.

"Boys, I want you to appreciate our Pete. He's not much to look at, but between you and me and the Pit, he's one of the world's greatest benefactors—just like yourselves. That's why I've put him in your watch. Pete has achieved what kings and armies and emperors and popes couldn't. Pete has abolished coal all over the world as a source of power. Don't blush, my son. It's the Devil's own truth. You've starved and frozen and ruined a few thousand, and what's better you've perplexed and inconvenienced forty million people, till they were forced to think. They haven't done that since Napoleon's day. Yes, Pete. You set the best of forty million people in England alone, plus eight or nine hundred million white men elsewhere, thinking hard how to avoid cold, darkness and starvation. You concentrated the master minds of the age on just one problem—how to do without coal—and they've done it!"

The Tailed Man laughed aloud. "I warned you," he cried to Sugden. "I know what the community is like if you bite it too hard. It never changes." Haka, Fenir and Oisinn

nodded grim approval.

"Yes," said the Old Man relishingly, "you're all in the procession, but Pete's the latest and greatest Lord Tigh Makee-do, up to date. Who killed King Coal? Pete!"

"I don't believe it," Mr. Sugden answered. "Coal is one of the vital services of the com-

munity."

"It would have been, my son, if you'd left it alone, but thanks to youit's dead as—" The Old Man checked himself because it must be left to the Dead to realize their first and second death. "Your community that you are so fond of, carried on with oil and patent fuels for a while just to ease off the pressure, and then they harnessed the tides—the greatest step since fire making."

"How much? It can't be done," Mr. Sugden shouted. He was still enjoying, so to

speak, the privileges of the new boy.

"Harnessed up the tide—the cool, big, wet, deep, blue, sparkling sea. I believe they did it on the pneumatic principle, not on the hydraulic, if you're interested in those things.

"I ain't," Mr. Sugden retorted.

only concerned with outstanding social facts. We leave machinery to the intellectuals."

"That's very kind of you. The inventor of this particular gadget was the son of a woman who committed suicide somewhere in the Potteries, I'm told."

"Well, war's war," said Mr. Sugden, glancing uneasily over his shoulder for the shades of

more noncombatants.

"Just what the inventor said when all the pits were closed inside of two years. Anyway, Power's a little cheaper up topside nowadays than water. I haven't got the figures with me, but that's the outstanding social fact, Pete."

Mr. Sugden shook his head. "'Tain't possible. 'Tain't in reason," he said. "An' for another thing the Boilermakers' Union

wouldn't stand it."

"O Demetrius!" Friar Bacon exploded and came to attention again.

"They had to! You see, you didn't leave the community a loophole of escape."

"Course we didn't. We weren't fools!"

"It was a case of root hog or die for them. And they didn't like dying, so they rooted, and coal and steam went pungo, Pete."

"You expect me to believe that steam's gone too?" Mr. Sugden was very scornful.

"Yes. There used to be an old prophecy in the Pit—one of Napoleon's, I think—that Democracy came in with steam and will go out with it. And that's fulfilled."

Mr. Sugden smashed his fat right hand into his still plumper left.

"Look 'ere! You can't run the world without Democracy, any more than you can run it without coal. You're mad. You've got no compre'ension of the simplest facts o' life."

There was a hush of awed delight and expectation as he drew breath and went on:

"I don't know 'oo in 'ell you may be, but let me tell you," down came the hand again, "that you're either crazy or an' 'opeless, 'elpless, malignant an' unscrupulous liar. Because, standin' where I do to-day, I tell you to your face I don't believe one word of it!"

"I thought you wouldn't," the Old Man replied with that bland smile before which "But if you'll oblige the instructed cringe. me by hustling into that bunker (you needn't take your collar off) and trimming it until further orders, you may get some sense of the weight of your present responsibilities. Jump, my son! There are at present two hundred and eighty million tons per annum of coal in Great Britain alone, for which no one except ourselves has any use. You'll find every ounce of it there, Pete-two hundred and eighty million tons. It'll slide and cave and pin you down and smother you a little from time to time, but don't you be afraid-you won't die."

In due time Mr. Sugden realized that the Old Man spoke the truth.



THE SONG OF OLD MAN MURRAY

By WILLIAM LAIRD

My fathers ranged the Border—Roving, reiving Scots.
They mocked at watch and warder;
Their laws were strokes and shots;
They vexed the English Warden;
They earned the curse of Scroope:
And I—I dig a garden,
And keep a pigeon-coop!

My kin! brave thieves, strong gallants!
Ye call across the years;
At times, in wild old ballants,
I glimpse your sun-smit spears;
Your heady lust of battle
In one high heart-beat throbs.
All vain! They lifted cattle,—
Their son is raising squabs.

To them mad midnight plashings
Through murmuring, moonlit fords;
The sudden fray, the clashings
Of swift, spark-spitting swords:
To me to war in weakness
On bug and worm and weed;
To mope in feigned meekness;
To dree my weary dreed.

Gay lilts to those gay robbers
Of girl and drink, warm yet:
To me these howls, these slobbers
For what I cannot get.
Toward war-death, feud-death, law-death,
Each set a steadfast face:
I die a sick, slow straw-death,
The niddering's last disgrace.

MAKING ALLOWANCES FOR MAMMA

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Mother," "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

T the head of her own breakfast table,—a breakfast table charmingly littered with dark-blue china and shining glass, and made spring-like by a great bowl of daisies,—Mary Venable sat alone, trying to read her letters through a bitter blur of tears. She was not interested in her letters, but something must be done, she thought desperately, to check this irresistible impulse to put her head down on the table and cry like a child.

And cry she would not; she must think it out clearly and reasonably, and she would have to do it all alone. Mamma was the last person in the world who could help her, and George wouldn't.

For, of course, the trouble was Mamma

again, and George--

Mary wiped her eyes resolutely, finished a glass of water, drew a deep, great breath. Then she rang for Lizzie, and carried her letters to the shaded, cool little study back of the large drawing-room. Here she sank comfortably into a deep chair, and began to plan sensibly and collectedly. Firstly, she reread Mamma's letter.

Mary had seen this letter among others at her plate only an hour ago. She had not wanted to open it, suggesting carelessly that it might wait until later; but George had wanted to hear it read immediately, and of course there had been something unexpected in it. There usually was something unexpected in Mamma's letters. In this one she broke the news to her daughter and son-in-law that she hated Milwaukee, she didn't like Cousin Will's house, children or self, she had borrowed her ticket money from Cousin Will, and she was coming home on Tuesday.

Mary had gotten only this far when George, prefacing his remarks with a forcible and heartfelt "damn," had said some very sharp and very inconsiderate things of Mamma. He had said— But no, Mary wouldn't go over that. She would not cry again.

The question was, what to do with Mamma

now? They had thought her so nicely settled with Cousin Will and his motherless boys, had packed her off to Milwaukee only a fortnight ago with such a generous check to cover incidental expenses, had felt that now, for a year or two at least, she was anchored. And in so many ways it seemed a special blessing, this particular summer, to have Mamma out of the way,—comfortable and happy, but out of the way. For Mary had sent her three babies and their nurse down to the cottage at Meadow Beach for the summer, and she and George had determinedwith only brief week-end intervals to break it—to try staying in the New York house all summer.

It promised to be a trying and overworked summer for him, and Mary herself was tired from a winter of close attention to her nursery, and to them both the plan seemed a most tempting chance for jolly little dinners together, Sunday and evening trips in the motor, roof-garden shows and suppers. had had too little of each other's undivided society in the three crowded years that had witnessed the arrival of the twins and baby Mary. Both had thought and spoken a hundred times of that one first, happy year of their marriage, and they wanted to bring back some of its old free charm now. So the children, with Miss Fox, who was a "treasure" of a trained nurse, and Myra, whose Irish devotion was maternal in its intensity, were sent away to the seaside, and they were living on the beach all day, and sleeping in the warm sea air all night, and hardier and browner and happier every time they rushed screaming out to welcome Mother and Daddy and the motor car for a brief visit. And Mamma was with Cousin Will. Or at least she had been —

Well, there was only one thing certain, Mary decided,—Mamma could not come to them. That would spoil all the summer they had been planning so happily. To picnic in the hot city with one beloved companion is one thing; to keep house there for one's family

is quite another. Mamma was not adaptahated a dimly lighted drawing-room, and interrupted Mary's music,—to which George listened in such utter content,—with cheery Patience. Mamma hated silences, she hated town in summer, she made jolly and informal tedious of events. If George, settling himself happily in some restaurant, suggested quite positively wanted some chicken or just a chop for herself, please. If George wanted red wine, Mamma was longing for just a sip of Clicquot: "You order it, Georgie, and let it be my treat!"

It never was her treat, but that was the

least of it.

No. Mamma would have to go to Miss Fox and the children. Myra wouldn't like it, and Mamma always interfered with Miss Fox, and would have to take the second-best bedroom, and George would probably make a fuss, but there was nothing else to do. It

couldn't be helped.

Sometimes, in moments of less strain, Mary was amused to remember that it was through Mamma that she had met George. She, Mary, had gone down from her settlement work in hot New York for a little breathing spell at Atlantic City, where Mamma, who had a very small room at the top of a very large hotel, was enjoying a financially pinched but entirely care-free existence. Mary would have preferred sober and unpretentious boarding in some private family herself, but Mamma loved the big dining room, the piazzas, the music, and the crowds of the hotel. They had to climb a flight of stairs above the last elevator stop to reach their rooms, and rarely saw anyone in their corridors except maids and chauffeurs, but Mamma didn't mind that. She knew a score of Southern people downstairs who always included her in their good times; her life never lacked the spice of a mild flirtation. Mamma rarely had to pay for any of her own meals, except breakfast, and the economy with which she could order a breakfast was a real surprise to Mary. Mamma swam, motored, danced, walked, gossiped, played bridge and golf like any débutante. Mary, watching her, wondered sometimes if the father she had lost when a tiny baby, and the stepfather whose marriage to her mother and death had followed only a few years later, were any more real to her mother than the dreams they both were to her.

On the day of Mary's arrival, mother and ble, she had her own very definite ideas. She daughter came down to the wide hotel porch, in the cool idle hour before dinner, and took possession of big rocking chairs, facing the They were barely seated when a tall random remarks, and the slapping of cards at man in white flannels came smilingly toward

"Mrs. Honeywell!" he said delightedly. little expeditions the most discussed and Mary saw her mother give him a cordial greeting before she said:

"And now, George, I want you to know enthusiastically a planked steak, Mamma my little girl, Ma'y, -Miss Bannister. Ma'y, this is my Southe'n boy I was telling you about!"

Mary, turning unsmiling eyes, was quite sure the man would be nearer forty than thirty, as indeed he was, grizzled and rather solid into the bargain. Mamma's "boys" were rarely less; had he really been at all youthful Mamma would have introduced him as "that extr'ornarily intrusting man I've been telling you about, Ma'y dear!"

But he was a nice-looking man, and a niceseeming man, except for his evidently having flirted with Mamma, which proceeding Mary

always held slightly in contempt.

Mr. Venable sat down next to Mary, and they talked of the sea, in which a few belated bathers were splashing, and of the hot and distant city, and finally of Mary's work. These topics did not interest Mamma, who carried on a few gay, restless conversations with various acquaintances on the porch meanwhile, and retied her parasol bow several times.

Mamma, with her prettily arranged and only slightly retouched hair, her dashing big hat and smart little gown, her red lips and black eyes, was an extremely handsome woman, but Mr. Venable even now could not seem to move his eyes from Mary's nondescript gray eyes, and rather colorless fair skin, and indefinite pleasant mouth. Mamma's lines were all compact and trim. Mary was rather long of limb, even a little gauche in an attractive, unselfconscious sort of way. But something fine and high, something fresh and young and earnest about her, made its instant appeal to the man beside her.

"Isn't she just the biggest thing!" Mamma said finally, with a little affectionate slap for Mary's hand. "Makes me feel so old, having

a great big girl of twenty-three!"

This was three years short of the fact, but Mary never betrayed her mother in these little weaknesses. Mr. Venable said, not very spontaneously, that they could pass for sisters.

"Just hear him, will you?" said Mamma in

Mary had gotten this far . . when George said some very sharp and very inconsiderate things of Mamma

"Why, there's seventeen whole gay scorn. years between us! Ma'y was born on the day I was seventeen. My first husband dearest fellow ever was -used to say he had two babies and no wife. I never shall forget," Mamma went on youthfully, "one day when Ma'y was about two months old, and I had her out in the garden. I always had a nurse,—smartest looking thing you ever saw, in caps and ribbons!—but she was out, I forget where. Anyway, our old Doctor Wallis came in, and he saw me, with my hair all hanging in curis, and a little blue dress on, and he called out: 'Look here, Ma'y Lou Duval, ain't you too old to be playin' with dolls?'"

Mary had often heard this, but she laughed, and Mr. Venable laughed, too, although he cut short an indication of further reminiscence on Mamma's part by entering briskly upon the subject of dinner. Would Mrs. Honeywell and Miss Bannister dine with him, in the piazza dining room, that wasn't too near the music, and was always cool, and then afterward he'd have the car brought about—? Mary's first smiling shake of the head sub-

sided before these tempting details. It did sound so cool and restful and attractive. And after all, why shouldn't one dine with the big, responsible person who was one of New York's biggest construction engineers, and with whom one's mother was on such friendly terms?

That was the first of many delightful times. George Venable fell in love with Mary and grew serious for the first time in his life. And Mary fell in love with George, and grew frivolous for the first time in hers. And in the breathless joy that attended their discovery of each other, they rather forgot Mamma. By the time the engagement, with proper formality, was announced, George's attitude toward his prospective mother-in-law had shifted completely. He was no longer Mamma's gallant squire, but had assumed something of Mary's tolerant, protective manner toward her. Later, when they were married, this change went still further, and George became rather scornful of the giddy little butterfly; casually critical of her in conversations with Mary.

Mrs. Honeywell enjoyed the wedding as if

she had been the bride's younger sister now

allowed a first peep at real romance.

"But I'm going to give you one piece of advice, dearie," said she, the night before the ceremony. Mary, wrapped in all the mysterious thoughts of that unreal time, winced inwardly. This was all so new, so sacred, so inexpressible to her that she felt Mamma couldn't understand it. Of course she had been married twice herself, but then she was so different.

"It's this," said Mrs. Honeywell cheerfully, after a pause. "There'll come a time when you'll simply hate him!"

"Oh, Mamma!" Mary said, with distaste. "Yes, there will," her mother went on placidly, "and then you just say to yourself that the best of 'em's only a big boy, and treat him as you'd treat a boy!"

"All right, darling!" Mary laughed, kissing her. But she thought to herself that the men Mamma had married were of very different

caliber from George.

Mary sighed, pushed her letters aside, and stared thoughtfully out of the window. The first of New York's blazing summer days hung heavily over the gay Drive and the sluggish river. The Jersey hills were blurred with heat. Dull brief whistles of river craft came to her; under the full leafage of trees on the Drive green omnibuses lumbered; baby carriages, each with its attendant, were motionless in the shade. Mary drew her desk telephone toward her, waited for a number, and asked for Mr. Venable.

"George, this is Mary," said Mary, a moment later. Silence. "George, darling," said Mary in a rush, "I am so sorry about Mamma, and I realize how trying it is for you, and I'm so sorry I took what you said at breakfast that way. Don't worry, dear, we'll settle her somehow. And I'll spare you all I can! George, would you like me to come down to the office at six and have dinner somewhere? She won't be here until tomorrow. And my new hat has come, and I want to wear it—" She paused; there was a moment's silence before George's warm, big voice answered:

"You are absolutely the most adorable angel that ever breathed, Mary. You make me ashamed of myself. I've been sitting here as blue as indigo. Everything going wrong! Those confounded Carter people got the order for the Whitely building—you remember I told you about it? It was a three-million-dollar contract."

"Oh, George!" Mary lamented.

"Oh, well, it's not serious, dear. Only I thought we had it nailed. I'd give a good deal to know how Carter does it. Sometimes I have the profoundest contempt for that fellow's methods—then he lands something like this. I don't believe he can handle it, either."

"I hate that man," said Mary calmly.

George laughed boyishly.

"Well, you were an angel to telephone," he said. "Come early, sweetheart, and we'll go up to Macbeth's,—they say it's quite an extraordinary collection. And don't worry—I'll be nice to Mamma. And wear your blessed little pink hat."

Mary went upstairs ten minutes later with a singing heart. Let Mamma and her attendant problems arrive to-morrow if she must, to-day would be all their own! She began to dress at three o'clock, as pleasantly excited as a girl. She laid her prettiest white linen gown beside the pink hat on the bed, selected an especially frilled petticoat, was fastidious over white shoes and silken stockings.

The big house was very still. Lizzie, hitherto uncompromisingly a cook, had so far unbent this summer as to offer to fill the place of waitress as well as her own. To-day she had joyously accepted Mary's offer of a whole unexpected free afternoon and evening. Mary was alone and rather enjoying it. She walked, trailing her ruffled wrapper, to one of the windows, and looked down on the Drive. It was almost deserted.

While she stood there, idle and smiling, a taxicab veered to the curb, hesitated, came to a full stop. Out of it came a small gloved hand with a parasol clasped in it, a small struggling foot in a gray suède shoe, a small doubled-up form clad in gray-blue silk, a hat covered with corn flowers.

Mamma had arrived, as Mamma always

did, unexpectedly.

Mary stared at the apparition with a sudden rebellious surge at her heart. She knew what this meant, but for a moment the full significance of it seemed too exasperating to be true. Oh, how could she!—spoil their last day together, upset their plans, madden George afresh, when he was only this moment pacified! Mary uttered an impatient little sigh as she went down to open the door.

"No Lizzie?" asked Mamma blithely, pushing up a dotted veil for her tall daugh-

ter's affectionate kiss.

"I let her go this afternoon instead of tomorrow, Muddie dear. We're going down town to dinner."

fright!" said Mrs. Honeywell, following Mary upstairs. "Nasty trip! What time are you meeting Georgie?"

"Well, we were going to Macbeth's; but that's not important—we needn't meet him until nearly seven, I suppose," Mary said, patiently, "only I ought to telephone him."

"Telephone that I'll come, too," Mrs.

Honeywell said cheerfully.

Mary, unsatisfied with this message, temporized by sitting down in a deep chair. The room, which had been made ready for Mamma, was cool and pleasant. Awnings shaded the open windows; the rugs, the wall paper, the chintzes were all in gay and roseate tints. Mrs. Honeywell stretched herself luxuriously on the bed, both pillows under her head.

"I'm sure she'd be much more comfortable here than tearing about town this stuffy night!" the daughter reflected, while listening to an account of Cousin Will's dreadful house and dreadful children. After a half hour of playing listener she went down to telephone

"Oh, damn!" said George heartily. "And here I've been hustling through things thinking any minute that you'd come in. Well,

this spoils it all. I'll come home."

"Oh, dearest,—it'll be just a pick-up dinner, then. I don't know what's in the house. Lizzie's gone." Mary submitted hesitatingly. "Oh, damn!" George said forcibly again.

"What does your mother propose to do?" he asked Mary some hours later, when the rather unsuccessful dinner was over, Mamma had retired, and he and his wife were in their own rooms. Mary felt impending unpleasantness in his tone, and battled with a rising sense of antagonism. She tucked her pink hat into its flowered box, folded the silky tissue paper about it, tied the strings.

"Why, I don't know, dear!" she said pleasantly, carrying the box to her wardrobe.

There was a short silence. The night was very sultry, and no air stirred the thin window curtains. The room, with its rich litter of glass and silver, its dark wood and bright hangings, seemed somehow hot and crowded. Mary flung her dark cloud of hair impatiently back, as she sat at her dressing table. Brushing was too hot a business to-night.

"I confess I think I have a right to ask what your mother proposes to do," George said presently, carefully transferring letters, pocketbook and watch case from one vest to

another.

"Need we decide to-night?" Mary pro-

"Oh, that's nice,—but I look a perfect tested, impatiently. "It's so hot, dearest, and I am so sleepy. Mamma could go to Beach Meadow, I suppose?" she finished unthinkingly.

> This was a wrong move. George was disappearing into his dressing room at the moment, and did not turn back. Mary put out all the lights but one, turned down the beds, settled on her pillows with a great sigh of relief. But George, returning in a trailing wrapper, was mighty with resolution.

> "I mean to make just one final remark on this subject, Mary," said George, flashing on three lights with one turn of the wrist, "but you may as well understand me. I mean it. I don't propose to have your mother at Beach Meadow, not for a single night—not for a day! She demoralizes the boys, she has a very bad effect on the nurse. I sympathize with Miss Fox, and I refuse to allow my children to be given candy, to be kept up until late hours, and to have their first perceptions of honor and truth misled——"

"George!"

"Well," said George, after a brief pause, more mildly, "I won't have it."

"Then—but she can't stay here, George. It will spoil our whole summer."

"Exactly," George assented. There was another pause.

"I'll talk to Mamma-she may have some plan," Mary said at last, with a long sigh.

Mamma had no plan to unfold on the following day, and a week and then ten days went by without any suggestion of change on her part. The weather was very hot, and Lizzie complained more than once that luncheon and dinner regularly for three was not at all like getting two meals occasionally for two.

Lizzie was not the only one whose plans were upset. Mary and George found all the fun gone from their tête-à-tête drives, their lazy Sundays. In countless other ways Mamma was a trial. She had an unlucky habit of scattering George's valuable books carelessly about the house, and George was fussy about his books. And she would sometimes amuse herself by trying roll after roll on the pianoplayer, until George, perhaps trying to read in the adjoining library, was almost frantic. And she mislaid his telephone directory, and took telephone messages for him that she forgot to deliver, and insisted upon knowing why he was late for dinner, in spite of Mary's warning: "Let him change and get his breath, Mamma dear—he's exhausted. What does it matter anyway?"

Sometimes Mary's heart would ache for the

little resourceless lady, drifting aimlessly through her same and stupid days. Mamma had always been spoiled, loved, amused—it was too much to expect strength and unselfishness of her now. And at other times, when she saw the tired droop to George's big shoulders, and the gallant effort he made to be sweet to Mamma, George who was so good and so generous, and who only asked to have his wife and home quietly to himself after the long day, Mary's heart would burn with longing to put her arms about him, and go off alone with him somewhere, and smooth the wrinkles from his forehead, and let him

One warm Sunday in mid-July they all went down to Long Island to see the rosy, noisy babies. It was a happy day for Mary. George was very gracious, Mamma charming and complaisant. The weather was perfection, and the children angelic. They shared noonday dinner with little George and Richard and Mary, and motored home through the level light of late afternoon. Slowly summer homes, they were suddenly hailed.

Out from a shingled bungalow, and across a velvet lawn streamed three old friends of Mamma's, Mrs. Law'nce Arch'bald, and her daughter, 'Lizabeth Sarah who was almost Mamma's age, and 'Lizabeth Sarah's husband, Harry Fairfax. These three were rapturously presented to the Venables by Mrs. Honeywell, and presently they all went up to the porch for tea.

Mary thought, and . 'e could see George thought, that it was ver pleasant to discuss the delicious Oolong and Maryland biscuit, and Southern white fruit cake, while listening to Mamma's happy chatter with her old friends. The old negress who served tea called Mamma "chile," and Mrs. Archibald, an aristocratic, elderly woman, treated her as if she were no more than a girl. Mary thought she had never seen her mother so charming.

"I wonder if the's any reason, Mary Lou'siana, why you can't just come down here and stay with me this summah?" said Mrs. Archibald suddenly. "'Lizabeth Sarah first!" Mrs. Honeywell said hastily. and Harry Fairfax, they're always coming and going, and Lord knows it would be like havin' one of my own girls back, to me, We've room, and there's a lot of nice people down hereabouts-

A chorus arose. Mrs. Honeywell protesting joyously that that was too much imp'sition for any use, 'Lizabeth Sarah and Harry Fairfax violently favorable to the idea, Mrs. Archibald magnificently overriding objec-

tions, Mary and George trying with laughter to separate jest from earnest. Mrs. Honeywell, overborne, was dragged upstairs to inspect "her room," old Aunty Curry, the colored maid and cook, adding her deep-noted welcome to "Miss Mar' Lou." It was arranged that Mamma should at least spend the night, and George and Mary left her there, and came happily home together, laughing over their little downtown dinner, with an almost parental indulgence, at Mamma.

In the end, Mamma did go down to the Archibalds for an indefinite stay. quite overwhelmed her with generous contributions to her wardrobe, and George presented her with a long-coveted chain. parting took place with great affection and regret expressed on both sides. But this timely relief was clouded for Mary when Mamma flitted in to see her a day or two later. Mamma wondered if Ma'y dearest could possibly let her have two hundred dollars.

"Muddie, you've overdrawn again!" Mary passing through a certain charming colony of accused her. For Mamma had an income of a thousand a year.

> "No, dear, it's not that. I am a little overdrawn, but it's not that. But you see Richie Carter lives right next do' to the Arch'balds," Mamma's natural Southern accent was gaining strength every day now, "and it might be awkward, meetin' him, don't you know?"

"Awkward?" Mary echoed frowning.

"Well, you see, Ma'y love, some years ago I was intimate with his wife," her mother proceeded with some little embarrassment, "and so when I met him at the Springs last year, I confided in him about—laws! I forget what it was exactly, some bills I didn't want to bother Georgie about, anyway. And he was perfectly charmin' about it!"

"Oh, Mamma!" Mary said in distress, "not Richard Carter of the Carter Construction Company? Oh, Mamma, you know how George hates that whole crowd! You didn't borrow money of him!"

"Not that he'd ever speak of it—he'd die

"I'll have to ask George for it," Mary said after a long pause, "and he'll be furious." To which Mamma, who was on the point of departure, agreed, adding thoughtfully, "I'm always glad not to be here if Georgie's going to fly into a rage."

George did fly into a rage at this piece of news, and said some scathing things of Mamma, even while he wrote out a check for two hundred dollars.

Now and then her breast rose with a great sol

to Mary, folding the paper with a frown. "I year at least." don't feel as if I ever wanted to see her again. I tell you, Mary, I warn you, my dear, that things can't go on this way much longer. I never refused her money that I know of, and yet she turns to this fellow Carter!" He interrupted himself with an exasperated shrug, and began to walk about the room. "She New York home. Mamma's letters were turns to Carter," he burst out again angrily, "a man who could hurt me irreparably by letting it get about that my mother-in-law had to ask him for a petty loan!"

A distressing quarter of an hour ensued; Mary silent and troubled, George giving rein to a gradually lessening burst of wrath. But finally Mary and the chessboard triumphed: first calm, then cheerfulness, were gradually restored. "But please keep Mamma quiet part Mary's natural sunniness kept her now for a while!" she prayed fervently in her cheerful and unapprehensive. evening devotions a few hours later. "I

"Here, you send it to her," he said bitterly here. Please make her stay where she is for a

Two weeks, three weeks, went peaceably by. The Venables spent a happy week-end or two with their children. Between these visits they were as light-hearted as children themselves, in the quiet roominess of the regular and cheerful; she showed no inclination to return, and Mary, relieved for the first time since her childhood of pressing responsibility, bloomed like a rose.

Sometimes she reflected uneasily that Mamma's affairs were only temporarily settled, after all, and sometimes George made her heart sink with uncompromising statements regarding the future, but for the most

Almost unexpectedly, therefore, the crash can't keep this up-we'll have serious trouble came. It came on a very hot day, which, was like a last flaming hand clasp from the departing summer. It was a Monday, and had started wrong with a burned omelette at breakfast and unripe melons. Then the telephones had been cut off; a man with a small black bag mysteriously appearing to disconnect them, and as mysteriously vanishing when once their separated parts lay useless on the floor. Mary, idly reading, and comfortably stretched on a couch in her own room at eleven o'clock, was a little startled at hearing the front door slam, and ran downstairs to find her husband in the lower hall. She stared at him amazedly. George went into the dining room, where it was cool, and sat down. Mary followed.

"No one to answer the telephone?" he be-

gan abruptly.

"It's disconnected, dear. Georgie, what

is it?—you look sick!"

"Well, I am, just about!" George said sternly. Then irrelevantly he demanded: "Mary, did you know your mother had disposed of her Sunbright shares?"

"Sold her jam stock!" Mary ejaculated, aghast. For Mamma's entire income was drawn from this eminently safe and sane investment, and Mary and George had never ceased to congratulate themselves upon her good fortune in getting it at all.

"Two months ago," said George, with a

shrewdly observant eye.

Mary interpreted his expression.

"Certainly I didn't know it!" she said with spirit.

"Didn't, eh? She says you did," George said.

"Mamma does?" Mary was astounded.

"Read that!" Her husband flung a letter on the table.

Mary caught it up, ran through it hastily. It was from Mamma: she was ending her visit at Rock Bar, the Archibalds were going South rather early, they had begged her to go, but she didn't want to, and Mary could look for her any day now. And she was writing to Georgie because she was afraid she'd have to tell him that she had done an awfully silly thing: she had sold her Sunbright shares to an awfully attractive young fellow whom Mr. Pierce had sent to her—and so on and so on. Mary's eye leaped several lines to her own name. "Mary agreed with me that the Potter electric light stock was just as safe and they offered seven per cent," wrote Mamma.

"I do remember now her saying something about the Potter," Mary said, raising honest, distressed eyes from the letter, "but with no

following a week of delightfully cool weather, possible idea that she meditated anything was like a last flaming hand clasp from the like this!"

George had been walking up and down the room.

"She's lost every cent!" he said savagely. And he flung both hands out with an air of frenzy before beginning his angry march again.

Mary sat in stony despair.

"Have you heard from her to-day?" he flung out.

His wife shook her head.

"Well, she's in town," George presently resumed, "because Bates told me she telephoned the office while I was out this morning. Now listen, Mary. I've done all I'm going to do for your mother! And she's not to enter this house again—you understand?"

"George!" said Mary.

"She is not going to enter my house," reiterated George. "I have often wondered what led to estrangements in families, but by the Lord, I think there's some excuse in this case! She lies to me, she sets my judgment at naught, she does the things with my children that I've expressly asked her not to do, she cultivates the people I loathe, she works you into a state of nervous collapse—it's too much! Now she's thrown her income away—thrown it away! Now I tell you, Mary, I'll support her, if that's what she expects—"

"Really, George, you are—you are— Be careful!" Mary exclaimed, roused in her turn. "You forget to whom you are speaking. I admit that Mamma is annoying, I admit that you have some cause for complaint, but you forget to whom you are speaking! I love my mother," said Mary, her feeling rising with every word. "I won't have her so spoken of! Not have her enter the house again? Why, do you suppose I am going to meet her in the street, and send her clothes after her as if she were a discharged servant?"

"She may come here for her clothes," George conceded, "but she shall not spend another night under my roof. Let her try taking care of herself for a change!"

There was a silence.

"George, don't you see how unreasonable you are?" Mary said, after a bitter struggle for calm.

"That's final," George said briefly.

"I don't know what you mean by final," his wife answered with warmth. "If you really think——"

"I won't argue it, my dear. And I won't have my life ruined by your mother, as thousands of men's lives have been ruined, by just such unscrupulous, irresponsible women!"

won't turn against my mother!"

"Then you turn against me," George said George talk to me as he did to-day!"

in a deadly calm.

"Do you expect her to hoard, George, in the same city that I have my home?" Mary demanded, after a pause.

"Plenty of women do it," George said in-

flexibly.

"But, George, you know Mamma! She'd simply be here all the time; it would come to exactly the same thing. She'd come after breakfast, and you'd have to take her home after dinner. She'd have her clothes made here, and laundered here, and she'd do all her telephoning---"

"That is exactly what has got to stop," said George. "If she is here to-night, I will not come home. I'll dine at the club. When

she has gone, I'll come home again."

Mary's head was awhirl. She scarcely knew where the conversation was leading then, or what the reckless things they said involved. She was merely feeling blindly now for the arguments that should give her the advantage.

"You needn't stay at the club, George," she said, "for Mamma and I will go down to Beach Meadow. When you have come to your senses I'll come back. I'll let Miss Fox go, and Mamma and I will look out for the

children-

"I warn you," George interrupted her coldly, "that if you take any such step you will have a long time to think it over before you hear from me! I warn you that it has taken much less than this to ruin the happiness of many a man and woman!"

After that he went away. A long time passed, while Mary sat very still in the big leather chair. The sunlight shifted, fell lower; shone ruby red through a decanter of claret on the sideboard. The house was very still.

After a while she went slowly upstairs. She dragged a little trunk from a hall closet and began quietly, methodically to pack it with her own clothes. Now and then her breast rose with a great sob, but she controlled herself instantly.

"This can't go on," she said aloud to herself. "It's not to-day—it's not to-morrow—but it's for all time. I can't keep this up. I can't worry and apologize, and neglect George, and hurt Mamma's feelings for the rest of my life. Mamma has always done her best for me, and I never saw George until five years ago.

"It's not," she went on presently, "as if I were a woman who takes marriage lightly.

"George," said Mary, very white, "I I have tried. But I won't desert Mamma. And I won't—I will not!—endure having

> She would go down to the children, she would rest, she would read again during the quiet evenings. Days would go by, weeks. But finally George would write to her would come to her. He must. What else could he do?

> Something like terror shook her. Was this the way serious—endless separations began between men and their wives? Was she play-

ing with fire?

Ah, no, she told herself, it was very different in her case. This was no imaginary case of "neglect" or "incompatibility." There was the living trouble,—Mamma. And even if to-night she conceded his point to George, and Mamma was banished, sooner or later resentment, bitter and uncontrollable, would rise again, she knew, in her heart. would go. George might do the yielding.

Once or twice tears threatened her calm. But it was only necessary to remind herself of what George had said to dry her eyes into angry brilliance again. Too late now for

tears.

At five o'clock the trunk was packed, and Mary herself dressed for the street. Mamma had not yet arrived. There remained merely to wait for her, and to start with her for Beach Meadow. Mary's heart was beating fast, but it was less with regret than with a nervous fear that something would delay her now. She closed her bedroom door behind her and found herself glancing for the last time about the big, airy hallway, with a curious freedom from emotion of any sort. Drawing on her gloves, she went downstairs.

Just then the front door, below her, opened to admit the noise of hurried feet and of joyous laughter. Several voices were talking at once. Mary, to whom the group was still invisible, recognized one of these as belonging to Mamma. She had only time for one apprehensive thrill, when Mamma herself ran about the curve of the stairway and flung herself

into Mary's arms.

Mamma was dressed in corn-colored silk, over which an exquisite wrap of the same shade fell in rich folds. Her hat was a creation of pale yellow plumes and hydrangeas, her silk stockings and little boots corn-colored. She dragged the bewildered Mary down the stairway, and Mary, pausing at the landing, looked dazedly at her husband, who stood in the hall below, with a dark, middle-aged man whom she had never seen before.

"Here she is!" Mamma cried joyously.

"There they go!"

"Richie, come kiss her right this minute! Ma'y, darling, this is your new papa!"

"What!" said Mary faintly. But before she knew it the strange man did indeed kiss her, and then George kissed her, and Mamma kissed her again, and all three shouted with laughter as they went over and over the story. Mary, in all the surprise and confusion, still found time to marvel at the sight of George's radiant face.

"Carter—of all people!" said George, with a slap on the groom's shoulder. "I loved his dea' wife like a sister!" Mamma threw in, parenthetically, displaying to Mary's eyes her little curled-up fist with a diamond on it quite the width of the finger it adorned. "Strangely enough," said Mr. Carter, in a deep, dignified boom, "your husband and I had never met until to-day, Mrs.—ah, Mary—when "his proud eye traveled to the corncolored figure, "when this young lady of mine introduced us!"

"Though we've exchanged letters, eh?" George grinned, cutting the wires of a champagne bottle. Mary, managing with some effort to appear calm, outwardly congratulatory, interested, and sympathetic; and already feeling somewhere far down in her consciousness an exhilarated sense of amusement and relief at this latest performance of Mamma's,—was nevertheless chiefly conscious of a deep and swelling indignation against George.

George! Oh, he could laugh now; he could kiss, compliment, rejoice with Mamma now, he could welcome and flatter Richard Carter now, although he had repudiated and insulted the one but a few hours ago, and had for years found nothing good to say of the other! He could delightedly involve Mary in his congratulations and happy prophecies now, when but to-day he had half broken her heart.

"Lovely!" she said, smiling automatically and rising with the others when the bridegroom laughingly proposed a toast to the firm that might some day be "Venable & Carter," and George insisted upon drinking it standing, and "Oh, of course, I understand

279

how sudden it all was, darling!" "Oh, Mamma, won't that be heavenly!" she responded with apparent rapture to the excited outpourings of the bride. But at her heart was a cold, dull weight, and her sober eyes went again and again to her husband's face.

"Oh, no!" she would say to herself, watching him, "you can't do that, George! You can't change about like a weathercock, and expect me to change, too, and forget everything that went before! You've chosen to dig the gulf between us-I'm not like Mamma. I'm not a child—my dignity and my rights can't be ignored in this fashion!"

No, the matter involved more than Mamma now. George should be punished; he should have his scare. Things must be all cleared up, explained, made right between them. A few weeks of absence, a little realization of what he had done would start their marriage off again on a new footing.

She kissed her mother affectionately at the

door, gave the new relative a cordial clasp

with both hands.

"We'll let you know in a week or two where we are," said Mamma, all girlish confusion and happiness. "You have my suitcase, Rich'? That's right, dea'. Good-by, you nice things!"

"Good-by, darling!" Mary said. She walked back into the empty library, seated herself in a great chair, and waited for George.

The front door slammed. George reappeared, chuckling, and rubbing his hands together. He walked over to a window, held back the heavy curtain, and watched the de-

parting carriage out of sight.

"There they go!" he said, "Carter and your mother—married, by Jove! Well, Mary, this is about the best day's work for me that's come along for some time. Carter was speaking in the carriage only an hour ago about the possibility of our handling the new Nassau Bridge contract together. Idon't know why not." George mused a moment smilingly.

"I thought you had an utter contempt for him as a business man," Mary said, stingingly. Involuntarily, too, for she had not meant to be diverted from her original plan

of a mere dignified farewell.

"Never for him," George said promptly. "I don't like some of his people. Burns, his chief construction engineer, for instance. But I've the greatest respect for him! And your mother!" said George, laughing again. "And how pretty she looked, too! Well, sir, they walked in on me this afternnon. I never was so surprised in my life! You parties. I love my wife and my kids, and my know, Mary," said George, taking his own home. But when I think of you, and realize

big leather chair, stretching his legs out luxuriously, and eyeing the tip of a cigar critically, "you know that your mother is an extremely fascinating woman! You'll see now how she'll blossom out, with a home of her own again—he's got a big house over on the Avenue somewhere, besides the Bar Rock place—and he runs three or four cars. Tust what your mother loves!"

Mary continued to regard her husband steadily, silently. One look at the fixed expression of contempt on her face would have enlightened him, but George was lighting his cigar now, and did not glance at her.

'I'll tell you another thing, Mary," said George, after a match-scratching-and-puffing interlude, "I'll tell you another thing, my dear. You're an angel, and you don't notice these things as I do, but, by Jove, your mother was reaching the point where she pretty nearly made trouble between us! Fact!" he pursued, with a serious nod. get tired, you know, and nervous, and unreasonable—you must have had it pretty hard sometimes this month between your mother and me! I get hot—you know I don't mean anything. If you hadn't the disposition of a saint, things would have come to a head long ago. Now this very morning I talked to you like a regular kid. Mary, the minute I got back to the office I was ashamed of myself. Why, ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have raised the very deuce with me for that! But, by Jove!—" his voice dropped to a pause.

"By Jove," George went on, "you are an angel! Now tell me the honest truth, old girl, didn't you resent what I said to-day,

just for a minute?"

"I certainly did," Mary responded promptly and quietly, but with an uncomfortable sense of lessened wrath. "What you said was absolutely unwarrantable and insulting!"

"I'll bet you did!" said George, giving her a glance that was a little troubled, and a little wistful, too. "It was insulting, it was unwarrantable. But, my Lord, Mary, you know how I love your mother!" he continued, "She and I are the best of friends. We rasp each other now and then, but we both love you too much ever to come to real trouble. I'm no angel, Mary," said George, looking down his cigar thoughtfully, "but as men go, I'm a pretty decent man. You know how much time I've spent at the club since we were married. You know the fellows can't rope me into poker games or booze how unworthy I am of you, by Heaven!" He choked, shook his head, finding further speech for a moment difficult. "There's no man alive who's worthy of you!" he finished. "The Lord's been very good to me."

Mary's eyes had filled, too. She sat for a minute, trying to steady her suddenly quivering lips. She looked at George sitting there in the twilight, and said to herself it was all true. He was good, he was steady, he was indeed devoted to her and to the children. But—but he had insulted her, he had broken her heart; she couldn't let him off without some rebuke.

"You should have thought of these things before you-" she began, with a very fair imitation of scorn in her voice. But George interrupted her. His hands were clasped loosely between his knees, his head hanging dejectedly.

"I know," he said despondently.

seemed suddenly flat. And in the pause her You never can be sure, with Mamma!'

mother's one piece of advice came to her mind. After all it only mattered that he was unhappy, and he was hers, and she could make him happy again.

She left her chair, went with a few quick steps to her husband's side, and knelt, and put her cheek against his shoulder. He gave a great boyish laugh of relief and pleasure and put his arms about her.

"How old are you, George?" she said.

"How old am I? What on earth—why, I'm forty," he said.

"I was just thinking that the best of you men is only a little boy, and should be treated

as such!" said Mary, kissing him.

"You can treat me as you like," he assured her, joyously. "And I'm starving. And unless you think there is any likelihood of Mamma dropping in and spoiling our plan I would like to take you out to dinner.'

"Well, she might," Mary agreed with a Mary paused. What she had still to say happy laugh, "so I'll simply run for my hat.



"Mary, you know that your mother is an extremely fascinating woman!"

A NOBLE LIFE

The Story of Carola Woerishoffer

By IDA M. TARBELL

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT

HEN we attempt to set down the social symptoms of our day we must include the Revolt of the Young Rich. All over the land it is going on—a questioning of the fortunes laid in their hands, a resentment at the chance for a life-fight of their own taken away, a rising passion of pain and indignation at meaningless inequalities and sufferings. They are not taking it out in talk, at least not all of them. An increasing number are offering themselves for actual every-day service, and offering themselves in humility as learners. Such a one was a young girl, Carola Woerishoffer by name, who four years ago suddenly appeared among the social workers of New York City. She had come "to learn and to help," she said.

A few months ago she was suddenly killed like a soldier at his post in the discharge of her self-imposed task of learning and helping. Brief as was Carola Woerishoffer's term of service, it has left an impression whose significance, those who now sit bewildered by the seeming meaninglessness of her death, will surely in time more and more fully realize.

The girl came into the social work of New York City direct from Bryn Mawr College, where she had been graduated in 1907. She was not one of the many girls who are sent to college. She was one of the few who go because they want its training for a special self-chosen undertaking. "Helping to improve social conditions" was the work she had set for herself—not probably in those words but certainly in their spirit. It was entirely logical that she have this ambition. It was in her blood and it was one of the strongest influences of her childhood associations.

Carola Woerishoffer was the grandchild of one of the rarest and most useful women this country has produced. "A woman great without aiming to be so," they said of her

at her death—Anna Ottendorfer—to whose courage and intelligence the country owes one of its most fearless and liberal newspapers—the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung. Left a widow with six children in 1852, Mrs. Ottendorfer, then Mrs. Uhl, assumed the full management of the young daily which she and her husband had founded but not yet developed to a profitable point. It is said that when she had settled the bills of the week following Mr. Uhl's death she had sixty-eight cents left! But she had vision and courage. She refused to sell the paper. She took the full management and made it profitable and powerful.

In 1859 Mrs. Uhl married Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer who was then an editorial writer on the paper. From that time the two shared the responsibilities of the enterprise and together made it the institution it is.

One of Mrs. Ottendorfer's daughters, Anna Uhl, married a banker famous in Wall Street for daring and successful operations, Charles Woerishoffer. To this couple were born two girls. The younger Carola was born about the time of Anna Ottendorfer's death.

Mrs. Woerishoffer inherited her mother's goodness and understanding, and she continued so far as in her lay all her innumerable efforts to make life more tolerable for the weak and the poor, more beautiful and significant for everybody. Her social and political views developed with the times. Among the rich women of the United States, it is doubtful if there is one to-day more truly radical. With her radicalism goes the strictest integrity; her attitude toward taxation is an illustration. Probably no property holder in New York City comes nearer to a literal fulfillment of the tax laws than Mrs. Woerishoffer.

Carola thus grew up in a circle alive with the memories of a noble grandmother and under a mother whose life was spent in active and intelligent service. She was thrown much, too, with Oswald Ottendorfer, a man of the highest principles and ideals, and saw and heard in his circle all of the great political and social leaders of the day.

The child responded fully to traditions and atmosphere. She was open-minded and open-hearted. She feared no one. She was insatiable in her curiosity and her love of adventure. She was full of passionate enthusiasm—a fiery patriot—a worshiper of every one who "did things." In the little collection of souvenirs, which those nearest to her have gathered since her death, is a carte de visite photograph taken when she was perhaps five years old. The vigorous little figure, the small proud head, the fearless, challenging eves are not things to forget. Here is a child, a glance tells, whose respect would be an honor and whose love a treasure. one whom you would not attempt to wheedle or deceive, one to whom you would not The wise would be humble in her presence—the foolish uneasy.

She always knew quite definitely what she wanted. At nine years of age, seeing a portrait of Miss Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, in a gallery, she hung before it, refusing to look at anything else and telling her mother, as she left, "When I grow up I am going to Miss Thomas' school." And this resolve she carried out.

Miss Thomas tells us that she has reason to believe that all of the girl's work from the start was chosen for the bearing it might have on the social work she hoped to do later, and she adds: "Her curriculum of study, as it is written on our college records to-day, is the very course I should recommend above all others for social workers." She did what is called "good work" in college; but it is the personality that counts in the group, not this or that bundle of achievements. Definite purpose and creditable scholarship are not unusual. Unfettered judgment, contempt of precedent, fearless expression,—these are unusual and these Carola Woerishoffer had to a degree that startled, horrified or thrilled those who came in contact with her according to their individual outlook.

It was not to her studies alone by any means that she turned her vigorous attention. She was eminently a lover of life, of people and things doing. As an athlete she was famous-probably the strongest and most daring swimmer the college ever had. She was a spirited horsewoman-good at all games, most ingenious and energetic in college pranks of every sort. It will be long before Bryn Mawr girls will cease to tell of the that might come from putting baldly before

day when Carola Woerishoffer, coming across a sophomore on the bank of the swimming pool, who seemed to show a trace of that cockiness, not to be tolerated in sophomores, picked her up and ducked her. It will be long before they will forget to tell of how one day when question of the strength of a fire-net was brought up, she settled the question by diving straight into it from an upper window.

When she graduated from Bryn Mawr she merely transferred from that milieu to lower New York, her purpose, her habits of study and observation, her frank judgment and fearless conduct. She brought there, too, what was perhaps the strongest thing in her, a passion to depend entirely on herself, and to be judged by what she, the individual, Carola Woerishoffer, could prove herself to be. She wanted nothing, no recognition, affection, or position which she suspected to have come to her for any other reason than for what she herself was or might be. It was this passion of hers in my reading of her character, which made her so unwilling to depend in any way on her wealth. Carola Woerishoffer was rich, very rich, I believe; that is, she had entirely in her own hands an annual income of many tens of thousands of dollars, but comparatively few of those who came in contact with her knew it.

Thus it was that she, who because she had a fortune, which she intended to give where it would be most useful, might have had practically any position which she desired, at the start refused all positions save those in the ranks where the hard work is done. "She wanted to work it out," she said. She wanted, no doubt, to take by actual contact her own measure of the undertakings already in operation in the town and no less of the workers themselves.

The first intimation of the kind of help they were going to get from the newcomer was in 1908, when the first Congestion Exhibit was planned for New York. It is said that the French were beaten in 1870 on their own territory because the Germans knew the country they were to fight in better than those who owned it! There has been many a social battle lost in New York City because the wellintentioned fighters have never realized that the first point of success is to know the lay of the land. A few people who saw this undertook to give the city of New York a lesson in its own social geography. It was a new idea and money was skeptical. It looked as if the exhibition might fail when Carola, whose quick intelligence had seen the awakening

"She was open-minded and open-hearted. She feared no one. She was insatiable in her curi-

osity and her love of adventure. She was full of passionate enthusiasm—a fiery patriot—a worshiper of everyone who 'did things'"

the city its own waste places, its hidden hor-

ror spots, came to the rescue.

"She made that thing possible," Mr. Mc-Aneny, President of the Borough of Manhattan, said at an impressive Memorial Meeting at Greenwich House, last November; and he added: "She taught us at the City Hall

the City of New York to do things that will last for many, many years, and will continue

to grow and to expand."

ŧ.

What she learned through the Congestion Exhibit and through various social organizations, each in its own way, trying to get at and correct some evil or other, seems to that there were things that the city had long have intensified her desire to get to the neglected, that the city ought quickly to take bottom of things. It was this eagerness up, and the city has taken up many of those which led her to offer to go herself as a worker things. I can tell you that this girl has led in the laundries of the city in order to get

for the Consumers' League the facts it needed for an investigation it had on hand. She, of course, knew nothing about the processes of the laundry, nothing of washing, drying, starching and ironing, nothing of mangles and wringers and jiggers. Moreover, her appearance was against her for she had all the marks of her breeding and her full life. She went at the undertaking quite simply and practically, attempting no disguise, but dressing poorly" and acting as unobtrusively as possible. Only in one case did she use influence to get work; that was at the beginning, when she obtained through a friend "a job as a learner on collars." After this preliminary instruction she trusted to answering advertisements, and although she changed at the end of every week, unless she was thrown out earlier by fault of her incompetency, short work, or some conflict with authority, she never was without work for more than a day during the full four months of the summer of 1909.

The report of what she learned in this experience is in the hands of the Consumers' League; but if anyone thinks to find on the face of it much about Carola Woerishoffer, he will be disappointed. He must read between the lines to see her at all. Then he realizes that she put in four months of as hard and trying labor as any man or woman could

give to a cause.

As she was determined to shirk nothing she was regularly at her tub or mangle or feeding machine at 7.30 A.M. and whenever the work demanded it she stayed on into the night. There were no provisions for seating in the long work period, frequently the rooms were practically unventilated, always more or less stifling from steam and damp. In some places she found neglect and uncleanliness adding to the disagreeable features inevitable in the industry. She worked days over unguarded machines where the girls told her cynically: "You didn't get burned to-day or yesterday, but you sure will some time, everyone does." That she must have often suffered disgust, pain and fatigue is certain, but she makes no record of it. It is only by accident, indeed, that one learns that she was conscious that it was a hot summer! She is telling in her scrupulous, restrained way of the ventilating provisions in the different places she worked: "In one place where the investigator dipped shirts in hot starch at a breakneck pace," she says, she was first struck when she went out to lunch by the coolness of the day. That night she discovered that the thermometer had registered of degrees in the shade!

The entire naturalness of her attitude toward her fellow-workers, her apparent unconsciousness that there were any difference between her and them, made it possible for her to fall at once into friendly relations. She was one of them. Dozens of little comments like the following show this: "Upon entering a new place the investigator found, as a rule, a spirit of friendly interest and of cordiality, expressed occasionally in the accepted formula: 'Say, you got a feller?' 'Sure; ain't you got one?' 'Sure.'"

Or take this: "One of the ironers was eager to tell her past pampered life as a cook 'off Fifth Avenue.' 'Sure, and it was a fine time I had there, but,' she added with a sigh, 'it was there I met me misfortune.' 'And what was that,' some one asked. 'Me husband,' said she, and then explained how it was through his illness that she had been brought upon her present arduous days. 'Standing on your feet nine hours a day five days in the week when you are well on in life is no joke.'"

Her strict control of herself, the easy terms she fell into with the girls, gave her a reasonableness toward the work and an understanding of how and why they, as a rule, accept cheerfully and as a matter of course its hard conditions. That is, understanding and not emotion ruled her investigation. One has to read closely between the lines to realize that there was a stern, passionate little judge turning over the facts she was gathering. Mrs. Florence Kelley has told of a talk she had with Miss Woerishoffer in which she bared her soul as she rarely did.

"One day Carola came to my office," says Mrs. Kelley. "'I hope you have not been to lunch,' she said; 'I hope you are going to take me, because if you do not I shall not have any. I undertook, when I began working in the laundry, to find out as nearly as I could how it would feel just to have the amount of money that I could earn with my strength, without skill, and now I have been dismissed for taking the part of an old woman in a scrap with the foreman. If I were a real laundry worker, I should not have any money until next Wednesday.'

"We went out to luncheon at one o'clock," continues Mrs. Kelley, "and she talked to me until five, almost uninterruptedly, about the perfectly needless hardships of the people among whom she worked. I do not think she knew at all what she was eating. I do not think she realized when we walked back to the office. I do not think she knew that it was five o'clock, until the cleaners came to close

the office. She talked all those hours per- ety at this time was amazing. "There she fectly absorbed. I have been haunted by was," says Helen Marot, "by all precedent that conversation. I have thought of it the hero of the hour, a romantic personage, innumerable times, and the memory of her her bond a veritable fairy wand, releasing the face is always the memory of an unsmiling girls from the dreaded confinement of prison one, absorbed, aflame with the passion of living and changing the things that ought to be changed. I cannot imagine saying anything that day that could possibly have made her smile. She had not learned to write. She had written some notes about this work which she wanted published, and we went over them again and again. She was afraid they would not be accurate, afraid they might exaggerate, and when she finished they were so literal in their statement of facts that they did not present the picture at all."

Spirited, adventure-loving, eager as she was, she had great capacity for humdrum work, if she realized its need. That is, it did not require the excitement of an investigation like this of the laundry to keep her at work. At Greenwich House, the Social Settlement, under the direction of her friend, Mary Simkhovitch, where she lived when her own home was closed, as it was much of the time, she was always ready to help, whatever the task. First and last, she did a great deal of routine work in the Woman's Trades Union League, which she had joined when she first came to New York. Miss Marot says she could always be depended upon to address envelopes, serve on committees, canvass for the label, distribute circulars or do any other odd job at which the officers, all of them her friends, needed help.

It was not until the shirtwaist strike of the fall of 1909 that she had an opportunity to show what her loyalty to trade unionism really was. It will be remembered that at that the Strike Council was organized. the very start of this strike the police began to arrest the girls generally and in are in New York City, her incessant turning many cases for practically no cause. It soon became evident that unless bail could be furnished at a moment's notice hundreds of young girls would be thrown into jail for indefinite periods. The courts demanded real estate security and there was a great hurrying to and fro among the officers of the League for help. Carola at once set out to relieve the situation. Her mother cooperated with her, and for \$1 transferred to her daughter real estate to the value of \$00,000. There was a sensation in the courtroom when she appeared with her \$90,000 bond and made it known that she would remain in court as the girls got fair play.

walls and evil associations. But Carola's integrity was greater than her romanticism. Before the first day was over, by sheer force of character she had turned the attention from herself to the strikers. She disarmed the girls in their expression of gratitude. She even performed a superhuman feat with the press. Without exception every reporter sacrificed an opportunity to turn in copy,' and a copy which he knew would have first place and several days' run. They took from her instead stories about the strike, and during those thirteen weeks she promised and gave them material, telling them that if they published her name they would never have another story from her."

Her position as bondsman did not end with the shirtwaist strike. From that time to the time of her death she was appealed to by striking unions-boxmakers, cloakmakers, cordage workers, tailors, white goods workers -to go their bond. She let it be known where she could be found day and night and never refused a call at any hour. Her expression in the shirtwaist strike made her realize the need of a fund for emergencies in time of strike. "Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a strike fund started," she said casually one day to Miss Marot. "I have received an unexpected dividend, and will make the first contribution." From her tone. Miss Marot thought that her contribution would be possibly \$500. She handed her a check for \$10,000. It was with that check

This intense grappling with things as they over in her mind of what she saw, always with the fixed purpose of getting at causes and of finding the best point of attack, led her to throw herself eagerly into new undertakings which her judgment approved. It was in the service of one of the newer efforts of the State to prevent injustice that Carola Woerishoffer lost her life—the Bureau of Industries and Immigration, founded in 1910.

The knowledge she had gained first hand, of the exploitations of ignorant newcomers in the country, had convinced her of the need of better inspection and fresh legislation, and she gladly accepted a place on the Bureau long as the strike lasted and would see that staff as a special investigator. Her interest and her activity soon were centered on study-Her success in escaping newspaper notori- ing the conditions in the colonies and camps of foreigners, particularly in the country. extraordinary consciousness of the oneness of difficult and expensive work always and often really dangerous. Miss Woerishoffer attacked the problem with indomitable energy. That she enjoyed both the difficulties and the dangers is unquestionable. She had the spirit that carries a soldier into battle and it rose with the fight. Driving her own machine, often unattended, she scoured the country where the laborers were gathered, finding out facts of all sorts. No exploiting "boss" could escape her. She saw where the weak place was at a glance and her suggestions for immediate relief, as well as for preventive legislation, were always worth con-

It was in this service, as I have said, that she lost her life. That she overworked persistently, all her friends knew, though her endurance was so remarkable that they had ceased to remonstrate. In September of 1911 she was inspecting the labor camps near Cannonsville, New York. She had gone to work at six that morning, had stopped at noon only to eat a sandwich, and this she had been doing for days. For the first time in her life, the friend with her heard her say that she was tired. She complained that her wrist seemed too weak to control her car. The road was wet and at a bad turn, when the car was at low speed the wheel skidded, the car went over an embankment, burying her beneath it and injuring her so seriously that she died the next morning. "The State has had no enrolled soldier," says Miss Kellor in her report of the first year's work of her Bureau, "who has responded to every call more promptly, who has performed the duties set him more unflinchingly, or who has given his life more utterly in the field of battle than she in the cause in which she believed."

Soldier is the word for her—a soldier of a new type, but a type which, unless all the signs are wrong, is to multiply and increase. Carola was a revolting soldier—one who refused the weapons those in authority put into her hands, refused the place in life they wished her to take, refused to march in the way they ordered her to go. The rich, who are humane, have approved methods of what we call philanthropy. They are founded on the belief that poverty is ineradicable and that relief, not prevention, is their duty.

Carola broke with this view of social service and with all its machinery. Its aloofness offended her deep, warm sense of human brotherhood. I believe it was nothing but an

These settlements are frequently scattered in man that enabled her to do the work she did wild and isolated places. Visiting them is in the way she did. She could move among men without consciousness of class. One of the most extraordinary evidences of a genuine democratic spirit that I have ever come across was the fact that she worked for four months in the steam laundries of New York. side by side with girls and women of all nationalities and colors, joined them in their lunches and recreations, got from them confidence of every sort and yet never but once was the question of her "belonging" raised. Once, and once only, a girl did say to her: "You are different. You do not belong here."

> Another point where she could not follow her class was in using the emotional appeal which has served reformers and philanthropists so exclusively in the past and which unquestionably is one reason we have never gotten farther in preventive work. She would have none of it-"gush" was her abomination. She had a reverence for the facts quite unusual among men and women who seek to help. Her contention was that unless we know in cold figures—in personally verified observations what the conditions are, we can never know the true point of attack the laws and regulations necessary, the instruction necessary, the relief necessary.

> The control of her emotion, which she exercised in her investigation and discussion, her openly expressed disdain of those who allowed themselves to be carried away by their feelings, was often set down by those who knew her but slightly to coldness of nature. But I do not believe it was a lack of sensitiveness or scant power of emotion which made her the stern little Spartan she was. It was rather an early realization that those who do things must learn control. I fancy she resolved very early in life to put under a nature which those, who remember her in childhood, declare to have been extravagant in its demands for affection and in its sensitiveness to the opinion of others.

> She sought to be just as she sought selfcontrol. One of her friends told me this story: Carola desired greatly to be made the secretary of a certain organization in whose work she heartily believed and to which she had already promised a large sum. She believed herself fitted for the place and so did several of the leaders in the movement. But for some reason she was not appointed. She was greatly disappointed, and her friend thoroughly angry. "Promise," he said, "that you will give nothing to them." She

looked at him quietly—"Oh, very well," she said and went away.

The next day she found her friend again in good temper. "There was no use in my arguing with you yesterday," she said. "You were angry and so unreasonable. You must see how silly it would be not to support an organization that does good work simply because they do not happen to like me."

Her attitude toward money was singularly indifferent. As I have said, she refused utterly to trade on it; she wanted to prove that she had a value quite apart from that. Her joy was great when Miss Kellor appointed her to the Bureau of Immigration at a salary of \$1200 a year. She was worth something in her own right—a recognized producer—useful to society. Toward this money she had a feeling quite different from that which came to her in dividends. She kept it apart, and in buying presents for her mother or friends, used it exclusively.

Her gifts were always secret. It was only after death that it was known where the \$10,000 which helped the Trade Union League so much, in the fall of 1910, came from. Her gifts to individuals in trouble were unending, and almost always anonymous. In her close contact with the very poor every day forced on her some situation where immediate relief was imperative. She used often to send money by mail to the person, no name attached.

She was a growing person—one saw it in many ways. To her friends in social work this development was characteristically shown by her changing estimate of methods for achieving results. Shortly after coming from college she gave generously to certain charities which deal with the problem of consumption by palliative methods. Three years later she remarked: "I have stopped giving to that committee. They are not getting anywhere, and they can't, till they get at the economic causes of consumption."

So, too, while unstintingly giving personal effort in bailing out striking men and women, she came to believe that governmental regulation is essential to secure and maintain fair conditions of working. She admitted to a friend only a week before her death, that she was anxious to work for the minimum wage,

and industrial commissions, which would determine with impartiality and for all workers what are fair conditions for working and fair pay for work. The knowledge that poverty cannot be exterminated so long as a few draw large unearned incomes, instead of daunting, seemed to inspire her. Her only objection to a certain progressive form of taxation was illuminating. "But mother and I won't have to pay any more taxes under that system," and she did not thoroughly approve of it until shown that both her mother and she would bear a heavier and proportionate share of taxes through the proposed change. When reminded once that most of the constructive work and legislation would gradually reduce her income, she replied: "Well, I am prouder that I can earn a living than that I don't have to now, and I'd rather give to people that are trying to bring about a fairer chance than to anything else.

A beautiful thing about the girl was the way she had with children; her gift for friendship with simple people. After her death many letters came to her friends, telling of her kindness. One of the most beautiful tributes is in a letter from a Maine guide to her friend, Vladimir Simkhovitch. 'It seems such a pity that Miss Woerishoffer should have to die," he writes, "she had everything to live for, health, strength and beauty. Wealth with her did not seem to count, she was frank in speaking and absolutely fearless. I had formed such a liking for her on such a short acquaintace that it comes to me, now, as a surprise. I did not realize it until I heard of her death and nothing has ever upset me so much since my brother Will was drowned in the lake."

There were many to whom, as to this simple-hearted man, her death brought the surprise of their own affection—more to whom it brought the realization of the meaning of her life. Twenty-six fuller years are rarely lived. Rarely, at such an age, has a purpose been better conceived, the attitude of mind and spirit more clearly manifested. She has set a pace for the new soldier, which the Revolt of the Young Rich is bringing into that most splendid of wars—the war on poverty and injustice.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

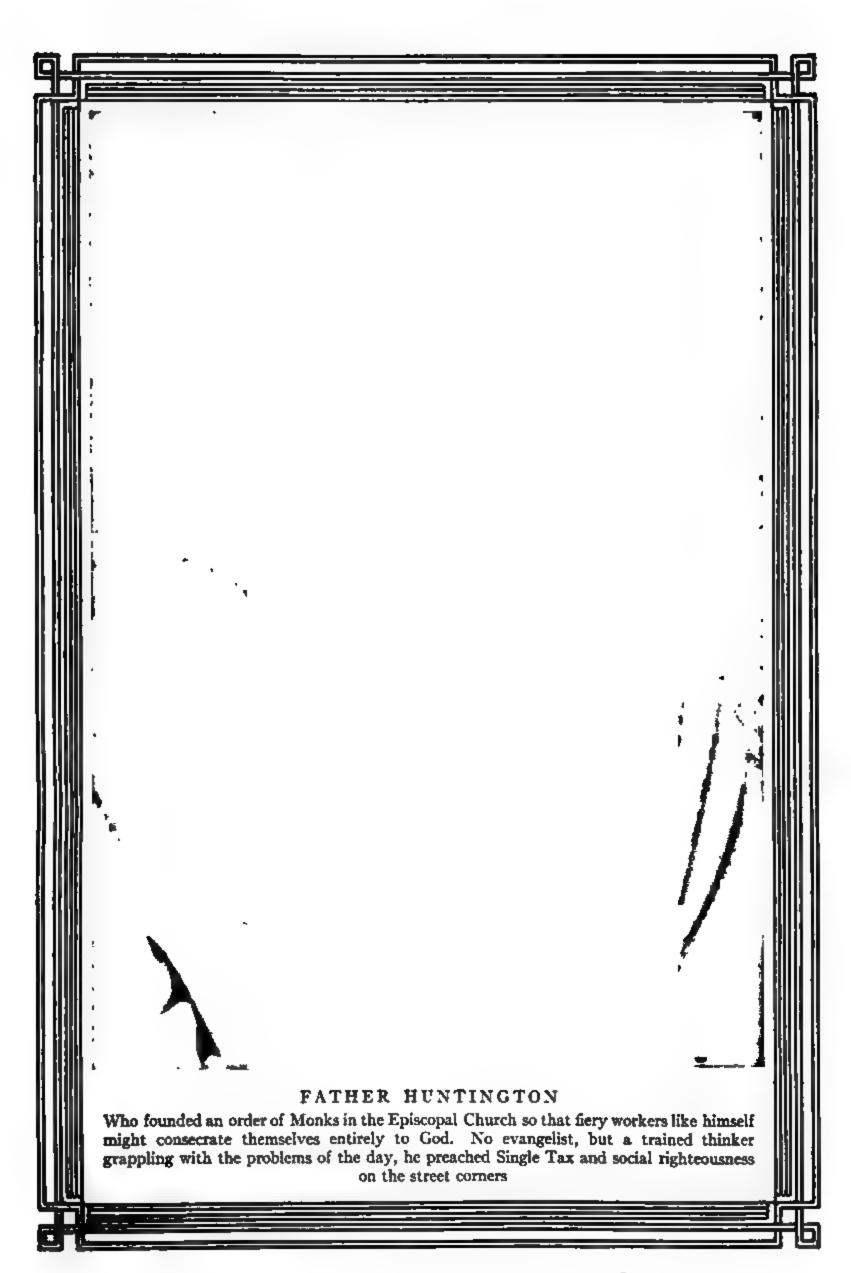
The dramatic story of a modern religious ascetic. The Dean of a University department who teaches by doing. A woman who gives a city great plays and great music for fifteen cents. superintendent of country schools who started an agricultural Brand Whitlock's story of a young college graduate who smashed a powerful political ring.

THE REV. JAMES O. H. HUNT-INGTON, O. H. C.

HIRTY years ago one of the most striking figures on the East Side in New York City was a young priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Rev. James O. H. Huntington. Fresh from Harvard and the Theological Seminary, burning with enthusiasm and sympathy for the poor, he threw in his lot where the struggle for life seemed fiercest and the spiritual needs deepest. His father, the Bishop of Western New York, was a convert from Unitarianism. He brought a fine New England culture, a love of the people, a broad outlook, sound judgment and earnestness to his new field, but even he was surprised to find his son reacting so violently from the traditions of his race, and announcing the startling news that he was going to found an order of Monks in the Episcopal Church. This resolution was no fanatical wish to renounce the world, but grew out of his intense love of the world, his reading, observation, his association with other young men who saw the need of entire consecration, and the chance of undivided work for God that community life offered. The English Church had several religious orders, why should not the American branch form one better suited to her national life? After much thought and study, James Huntington, then only twentyfessed, Bishop Potter receiving his vows. hatching plots. One speaker after another

As was natural, he became the Superior of the order. They continued to work in the parish of Holy Cross, on Fifth Street and Avenue C, and it was there that Father Huntington exerted that extraordinary mental vitality and personal magnetism that swayed crowds, dominated great congregations, and won souls. He was no fiery evangelist working on the emotions, but a keen, trained thinker, grappling with all the problems of the day, crossing swords with atheists, with Jews, but more gladly with capitalists.

From the first he had been the stanch friend of labor, a disciple and friend of Henry George. Soon his belief in Single Tax, and his moral revolt against things as they were, made him actually take to the stump and proclaim his views. The sight of the young clergyman in his black habit on a street platform, his fine head lifted above the breathless crowd, his words pouring out in impassioned political economy, his thirst for righteousness so unquenchable, carried men of all classes off their feet. He was derided as a Socialist, a dangerous religious fanatic. He was cartooned, but people flocked to hear him preach, and his power grew. A prominent business man interested in social questions says that one of the most dramatic scenes he ever witnessed was during one winter when the bad times and social injustice had so inflamed the foreign element that riots were continually breaking out. Meetings were five, drew up a set of rules modeled on suppressed by the police, and scenes of mob the Augustinian and, with two associates, violence seemed imminent. In a so-called founded the order of the Holy Cross. They restaurant, really the hotbed of this dangeradopted the Dominican habit, and Father ous form of "divine discontent," groups of Huntington took the first plunge, was pro- unkempt men sat muttering threats and



got up and fanned the flame until the room seemed full of desperate would-be murderers. Into this boiling human pot Fr. Huntington, who had had wind of the meeting, walked calmly. He stood a moment while Anarchists shook their fists in his face, and cursed his dress and his creed. Then he began to talk, and it was not many minutes before they were crying instead of cursing. He told them of his sympathy with their grievances. He painted the unholy harvest Death had reaped among their little children through the long hot summer. Then with vibrating earnestness he begged them to think what a Hell they would make of this land of the free if they cried for blood as well as bread, that the women and children would suffer far more, and in the end their cause, a just and righteous one, would be lost, not gained. It was a wonderful triumph of personality, and the meeting was broken up, not by the police, but by subdued and softened men who for the moment saw the high vision of the gospel of peace.

In the very height of his popularity and influence he decided that if they were to do the work in the church that the order existed for, they must leave the multifarious distractions of the city and go where they had more time for study and prayer, for prayer was the true energy of the soul, the food that must strengthen and enlighten their minds and make them fit to preach and teach. Amid a storm of criticism the little community, now increased by several new members, moved to Westminster, Maryland, where a house had been given them. From this quiet retreat Fr. Huntington went out to hold missions, and his preaching gained in depth and power as he concentrated himself upon first things, "determining" (like St. Paul) "to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Westminster proved not central enough for the growing activities of the order, so, money being raised by friends, they bought land and built, on a beautiful site above the river at West Park, New York, the monastery of Holy Cross. Here at last they could realize their ideals. To this house, where the motive power lay in the daily service of the Holy Communion, priests and laymen might come as guests to rest and renew their strength, to see for themselves the nature and value of the Religious life. It was then that Fr. Huntington rose to the highest test that the vow of obedience can demand. After creating and directing the order for years he insisted that they elect another Superior so that the office

with American ideals. He submitted his will with unquestioning obedience, and was sent South for a year to work in the mountains of Tennessee. His health has partially broken down several times under the strain of intensive work, for he gives himself to an extraordinary degree to those who come to him. His correspondence alone is hardly ever less than forty letters a day, most of these requiring a personal answer and much thought and effort. He has initiated most of the outside work undertaken by the order, and is chairman of the Board of Managers of more than one reformatory, and he has done a great deal of visiting in State prisons. In a medieval setting he has the modern mind that keeps abreast of the thought of the age, and in vital touch with all forces for good, notably in moral hygiene. Only recently he was instrumental in forming a "Church Mission of Help" designed to do rescue work, that the Church, with a touch-me-not respectability. has, alas, often left undone. Though less in the public eye than formerly, the life of prayer and self-denial has crowned his fiery dominating spirit with a beautiful humility and gentleness, though he is still a flame of religious zeal, a powerful witness to the faith of the Catholic Church, and her mission to men. A year or two ago he began the three hours' service on Good Friday by holding up the cross and crying "Victory!" Social reforms. and all philanthropic efforts do their share, but he has lived and worked in the ever deepening conviction that "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

JULIANA CONOVER.

WALTER WILLIAMS

♦HOUGH his only college was a country print shop, where he enrolled at fifteen as a printer's devil and was graduated four years later into the "front office" with a degree of editor and part owner, Walter Williams presides to-day in ivy-covered Switzler Hall on the Columbia, Missouri, campus as dean of a department of the State university. His is the distinction of being the first dean of the first professional school established in America for the teaching of journalism; it was four years ago that Missouri gave his department equal rank with the university's schools of law and medicine and engineering. Williams has a teaching staff of his own, recruited from Missouri newspaper offices. The might become rotary and more in accordance departmental laboratory is a publishing plant



is complete with local news and telegraph service, society notes and sport, even a para-

grapher's column.

The bells you hear these days from old Switzler Hall are not in the tower. They are attached to telephone boxes. They jangle all day with ferocious impatience, while little bells on typewriting machines harmonize in tinkling seconds and a click-click-clicketyclick of typebars against copy paper keeps sounding a snare drum tattoo. . . . For the Walter Williams idea of being a university dean isn't exactly academic. In brief, he is a lecturing publisher. His students are reporters and sub-editors. He talks things over with them and shows them how. For a text-book they can read what he and Frank in the State, from good roads, the dullest Martin, a plain young man who used to be assistant city editor of the Kansas City Star, have set down about "The Practice of Jour-

printing a four- to twelve-page daily, which nalism." For reference books—well, the dean tries hard, but here the system breaks down. He never has been able to teach his classes to use them, because he himself is so much handier. How old was Mark Twain when he died? Did the Democrats carry Pennsylvania in '74? What's the county seat of Douglas? In particular, anything about Missouri is right at the tip of the dean's tongue. He memorized nearly everything about the State's past by writing a history about it. He is even better informed about its present. His acquaintances are everywhere; he couldn't get off the train at any watering tank station in Missouri without hearing "Hello." I was about to declare next that he has written on every printable topic subject, up to good eating, which I rate as its most interesting.

And, oh, he writes most movingly! A man

came to his newspaper office one day weeping like a child. A "poor, sweet wife" had died. The man couldn't live without her. Wouldn't the editor write a "nice piece about her," and "put some poetry at the end." Williams did. Less than six weeks later the man came back happy. He spent an hour telling the editor about a beautiful new bride; as an afterthought asked, "Won't you write a nice piece about her and put some poetry at the end?" Williams didn't. . . . Movingly, we were saying, and on nearly every topic. To be installed in Switzler Hall didn't awe him; a little while later he was syndicating in three Sunday papers at once a series on the Missouri Dinner of Yesterday, one of the delights of which was Mrs. William Switzler's recipe for watermelon sweet pickle: "Pare off the green part of the rind of a good red watermelon; trim off the red part. Cut in pieces to suit fancy," etc. It was out of sheer daredeviltry, I believe, that he attacked that dullest of all the Western world's topics good roads. And this is how he did it. He got in a buggy with his son and a camera and they drove over the route of the Old Santa Fé Trail. The expedition turned up romance, humor, news and good pictures everywhere. Before long Missouri got so interested that it decided to build a cross-State road.

The dean's office in Switzler Hall is simply an editorial sanctum. Benjamin Franklin has no more prominence among the pictures than the two Old Bills-Nelson of Kansas City and White of Emporia. The five-foot shelf on top of his roll-top desk includes two unabridged dictionaries, Shakespeare, "Who's and the New York World almanac. The fact is, he discovered strenuousness before Colonel Roosevelt got back from the Spanish-American war. While the Colonel was in Cuba in '98, Walter Williams was, all

Editing the Columbia Daily Herald.

Also (by telephone), the Daily State Tribune in Missouri's capital city.

And the St. Louis Presbyterian.

Besides writing for Kansas City and St. Louis Sunday papers.

And serving as chairman of the executive board of curators of the State University.

And teaching a Bible class of three hundred to give him something to do on Sunday.

It can't be supposed that the University appointed him a dean to keep him out of mischief, for he has been moderator of the Missouri Presbytery and is even now a ruling elder. Possibly it was curiosity to see if he

once and take on the school of journalism too. But the dean fooled them. He guit the Columbia Herald and started a new daily and a weekly: name, University Missourian. editorial offices, Switzler Hall.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

ELI M. RAPP

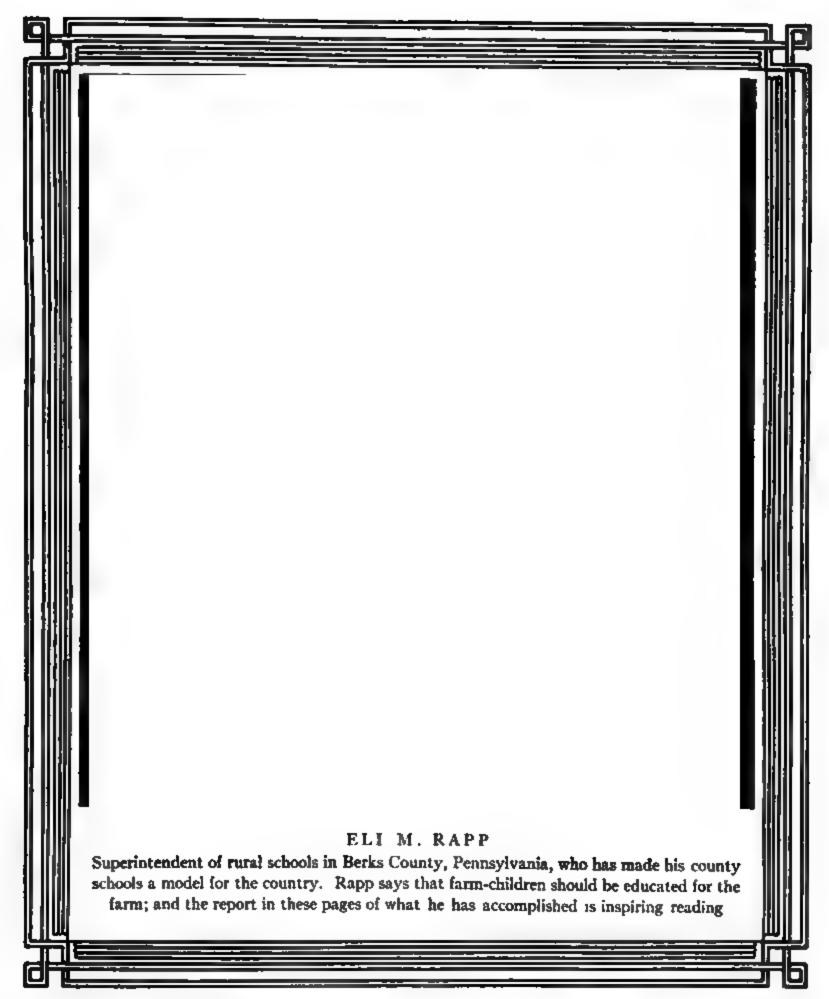
OT many years ago it was said of Berks County, Pennsylvania, that some of its inhabitants were still voting for Andrew Jackson. was also spoken of as the place of fat cattle and stupid people. Now it is known as a county having a rural school system scarcely equaled anywhere in the State. Eli M. Rapp, the county superintendent of schools, is responsible for this change. He was elected superintendent of the rural schools in 1896 and immediately began to preach the doctrine that the farmer's boy and girl ought to be trained for the farm and not away from it. This teaching sounded good to the farmers and they reëlected him three years later and have continued to reëlect him each third year.

Mr. Rapp began his work by introducing a three-grade organization in each township, which marked a new era in the history of oneteacher schools in the county. Nearly 12,000 diplomas have been issued and over forty per cent. of the graduates securing them have attended higher institutions of learning. Another progressive move was the organization of township high schools, of which there are now eleven in the county.

Supt. Rapp found that the pupils had few books to read and inaugurated a free traveling library plan. Then he began to establish libraries in the county schools; there are more than four hundred of these libraries now.

The teachers naturally followed the lead of the superintendent and began to get awake. A pedagogic traveling library was established, the teachers were organized, higher salaries were secured and the terms were lengthened. The teachers were given more work to do, but were satisfied, for they were paid more money for doing it. As a result, of course, the country boys and girls received a much better education than before.

In the meantime, the superintendent was busy making the school buildings and grounds more attractive. The schools were encouraged to provide playgrounds and the directors were taken to task when they permitted unsanitary and unsightly conditions to exist. could keep doing as many things as this at After a time, the superintendent began issu-



ing diplomas to every school which complied with certain conditions. The application blank indicates the superintendent's original way of doing things. Here are a few of the items:

"Are there shutter fasteners on the shutters or is the teacher compelled to invoke the aid of a friendly rail from a near-by fence in order to keep them quiet on a windy day?

"Is the schoolroom provided with a globe? N. B. A globe costing less than \$3.00 will answer all purposes. A \$10.00 globe is a waste of money.

"Is there a sufficient supply of dictionaries? N. B. Dictionaries over ten years old are out of date.

"Is the play of the children properly directed? N. B. Country children should play more."

Self-grading certificates of success, as they are called, issued to all the teachers, constitute a novel feature of Mr. Rapp's plan. "Can you give yourself 100 per cent.?" this card reads, and presents a list of qualifications, allowing 20 per cent. for personality,

15 per cent. for scholarship and so on. At the end of the card the teacher is advised that in case she finds that she falls below fifty she should quit teaching, for the sake of the children and the State, and for her own sake.

There are many other ways in which Superintendent Rapp has endeavored to improve the rural schools of the county, but none has aroused as much interest as the Boys' Agricultural Club and the Girls' Domestic Science Club. All over Berks County boys and girls are to be found wearing the emblems of these two organizations, one reading "Boys' Agricultural Club of Berks County," with the words "Better Farming" in the center, and the other "Girls' Domestic Science Club of Berks County," surrounding the motto "Better Housekeeping." Each year these clubs have an exhibition at Reading which is a miniature county fair. The boys show vegetables, field crops and poultry in prize contests, while the girls display dainty products of the needle as well as bread, pies and other articles.

One effect of these contests has been to stimulate the interest of the parents in better farming methods and to increase their respect for the rural school and for agricultural training in general. In some instances the boys have been able to grow better crops than their fathers ever have produced. Moreover, the farmers and their boys have been brought into closer relationship and have come to understand each other better.

E. I. FARRINGTON.

MRS. MARY ELITCH LONG

John Elitch died, leaving his young widow to work out the problem of how to build a summer entertainment park that would attract patronage without appealing to coarse or debased instincts. As a basis of operations she had an apple orchard, a truck farm, and a mortgage. The city was at the fag-end of a boom and just entering upon a period of national depression that was to hit it harder than any other town in the country.

Mrs. Long made a Homeric fight to win. She planned diversions, laid out and beautified grounds, and constructed a theatre. She gathered together the largest menagerie west of Chicago. The details do not matter, but out of the struggle she and the Elitch Gardens emerged safely. From the truck farm she had built a very valuable property, one that gives employment to hundreds of persons.

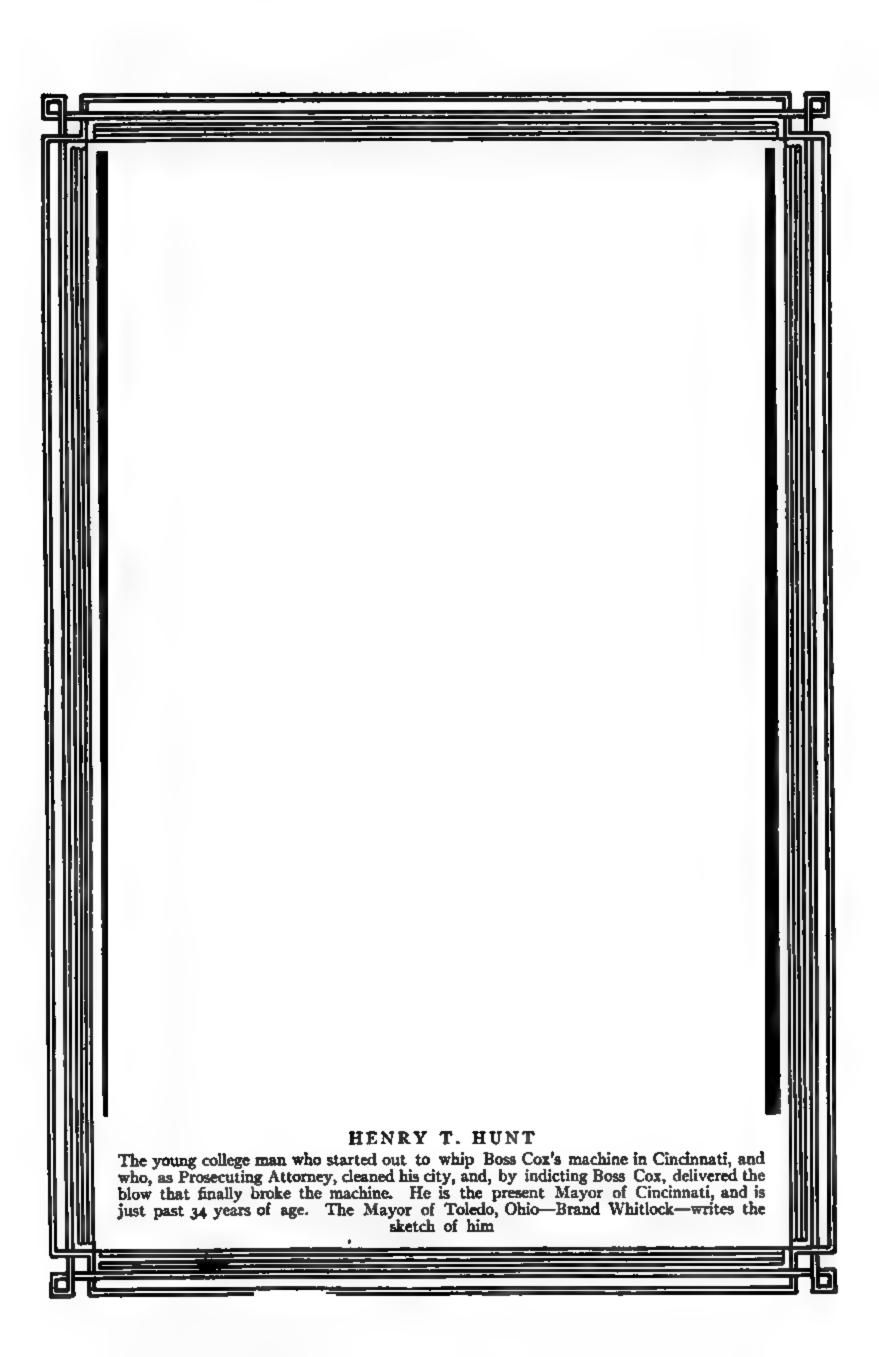
But she had done it in a woman's way, with an eye not single to the dollars that could be made out of it. Elitch Gardens is the embodiment of a faith that recreation and pleasure for masses of people need not depend upon any moral letdown. It is this combination of efficient management with practical idealism that has stamped itself upon the work of Mrs. Long.

Take the public dance hall. It is recognized in the amusement world as the greatest moneymaker. But because of what it has done in giving the first downhill push to so many young girls Mrs. Long has always refused to build one. No liquor has ever been served on the grounds, nor has any suggestion of rowdyism ever been permitted. The reaction of this policy has in the long run proved profitable. Because the atmosphere is as clean as that of a kindergarten hundreds of children are permitted to go to Elitch's unattended. Here in the warm summer days is the nursery of the city. The little ones pour out by thousands and flow into the Gardens to take part in the folk dances, the games, and the entertainment provided for them. After office hours business men run out to join their families in basket picnics on the grass.

Instances may be multiplied of the blending of shrewd judgment with a desire to supply the best obtainable. The only symphony concerts in the world financed by one individual without endowment or private subscription, are those which for sixteen years have been presented by Mrs. Long under the leadership of Signor Cavallo.

The management of her summer theatre shows the same qualities. Here have recently appeared such stars as David Warfield, Sarah Bernhardt, William Collier, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Bates, and many others of like prominence. In order that all may have a chance to see the plays—for the Gardens are patronized indiscriminately by merchant and mechanic, banker and bricklayer—the general admission price is the nominal one of fifteen cents. Mrs. Long offers the best she can get and at a popular price. But she makes it pay. Elitch Gardens is a successful business undertaking and not a philanthropy.

The resort is, however, much more than a money-making proposition. Elitch Gardens is a civic asset, and in some intangible way it belongs to the people. In the spring the orchard is one mass of blossoms. Later, flowers bloom everywhere. Forty thousand potted plants are set out. Not one has to be replaced. No vandalism occurs.



The ungrudging spirit of the mistress of the gardens reflects itself in her employees. The pride of many of the employees in the Gardens has something of the feudal spirit in it, of that touching sense of joint ownership so rare among those who draw pay envelopes.

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE.

HENRY T. HUNT

HERE developed in Cincinnati what has developed in most cities: a few tried to rule it and govern it for their own benefit; that is, there was the combination, now pretty well understood and pretty well unmasked in most cities, by which a few men use the local organizations of the two political parties to procure franchises and other privileges, and thus absorb to themselves all the communal values of the town.

There were fitful revolutions against the régime (Boss Cox and his followers), and sometimes the men of vision in Cincinnati, the men who loved Cincinnati for her traditions, and who knew that her government was not representative of the real Cincinnati, sometimes despaired. But they kept up hope and awaited a personality, feeling that some day he would appear, one who could lead.

And so there was. A few years ago a young chap got home from Yale—a typical college man; trousers turned up over low tan shoes in the dead of winter, and all that. He began to practice law. A little later one of those fitful revolutions occurred in Cincinnati; it was momentarily successful, and as a result of it this young chap went to the legislature as a Representative from Hamilton County. He had made a hard campaign. It was difficult to get halls to speak in, hard to get money to meet the expenses of a campaign against Cox in those days. Business men were afraid, but this young chap used to stand on a store box on the corner talking to the people about Cincinnati, about what it used to be, and what it was going to be. In that election there were a good many irregularities—lodging-house votes and all that—but when this young chap got up to the State capital he introduced a number of bills to purify the elections, or, at least, to make it possible to purify them. And he did another thing. Some years before Tom Johnson campaigning for Governor of Ohio had urged the enactment of two cent a mile rate for railroad fares, and was defeated because this

and other proposals he made—such as equitable taxation, for instance—were in Ohio considered anarchistic. The seed he had sown. however, came to its fruition in this Legislature, and everybody was in favor of the two cent a mile railroad bill—except this young chap from Cincinnati. He didn't believe the railroads could operate under it; he was wrong, of course, but it was a matter of principle with him, and so he defied his party and public sentiment and voted against the bill; the only man in the house to do so, and everybody respected him, everybody saw that he had nerve. And when he went back home, he went on fighting.

It took nerve to fight the régime in Cincinnati; it took an unusual quality of nerve, but Henry T. Hunt has just that quality. He was born in Cincinnati, April 29, 1878, the son of Samuel T. Hunt. He graduated from Yale in 1900, and he was admitted to the bar in 1903. It was in 1905 that he was elected to the legislature on the Democratic ticket, and in 1008 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton County on the Democratic ticket by a plurality of 3,200; and he was reelected Prosecuting Attorney in 1910 by a plurality of 6,800. During his first term in the Prosecuting Attorner's office he had shown again his qualitie. He spent months of time and \$1,300 of wn money in an unpopular effort to rid the city of public gambling. He compelled the removal of slot machines from the county. He killed the bucket shop business in Cincinnati. He had drawn, while in the legislature, and tried to have passed, a number of bills covering serious defects in the election laws; now he tried to use the machinery of the Prosecuting Attorney's office to do what the legislature had failed to do. But this was only the beginning. He fought a long battle against the machine through the courts it controlled. He finally had Cox himself indicted, and though the indictment was not sustained ultimately by the courts, that process broke Cox's power in the Cincinnati he had so long controlled.

It looked as if Cincinnati had found its man, as if the leader had appeared, and last fall Henry T. Hunt was elected Mayor of Cincinnati by a plurality of 4,000. He believes in the new and free Cincinnati, and that, of course, is the real Cincinnati. He had made a splendid fight against desperate odds; and while he is not radical, as radicalism expresses itself in these days, he is liberal and progressive, and that is radical for Cincinnati.

BRAND WHITLOCK.

HOW TO WII GAMES

Some General Rules that All Players—Both on t Field and in the Grandstan -Should Understand

 \boldsymbol{B} y HUGH 8. FULLERTO

> ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. CHASE

that showed in the scores. They were examples of how the wisest of players and managers will make the wrong choice when for one run. one of two things must be done.

are played over and over when the "If Club" is in session. For, given a situation and the stage of the game, ninety-nine out of a hundred major league players can tell you exactly how that play should be made. It is the purpose of this article not so much to show how plays should be made, as when. perfectly executed play may be correct at one time, and entirely wrong a moment later. I am going on the assumption that every boy in America knows how to play baseball, and understands the rules, which are the baseball primer. This tells how the primer is interpreted and applied by major league players.

As regards offensive baseball, the making of runs. There are two great types of teams; the teams that play for one run at ever witnessed illustrates the lack of attena time, (a class now heavily handicapped), and those that play for runs in bunches. Inside the last two years a change in

ETROIT lost a World's champion- conditions has forced a revolution in play ship by doing one little thing wrong. and has brought a period of systematic Chicago threw away two by wrong attack with a view of making a bunch of selecting. Pittsburg, with the runs at one time. Roughly speaking it may highest honor within grasp, chose wrong be said that for five years the American just once and was beaten. Last fall Phila- league has been developing this system while delphia's great Athletics came near defeat most of the National league teams were at the hands of a much weaker team by two "one run at a time" clubs. The exceptions bits of faulty play. Not one of these vital were the New York Giants in the National, things that affected great series were errors which played the bunched runs game, and the Chicago White Sox, a team that, being strong in pitchers and weak in hitters, played

The team that plays for one run at a time The plays considered here are those that must have supreme confidence in its pitchers. The entire system is based on the supposition that the pitcher is strong enough to hold the opposing team to a low score.

I have seen Connie Mack's Athletics, three runs behind, perhaps in the fourth or fifth innings, supreme in their confidence in their pitcher, make the one run safe, and crawling up run by run, tie and then win out. The Chicago White Sox, under Fielder Jones, and the Chicago Cubs during the time that Chance possessed pitchers upon whom he could rely, played the same style of ball and won. But as conditions of the game change, the style of play to meet them must also change.

One of the oddest displays of baseball I tion to the conditions of the game. It was played by the team representing Waseda University of Japan. The little Brown Boys

evidently had learned the game by hearsay, and, regardless of the stage of the game, they played the same system. They sacrificed whether they were one run or ten behind if the first batter reached first base. I saw a Northwestern University team beaten 14 to o in the ninth inning, sacrificing when the first batter reached the base. Two days after that I heard Hughie Jennings fine one of his players for accomplishing a brilliant steal of third base, when the play was a needless risk.

There are three ways of reaching first base: a base on balls, by being hit by a two methods are so closely allied as to be one, and they form by far the most important part of the system of attack of any club. No team ever won a pennant that was not a "waiting team"—that is, one that could compel the opposing pitcher to "put 'em over in the groove." It does not necessarily follow that to be a "good waiting team" a team must draw many free passes to first. The object is not so much to force the pitcher to serve four wide pitches as to force him to use his full strength, and to get him "in the hole," which in baseball means to force him into a position where, to avoid giving a pass, he must pitch the ball over the plate. If the count is two balls and no strikes, the batter is morally certain the next will be over the plate, whether it is straight or a curve and he also knows that, in his anxiety to make certain of throwing the ball over the plate, the pitcher will not dare "put as much on" the ball as he would do if there were two strikes and one or two balls called. Therefore he is practically certain that the next ball will be a good one to hit, and he will "set himself," "grab a toe hold," and double his chances of a base hit.

One of the best examples of the results of waiting is the perennial victory of the teams representing the University of Illinois in the western college championships. George Huff teaches his men how to wait, and when to hit. His system makes his weak batters look like sluggers, and his mediocre pitchers look strong, because, while he makes his batters wait until opposing pitchers are in trouble, his own pitchers work all the time not to "fool the batter," but to get him "in the hole." Illinois has won the Conference championship so regularly that it almost is conceded before the season starts.

Athletics are good waiting teams, teams only 27 balls in a nine-inning game. that have opposing pitchers in distress per- accurate record of the smallest number of

haps as often as any clubs. Yet Detroit threw away a World's Championship that looked easy, and the Athletics came near the same fate, by lapses in their system. In the World's series between Pittsburg and Detroit it looked as if the Pirates did not have curve pitchers enough, or of sufficient quality, to prevent Detroit from slugging its way to victory. Fred Clarke was forced to fall back upon Adams, a fairly good, but not sensational curve ball pitcher, who was young and inexperienced.

In the opening game Adams was as nervous and shaken as any pitcher ever was. He was pitched ball, by hitting the ball. The first trembling and white from nervousness and the strain. He passed the first batter without getting a ball over the plate, and with Bush, one of the best waiters and one of the hardest men in the business to pitch to at bat. Adams seemed in dire straits. Jennings made the greatest mistake of his career. He signaled Bush to sacrifice on the first ball pitched. There was a groan from a dozen baseball men who realized that Jennings practically was refusing to let Adams throw away his own game. bunted, Detroit scored, but had Bush been permitted to wait, Detroit probably would have won that game in the first inning, driven Adams off the slab, and, had they done that Adams never would have pitched again in that series; as it was he steadied, won the game, came back stronger and again still stronger and won the championship for Pittsburg.

> In spite of that lesson Connie Mack did exactly the same thing in the World series last fall; refused to let Marquard throw away his game in the first inning, and almost lost the game by it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the best "waiting" teams do not draw the greatest number of bases on balls. They wait, in the case of the first man up, with a view of a pass to first. After that they test the control of the pitcher to the utmost and strive to get him "in the hole." The proper methods of attack upon a pitcher whose control is uncertain, or who is likely to wear out from the strain of pitching, is to wait, no matter how accurate his pitching may seem to be at the start. The strain of modern pitching is terrific and the number of balls a man throws counts. Most of the "ninth inning rallies" are due to the fact that the team "waited out" a pitcher early in the Ordinarily both the Detroit team and the game. It is possible for a pitcher to throw





pitch seventeen

counted in a game was 211, George ("Rube") that the strain was too great even for a man of his marvelous power and endurance.

stand as close to the plate as the rules (or the says. Which brings in the second and cheapby a pitched ball. Every batter should stand as close to the plate as the rules allow. The while hurting the individual, but greater plate steadily. Beyond that the batter who the umpires.

Two teams; the New York Giants and the St. Louis Cardinals, demonstrated the value of this last season, and their records of being hit and of drawing passes will prove how much the pennant race was affected. Both teams were under orders to crowd the plate and to allow the ball to hit them as often as they thought the umpires would stand for it.

One of the mysteries of baseball for many years has been the excessive hitting power of every team Connie Mack, commander of the Athletics, leads. I believe the secret of his success lies in this jockeying with pitchers, waiting persistently to get the pitcher outguessed and puzzled and then breaking up the games with long drives. I believe that Mack has the following system of upsetting opposing pitchers, no matter how effective they may be: His team starts to do one thing in the first inning. If it starts to wait on the pitcher it

balls thrown in waits consistently, every batter doing exactly any game ex- the same thing. Perhaps for three innings, ists, as no one every batter will wait as long as possible counts every before hitting. Then, just as the opposing ball in every pitcher begins to figure that the Athletics game. I scored will take a strike or two and begins shooting one game in the first ball over, the Athletics change and which Ed Walsh each man swings with full force at the first pitched only ball. Sometimes they do this for two innings, 88 balls, seven until the pitcher changes; then they will let of which were the first ball go and every batter will hit fouls, which I the second ball. They keep at it until, in regard as re- some inning, they get the cluster of drives markable. I for which they have been playing, pound saw Coombs out a bunch of runs and win.

There is no way of proving the theory, balls to one batter last summer. The except by the scores, as Mack is about as greatest number of pitched balls I ever communicative as a deaf and dumb diplomat, but in the scores I analyzed it was remarkable Waddell being the victim, and he weakened to see how many of the Athletics did the same in the ninth and allowed five runs—showing—thing, and hit the same ball in certain innings. The idea of the system seems to be to force the pitcher to do the guessing, rather than to try The proper procedure is for the batter to to outguess him. And such a system, persisted in and changed suddenly, would exumpire) will permit, "crowd it" as the player plain the hitless, fruitless innings during which some pitcher seemed to have the est way of reaching first,—namely, being hit Champions at his mercy, and the sudden, slam-bang onslaught brings victory.

There is science and skill in the actual hitpitcher may hit him; which helps the team ting of a ball, but the real value of hitting lies in advancing runners who already are on than that is the advantage gained by the bases: the sacrifice bunt, the bunt and run, effect upon the pitcher, who, in his anxiety the hit and run and hitting as the runner not to hit the batter, will pitch outside the starts, as differentiated from the hit and No club that simply attempts to run. stands close gains much on called balls by drive the ball safe can win consistently. The batter must help the base runner and cover his moves just as surely as, in war, the artillery must cover a cavalry or infantry charge.

The first instruction a major league manager gives to his young men when they report is to "have a look around." He means that, as the batter steps to the plate, he is to glance around the field to discover the exact position of every opponent. From this stage of the game, and from the positions assumed by opposing players any batter should know what to attempt to do without being told by the manager. They do not. In fact it often takes years of steady drilling and repetition of orders and of that "have a look around" before some players grasp the idea and begin to think for themselves. I have seen the Chicago Cubs play entire series without a sign being used, when their elaborate system of secret signals was unnecessary,

as each man knew what to do. Then a substitute would be forced into play and the veteran team would be compelled to resume signaling all for his benefit. The others knew what to do without being told, but with a new man in the line-up every man had to pass signals to make certain all knew what was to be done.

The hit and run consists of the batter giving or receiving a signal so that

both he and the runner know that on the next pitched ball the runner is going to start for the next base. The duty of the batter then is to hit the ball—and toward the spot most likely to be vacated by the infielder who goes to take the throw at second base. But the hit and run, effective as it has proved, has been found inferior to the run and hit. The difference is that the enemy has no chance to discover in advance what the play is to be. In the hit and run the passing of signals often warns the opposing catcher or pitcher of the intent to make the play. The result is that the pitcher "pitches out" (that is, throws the ball to the catcher so far from the plate that the batter cannot hit it) and the catcher, being prepared, throws out the base runner. Besides, either the runner or batter may miss the signal, with disastrous results. Still the signal is absolutely necessary when new players are on a team, and often between veterans, especially when the runner is a dashing and inventive player. The greatest of years abandoning the hit and run and playing run and hit; that is, the runner starts game.

batter, seeing him going, protects him by hitting the ball or by hitting at it, so as to hamper the freedom of the catcher's movements. Crawford and Cobb, of the Detroit team, have used this system with wonderful success, and Crawford seldom fails to cover Cobb's movements.

The "All Star" team of 1910, which prepared the Athletics for their first championship was composed of about as quick thinking a crowd of players as could be assembled.

They held a meeting before they went into the first game against the champions and discussed signals. The second baseman, shortstop and catcher agreed on simple signs to notify the infield whether the shortstop or second baseman would take the throw at second. Then they decided not to attempt any other signals, but to play run and hit. Not once, during the entire series in

which they beat the Champions decisively, did any batter fail to see the runner start,

or neglect to protect him.

The run and hit is, of course, extremely difficult for inexperienced players. quires a quick eye, a quick wit and a quick swing to hit the ball after catching a fleeting glimpse of the runner moving. "Germany' Schafer, who played on the All Star team, tells me an odd thing. He says that when he was a right-handed batter, standing so he faced almost toward first base, he never could see a base runner start. But when he turned around and became a left-handed batter, with his back almost toward first base, he could see the runner start as plainly as if looking straight at him, and still not take his eye off the ball.

The run and hit is the most effective style of attack yet devised, and especially adapted to the new conditions, its usefulness as a run producer and in advancing runners being greatly increased after the adoption of the of teams and players have been for a number livelier ball, late in 1910. The fact is the corkcentered ball had an immense effect upon the It practically ruined the bunting when he sees the best opportunity and the system of attack and made effective sacri-

The hit and run play

ficing and safe bunting practically impossible. In 106 games, embracing both leagues and every club in the two major leagues, the scores of which I studied, the sacrifice bunt last year was far less effective than the hit and run or the run and hit in the matter of advancing runners. If the hit went through the infield safe, of course the hitting style was even more valuable. The ball is so lively that bunting is extremely dangerous. My score books for last season reveal nine cases of double plays made on good bunts toward third base or first, and on the ground, that a year before would have been perfect sacrifices. lively ball reached the baseman in time for him to throw to second, and have the ball relayed to first in time to complete the double play. Ty Cobb informed me that during the entire season he did not bunt with the idea of beating out the ball, except in one case. That is, he bunted only once during the year when the situation did not compel him to do so. The previous year he made over 40 hits by beating out bunts.

With the new ball compelling such revolutionary changes in play the bunt should be employed only when the third baseman is palpably playing too deep; when the pitcher or baseman is a notoriously bad fielder of bunted balls or when the pitcher is working so well that one run seems valuable enough to take the added risk of a sacrificed bunt. I analyzed the results of sacrifices in games recorded in one score book containing 48 sive of sacrifice flies) were attempted and in 119 instances the runner was forced at second or third. The low percentage of the success of the play seems to spell the doom of the "one run at a time" game and compel clubs to develop the run and hit style of

With this change has come the alteration of the style of making bunts. No longer can a player hold the bat loosely and drop the ball "dead" toward some given point. The ball has too much life. Now the player must push the ball and strive to shove it at a medium rate of speed, just out of the reach of the pitcher and so slow that the shortstop and second baseman will be compelled to hurry desperately to reach it. In fact this style of bunting proved valuable when perfectly executed, although very dangerous when the ball went straight to pitcher, third or first baseman. The nine double plays of which I spoke were made on that kind of bunts, and in the same games fourteen balls rolled through safe and almost untouched.

There is not, nor ever can be, any fixed rule regarding base running. It is all a study of the stages of the game. When one run is needed, any way to get to second base from first is the proper way. Remember that, in base running, the more the situation seems to call for an effort to steal the less chance to steal is given. The opposing pitcher knows that, with two out and a run desperately needed, the runner on first will probably games. In these games 248 sacrifices (exclu- attempt to steal on the first pitched ball;

The run and hit play

therefore he watches the bases more closely, do not duplicate the real movement. the catcher is expecting the attempt, and is infrequently a base runner can tell by studyfortified, the second baseman and shortstop ing the pitcher's habitual tricks of delivery exchange signals and decide which will receive the throw. Therefore the runner who steals on "the wrong ball," that is, steals when the best authorities declare a steal should not be made, is much more likely to accomplish the steal than is the one who runs at the proper instant. In other words, when you must you seldom can, and when you don't need it it is easy. During last season in both the major leagues the runners violated every previously accepted rule. They stole with none out, with one or two out, stole on the first, second, third or fourth ball pitched, stole even with the count one strike and three balls. The season was a reversion to the baseball of fifteen years ago in base running.

To steal second base the runner must watch the pitcher with the greatest care. The rule prohibiting balking is perhaps the greatest dead letter in the game, and every finished pitcher has cultivated a balk motion, a false start, calculated to hold runners close to first base, or to catch them off the base in case they make a false start. The runner invariably can detect the real from the false pitching motion by watching the muscles at the back of the pitching shoulder of the man on the slab. No pitcher can conceal the preparatory hunching of those muscles, and although some, notably Ed Walsh, of the Chicago White Sox, have cultivated a false will score a runner from second as easily as

when he intends to pitch and when he is planning a throw to first base. For instance, I know one famous American League pitcher who invariably before pitching to a batter reaches out his right foot and scratches the dirt in front of the plate with his spikes. It is a nervous trick of which he himself is unconscious, but he never paws that way when he intends to throw to first. base runner who knew that fact would get a flying start every time, and either would steal second or force the pitcher to make a palpable balk. In running from first to second a runner must keep his eye entirely upon the man who is receiving the throw and throw himself either inside or outside the base line, dropping his body away from the runner and hooking the base with his foot. The hooking of the base is an art in itself. There is one of the fastest and best base runners in the business who would rank close to Cobb but for the fact that after making a perfect slide, he cannot hold to the base with his foot and slides on past the bag and nine out of ten times is tagged out.

After reaching second base the problem of the steal is much more complicated. Most managers oppose stealing third, except in rare cases, on the grounds that the risk does not justify the gain, as a hit or a bad error motion of the muscles, even these imitations it will from third. Many urge the steal of

out if the pitcher shows carelessness or the ingly. infielders allow him a huge start without second. Stealing with two out is useless risk, but as long as there is a chance to score bounder, the steal is justified under the Then an instant of hesitation by the pitcher changed conditions of play may make the steal a suc-

Harry Lord's steal, made with two out, established a precedent. A hard hitter was at bat and the pitcher was passing him to first purposely. He was a right-handed batter, and Lord, knowing that the fourth ball would be thrown to the plate so wide as to prevent the batter from hitting it, that the catcher would be drawn out of position, stole third without an effort. He argued that, if he reached third as the batter went to first, he would be in a position to score on the double steal, and at the same time handicap the actions of two fielders and after considerable argument the good baseball authorities agreed with him.

In regard to the stealing of third. With a runner on second and no one out, the sacrifice bunt, even with the new ball, seems the play if the score is close—that is, close enough for one run to tie, or

one out the steal is justified, especially the closest students of the game, proper under when the fielders around second do not hold up runners or when the pitcher notoriously is weak in watching bases. In that situation I would advise attempts to steal at every opportunity provided the team is ahead or only one run behind. If more than two runs behind, stay at second and wait for hits; the chances of scoring on short passed balls, wild pitches, or fumbles what would not permit scoring from second are too small to and third and a decent catcher working the stealing third with two out, in my mind, is plate, ought not to succeed in more than two that the runner intends to bump or interfere cases in seven. In 100 games selected at

third with one out, and the score close. Of was McGraw's idea in at least two cases course the runner is supposed to steal re- during the last world's series—either that or gardless of the score or the number of men his base runners blundered most astonish-

Stealing home is justifiable only under effort to prevent him from getting far from the most desperate conditions or against a pitcher who palpably is so "rattled" that he is blind to everything except the man at the from third on a long fly or a hard infield plate and allows the runner a flying start.

> cess. It is good judgment, at *times, for a fleet, daring man who is a good slider, to steal when the batter is helpless before a pitcher and when two are out.

> In combination stealing the circumstances may justify a steal that ordinarily would not be tried. With men on first and second, none out and one run needed to win (not tie) it is a good risk to start a double steal. If both runners are safe, the chances of winning the game are quadrupled right there. Even if the runner going to third is caught -the other lands at second. from whence a base hit by either of the next two batters will score him. Mathematically the ratio of chances to score with men on first and second and three batters to go out, to the chances of scoring on a double steal are as 62 to 78 in favor of the double steal.

The double steal, executed put the attacking team in the lead. With with runners on first and third is, according to the following conditions: when two men are out and a weak batter or a slow runner is at the plate, and when one run is needed to win the game—the play in the latter case being justifiable with no one out, or with two out—but not with only one out. Many judges object to the play unless two are out—but last season I saw it worked repeatedly by clever teams with no one out. With runners on first be counted on. The only justification for double steal worked to get a runner over the with the third baseman and strive to force random from last season's score-book the him or scare him into letting the ball go past runner scored 19 times on this play, and 41 far enough to permit scoring. This evidently times it failed, either the runner being



caught at the plate or the runner tagged going to second. In 73 cases the initial runner landed at second safely without giving the runner at third a chance to score, in most cases being allowed to steal unmolested either because one run was as bad as two, or because the catcher failed to throw, preferring to take chances on retiring the batter. Much depends in this play on the speed of the runner on third base and his ability to make a quick start. I do not think the play should be used at all in the early stages of the game with the present ball, that is, the runner on third should not attempt to score but merely make a pretense so as to allow the other runner to reach second. I would advise the which ought to have ended the series and steal of second in almost every case when a runner is on third.

In the defensive end of the game every situation is a study of the batter, and, going beyond the individual batters it is a study of the stage of the game. The great problems of the game are: when to play the infield close, to choose between attempting a double play when runners are on first and third and letting the run count, and above all to place the outfielders with regard to the stages of

the game.

The commonest blunders of really great managers and players are made in the disposition of the outfield. A great many captains who arrange their infields carefully pay little attention to the second line of deindividual brain work of the outfield than they do of the infielders. This is partly because they are more closely in touch with the infield and partly because of the fewer chances for the outfield to get into a vital One marked difference between play. Managers Fred Clarke, Frank Chance and Charles Dooin is in the attention they pay to the outfield. Clarke, being an outfielder, moves his outfielders in and out, back and forth. Chance sometimes moves his, but Brown to direct the outfield, and often I have seen it left unnoticed in critical stages. Dooin directs the infield, but rarely waves

an order to change the outfielders' positions. Yet much can be done by a little thinking on the part of a defensive outfield. I saw one World's Series game, a game

given the Athletics an easy championship, thrown away through careless playing of the outfield. It was that dramatic game on the Polo Grounds in which the Giants won in such gallant style after seeming hopelessly beaten. In saying that Philadelphia should have won I do not wish to detract anything from the credit due McGraw's team. They did their part gamely and brilliantly. Coombs, after pitching magnificent ball, weakened from the sixth inning on. He was in distress in every inning, but time and again he managed to stave off the defeat and he had his game seemingly won in the ninth when the Giants started an assault. The New Yorkers were hitting fiercely, but with two out their cause fense, and really they rely more upon the seemed hopeless. As Otis Crandall came to bat I watched the Athletics closely (being anxious to get it over and get home) and I swore vigorously and earnestly. Both Oldring and Lord shifted forward a trifle, and Murphy moved a few steps toward center field—not one of them enough to have any effect on any kind of a hit. Crandall drove a long, high fly to right center. The ball was terrifically hit, but it sailed so high it seemed as if it would be caught. Both Murphy and Oldring came within a few steps of catching generally he has relied upon Sheckard and the ball; to catch it meant victory, the end of the game and of the series. But the ball fell, a run scored and Crandall reached second base.

Both Murphy and Oldring, in the eyes of

most of the spectators, had done the best they could. They had covered much ground and sent the ball back in time to hold the runner at second base. Yet they



the ball had been an easy fly and either had muffed it. The mistake of the Athletics was in allowing the outfield to play the "middle distance." They belonged back near the fences. Whether or not the Athletics knew Crandall was a long drive hitter does not enter into the play. They should have played at least thirty feet further out for any batter than they normally would play for him.

The situation was this. Two men were out; one was on the bases, and two runs were needed to tie. A base hit would score one run-but if it was only a one-base hit that would not hurt the Athletics much as two more hits would be required to tie the score. A long hit, either for two or three bases, would put New York within one hit of a tie and make the situation really dangerous. The outfielders, had they stopped to think, would have gone back so far that Crandall would have had to hit the ball over the fence to make a long, safe drive. They could come in on any kind of a hit fast enough to prevent him from taking second. Every man on the Athletic team knew that and forgot it when it counted, their forgetfulness endangering the championship that was in their hands. It was the same kind of blunder that kept New York from winning the National league championship in 1908 when they played off the famous tie with Chicago. Seymour came forward with Tinker at bat, when only a hit would have hurt New York—and Tinker hit the ball over his head.

These rules for outfielders are accepted by most field generals as covering all save the exceptional cases: play deep for every batter where a long hit probably will turn the game; play close when the infield moves in to cut off the winning or tying run at the plate, as a long fly would score the run anyhow and a successful throw to the plate is the only salvation; at all other times play the middle distance.

The outfield problems really are more vexing than those of the infield. The situation mainly is forced upon the infield. With a runner on third and one or none out, and the run means a tie or defeat, the infield is compelled to come forward. In the early stages of the game the manager is forced to decide

blundered just as badly, yes worse, than if whether to allow the run to score. or to trv to cut it off, and must base his judgment on the ability of his pitcher to hold the other team to a low score, and of his own hitters to bat in enough runs to win. Teams such as Detroit and the Athletics, hard-hitting and free-scoring teams, can afford to let the other team gain a run, rather than risk its getting two or three, as they can score more later. Teams such as the old Chicago White Sox, "the hitless wonders" of the American League, could not allow the opposing team a run and had to play the closest inside game.

Many of the better major league teams, that is, those possessing fast infielders, will vary the play when runners are on first and third, one out and a run to be cut off from the plate by playing the first baseman and third baseman close, and bringing the short stop and second baseman forward only part of the way-holding them in position either to make a long fast throw to the plate or to try for the double play from second to first. I have seen Evers and Tinker make the double play from second to first even when both were playing close, changing their plan like a flash, covering second and relaying the ball to first at top speed, although they had played in to throw to the plate.

One of the greatest variations of the play I ever witnessed, was made by McInnis of the Athletics. Collins and Barry were playing perhaps twelve feet closer to the plate. than they ordinarily do, runners were on first and third, one out and a run needed to beat the champions. Collins and Barry intended to try the double play if it was possible and to throw home if it was not. Mc-Innis and Baker were drawn close with intent to throw to the plate. The ball was hit to McInnis on the second short bound, or rather to his right, and as he was coming forward and scooped the ball perfectly, he had an easy play to the plate. Instead of throwing there he flashed the ball like a shot to Barry at second base, whirled, raced for first and caught Barry's return throw on top of the bag, completing the double play. It was a wonderful play both in thought and in execution, but I do not advise any other first baseman to attempt it.

Thus endeth the lesson.

. 4 1

THE GOLD POT

A Western Girl in New York

By PAULINE WORTH HAMLIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. KERR EBY

 West 112th Street. New York.

EAR KIT: I have been in New York one week and it is the longest week I have ever known. I am at last comfortably settled, but oh what a time I had finding a place to live! You see, the places I wanted would not have me, and the other way around. The New York apartment houses are divided into two classes. order to get into the one, you have to be so good that you would bore St. Peter; and in order to get into the other, you have to be so bad that you would shock Bernard Shaw. reads like the marriage ceremony, and you it, please dear. must swear with both hands on the Bible that you will never break it. On the other hand, if anyone should offer the landlord eighty-five cents more for the apartment than you are paying, you would have to either move out or raise the ante. Do I like New York? Ask an animal in a cage at a Zoo if he likes his quarters. Why, honey, I would give a five dollar William for just one breath from off that dear desert, or the sound of a hoof beat, or one neigh from old Black Eye. Now don't think that I am going to give up after I have put my hand to the plow, for I am not. Mr. Watson was here to-day, and he says that the chances are good for me to go on very soon and I am making the old fiddle hum about twelve hours a day.

You didn't mention Jim. Did he go to South Dakota, and Kit, is Dad still angry? They will both come around all right when I get famous.

> West 112th Street. New York.

DEAR KIT:

What do you suppose happened to-day?

ceipts out in our country—so naturally it never entered my head. Well to-day he came and asked me again for the rent. I told him I had paid him and he said, "You have a receipt?" I told him no, that he had not given one. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Very well then, you must pay." It made me pretty mad, my hair isn't red for nothing. What did I do? I simply walked to my dresser, took out my Colt's Automatic and gently but firmly told him that I should advise him to walk over to the desk and write a receipt for the money I had paid him. He walked. After he went away I lost all my nerve and cried of course and As I am a middle classer, I guess I will have wished for Jim. Say Kit, don't you really to live on the roof. If you should decide know where Jim is? Hasn't he been there that you would like to live in the house of since I left? He was offered the foremanship the first part you must sign a lease that on the Double Z. Find out whether he took

> — West 112th Street, New York.

DEAR KIT:

I am so glad there is a gas meter in my kitchenette-it keeps me company. It doesn't make any difference whether I am using the gas or not, the meter clicks away merrily just the same. I'll tell you—"men may come and men may go, but the gas meter goes on forever."

I was so lonesome yesterday that I was even glad to see the cockroaches as they

made their early morning parade.

You should see the people run for the trains, Kit. At first I thought there was only one train a day, but I have found out that they run about every two minutes and so do the people.

Thank you dear for the offer of money, but I struck out on my own responsibility against Dad's wishes and Jim's, and I am going to stick it out. I gave the greater part of my money to Mr. Watson for his services in placing me on the stage, but he hasn't been to see me for ten days. He must be ill. I know if I could play the old fiddle before When I paid my rent I didn't ask the man the managers as I play it here inside these for a receipt—you know we don't deal in re- four walls when I'm homesick, they would

take me on. Last night I tried to sleep but couldn't. I got to thinking of home, where any way we look we can see the sky touch the earth, where the hearts are as big as the great out-of-doors and every man's word is as good as his bond. The birds are singing there now, right now, aren't they Kit, and the Mariposa lilies are blooming, and oh Kit, it's God's country! Why, honey, here the people don't even have air that isn't breathed by a million other people. Nobody trusts anybody else, not the least little bit. The rooms are so small that you have to put your head out of the window to change your mind and then you bump into your neighbor's fire escape.

> · -- West 112th Street, New York.

DEAR KIT:

Do you know what the word bohemian means? It's the polite term for grafter. The bohemian goes around living off of the other fellow and pretends like it's bohemianism. I want to tell you about the people next They are not New Yorkers, they have hearts—yes, real hearts—not a They found bunch of excess baggage. out that I was alone and they have put themselves out to be nice to me. I remember mother used to say, wherever you go iences. The view from my window is magnifi-

in this world, you will always find people with hearts of gold. Mrs. Sullivan gave me a rose to-day. Now, you may think that's a measly little thing—you who can pick an armload from your bedroom window, but I want to tell you that to me it is a princely gift. Its coloring is exquisite and its fragrance is so wonderful that when I breathe it in, I can see our garden at home with its hundreds and hundreds of roses. I can smeli them and can feel their soit petals—and Kit my heart cries out:

"I want to go home where the robins sing, Where the air is sweet with the breath of spring, Where a feeling of peace is in everything-I want to go home. I want to go home,"

This place surely has all modern inconven-

Why don't you tell me about Jim? You are wrong in saying that I didn't love him or I wouldn't have left. Mr. Watson says my imitation of the birds alone will make my fortune. No, he hasn't come yet. I think something must have happened to him. I can't believe that any man would cheat a girl out of money. I'm going to move tomorrow, Kit; next time address me at -East 33rd Street.

> East 33rd Street, New York.

DEAR KIT:

No, I am not in the worst part of town at all. I merely moved so I could be nearer to the theatres and save carfare. I am sending back your draft dear. In the first place I don't need it, and in the second place I could never get a draft cashed. There is no one in this great full, empty city to identify me. When you send money to this chicken you'll have to send it in greenbacks—certified greenbacks. I would give a nickel to see a silver dollar—haven't seen one since I left home. My, how rich I feel here when I have three paper dollars. I roll the bills up and cram them into my little pocketbook and then sit and look at it.

> cent—seven fire escapes filled with milk bottles, beer bottles, garbage sundry packages of various and sundry sizes. this afternoon and wondering what would hapthe fire would escape. came, I thought they not come back so I am interviewing managers myself. quite different from what I pictured them, but never mind, Kit, my chin is square.

cans and various and I was looking them over pen if there should be a fire. I guess nothing but You know when I first were open-air refrigera-Mr. Watson has They are

 East 33rd Street, New York.

Он Кіт:

I have an engagement! It is not the kind I want

She went on through her act as if nothing had happened

"Kit, when I held that dead girl's violin in my hands . . . I played that 'Old Kentucky Home' a thousand times better than I have ever played before a manager"

but will keep me eating a little longer. I am playing in a moving-picture show. I will tell you how it came about. There is a woman in the basement next to me who is dying with consumption and who hasn't any money except the twelve dollars a month that Uncle Sam gives her in exchange for her husband. Sometimes I wonder what makes Uncle Sam so generous. He will go broke if he doesn't look out. Well, she heard me playing and she sent for me and asked me to play "The Old Kentucky Home." I went in and talked to her, and she said that her daughter, who died, played, and she had always kept her violin although she could have sold it at a good price because it is a fine one and very old. She brought it out and asked me to play on it, and I did. Kit, when I held that dead girl's violin in my hands and looked into the face of her mother, I played that "Old Kentucky Home" a thousand times better than I have ever played before a manager. When I got through, Mrs. Deyo said, "Take it, dear- very well. The people liked the music, but you have earned it." Just then there was a I couldn't stand the manager. He wanted

knock at the door and a man came in and asked who was playing. He said he owned a moving-picture show and would put me on—so to-night I shall appear.

 East 33rd Street, New York. DEAR KIT:

No, I am not living in a basement, and even if I am, it is a great deal cooler. Whatever made you think such things? Please don't tell me about the round-up or about the dance at the Kettle Ranch, but please do tell me where Jim is. Why do you keep him up your sleeve so religiously? You say you think he went to South Dakota, but you don't know surely. Don't tell me that Dad looks lonesome and haggard; it makes me feel that I ought to go home, but Kit, all roads to fame are hard and mine is no exception. Thanks, honey, for the silver dollar. I wouldn't give it for ten paper ones. Paper dollars seem to me like street car transfers.

My moving-picture show didn't pan out

me to dine with him. I told him that I always dined at home (a bottle of milk on the fire escape). He insisted, however, and when I repeated my refusals he grew angry and said I could go to dinner with him or quit my job. I told him that I was very sorry I had misunderstood him but that I thought I had been hired to play the fiddle, not to dine with him, so I left. I laughed all the way home about it—for Kit that man is old enough to be my father. He has black beady eyes and chin whiskers; he rubs his hands together and talks like a nanny goat.

 East 33rd Street, New York. DEAREST KITTEN:

All day long I have been thinking of you, for I remember that it is just two years ago to-day since you lost your sweetheart. I am hoping that time has softened the sad memories and that you are happy again, but after all, we never get away from the sorrow that has been real, no matter how wholeheartedly we throw ourselves into the doing of the things around us.

I remember when I went to you and tried to say something that would count, how you looked at me and said that you had come to a stone wall that you could neither scale, dig under, nor go around, and I remember how I told you to try making a flower garden at the foot of the wall. You have done that. dear, and I am thinking that you are gathering, already, glowing armfuls of sweetest roses, heartease and mignonette. After all yours is a sweetness that has come from keenest suffering—and so shall suffering ever have its place in this scheme of things entire. When I think of your courage and brave heart in the midst of your sorrows, I am reminded of Mrs. Browning's lines from "The Mask":

"Grief taught to me this smile, she said, And wrong did teach this jesting bold; These flowers were plucked from a garden bed, While a death chime was tolled."

I can see how through the bitter suffering of his death, you have become more tender and sympathetic for the grief of others. Good night, dear.

> - East 33rd Street, New York.

KIT DEAR:

So Dad sold the automobile because it hurt the feelings of the horses. How I laughed when I read your letter. And Dad

for the boys to lasso the wheels when he drove it over to the round-up? I met the oddest man yesterday who had such strange ideas of the West. He asked me how I happened to be educated. I told him that my father was a Princeton man and he believed that education was a good thing. He gasped. Then he asked me if there was such a thing as culture in the West. I told him that most of the Western people were from the East originally, and that they liked the West so much better than the East, they stayed out there—but that not more than ninety-eight per cent. of them were educated. I also told him that there were churches in Denver and schools in San Francisco. He said he was in Detroit once. I'll bet if Detroit had found it out that—but I'm getting my spirit up, as Iim used to say. so I'll stop and talk about something else.

This I have decided, Kit, that Jim is the one who does not care. Fancy Jim giving up a girl without a word if he cared. He wouldn't have kept silent this long—he couldn't.

I am glad my letter helped you, dear. I thought afterward that perhaps it would have been better if I had not stirred the memories. I am glad you feel so sweetly about it.

East 33rd St., New York.

DEAR KIT:

Your second letter brought me to the realizing sense that I am neglecting my best friend because I'm traveling a rocky road, but my letters have been such a wail that I thought I would give you a rest. I am sorry you were so worried. Please don't worry about me; if worst comes to the worst, I will make apple pies for a hotel. I am beginning to think that an apple pie is my only real accomplishment anyway. I wonder if I should take an apple pie to a manager, if it would do any good?

– East 33rd St., New York.

DEAR KIT:

Do you remember when we used to go over to Denver as children and wish we were salesladies when we saw the wonderful maidens behind the shop counters in such resplendent attire? Well, I've burned out that fuse too. I've been working in a five-and-ten-cent store for four days. I am getting five dollars a week and it costs me eight to live. Puzzle picture—find the other three dollars. The first day I was very energetic. I hustled around in good shape and looked with reproach upon the girls who sat back and let says he isn't sentimental. Wasn't it funny the customers do the work. The second day

I slowed up a trifle and to-day I let the customers bring their purchases to me just like the other girls do -and to-night I am dying, Egypt, dying. I know now why they don't pay the girls enough to eaton. When the day's work is done the girls are too tired to eat. One girl told me if I stayed six months I would get six dollars a week. I told her if I stayed six months I would get six feet in the potter's field. I went to another manager last night and he told me that my playing was very ordinary, and that in this day and age you must be very extraordinary or you were not in the race. He advised me to go home and said if I needed any assistance he would gladly

He insisted, however, and when I repeated my refusals he grew angry and said I could go to dinner with him or quit my job

give it. I asked him how he happened to DEAR KIT: be human.

--- East 33rd St., New York.

DEAR KIT:

Tell me truly, is there a land where there are sunsets? Is there a land where you have daily evidences of your Maker's having been on this earth? Is there a land where the wind sighs through the trees, where the lowing of cattle makes life and where you get a smell of old earth occasionally? Here you can't see the sky and everything is paved, even the people. I will tell you what New York been playing in hard luck too, so I take care reminds me of-stage scenery. It's lovely from a distance, but go up close and feel the things and risks her life for the pleasurerough edges and it's a different story. I loving populace. To-night she cut her foot

wrote back that it was as lonesome as hell. Now, I have my own private opinion that hell is anything but lonesome, but just the same I agree with Jim. Suppose you know who I mean by Jimfrom your letters I would never guess that you were acquainted with him. There I go again, scolding you when you are my best and only friend. Say, it was sweet of you to send the stamped envelopes. Of course they carry them in the postoffice here, but your brand is so much better. If I were notching my gun for managers it would look like a nutmeg I cali grater. on one every noon.

—East 33rd St., New York.

I have quit the five- and-ten-cent store and am playing in another moving-picture show. The manager wants to buy my violin. He says it is a Strad and he made me a good offer for it, but he will never have money enough to buy it. Poor little Mrs. Deyo (she is dead, Kit—died last week) with all her hardships never sold it and I am very certain that I never shall. I am taking care of a baby after my act—she belongs to one of the tight-rope performers and they have of the baby while the mother does foolhardy remember once when Jim came on here, he on the wire but went on through her act as through her sandal was soaked with blood. I think it over. am thinking that times have not changed materially since they butchered people to make a Roman holiday. I asked her husband Dear Kit: how he would like to go to Colorado and be

if nothing had happened and when she got Watson, I hate a crawler," and I left him to

—— East 33rd Street, New York.

I know I have neglected you but I've just a cow-puncher, and his face lighted up as if been too busy to write and—yes, I will conthe spot light had been turned on it and he fess-too blue. To-day I met Madam Malsaid, "Some day—ah, some day we will go to bini, who has made quite a sensation here. the land where people live." Don't you sup- I didn't know who she was, but happened to

He was in the room in five minutes and I cried it all out on his shoulder

his fare?

Yes, Kit, I do write to Dad. I write every week just as if I were hearing from him, but he has never written me but one letter. It said, "When you get over your fool notion of setting the river on fire, I'll send you money to come home on." Do you think I could give up after that? Why, Kit, I have to win-I just have to.

I met Mr. Watson on the street to-day. He acted like a sheep-killing dog and tried to make an excuse. I said, "Don't crawl, Mr.

pose your father could use him and advance talk to her in the park. She got my story out of me some way, I don't know how, and she said: "My dear girl, go back to Jim. He is worth more than anything else. Home and children are of more account than all the fame that the world can heap upon you, and the love of a true man, more than all other riches. I know, my dear. I gave up love and hunted fame. When I found it, it was as empty as a broken bubble. The greatest fame lasts but a day, while love remains when the day is done. Don't give up your life chasing gold pots at the end of

gold pots there."

I wonder if she is right, Kit? I wonder. Someway I am beginning to think that she is. There have been lots of great men in this old world of ours, but the One who taught love is the One whom the world has reverenced through all the ages.

> Hotel Plaza, New York.

KITTEN DEAR:

When the judgment day comes and Gabriel blows his horn and all the people come crowding toward the gates, St. Peter will say, "Stand back all you good people until Katherine Baker passes in," because you are the best the earth holds.

Why didn't you tell me that Jim was here all the time watching my every move and reporting daily to father? No wonder you didn't know certainly where he was. He would have to be as agile as a California flea to keep track of me. Wait a minute, don't be in such a hurry, I am telling you about it as fast as I can.

You know I have not written for quite awhile. Everything has been going wrong and I got to the place where I didn't care whether I lived or died, with a leaning toward the latter. Now, here's the truth, Kit. I hadn't had anything to eat but milk for two days and I was buying it by the pint. I was sitting in my 2x4 room one night with a bad saying, "I have found the Gold Pot—it is case of brain storm and heart storm com- Home."

rainbows, dear. Go home; you will find the bined, when the janitor came down and said there was a telephone call for me. Of course I didn't believe him, but hated to let him know it, so I went up. Don't ever talk to me again about music. The music that came over that telephone was the sweetest that has ever fallen upon my ear, for it was Jim's voice! Jim! My own big, western Jim, and lit said, "Hello, Daisy, honey, will you marry me to-night?" I said, "Yes, Jim, I will, just as quick as I change my collar." He was in the room in five minutes, and I cried it all out on his shoulder and then —Dad came in. I don't want Heaven to be any nicer.

We are coming home, Kit. Coming home just as soon as I get some new clothes, and as soon as we order a headstone put up at Mrs. Devo's grave, and as soon as Jim thrashes the manager of the moving-picture show and Dad gives all the Sullivan children a bank account. I've shipped the tight rope man with his wife and baby out to the ranch, and I am going to go back to the five-andten-cent store to tell all the girls I am Mrs. Jim Walton and give each one of them five dollars of Jim's money. Good-by, trueheart. I will see you next week and all the weeks that follow it, and when I get through squeezing you, there won't be enough left of you to squeal.

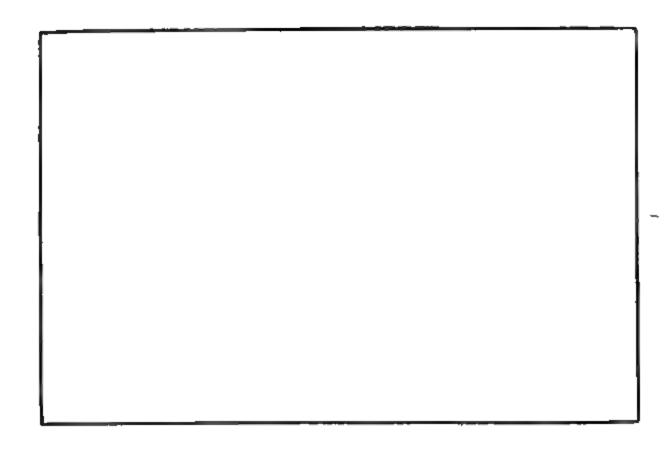
Have written a note to Madam Malbini

ТНЕ BRIDAL MORN

By NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

THITE, luminous white, as shaded lamp might be, And tremulous-sweet the bride for robing came. Her wide eyes, lifted, globed a lucent flame, Her movements flowed to unheard melody. And wonder-stirred her sisters were to see How love had sealed her with imperious claim; How her young comeliness might put to shame Some Greek maid laved in cool Callirrhoë.

She turned her from the jasmined sill. She smiled At satin splendors shimmering as they spread, And kissed her hand whereon His lips had lain,-Then heard her mother's voice.—Her heart leaped wild; She flung herself in prayer beside her bed; "O God," she wept, "O love! O joy! O pain!"



OLIVER ELOPED WHEN

Another Bobby Story

By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

Author of "When I Was Married," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. E. CHAMBERS

fashioned idea about making the family the entire annals of the family. And we name a strong one by increasing it. When weren't mistaken. Edith had been married my brothers, Tom and Alec, were scarcely five years, I believe, when the wonderful out of college, and the twins were still in preparations were begun. One would have short trousers, father announced that he was thought she was the Queen of Holland. going to present to the first grandson, bearing Everyone in Hilton seemed to vie with one the name of Vars, a check for three thousand dollars. We treated it a good deal as a joke then, but when, years later, we found the same offer written out in plain black and white in father's will, we were a little surprised, and a little touched too, realizing how deeply in earnest the poor dear man had been about it, and how disappointed.

At the beginning of this story, three of us were married—though of course I didn't count, being a girl-and still the three thousand dollars remained unclaimed. Elise, Tom's wife, had had five girls; and within reach had been engaged, and a nurse Edith, the rich Edith Campbell whom Alec from town was to remain for four months at

T used to be a source of great anxiety to kind. But we all knew that if ever such an father that none of his children was event should take place in Edith's career, it He had some queer, old- would be the most important occurrence in another in embroidering tiny martingales, knitting worsted blankets, or scalloping flannel shawls for Edith Vars' baby. nursery that she had had built onto the sunny side of my father's old house five years before, fairly bloomed into pink and blue equipment. You had only to spend half an hour there to discover what a popular person Edith was, and what a select place in society she held. She was more than accommodating about announcing from whom each present Poor came. The most expensive "specialist" had chosen to marry, hadn't a baby of any the rate of twenty-five a week. You could trust Edith to do the thing up in the proper style. You could trust her, also, to carry away that three-thousand-dollar premium in father's will. She felt cocksure of it herself. Even I was convinced.

Alec treated Edith as if she were the center of the universe. When Oliver eloped, and that is what my story is about, Alec's chief concern seemed to be the fear of the effect of the news upon poor Edith.

Oliver is one of the twins, and the news of his elopement reached me one day in early spring. Will, who by the way is Dr. William Maynard and married to me, had a nine o'clock lecture that morning so wasn't at home when the mail came. But I knew that nothing less than a death in the family could drag him away from his precious clinic the next day, so I hurried off for the 11.55 express alone. I stuck a note of explanation into the dish of ferns on the middle of the luncheon table. "Dear Will," I said, "I've had a letter from Alec. Oliver was married to a Madge Tompkins in February! He's bringing her to Hilton to-night. This is all I know about it. Will try to be back before Sunday.—Bobby."

When I arrived in Hilton, Alec was at the depot with the automobile to meet Tom, who had come flying on from the West the minute Alec's telegram had met his eyes. Malcolm, poor unfortunate Oliver's twin, had caught the midnight from New York, and was already at the house. It was really a family reunion, but all the joy of seeing each other again was buried beneath the consternation in our hearts. We're not an erratic family. We never figure in accidents or tragedies of any sort.

"And what's more," sniffed Ruth, "Edith says that the creature is too common for anything!" Ruth is the youngest, aged twenty now. She makes her headquarters with Edith and Alec when she isn't off on a visiting trip. We were gathered in father's old library, the only room in the house that was recognizable since Alec had married Edith Campbell, and she had "done the old Ark over," as she put it.

"Common?" took up Edith. "She's absolutely impossible, I tell you. We stopped to see Oliver for an hour on our way to the Green Mountains, Bobby," she explained to me, "last fall, in the automobile. He didn't know we were coming. It was Sunday and he had some dreadful little frowzy-headed creature in tow. I'm sure her name was Tompkins—silly, simpering little thing—perfectly enormous pompadour,

waist over bright pink—oh horribly cheap— I can't begin to tell you!"

"Well, well, we must try and make the

best of it," said Tom brightly.

"Best of it!" scoffed Edith. "Well, if Oliver thinks for one minute that I'm going to open up my house to his precious Madge Tompkins, he's greatly mistaken. Ruth is having a large Bridge Thursday—ten tables. This affair has simply got to be kept quiet until after that. Breck Sewell is coming for over Sunday. He's paying marked attention to Ruth and you all know what the Sewalls are—particular to a degree—oh, we must not let a single word of this miserable affair leak out. I just want to scream when I think of it. I just want-

"Come, come, Edith," said Alec gently.

"Well, I can't have that common person here," Edith went on. "Don't ask it of me, Alec, don't expect it."

"Of course not, dear," Alec reassured her soothingly, "it will be exactly as you wish." He would have stopped the sun from rising if she had so desired.

At about five o'clock that afternoon Malcolm, who had been outdoors for a walk, burst in upon us, all excitement.

"It's gotten into the papers," he announced.

Tom and Alec both got up.

"Very bad?" asked one of them, and Edith sprang forward like a cat and snatched the paper out of Malcolm's hand.

"On the front page," said Malcolm. "Here! There it is! Oh, no one can miss it."

"Heavens!" Edith ejaculated as her eyes fell upon the headlines.

"Read it," commanded Tom.

"Romantic Love Affair of Oliver Chenery Vars Ends in an Elopement. Son of William T. Vars, former President of the Vars and Company Woolen Mills of this city, Marries His Landlady's Daughter!" She stopped

"Go on," said Tom in a low stern voice. "Hadn't I better?" Alec suggested.

But Edith continued: "The friends of Oliver Chenery Vars will be surprised to learn of his marriage to Miss Madge Tompkins of Glennings Falls, Vermont. For the past year young Vars has been connected with the Glennings Falls Granite Works, and the attachment between himself and Miss Tompkins, daughter of Mrs. Ebenezer Tompkins, with whom he boarded, has been a matter of some concern to the Vars family. The news of his marriage, which is said to have taken place and a cheap hamburg open-work lingerie in February, comes as a total surprise and few

particulars are known. However, it has been ascertained that the young lovers have been forgiven, and that they will be the guests of the Alexander Vars' for the remainder of the week. The new Mrs. Vars is but eighteen and carried off a blue ribbon in the prettygirl contest in the Glennings Falls Agricultural Fair last September."

"How perfectly disgusting!" broke in Ruth. "Rotten!" muttered Malcolm.

Edith couldn't speak. The paper fluttered to the floor and Alec went over and put her gently in a chair. Tom scowled and looked hard out of the window. We sat in silence for a full half minute, then Tom turned suddenly.

"Look here," he said, "here he comes! Here Oliver comes," and I leaned forward, picked up the discarded paper and thrust it

under my elbow on father's desk.

Oliver was alone. I shall always remember how he looked on that spring evening, as he swung along, overcoat open and flapping in the wind, head held high, and brow smooth and cloudless. His step was as sure and firm as the day he joined us all after his crew had won in the big varsity boat-race. My heart went out to him—poor Oliver, always getting into trouble, gifted and talented (he can sing like an angel), and lovable (he has friends everywhere), but utterly unable to keep out of embarrassing difficulties. I heard his step on the veranda and a minute later he was standing six feet high, smiling and confident, in the door of the library. There's something irresistible about Oliver's smile. If he had only looked at me, I would have smiled back, but his eyes rested on Tom.

"Hello, everybody. Hello, Tom! Mighty good of you to come way on from the West. Well, well," he glanced swiftly around the room, "All here, aren't you?" Then he added, "Well, what do you think?"

"Seen the paper?" demanded Tom.

"Is it in the paper?" asked Oliver, and Malcolm pulled the horrible thing from beneath my elbow and thrust it into Oliver's hands. I watched Oliver closely. I saw the slow, dark color spread over his face and across that cloudless brow of his.

"Well—it's true," he said finally, and six pairs of eyes glowered upon him.

"What explanation have you for this—this her hat, the soiled white ostrich plumes.

step of yours?" asked Tom gravely.

why hash the whole thing over?" he said in a low voice. "I'm married all right. What's the use—of course I'm sorry that it is in the papers."

"Sorry!" muttered Alec.

"But—hang it all—you bury me in a hole like that—she was the only girl worth looking at. I didn't want to go to Glennings Falls. It was your plan!"

"You had had five other positions in three years before we resorted to Glennings Falls,"

fired Alec.

Oliver flushed. "Oh well,—if you've made up your minds to be disagreeable—I left Madge at the depot to come up in a carriage," he broke off; "she'll be here in five minutes. I hope at least you'll be decent to her."

"Decent to her! Decent to her, Oliver Vars," Edith had found her voice. "I guess you better talk about how you can be decent to us. Do you know what you've done? You've simply ruined our reputations, and just when Breck Sewall-oh, you've disgraced us all. I shall never want to hold up my head again, and Ruth has invitations out for a big Bridge. Madge Tompkins! Don't ask me to be decent to her. She'll never spend a night under this roof as long as I live. Common, little-

"Be careful," shot back Oliver, flushed and angry now. "Madge's father was a minister when he was twenty-five. Yours, we all know, at that period of his career, used to collect scrap-iron and junk from people's back yards."

Edith grew red. The early life of her iron-king father had always been a sore

point with her.

"Oh, come, none of this," Tom interrupted hastily, "it's discreditable to quarrel. Oliver, you were hasty in what you said; and Edith, let's see the young lady before we pass judgment on her. I think she's coming. At least here's a carriage."

It was very touching to me when Oliver went down to the hack at the curbing and helped out the girl whom of all the hundreds, -for Oliver could have any one, women adored him-he had chosen to honor the most highly. She was short and a little shabby, with a kind of cheap flashiness that one could see a hundred yards away. I knew particular, fastidious Oliver must feel a little ashamed of the wrinkled, checked suit she wore, the big-figured, gaudy lace veil over

I felt very sorry for Oliver when at the Oliver's confidence fell away a little. "Oh library door she stepped back to let him enter, and he said gently, "You first, Madge," and she stumbled in, smiling and confused. She really was rather impossible, pretty after a fashion, but oh, miles and miles away from everything that is essential to good taste job at Glennings Falls anyway. I'm not so and good manners.

Her first words jarred us. "I guess we

surprised you some," she laughed.

"Well, it was unexpected," said Tom finally. She giggled at that. Then she asked, trying to appear at ease, "Well, aren't you going to introduce me around, Oliver?" was very painful. She gave her fingers to us in a ridiculous fashion. "Pleased to meet you," she said, like a machine, after each name, and then after I, the last one, had dropped her hand, in a moment of deep confusion, she remarked, glancing around the room: "Oh, my! I think your house is just grand!"

Malcolm coughed; Oliver flushed.

"Did you have a long trip?" I asked.

"Just dreadful," she replied eagerly. "The dirt was something awful. We came up in a parlor car. I just love parlor cars. We've been staying at an elegant hotel in New York."

"Sit down, won't you?" said Malcolm, and

he shoved up a chair.

She glanced up archly. "Thank you ever so much." Then she added coyly, and my heart bled for her poor pitiful attempt, "I know you. You're Malcolm. I was awfully gone on your photo once." She giggled again and added confidently: "It was something awful the way it used to make Oliver jealous."

"I think I met you once," Edith began loftily. "I remember," said Madge. "You came through in a big auto. My, but I thought Oliver had some stylish folks."

"I'm extremely sorry that our rooms are all filled to-night," went on Edith grandly, "and that it will be impossible to ask you to remain." Madge reddened.

"I wouldn't trouble you for anything,"

she apologized.

"No," said Oliver, and his voice shook with scorn, "we wouldn't trouble you. Madge, please wait for me a moment on the veranda." She looked up frightened. "Yes," she said, and she rose and went out of the room. Oliver closed the door. He was red in the face with indignation. "Thank you all for your kindness," he said very scathingly. sure I'm very grateful. If this is what it means to be a member of a family, let me be free of it."

Tom got up. "Well," he drawled, "if you can get along without us, why we

"Very well," retorted Oliver. "Very well,

everlasting dependent as you have an idea. "Well, here they are Madge," said Oliver I'm off, and thank heaven! It's too bad if I've interrupted Ruth's Bridge party. It's really too bad. I'm through with the whole lot of you. I'm through!" He turned, slammed the door, and left the house.

That evening I wired to Will: "Three of us will arrive to-night. Tell Delia to prepare

guest-room. Bobby."

The moment I saw Oliver explode out of that house of ours, and swing down the street, proud, angry, indignant, with that ridiculous little creature running on behind, I felt that he was headed straight for unhappiness and disaster. After listening for half an hour to a lot of plagiarisms from Tom and Alec, such as, "He must paddle his own canoe," "Experience is the best teacher," etc., I slipped out of the house and down to the depot.

I told Will about it late that night. found them sitting on a bench in the waiting They weren't speaking. She had been crying. Oliver was glum and very silent. I think that he was feeling awfully sorry that he had married her. So right then and there I decided to bring them home with me. We must do something, Will. We must. I finally wormed it out of Oliver that he was down to his very last one hundred dollars, and not a single thing in sight. I know as well as you that Madge is simply beyond the pale, but we've got to have her for a sisterin-law whether we like it or not. I've already invited her to make her home with us till something turns up for Oliver to do."

"Great Scott, Bobby, have you forgotten that we've invited a houseful for Commence-

ment week?"

"No, I've not forgotten it, nor neither that I was giving my first really-truly dinner next Wednesday, but I know I shan't turn Oliver out, and I know my best-friend-in-the-world won't let me either."

"I suppose," wrote Edith in a scathing letter three days later, "that you are posing as the Good Samaritan. We all think you acted very unwisely, and not at all for Oliver's best good. You may be interested to know that the doctor says he wouldn't have allowed me to keep the girl here for one minute. I am still in bed as it is, from the bad effects of the shock of the whole affair. I made Alec write something for the paper yesterday, denying the report that we were entertaining the couple here. I think you're absolutely crazy to receive such a creature in your house. You know you're if that's your answer. I've thrown up that new in Will's set, and I understand they're

"Very well," retorted Oliver. "Very well, if that's your answer. . . . I'm not so everlasting I'm through with the whole

"Thanks," I said, and stuffed the charm-

ing epistle into the kitchen stove.

awfully particular. If you tie up with any flashy finery with all the confidence of a common specimens like that you'll simply kill duchess. She'd flaunt her newly acquired yourself socially. However, it's your affair. knowledge of New York theatres and hotels Do as you please." with an air of sophistication that was ludicrous, and she'd make eyes at anyone from the clerk who fitted her shoes to solemn old My real difficulty, however, lay with Will at dinner at night. She disdained to ask Madge herself. She seemed to be absolutely my advice on a single subject and she treated sure that she was the most charming creature my humblest suggestion as a perfect insult. in the world. I never saw anyone put on For two weeks I saw Oliver flush and try to such airs. She'd wear her cheap lace and keep his eyes from meeting mine every time

dependent as you have an idea. I'm off, and thank heaven! lot of you. I'm through!"

Madge opened her mouth to speak.

began to despair.

Then, suddenly, one evening I found my poor brother in the gloomy library, brooding over an open fire. His head was in his hand, his elbow on his knee. I had never spoken to Oliver directly about Madge. I didn't now. I simply said, "Want me to read out loud to you?"

"She wasn't like this at Glennings Falls," he burst out miserably, not stirring. "I want

you to know it, because —well, I suppose you wonder why I ever was attracted to her. I wonder sometimes myself-now." He stopped a moment, then went on talking straight into the fire. "I used to see a lot of her, you see. Every night and every morning. She used to pack my lunch and bring it up to me to the grove near the works every noon. I used to look forward to having her come—a lot. Glennings Falls is the deadliest hole you ever struck, and-well- Madge was bright and full of fun. Upon my word," he broke off, "I've seen a lot of girls one time and another, winners too, but somehow they none of them took such a hold on me as Madge. I thought she'd learn quickly enough, as soon as I brought her down into civilization, and so,anyway, I married her. Since—well, it's no go, that's all. It's been bully of you to take her in, but I see chearly enough it can't work. Of course I mean to stick to her," he went "I suppose I've simply got to find a job out West somewhere, a long way off from everything and everyone I know or care

I about, and clear out. I mean to do the right thing." Then raising his eyes to mine y he said with a queer, forced smile, "I guess

my fun's all over, Bobby."

"Oh no, no, no, it isn't," I said fiercely. "Don't say that." I put my hand on his shoulder. "No, it isn't, Oliver," and suddenly, because I couldn't bear to see Oliver unhappy and despairing, and because my voice was trembling and there were tears in my eyes, I went quickly out of the room and

upstairs. I was surprised on passing the guestroom to hear muffled sobs. I stopped and listened, and then, quite sure, I abruptly knocked and immediately opened the door. I was amazed to discover Madge face downward on the bed in tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"I want to go home, I want to go home, they're not ashamed of me at home," she wailed. I closed the door and went over to "I just hate it here. I just hate it!" she went on. "Oliver thought I was good enough at home," she was crying all the time and each sentence came brokenly. I wish I had never heard of Oliver Vars," she choked. "I've tried and tried to be like his folks, but he finds fault with every single thing I do, or wear or say or think, and I'm going home."

I sat down beside her. "Look here. Madge," I said sternly. "Stop talking like that. You can't go home. Don't you know you are married? Why it's perfectly absurd!" The sobbing stopped suddenly, and she lay perfectly still with her nose buried in the down comforter. I went on talking to the cheap rhinestone comb in the back of her head. "You say Oliver finds fault and he certainly has reason to. You're only eighteen and you have never lived in the city and you don't know how to do anything right, but you've got to learn. And it will be hard and take a long while. You don't know how to dress, nor how to talk, nor how to keep quiet—nor anything," I said. "But you've got to buckle down and find out and I'm going to teach you. Do you hear? You aren't a baby or a child to cry like this. You're a married woman. You're Oliver Vars' wife." I stopped to give the poor girl a chance to say something but she lay absolutely silent and rigid. I rose. "Think over what I have said," I finished. "Then get up and bathe your eyes, come down to dinner and be sensible."

But Oliver and Will and I had dinner

alone that night.

"She won't come down," Oliver had an-"She is crying. nounced gloomily. wants to go home," he said, and my heart sank for I knew I had played my last card and lost.

That night Will had brought home the long-looked for news of a position for Oliver. We discussed it quietly at dinner, the three of us, with Madge crying upstairs. A classmate of Will's, some sort of an engineer, had said America to some God-forsaken spot in the Dutch necks and unkept hands I had to lead

Argentine Republic, no place for a woman by the way, there was a civil engineering job down there waiting to be superintended. Civil engineering happens to be Oliver's line. The job would take some eight or ten months. There might or might not be any future. Will's friend couldn't say.

"I'll go. I'll go right off," said Oliver. "Madge is unhappy and wants to go home anyway. I'm sure it's best. It was all a mistake," he added sadly, "my marrying her. I might have known it wouldn't work," I stared hard at the salt cellars. Will began

carving the steak silently.

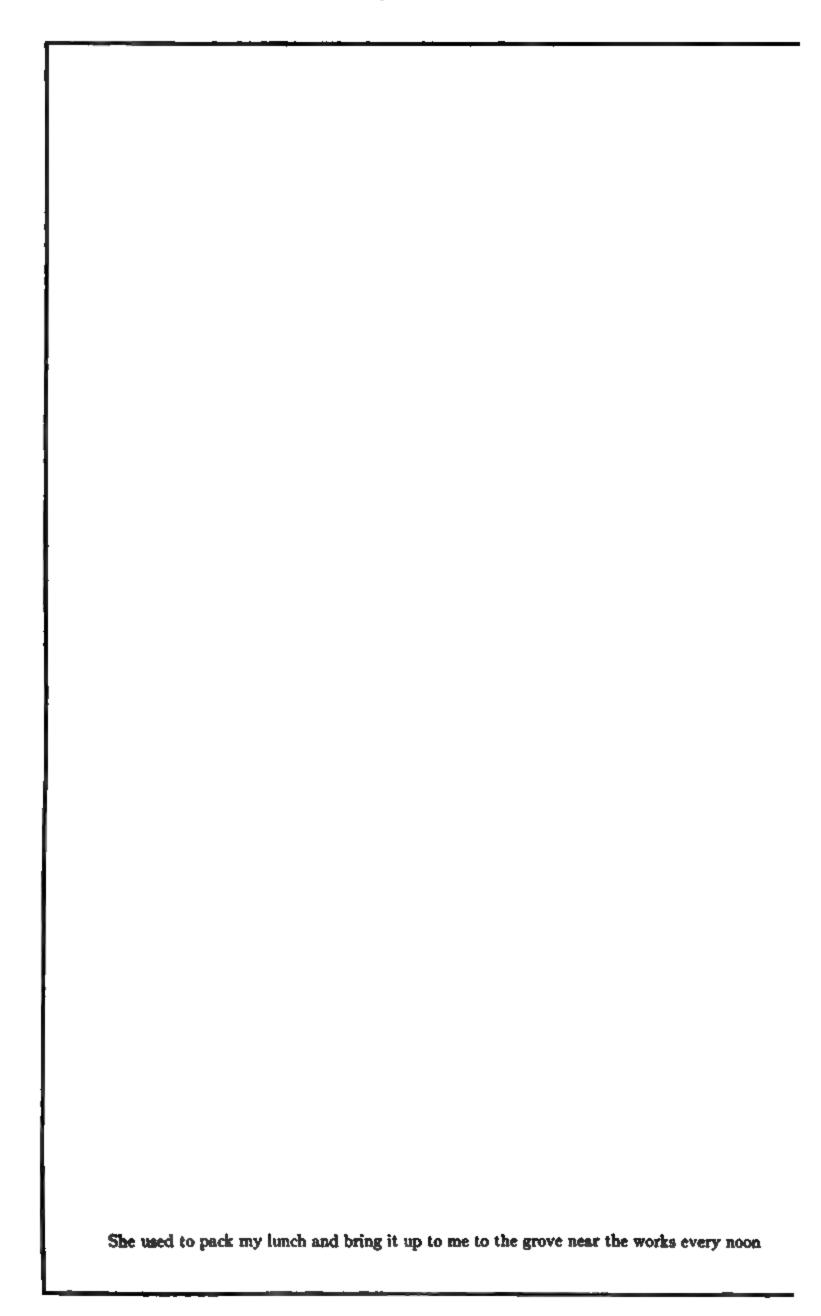
It was during dessert, after Delia had taken up a tray for Madge, that I was told that Mrs. Vars wanted me in her bedroom. I excused myself, and slipped upstairs quietly. Madge was in bed. Her hair was parted, braided neatly down her back. Her tears were dried. Her plain little nightgown buttoned at her throat. I had never seen her so pretty. Her dinner stood beside her bed untouched.

"You wanted me?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied looking up at me, "I am not going home. I'll do anything you tell me," she said.

And she didn't go home. We packed Oliver off alone to South America the next week, and as I rode back from the depot in the open car with his slip of a wife beside me, on my hands for the next half year, I drew my first long free breath. Oliver, I recognized, had been more of a responsibility on my hands than Madge. My way was clear now. Lessons could begin any day. And no one will ever know what earnestness and determination went into the task that I had undertaken. From the beginning I took it absolutely for granted that since our stormy talk that evening in the guest-room our relations, thereafter, would be those of teacher and pupil. My authority would be unquestioned. I overhauled her entire wardrobe with the freedom and cruelty of a customs officer. The cheap lace things I sent to the Salvation Army. The rhinestone comb I dropped into the stove before her very eyes.

It is difficult to describe in a nutshell the course of sprouts I put that child through, but I made her work as hard as if there was a diploma at the end. I wanted Edith and the family to accept her, and I knew they wouldn't do it as she was, any more than a college would accept a candidate who hadn't studied Latin or French. I had to begin at the very that if Oliver cared to go down into South foundation of everything. From low-cut



nails. From mashing her food at the table earnest. "Oh, don't, don't cry, Madge dear," with her fork and the teaspoon invariably left I pleaded gently. "Please. Who knows," girl I'd ever heard of. Besides, she was very crimp out of her hair, and do it up primly in the back of her neck, people used to turn around to see her on the street. But I never told her she looked well, that her hat became her, or that her color was fresh and lovely. I was hardly kind, ridiculed every idea that she had until her confidence in herself, once so remarkably inflated, was as flat as a tire with an ugly puncture. She became modest before Will, frightened before strangers and before me she was awed, and a little cowed. After two weeks she would do anything in the world that I said, and because of that absolute dependence on me, I grew daily fonder and fonder of her. I grew to love her when I bullied her most: and as the days went on and I saw how hard she was trying, felt her watching eyes upon me at the table or in the library, I could scarcely keep my tone severe and brusque nor comforting arms from around her when she committed blunders. The child was a queer, secretive little thing. She never told me if she were lonely, or homesick, seldom referred to Oliver, seemed grave and intent, and I wondered if Glennings Falls would ever have recognized the sparkling, gay little village coquette who had had a word and a smile and a ready nod for everyone who passed.

Oliver had been gone some six weeks, I think, when Madge finally told me her astounding news. I was quite unprepared for it. Such a possibility hadn't occurred to me and for a moment I didn't know exactly what to say to the child. I was surprised that she had let Oliver go off to South America without so much as a suggestion. I was amazed that the poor little afraid thing had kept the secret pluckily to herself for so many weeks. It was when I saw her under lip tremble pitifully like a little child's and tears fill her eyes that I suddenly reached out my hand and drew her down beside me on the couch.

"Why, Madge," I said tenderly, and she Madge, nor have you."

her to stiff tailor-made collars and manicured fell over in a little heap and began to cry in in her cup, I had to land her in the midst of I added brightly-"listen, dear child-who the intricacies of salad forks and finger bowls. knows but you may win father's three thou-And most difficult of all, I had to teach the sand dollars?" I threw it out carelessly little heathen girl the absolute necessity of enough at the time, merely for something to utter silence on her part, the imbecility of any say, merely in desperation. I little guessed attempt at being coy or flirtatious. Up there what a burning hope of mine the winning of in Glennings Falls, Madge was considered that three thousand dollars would become. almost a belle. She had had more "best It wasn't until after a memorable day with young-men," as she called them, than any Edith some several weeks after Madge's announcement that the seed of that hope After I had made her soak the was planted. It wasn't until after that day that I became such a fighting supporter of Madge's, such an eager champion of her cause.

It was on a Saturday that I went up to Hilton to spend the day with Edith. She received me in her elaborate chintz-hung bedroom. It was while she was showing me a baby's weighing basket, beruffled and lace trimmed, that I remarked in the most offhand sort of way in the world that I guessed Madge's baby would have to be weighed on the kitchen scales, if at all. I meant it as a kind of tribute to Edith's equipment, but you would have thought a bomb had gone off in the room. I didn't see why she should go into such a passion. I told her so. Her cheeks were brilliant red with anger. I don't remember her actual reply, but I know hot words of defense for poor abused Madge came to my lips. I know we quarreled and she rose and left me in a sudden storm. When noon came Edith was in bed with a temperature and the doctor on the way, and Alec was down in the library with me, dreadfully concerned about the consequences of my news upon poor Edith. He blamed me wholly. I had never in my life had any harsh words with my brother Alec, but I couldn't feel any of the old kindness that morning, and before I realized it, all that I had been dumbly feeling for many months I was hurling at my brother Alec.

"Edith's wound you right around her little finger, Alec Vars," I said. "You haven't a scrap of independence left. Madge has as much right to the first heir as Edith has and a great deal more need of the three thousand dollars. Edith has been so absolutely sure she'll be given a boy, I don't understand why she should be so concerned anyway. Hers comes first. But I tell you this, if Edith shouldn't have a son and Madge should, it would serve Edith exactly right. She hasn't shown one grain of human kindness toward

Alec didn't deign to reply directly to that about it I guess, for before I left the house he gravely called me aside and said: "Edith's still in a critical condition, Lucy. I think under the circumstances, feeling as you do toward her and me, it will be better if you do not come here again, anyway not at present."

I closed my lips tight. The house where I was born was closed to me for the first "Very well," I replied shortly, and sped away as fast as steam could take me to Will and my safe little brown refuge of ten rooms; to poor Madge and her pathetically meager little layout of four nainsook slips, three flannel gertrudes, two bands, two shirts and two tiny nightgowns.

A month later the news of the arrival of Edith's nine-pound daughter filled me with the most ecstatic joy I had known for many days, a good deal, I should imagine, like the joy of the weaker football team when it makes the first goal in a great struggle. The torturing fear of the other side I didn't consider. Edith's disappointment was as nothing to me. I knew only how to rejoice. Madge had a chance!

It was on November twenty-first that Madge's little child was born. Oliver had taken the first available boat for home, after geous day, isn't it?" he had received Madge's belated letter. But "Great," I replied. after connecting with some sort of an old coal-boat bound for Savannah, he had been blown miles out at sea, been becalmed for days and never reached home until his mite of a child was two weeks old. I had been very busy myself settling a brand new fiveroomed apartment for Madge and Oliver in one of the suburbs, where I hoped to have them installed by Christmas. Oliver had been doing wonderfully well in South America and the firm wanted him in their city office the next winter with \$500 more salary.

On November twenty-first, I had been spending the entire day settling the new apartment. I didn't get home until about eight o'clock. Will had been watching for me and met me at the door. The instant I entered the house I knew something unexpected had happened. There was a white pillow on the couch in the library. Delia hadn't lit the lamp.

"Will," I said, all weak in my knees, "where's Madge? What's happened?"

He closed the library door and turned on an electric light. "She's all right, dear. We didn't send for you, because there was nothing you could do. I was here all the time."

"You mean—" I began. "Will," I said, speech of mine, but he felt strongly enough and then my mind leaped over a league of details to one question, and after I had asked it Will took my hands and replied gently:

"No, dear, a sweet little girl."

I couldn't answer at first. I crumpled down in a heap in Will's big chair. "It was the only thing I ever really, really wanted," I said hoarsely. "Oh, Will," I exclaimed, "isn't it too bad?" and I began to cry.

Will said sadly, "Why, Bobby dear, I should think the little kiddie was yours!"

I couldn't have felt worse if it had been. All the victorious telegrams, all the confident, buoyant notes to the different members of the family were more than useless now. The poor little mite of humanity wrapped up in a piece of flannel up there in the sewing room in the clothes-basket Madge and I had lined had shattered all our plans.

It wasn't until I ran across Edith some days later in town that I woke up to the fact that that little girl of Madge's was the best example of a blessing in disguise that I had ever come across. Edith's daughter at that time was about four months old, and Edith was flitting about feathered and furred and tailored, stepping like a horse that has just had a good rubdown.

"How do you do," she said loftily. "Gor-

And then Edith asked evasively, unable to resist a reference to Madge, "How is everyone at your establishment?"

"Oh, all right. I have a note already written to you. There's a new member in our family, you know." I saw the color rush to Edith's face. "A girl," I hated to announce.

"Born Thursday."

"A girl? Did you say a girl?" Edith's voice broke into a nervous laugh. "Lucy Vars, has Madge a little girl? Is she dreadfully disappointed? How is she? When was it? How much does it weigh? A girl! Well, well, is it possible?" Her eyes were fairly glowing now. She grasped my arm. "My dear Bobby, do come and have lunch with me. It's been such years since we have met. Let's let bygones be bygones. What do you say? Dear me, how exciting it all is! A little daughter! By the way, Bobby, I wanted a girl all the time, for all I said—at least that's what I'm telling people. Remember, should anyone ask. A girl—heavens, a girl! I can hardly wait to tell Al. Come on in here, my dear, I'm going to send Oliver's wife and baby a bang-up box of flowers. Dear me, but I'm excited. Won't Oliver be too cute with a daughter? You know, I felt she'd request. Oliver glowing and proud, watched have a girl, and I simply never make a misher from the piano. Edith talked incessantly take."

Next Wednesday the expressman left a stunning embroidered baby's coat and cap, "For the dear little Daughter," it said, on Edith's visiting card, in her bold, unmistakable handwriting. It was Oliver, who had been home for two days, who opened the package. He and I were alone in the library. He flushed when his eyes fell upon the card. "So Edith—" he began.

"Yes," I assured him, "and the roses on Madge's bureau are from Edith, too."

He flung the card on the table and came over and stood before me. "Look here, Bobby," he said. "I must have been completely run down or something before I went away. Everything bothered me horribly and to think I took it out so, on poor little Madge. Why Madge,—say, Bobby, isn't Madge -," he blushed a little and then said: "I've known a lot of girls in my day, but not one to come up to Madge. Did I ever tell you how she can cook? Like a streak! You ought to see her arrange flowers in the middle of the table. Looks as if they were growing! Madge is worth twenty society girls. Could Ruth run a vegetable garden, do you think? Could her boarding-school friends go into the village store and run the accounts when the regular girl is out on her vacation? Madge can! I knew she could learn city ways and manners quickly enough once she was here. I knew it." He picked up Edith's card again, then he added: "I knew the family couldn't help but like Madge once they knew her, and I'm do." mighty glad!"

Edith appeared at the house for the first I rushed back time when Madge had been downstairs a about her. week. Madge, quiet with her new shy little "You've pa manner and frail hands served tea at my child!" I said.

request. Oliver glowing and proud, watched her from the piano. Edith talked incessantly for a solid hour. I was sure she wasn't missing many points about Madge. She has a great faculty for observation. She stayed until near dinner, and then in one of her sudden erratic bursts of enthusiasm announced that she would remain until the ten o'clock train from town.

It was closeted in my room while Will and Oliver waited for her downstairs to take her to the train that Edith said to me as she pinned on her veil: "My dear, I never saw such a change in any living mortal. Do you realize that having that baby has simply made that girl over? It's wonderful. Put refinement into her. Why—really—one wouldn't guess the child's origin now. Listen to me. I've decided to invite the whole family bunch, as usual, for Christmas. One may as well be forgiving in this short life, I've concluded. So I came to have a look at Madge. She isn't half bad, you know. I had a nice little talk with her upstairs in her room after dinner. All she needs are some clothes and I've gotten it into my head to take her to my own dressmaker's in town. One may as well be generous, Lucy. Besides, if the girl comes to the house at Christmas, she must dress decently. I've a good mind to take the little thing in hand myself and polish her up a bit. She's pretty enough, You see,' Edith broke off, "I had already invited the Sewalls for Christmas Eve—won't it be wonderful if Breck should marry Ruth-and I simply had to see Madge first before asking her. However, I really think she'll

ighty glad!"

The instant the door had closed on Edith Edith appeared at the house for the first I rushed back to Madge. I threw my arms me when Madge had been downstairs a about her.

"You've passed your preliminaries, dear child!" I said.

PRESSING ON

Specific Cases of the Struggle Against Prejudice and Ignorance and Fear

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND A DIAGRAM

ing 150 hook-worms

in alcohol

N a recent symposium in a New York newspaper upon the subject, "What is the matter with business?" a large proportion of those who responded with their views answered unhesitatingly, "Politics." If politics would only quiet down, if agitators would cease agitating, investigators cease investigating, and prosecutors cease prosecuting, business would, in their opinion, immediately return to its former prosperity and security.

But the prevailing unrest goes far deeper

than politics. Politics is not, after all, a cause of unrest: it is rather a method of registering the results of unrest. Every investigator of political conditions well knows that he can form no safe judgment of the trend of affairs at Washington, where the wheels of political activity whir their loudest, but that he must go out into Kansas, California, Texas, Massachusetts, and down into the East Side of New York City, and study the deep, silent forces that are at work among the people. If there is vision and statesmanship outside of politics, we may count with certainty upon finding vision and statesmanship in the narrower fields of political activity.

Let us examine this condition of ferment and unrest somewhat broadly as it appears in our common life.

are its statesmen?

Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington,

large number of people in our Southern States were suffering from a disease called uncinariasis, or hook-worm. He found that thousands of people who were afflicted with anæmia, or who supposed they had tuberculosis or malaria or some other wasting disease, and who had been paying thousands –perhaps millions—of dollars a year for doctors' bills, and consuming unnumbered hogsheads of patent medicines, were in reality suffering from the ravages of a small worm which clung to the walls of their in-

> testines and sapped their vitality. He found that the disease destroyed the efficiency, lowered the moral tone, and debased the standard of living of thousands upon thousands of white families with as good blood in their veins as any in America.

Investigations showed that in some schools in the South as high as 90 per cent. of both pupils and teachers were infected, that it was prevalent not only among the poor, but that it had invaded the colleges and that the state militia of one state showed that from 30 to 58 per cent. of the men were infected.

It is strange, indeed, the manner in which truth is received! At first the country heard Dr. Stiles' announcement with a loud guffaw Exact size of bottle containof amusement and of ridicule. It was heralded as the discovery of the "laziness germ,"

What does it all mean? Whither are we or the "inefficiency bug." But when the traveling with such celerity? What are the scientists stuck to their views with determinacharacteristics of the movement, and who tion then a cry of incredulous protest began to arise all over the South. I happened to be About nine years ago a scientist in the traveling in that region when the discussion was at its height. It was said that the fair who had been making careful studies of name of the South was being maligned; intestinal diseases, announced that a very that such charges destroyed confidence and injured business. The South was endeavoring to bring in immigrants from abroad, and to encourage settlement from the North: would not such disclosure frighten people away and thus depress property values?

Many newspapers were instantly in full cry after the hook-worm scientists, there were ministers who preached against them, and as for the medical profession, many of the doctors were at first openly hostile to Dr. Stiles, and refused even to experiment with his discovery.

In short, Dr. Stiles' announcement raised just such an outcry as we have heard so commonly during the last six or eight years when anyone ventured to lift the lid from the pot of rottenness in our city governments, or ventured to show how the souls and bodies of young children, fed through the looms of cotton mills, are spun into dividends upon watered stock, or how human life is blasted in the steel mills of Pittsburgh or Birmingham.

But fortunately there were men who dared to face the truth and were willing to struggle against prejudice and ignorance and fear.

Those who have watched the movement from that day to this have seen it grow, and grow, and grow. And like all really vital movements, whether in city government, or in industrial reform, or in connection with the negro problem, it paid small attention to the opposition of the newspapers or of preachers, or of professional or business men, but it went straight to the people themselves—the very ones who had the hook-worm!

You will remember how Henry George once compared the economic situation of the country to an old-fashioned puzzle picture in which the observer was to discover a cat. At first there was no cat to be seen, but after studying the picture intently for a time, the outlines of the cat suddenly appeared clearly before the eyes, and ever afterwards in looking at the picture, the first thing and almost the only thing the observer saw was the cat.

In this way the people of the South, those especially in the country who were poor because anæmic and anæmic because poor, suddenly began to see the hook-worm.

To-day whole families, literally whole communities, are being cured and reconstructed. The work can be compared only to a great revival. Listen, for example, to this passage from the last report of the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission:

"In communities where the infection is latitude 36° North to latitude 30° South. heavy and after the dispensary has had a They have discovered what the tuberculosis few days within which to demonstrate its statesmen have also discovered, that disease effectiveness, the people come in throngs; is not a local problem, nor even a national

they come by boat, by train, by private conveyance for twenty and thirty miles. Our records contain stories of men, women, and children walking in over country roads ten and twelve miles, the more anæmic at times falling by the way, to be picked up and brought in by neighbors passing with wagons. As many as 455 people have been treated at one place in one day. A friend who had just visited some of the dispensaries said to me recently: 'It looks like the days of Galilee.'

"The people usually begin to arrive early. I visited one dispensary at eight o'clock in the morning and found forty-three persons there waiting for attention. They linger; they gather in groups around the tables of exhibits; they listen to the stories of improvement as told by those who have been treated and return to their homes to report to their neighbors what they have seen and heard. The rapidity with which this teaching by demonstration gets its hold upon the people in communities where the infection is heavy is seen in the early records of the work in new territory. When the work opened in North Carolina in July, Dr. Covington treated in Halifax county the first week, 104 people; the second week, 438; and the third week, 537."

Now, the statesmen who are behind this great work—and they are really statesmen in the highest meaning of the word—well know that the only sure foundation for progress is the enlightenment of the people, and that what is done for the people is of small importance compared with what they are inspired to do for themselves. Thus while over 150,000 men, women, and children with many more unrecorded cases—have been cured of their disease and have entered upon a happier, stronger, sweeter life, the great thing that has been accomplished has been to encourage the self-governing communities of the South to take hold of the work themselves and to pay for it out of their own community pockets. No philanthropy which does not eventuate in more self-government is worth shucks!

Another thing which these hook-worm statesmen have been doing is to make a hook-worm survey of the whole world. They have found that there are extensive hook-worm infections in India, China, Africa, South America—in fact, in a broad band extending entirely around the earth from latitude 36° North to latitude 30° South. They have discovered what the tuberculosis statesmen have also discovered, that disease is not a local problem, nor even a national

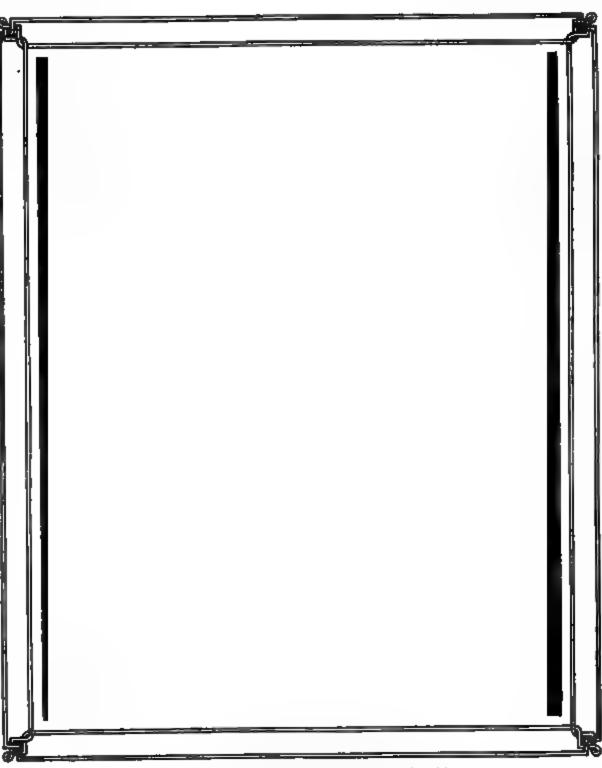
problem, but one of world-wide importance; and that those who consider themselves the elect are bound by inescapable bonds to the most ignorant black men and yellow men and red men! A hook-worm or a tuberculosis germ never consults "Who's Who in America" before taking hold!

In a very real sense all this knowledge shows us the absolute necessity for bringing about that brotherhood of men, of the beauty of which poets have so long been dreaming and prophets prophesying.

When the people of the world begin really to see the hook-worm—not only this literal hook-worm, but many other sorts of parasitic hookworms which are now feeding upon their vitals—the hook-worm of war,

of child labor, of white slavery, of unnecessary poverty, and of the unearned incre- are three great planks in their platform. ment—there is no depth of racial prejudice, nor commercial jealousy, nor weight of established authority which will long stand against the coming of a greater democracy.

Another interesting thing I discovered in meeting some of the men who are engaged so energetically in the war on the hook-worm and I have found the same thing among those who are struggling with tuberculosis and child labor and foul tenement houses—they believe honestly that they are engaged in the greatest and most important work in the in the matter of sanitation. world—as, indeed, they are, so far as they are concerned. Among them you will find Democrats and Republicans—and, for all



"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST"

Dr. Stiles about nine years ago announced that thousands of people in the South were suffering from hook-worm. The country heard this announcement with a loud guffaw of amusement and ridicule

belong to the Hook-worm party, and there

First, to know all there is to know about the disease: this is the scientific spirit.

Second, to cure men and women; this is the spirit of unselfish service to mankind.

Third, and most important of all, to prevent future infection by educating a whole people to better methods of sanitation; this is the vision of the future.

To hear their talk you would think that the most important thing in the world was the sanitary outhouse! Whole neighborhoods, whole counties, are in a process of revival

Having attacked the problem, they find that their lever, with the outhouse as a fulcrum, is under an entire civilization. The I know, Socialists—but first and last they whole people must be lifted. In communities

so poor that a house—a home—sometimes costs scarcely more than the home-maker is urged to spend upon a sanitary outhouse, it means that the whole standard of living must be raised, that there must be better farming methods, higher wages, more schoolhouses, more roads, more clothing. So much it means to drive out, permanently, the menace of the hook-worm.

Is not this radicalism in the most literal sense, in that it goes to the root of things? And is it any wonder that the men who see the vision are absorbed in it? It is reconstructing a civilization—no less.

When you approach these men as a politician and argue with them that what the country must have is political reform and a more direct government by the people, they

need just now are better homes, better wages, tion of the value of human life. It places better outhouses."

And they turn about and pitch into their national prejudices, even above profits.

OUTH CAROLINA

Hook-worm infection in one State, North Carolina. "When the work opened in North Carolina in July, Dr. Covington treated in Halifax County the first week 194 people; the second week, 438; and in the third week, 537"

O Infection heavy. ★ Infection light. ★ Infection demonstrated; degree not determined.

job of making the people strong and clean as a basis for better self-government, for more democracy.

I say all this as one who believes firmly in more direct popular government, for there is no recourse in a republic save in trusting the people—but I say it also in an effort to convey, if I can, the breadth and depth of the spirit of radicalism as it is now expressing itself in this country, and to show that political progressivism is merely one expression of a deep-seated movement of the whole people. There is also genuine explosive and revolutionary material to-day in the hookworm movement, in the tuberculosis move- in their completeness, must at least dimly

ment, in the child-labor movement, in the rural life movement, as well as in the progressive political movement.

I have thus given a concrete example wholly outside of politics—of what I mean by the working of the spirit of progressivism. Let us consider now what are the essential characteristics of this hook-worm campaign. In short, what is the essence of the progressive spirit as it here manifests itself?

In the first place, true progressivism bases itself firmly upon the scientific spirit. It is characterized by a high reverence for facts. The hook-worm work is based upon the thoughtful, accurate studies of Dr. Stiles, Dr. Smith and others. No forward movement is genuine without this scientific attitude of mind—this love of truth.

"That may all be true, but what our people sivism is inspired with the highest apprecia-In the second place, the spirit of progreshuman beings above property rights, above

> Having discovered the hook-worm, the next step is the effort by every means, and against all opposition, to cure men! Any progressive movement which is not charged with a large faith in people, and a large determination to serve people, is a spurious movement.

In the third place, the spirit of progressivism is always marked by a wide vision of the relationships of Where men men.

waste half their energies in fighting one another, instead of developing to the utmost the common earth upon which they live, the true progressive tries to bring about a better and more complete coöperation. Where men think in the narrow terms of cities or States or industries, he asks that they think in terms of the nation: and where other men think in terms of the nation, he insists upon a world view, and upon a world-statesmanship.

Now, these high characteristics of love of truth, love and service of men, and of broad vision, difficult as they are to achieve irradiate a movement, else it cannot be in September as an experiment; the people called progressive.

If a movement possess these qualities, even partially expressed, it will move: and it will be found everywhere in conflict with entrenched institutions and customs, it will be found disturbing business conditions and threatening many of the prevailing forms of prosperity: it will even be found in conflict with courts and constitutions!

If I only had the time here I could show how the spirit of progressivism is expressing itself in many other lines of activity—in the educational field, in church work, in law, in iournalism.

In the months which I spent in the South studying the negro question, for example, no one thing impressed me more profoundly than the fine unselfish leadership of groups of men, both white and colored, who are working against the heaviest odds to bring about better educational methods. No one knows the weight of entrenched prejudice, of property interests, of political opposition that these leaders have had to meet.

In some localities this campaign in the South has all the fervor of a crusade. This is well shown in the following letter written last November (1911) in regard to the public school situation in a mountain county of Kentucky:

"The public school is at last on the job in the mountains of Kentucky. Under the inspiration and leadership of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, county superintendent, every teacher in Rowan county has agreed to teach a night school for the benefit of all persons 'between eighteen and one hundred years of age.' Their slogan is 'No illiterates in Rowan county!'

"These schools opened in September with a determination to enroll 300 persons and to teach them to read and write; more than 1,200 have enrolled; one report says almost everybody in the county seems to be going to school. In age they range from eighteen to eighty-six; whole families are going to school,—the younger children during the day, the parents and older children at night. Not only men and women of mature years, but the aged have shown a yearning for this opportunity to learn, many of these people are past sixty, a number are between seventy and eighty; one woman said to Mr. Coates. the State supervisor of rural schools: 'I am seventy-five years old, and now for the first time I can write to my children out West.

have called for more. The teachers set out to teach reading and writing to the illiterate: the people have called for more. The zeal which inspired Mrs. Stewart and her teachers to this first effort in September has become a genuine enthusiasm, and now they say they have determined to stamp out illiteracy in Rowan county and that they have 'enlisted for the war.'

"This is one of the feud counties of Ken-At a recent educational meeting tucky. Mrs. Stewart pointed out some men who had at one time tried to kill her father; 'but these men,' she said, 'are among my best friends now; they are holding up my hands and are throwing themselves with their old zeal into this new fight for civilization.'

"In speaking of what these night schools have already done, Mrs. Stewart says that:

"'r. They have reached and interested people in education who, hitherto, had been inaccessible.

"'2. They have largely decreased illiteracy in the county and have demonstrated that illiteracy among the adult population may be rapidly diminished; a number of men and women after but two weeks' instruction, wrote the county superintendent a letter, the first production of that nature in their lives, expressing their pride in the achievement; these could not read or write a word before they entered the night school.

"3. They have increased the interest and attendance in the day schools; the actual attendance in the day school is now greater than the school census of the county.

"'4. They have had a wholesome effect and influence on the Sunday schools. It is an interesting fact that the Bible is the most popular reading book with these mature beginners.'

'And now word comes that the fire has caught in another county. And as one thinks of all the inflammable material throughout this Appalachian region and down the valleys to the sea, one asks, 'Where will it stop?' The public school is on the job in the mountains of Kentucky."

But we need not go to the South for fine examples of educational leadership. are to be found in many parts of the country: the work is going forward quietly but effectively. Especially is this true of agricultural education—the rural life movement. Radiating outward from the agricultural colleges in the various States it has become a vital and civilized force in our common life. Presi-"Those schools were opened for two weeks dent Roosevelt recognized it several years

It has been the portion of the present writer to live in close connection with agricultural colleges for many years, and he has seen the movement rise and grow and spread in a manner not short of amazing. One of the most successful of the centers of the rural life movement is in Amherst. Massachusetts. at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. Its directing and inspiring influence is President Kenyon L. Butterfield, a member of the Roosevelt Country Life Commission. I can here do no more than to call attention to the fact that it possesses all the characteristics of a vital progressivism. Its main purpose first is to learn the full truth about rural life and rural conditions of Massachusetts. It is interested not only in corn and potatoes and other crops, but it considers every aspect of country life as coming within its province. It believes that the country school and the country church are essential elements in the problems. One of its activities has been to hold a conference yearly for country ministers and to inspire them with a new enthusiasm for the social welfare of their communi-President Butterfield has written a book called "The Country Church and the Rural Problem," in which he deals with these larger relationships of country life. And under the name of the "Amherst movement," the work has spread widely in other States.

In connection with this broad scientific interest in rural problems, the college has not only confined its efforts to the education of the men who come to its halls, but it has gone out with militant enthusiasm to carry education into every agricultural neighborhood of the State. Its vision of its task is of the very widest—not less than the vitalization and improvement of the entire rural life of Massachusetts. It is developing a new science which it calls rural sociology, and a new profession which it calls rural social engineering. Any pessimist who is doubtful of the essential vigor of the American spirit or who believes that we have fallen upon sad times of decadence, may comfort himself by reading the report, just issued, of the Extension service of the college prepared by its director, Professor W. D. Hurd. In a high sense the Massachusetts Agricultural College is meeting the new democratic requirement of education—that of serving the whole community.

essence of true progressivism, may we not, faith.

ago in his appointment of the Country Life with some assurance, approach the political field? May we not apply the acid tests of progressivism to the men and the movements we discover there?

Looking out across the political field we may see in both of the old parties groups of men who have not the scientific spirit. When the tariff question comes up they oppose bitterly any honest and complete investigation of the subject by an expert com-When the trust question arises, they oppose the creation of a Bureau of Corporations, or the extension of the powers of investigation of the Interstate Commerce They are intensely hostile Commission. to any inquiry which will give the people, who desire now to legislate fairly upon these great questions, any adequate idea of the actual value of the property of railroads and of other public service corporations. They fight every effort to investigate the resources of the public lands and of water powers. They seem to prefer darkness rather than light; they would have the public business done in secret caucuses and secret committee meetings. They dread publicity!

And as a group they still prefer politicians,

not experts, in public office.

As for that sympathy with men which is the touchstone of the modern renaissance, watch any legislative body in this country and observe the fierce character of the opposition to all measures providing for the protection of women and children in industry, for the shortening of cruelly long hours of labor, for the establishment of an employers' liability system, for tenement-house reform and for a hundred and one other measures calculated to lift men—all men—into a finer and better life.

As for a broad vision, they have it not! Invariably they seek the narrowest viewpoint, they choose the most technical construction. When the great issue of conservation of the national resources arose, they took refuge behind the States' rights doctrine: they wanted to think locally, not nationally. When the tariff question arises it is ever the interests of the manufacturers of their own little districts that they see first of all, and not the welfare of the nation. When the pension question is at issue they see the few old soldiers who may vote in the next election and not the broad principles involved. They would condemn a growing civilization to live forever in its swaddling clothes of ancient laws and constitutions. They look always Having thus endeavored to get at the backward for precedent, never forward with

Of such are the so-called "standpatters" of Congress, and they are as a group so strong in the organizations of both the old parties in most of the States of the Union that they can still be said to dominate the political affairs of this country.

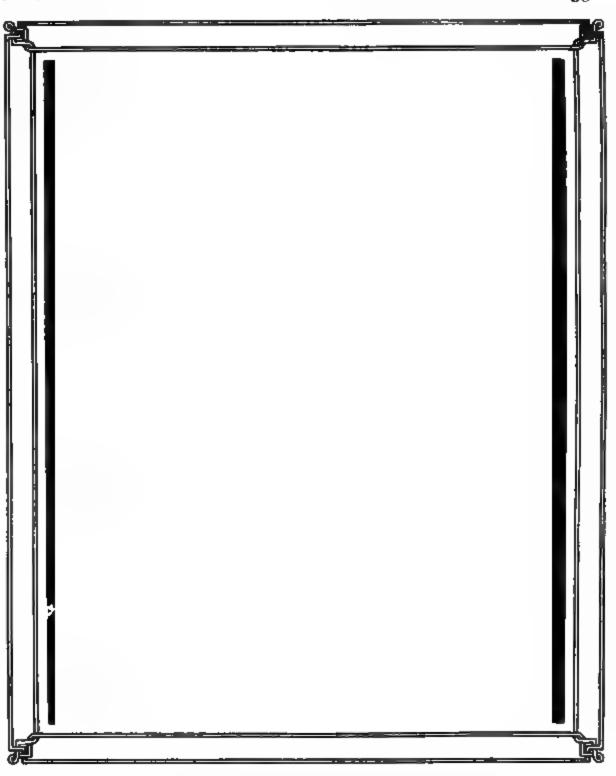
Over against them, however, are forming two other powerful political groups: the Progressives of both the old parties, and the Socialists.

I believe that both of these groups under our definition, are imbued with the true spirit of progressivism. Both are for having complete publicity and expert service. Both are for getting all the facts before the people. There is no State in the Union to-day which has a greater reverence for the truth regarding economic

State of Wisconsin, where for years the Progressives under La Follette have been in full control, and where more recently, the chief city of the State has been governed by the Socialists.

Both of these groups also stand primarily and both, we must acknowledge, whether of vision, and a rare enthusiasm of faith in ifornia is from Penrose or Gallinger or Smoot. their doctrine.

It is easy and cheap to dismiss these Progressive and Socialist leaders by calling them demagogues and agitators, but the



"Interested not only in corn and potatoes and other crops, but also in the country school and the country church?

Kenyon L. Butterfield, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass.

and social conditions or which holds in higher misses them merely shows that he knows esteem the expert in public service, than the nothing of the deeper life of the country, or of its aspirations, or of its enthusiasms.

Now, the Progressive movement in politics is still more or less unorganized. It is strongly represented in both of the old parties. A Progressive Democrat like Wilson of New Jersey or W. J. Bryan, is as far removed from for human rights, for service to the people: a stand-patter like Bailey of Texas or Harmon of Ohio, as a Progressive Republican we agree with them or not, have breadth like La Follette or Borah or Johnson of Cal-

While I have classed the Progressive movement and the Socialist party together as having the new spirit, there are very decided differences in their position. stubborn fact remains that they represent a emphasis of the Progressive group, whether deep, vital, infinitely powerful movement of La Follette or Wilson, has thus far been upon the American people. Any man who so dis- political mechanism. La Follette has called

Wilson has declared that government should be restored to the people." The essential purpose of the Progresold rings of boss politicians and big business men out of control, to wipe out what has been called Cannonism and Aldrichism, and to bring about real democratic government. It is for this reason that they have advocated direct nominations instead of the old caucus and convention system; they have advocated the initiative, the referendum and the recall, they have demanded commission government in cities, direct election of United States Senators, and more stringent corrupt practices acts.

In short, theirs is a political program. The Progressive believes that once the people get the power they can be trusted to use it properly. If the people wish then to adopt any part or all of the Socialist economic program, well and good. If, on the other hand, the people turn out to be economically more conservative than some of the extreme radicals desire, also well and good. It is a people's government, and this is the democratic spirit.

It may, indeed, happen that the referendum, which is now invoked as an extreme radical measure, may in time come to be invoked by the conservatives to prevent too rapid changes, as is now the case in Switzerland.

The Socialist party, on the other hand, places its main emphasis upon its economic program, which it has worked out with extraordinary comprehensiveness. Where the Progressive is often hazy in regard to his economic views, the Socialist admits no doubt. Where the Socialist would leap at once to radical economic changes, the Progressive, on the other hand, would build his political machinery very carefully before

his work an effort to secure representative he attempts to produce economic results. Where Socialism is revolutionary, the Progressive movement is evolutionary.

Thus we stand to-day in the midst of sive movement thus far has been to turn the great things—a great time—a time of immense vitality, growth, change, development. It is true that there is a large class in the country—those who are secure, those who wish to enjoy without labor, those who are old, or those who are temperamentally fearful of new and adventurous ways—who look upon the situation as menacing and ominous.

> But the mass of people in this country unquestionably look upon the present situation not only without fear but with hopefulness. To them it means awakening, growth. progress—in a high sense, life. It means that antiquated forms are breaking up, that the soil of our common life is fertile for the growth of new ideas, that new leaders are taking the field. It is the opportunity that a new age offers to an adventurous youth.

> It is just as certain as anything can be that the spirit of progressiveness is going to win in the country—that there is going to be a finer scientific attitude toward public affairs. a deeper desire for truth, that we are going to be far more sensitive to human rights, that we are going to work for better relationships between men and nations, and that our vision is going to be incalculably widened. And with such a spirit prevailing, there must be more real democracy, the government must and will be taken more and more completely from the hands of those who live on privilege or upon the unearned increment on land, or upon inherited money, or upon interest, and given more and more completely to those who do actual service, to those who do the hard work of the world—the digging, the doctoring, the plumbing, the teaching, the inventing. And that is a tendency to be looked for not with terror, but with the highest hope and the surest faith.



THE KINGDOMS OF THE EARTH

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

INNER was practically over at Mrs. Wellington's, though she herself still lingered in her place, both elbows on the table and her plump hands clasped tightly under her chin, holding forth to Rollin Sax, a burning young socialist, and a newspaper man named Terry, on the fine showing the women had made at a suffrage meeting that afternoon. Her controlled earnestness usually made the inflammable Rollin kindle, but to-night his response was listless.

"Weren't you expecting Miss Herrick for dinner?" he broke in at the first pause.

"Why, yes!" Mrs. Wellington glanced surprisedly at the girl's empty place, as though to verify her absence. "She wrote me that she would be back by five o'clock."

"I hope there hasn't been an accident," observed Terry. "Do you realize that ten thousand persons a year come to their deaths—on and by our railroads?" His mischievous eyes were fixed solemnly on Rollin Sax.

"And do you realize," Mrs. Wellington began, "that when women have some say as to how the public shall be safeguarded——"

She was interrupted by the opening of the door, a vigorous opening, betokening arrival and news. Claudia Herrick came in, still in hat and coat, pulling at her gloves.

"Hello, everybody," she said. "I have dined, Mrs. Wellington. I'd like a cup of coffee, though. I'll tell Mary." When she came back and took her place, she smiled at them all rather absently. Rollin sat turned toward her and silent, but Terry was fluent on the dullness of a week without her.

"How did you like your visit?" he added. Claudia answered with her eyes on Rollin Sax. "Very much. I had an adventure coming down," she added. "There was a bad accident."

"Oh, my dear!" murmured Mrs. Wellington.
"A rear-end collision. If I had been in the common cars," she smiled slightly at Rollin,
"I might have been smashed; but Mrs. Bald-

win had bought a ticket in the chair car for me and insisted upon my accepting it, and so we were only bumped and thrown about. There was a very old gentleman opposite me a dear old man. I had been wishing I might talk to him, he looked so sort of-oh, I don't know-benignant-and human. I liked him a lot. Well, we picked ourselves up together, and he kept saying, 'Tom-my poor Tom-I must go and see about Tom!' I found out that Tom was his servant, in the car behind, and I said I'd look him up, the old boy was so distressed. Well, so I did." She paused, her eyes on the glass she was turning between her fingers. "It was pretty awful there. I won't go into it. There was a middle-aged man just inside with—with his head cut, clinging to a seat and stammering, 'Mr. Redway-Mr. Redway, sir—are you all right, sir—I'm coming, sir!' It-it quite upset me. He wasn't thinking of himself at all. I got a towel and wet it with ice water for his head, and a doctor who was there bound it up, and then I helped him into our car, for he couldn't believe that the old gentleman wasn't hurt. And we found Mr. Redway in the passage, holding himself up with both hands and trying to get to us." She stopped abruptly and drank her cooling coffee.

"Henry T. Redway, 45 Wall Street?" queried Terry with brisk interest. Mrs. Wellington motioned silence with one plump hand.

"They switched our car on to another train, after a while," Claudia continued. "I made Tom take my chair, and I sat down on some cushions beside Mr. Redway. If that is a robber baron, Rollin—I don't know, I don't know! I'm afraid I like them, after all. I told him the story of my life, and we discussed socialism and everything. And then I went up home with them to a great palace—oh, a stumping house! He made me dine with him, and we had more talk. He is old—very; he gets hazy sometimes; but he is the loveliest man I ever met." Her eyes rested on Rollin's

downcast face. "I told him all about you," she added. "I'm going to show him some of your articles."

"Did you tell him about me?" asked Terry

hopefully.

Claudia's glance touched him amusedly, but she evidently did not consider the question worth answering.

"I am going up there very soon," she said. "He is all alone now—his son and daughterin-law are away. He wants you to come, too, Rollin."

"Not I," was the short answer.

"I'll tell you what," said Terry, "he'll leave you a fortune, that grateful old party. How would you like that?"

"It would be interesting," Claudia admitted. Rollin Sax rose abruptly and left the room. "Very interesting," she repeated emphatically.

"My word, it would!" Terry assented.

As soon as she could, Claudia escaped to her room. It was meeting night of the Socialist Club, and though she had not intended to go, his striding off by himself without consulting her was an added grievance. At ten o'clock she started to go to bed, but all her tired being cried out so sharply in protest that she paused, then slowly refastened her collar and took down her hat and coat.

The club rooms were on Third Avenue, over a saloon, but she was used to the squalid thoroughfares of the city and its crowded night. Her own block was all quiet respectability, but crossing the next avenue brought her into the dismal regions. Her personal consciousness was less acute by the time she reached the dark stairs leading to the club room, the shadow of the streets lay on her thoughtful face.

She slipped into the hall unnoticed. All the faces were lifted to the platform, and she stood for a moment looking on them with fresh sight. They were her friends and associates: she had never before seen them in just this outside way. The spirit of the place reached out and swept her in. Right or wrong, thinkers or cranks, they cared, these men and women: and to care was the greatest thing in the world

Rollin Sax, hands thrust into his coat pockets, head dropped forward, was speaking from the edge of the platform, and his words were a warning, a hot appeal. The man himself moved them even more than what he said; without analyzing it, they found him greater than his doctrines, sounder than his intolerant young logic.

He turned to the door, and so came face to

face with Claudia—a Claudia moved, touched, glowing.

"Rollin, Rollin, you made me cry," she murmured. For a moment he held her hand

tightly in his.

"I didn't know vou were here." he said as they passed out into the sudden darkness of the stairs.

"I came to quarrel," she confessed.

"And you stayed to pray!" He stopped, a step above her, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Claudia, I am frightened about Don't slip away from us—don't don't!"

Had he said "from me," she could have committed herself to him for all her life in that She turned swiftly toward him, but the hand that held her seemed also to hold her away, and her own impetuous hands fell.

"Mustn't I think? Mustn't I see things. know things for myself?" she reproached him, chilled and hurt.

"Yes, if you will be straight with yourself; if you won't let personal things fool you. But I am afraid!" He dropped his hand and they went on in silence.

"We might as well understand each other, Rollin," she said suddenly. "I am going to take every chance that comes my way: I am going to see just as many sides of life as I can. There is no use in snubbing me, for instance, for visiting Mr. Redway."

"Well—I am sorry," he said, so quietly that

her resentment flamed out.

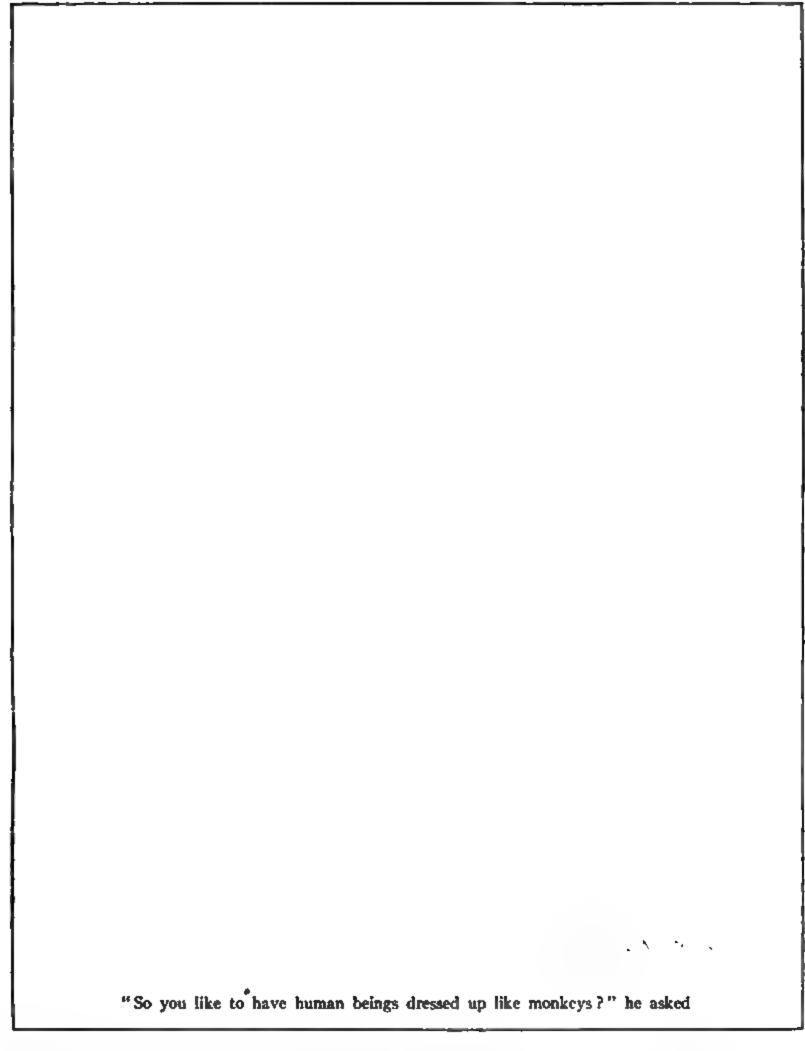
"If you turned Mormon or-or cannibal, I wouldn't go back on you," she said hotly. "It wouldn't make a shade of difference between us!" They had reached their own door, and he paused, key in hand.

"I am afraid that means that you don't really care—except just for your friends," he said. "That isn't big enough, Claudia—it won't do!" He opened the door and she passed in.

"We seem to have quarreled, after all," she said with a sigh as she went upstairs.

The next day brought Claudia a box of roses and a charmingly grateful letter, written in a fine, aged hand. Its courtly appreciation of her "generous young help" was followed by an invitation to dine with Mr. Redway the following night and go to the private view of a portrait exhibition. When Rollin returned from work the next night, he found a liveried servant standing on the steps and a gorgeous carriage waiting below. Claudia was coming down the stairs, fastening a white glove. His moody face irritated her to a challenge.

"Well, Rollin?" she said cheerfully, pausing.



He stopped just below her, leaning his back. You can stand it——" He broke off with a against the banister.

"So you like to have human beings dressed

up like monkeys?" he asked.
"No: I can't say that I like livery." She was still resolutely cheerful.

"But you can endure flunkeyism? You don't flush and wince when an able-bodied man makes a spaniel of himself to serve you? sharp breath.

"It's all right, Rollin-don't trouble, it's all right! I'm with you, truly—just trust me and see! Be friendly-don't spoil it for me to-night!" she begged. "Say good-night!" He took the hands and bent his face down to

They had a delightful dinner together, she

and her aged friend, in a great, paneled dining room, with dishes of silver and gold. She found her host so lovable, with his humorous eyes and the broad benevolence of his smooth shaven chin, that she had a pang of dismay when, at rare moments, his great age would get the better of him, and she caught a glimpse of faltering mind and blurred memory.

He watched her with deep enjoyment when they entered the hall of the portrait exhibition. It was brilliantly peopled, and after the first slow tour, Claudia stood still, her back frankly turned to the pictures, thoughtful, half smiling, intent. It was the women that held her, wonderful, satiny, jeweled women, beautified at every possible point. She watched them trailing their mermaid draperies in happy unconsciousness of her own plain suit and its significance in the picture: her fine face was smiling vividly when she turned to her host.

"— Took me into a high mountain and showed me all the kingdoms of the earth," she accused him.

"And you would do away with these?" he demanded. Her eyes went back to the throng for a smiling moment.

"Rollin Sax would!" she answered at last. A young woman who was passing turned to them abruptly at the name. She had a strange, tiny face that seemed to be peering out over a blazing collar of diamonds.

"Oh, Mr. Redway!" she exclaimed. "You won't remember me, but I'm Polly Fairchild. Who spoke of Rollin Sax?"

"I've got a fiery young socialist here, Miss Fairchild," Mr. Redway explained. "She is thinking of blowing the lot of you off the earth."

Miss Fairchild put out a swift little hand to Claudia's.

"I am a socialist, too," she declared. "Do you know Rollin Sax? You do? I am wild to meet him. Last week several of us went down to a dreadful place—oh, a most horrible little place, Mr. Redway, over a saloon, where they have socialist meetings, and this man spoke. He is too enchanting—you never saw anyone so beautiful. All brow, you know, and eyes about a mile back in his head. I am simply crazy about him—aren't you?" she added to Claudia.

Claudia was looking at her with puzzled intentness.

"I think he is wonderful," she assented gravely.

Mr. Redway was soon tired, and sent her to make a tour of the pictures by herself. When she came back to him, he looked at her with a vagueness that startled her. Then he smiled and took her hand to rise.

"Ah, it's my socialist," he said. "I forget, my dear, at times. Ever since a wicked, bad illness I had, I have forgotten more or less. More or less. Are you glad you came? I like you, Claudia Herrick, I like you!"

Nearly every afternoon of that week Mr. Redway made some excuse, often humorously trumped up, for sending his carriage to get Claudia. Saturday afternoon, being free of work, she went up to him of her own accord; and found him in the act of writing her a summons.

"I am glad you came, glad," he said repeatedly. "I wanted to talk to you."

An hour later Claudia stepped out into the May sunshine, and stood looking dazedly down on the crowded Avenue. Her cheeks were colorless, and her eyes looked as if they had held tears. In that hour the face of the earth had been changed, her whole relation to life violently altered. The words that brought the new order kept beating through her head:

"Bequests to charities are good things—excellent things; but, someway, I feel that you will do more with the money than they would—and it's a lot more fun for me! So there is a codicil, my dear, signed and witnessed; and you're what they call an heiress."

All her life Claudia was destined to keep that picture of the streaming Avenue, golden with May sunlight; yet she was scarcely conscious where she was as she came slowly down the steps. The doubts and scruples, the instinctive fright of the past hour fell away from her with the shutting of the great door, and a sense of freedom as thrilling as a sudden power of flight strung her to dizzy excitement as she turned downtown. With shining eves, she saw visions of better housing, better conditions of labor for her brothers, the poor; she saw the Cause officered and equipped and sped on its way. Then the angry blast of a touring car, suggesting that she look where she was going, made her dart back with a sudden laugh: "I can have one of those, if I want!" had flashed through her startled mind. "Why, I can have anything!" No bodily need would have to be ignored, no foreign land need remain closed to her. A year's travel, then a home and a great, sunny room lined with books. So the visions alternated, power for good, freedom and ease; and all the time she was keeping one door tightly shut. She would not even look toward it. "It will be all right." she cried out in panic, when some thought strayed too near. "Oh, it has got to be all right! It will!"

The shops held out intricate fineries for the temptation of women, and her week's salary

lay in Claudia's pocket. In sober truth, they did not tempt her very much, these costly frills, but she had never in her life deliberately spent money, and she had a joyous impulse to try the experience. The glamour floated her down the shining Avenue and up to her own front steps. But there it parted and fell away; for the door was thrown open and Rollin Sax came out to meet her.

He was boyishly happy at seeing her again: this was evidently his real moment of home coming as he led her into the empty drawing-room. He had to tell her all the week's adventures and successes, to spring up and act for her the more dramatic moments, to characterize the active socialists of other cities who had given him hospitality and hearing. Crowded plans for the next three years had grown up out of the trip.

"But—" Claudia interrupted them, then stopped in blank terror; for she was still half dazed, and it had been on her lips to say, "But we may be abroad then!" She could only stare at him helplessly and blush as no one had ever seen her blush before.

"But what? What is it?" he was half laughing, startled and curious. Still her face flamed, until she had to hide it in her hands. "Why, Claudia! Go on—own up, like a good girl." She laughed, and then, quite unexpectedly, began to cry.

"I'm just—nervous. Don't mind," she stammered, horribly mortified. The teasing vanished, and she felt an arm about her shoulders.

"Claudia dear!" He was frightened, distressed, almost crying himself. The tenderness was overwhelmingly good. Forgetting everything else, she gave herself up to it with a quivering sigh. A quick movement, and his lips were against hers.

"My dear, my dear!" he whispered eagerly.
"In a little while, when I'm earning more——"
But she remembered, and broke away from him with a note of dismay.

"Ah, Rollin, that wasn't fair," she cried.
"I had no right to, till you knew—till you understood that I——" her shaken voice would not go on.

His hands caught sharply at hers.

"Not that you've slipped away from us?" he cried. "Not that you don't believe—"

Her slow headshake was a denial, yet a qualified one. "No: I am with you. I don't perhaps believe in socialism just as you do, now; but I believe in a socialism that all of us are going to work out, together: I believe in anything that will make conditions fairer: and I believe in you to the end of the world!"

"Then I'm not afraid of anything!"

"I know": she caught eagerly at his help. "You're not afraid even of a hard position, if it gives you greater power. You're not afraid that you can't use everything for good."

He drew back a little, dropping her hands.

"Tell me what you mean."

She had meant to lead up to it, as her old friend had led up to it with her; but she could not wait.

"Rollin, Mr. Redway is leaving me money a great deal of money. A fortune."

"And you're—taking it?"

All the reasons why taking it was right and inevitable slipped away before the look in his eyes.

"Yes; I'm taking it."

"Well, then!" He turned, as though there were nothing more to be said. The movement angered her.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Don't you see what an enormous opportunity it is? Answer me!" she added sharply, as he still remained silent. He obeyed with grave impersonality.

"That money was made in Wall Street, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know that great fortunes, and especially fortunes made in that way, are just what I'm committed against—fighting against with every muscle I've got."

"Use this to help the fight, then: get good

out of evil!"

"We don't want that kind of help." Then the personal issue thrust itself in. "Besides, don't you see what would happen? We're human, Claudia: we want big libraries full of books—we want travel—we want a lot of things, and sooner or later we'd take them. It would seem foolish not to. And there I'd be—fighting outside against what I look on as highway robbery, and then coming home to profit by it! Child, don't you see, don't you see?"

She turned away with a despairing gesture. "Yes, I see the logic. But the truth is often so much bigger than logic, Rollin! If we used this money rightly, not a soul would say—"

"I don't care what they'd say," he broke

n. "Surely you know that."

"What shall I do, then?" she asked wearily.
"Whatever is for your best good and happiness," he answered with unexpected gentle-

Rollin turned and went out, without excuse, but Claudia doggedly sat through dinner, and found a measure of relief in this forced deferring of her own thoughts. In her own room,

afterward, the unopened packages offered further distraction, and she eagerly undid them, turning over her purchases with an attempt at enthusiasm that presently ended in chilled wonder at her afternoon mood.

"I can't change Rollin—that is certain," she declared, half aloud. "And I can't give up the money just because I care for himthat would be weak, and it wouldn't satisfy either of us. I can't give it up if I think it right to take it. Well, do I? Apart from wanting it, apart from wanting him, what do I believe?" She dropped her forehead on her knees with a little moan of weariness and bewilderment. "I have principles, I have thought and cared when it wasn't just personal," she cried. "Where have they gone? What do I believe?"

Then her abundant common sense took her in hand. "I believe in your going to sleep," she said roughly, and, laying herself down, she finally drifted off.

They went to a big rally the next afternoon, perhaps for the dim comfort of being near each other, even though their minds were estranged. But there proved little comfort in it for Claudia. Speeches, questions, hot arguments, wit and laughter kept the audience tense, but she heard nothing, sunk in her own big personal question.

There were people waiting to speak to Rollin afterwards, as there always were, and she went out by herself. Miss Fairchild, the socialist of the portrait exhibition, recognized her with a carelessly friendly nod. Moved by a shapeless impulse, Claudia followed her to her carriage door.

"May I go a few blocks with you?" she asked bluntly. "I want to ask you something." Miss Fairchild's assent showed surprise, but Claudia did not care: she felt as if she could have come in over a blank refusal.

"I don't know if I can make you understand," she began. "I have believed for two years that great wealth was a bad thingunfair—a crime, if you like. I could prove it to you now, by logic. But I have begun to feel that the arguments on the other side may be may be bigger than I had thought. I want to hear them—all."

"I am not sure that I quite follow"; Miss Fairchild spoke reservedly.

"Oh, I'll get out in a minute," said Claudia roughly; "but I want to know what-well, what is the best thing about being very rich. The biggest argument. Suppose that a girl like me—came into money: what would it do to her life, and what is the best she could do with it?"

"Oh, a good many very nice people would take her up," Miss Fairchild conceded. "Of course, she could not expect so very much; but if she went in hard for charities or suffrage

or something like that-"

Claudia shook her head impatiently. "It isn't that. I don't want to climb up into a set. My best friends are workers, like myself—women on salaries, married couples who live in three rooms: friends I wouldn't be separated from for anything on earth. I mean something vastly bigger than that. Surely it would open doors to-to-"

"I think you would presently find that it shut the doors of the three-room flats," interrupted Miss Fairchild. "You can't mix rich and poor. I go in for being democratic and all that, but I have had to give it up—at dinner anyway. Now I adore your Mr. Saxreally admire him; but my best friends would find him quite unbearably crude. I couldn't have him except at one of my freak gatherings, don't you see?"

"Not quite," was the short answer. "Now I won't trouble you any further," Claudia added, after a pause.

Miss Fairchild stopped the carriage with alacrity. "I am afraid I have not been of

much service," she said politely.

"Not very much—but thank you." Claudia spoke with frigid dignity. Then she shrank back with a note of alarm. Before the carriage had pulled up at the curb, the footman had hurled himself from the box, feverishly bent on reaching the door at the appointed second; but the wheel was still moving too quickly for a safe footing, and he was thrown to his knees in the street. A passing motor, by a violent lurch, avoided him, but so narrowly that his coat sleeve was streaked by its mud-guard. Miss Fairchild was frowning sharply.

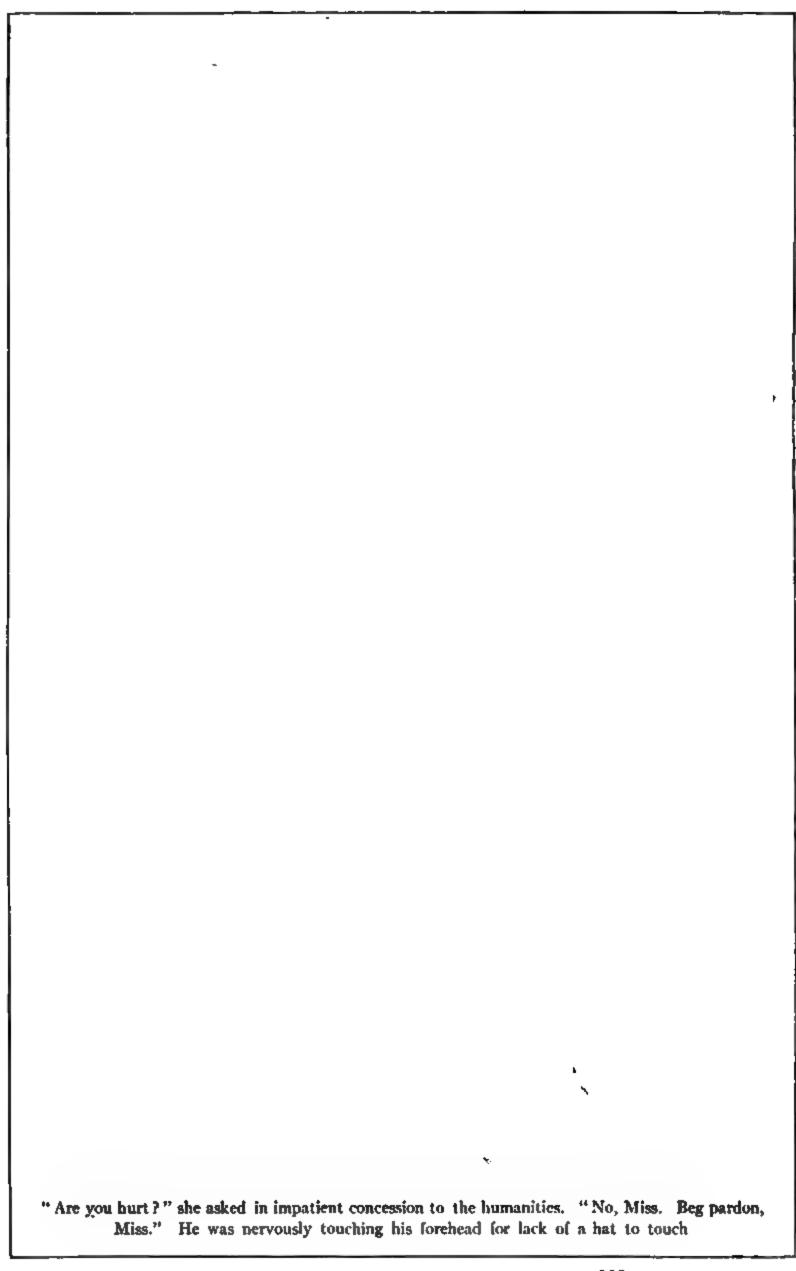
"Are you hurt?" she asked in impatient

concession to the humanities.

"No, Miss. Beg pardon, Miss." He was nervously touching his forehead for lack of a hat to touch.

"It was abominably careless of you. I can't have my nerves upset like this and my carriage made ridiculous." The staring crowd pressed closer to hear, and the young fellow flushed and paled.

"Very sorry, Miss. It won't happen again," murmured the culprit, drawing back relievedly as Claudia, in desperation, stepped across her hostess to get out. For blocks she strode on blindly. It was not right for one human being to speak so to another, to so shame and humble him: it was not right for him to stand and take



it. Faults must be corrected, but as man to man—not as man to dog!

"I can't bear it!" she cried under her breath, with clenched hands. "It's got to go—I can't bear it!"

She tried to reason herself calm, to realize that the incident was merely an unimportant and untypical bit of ill breeding; but, as its poignancy diminished, its meaning as a symbol shone out blindingly before her, a symbol of man held down, shamed, injured by unrighteous power, and the great impersonal protest grew from a cry of anger to the stillness of a new vision. She had listened and believed when they talked of brotherhood, Rollin Sax and his associates, yet her consent had been of the surface rather than the center: she had been a looker on. Now, through this trivial incident, she understood: at last she knew why Rollin worked and suffered.

"I care, I care!" she cried exaltedly, with wet eyes. "At last, I care!"

She had reached the Park, and she walked on tirelessly through the May greenness while the cool dusk slowly faded. When finally she had to face the personal aspect of this great change, she dropped down on a bench and held up to herself rigorously all the things that she renounced if she renounced wealth. But they could not even keep her attention, for Rollin's face hovered just behind them in the darkness; and presently she flung them all overboard with a long breath of relief and rose to obey this new force that had taken her into possession.

Mr. Redway's house seemed more lighted than usual when she rang the bell. Long minutes passed before it was answered, and the servant who finally came admitted her confusedly, as though not knowing quite what to do with her. He showed her into the library in silence when she asked for Mr. Redway, and she was left there alone, hearing occasionally hurried steps or quick, hushed voices. For half an hour Claudia waited in growing uneasiness. She was about to go in search of some one when Tom came hurrying in, a look on his face that brought her to her feet.

"What is it? Mr. Redway——?"
"He's all right, Miss! He's—he's better.
It was only a—a very slight——" Tom's voice failed him: his throat worked and his eyes slowly reddened. "The doctor says he's coming through all right," he added hastily. "We're not at all worried, Miss."

Claudia could not speak. A double terror had laid hold of her: she saw her friend going, and the inheritance, suddenly horrible to her, dragging her into an unbearable publicity.

"Is Mr. Redway's son home?" she asked eagerly. It seemed that "Mr. Henry" and his wife had arrived last night, and that Mr. Redway had been as well as possible all day, and so glad to see them, telling them about everything—"Will you ask him to come and speak to me when he can?" Claudia broke in. "I don't care how long I wait—midnight—any time. Make him understand that."

Tom promised and left her. The door was closed now, so, if there were sounds in the great house, Claudia did not hear them. The difficulty of explaining herself and her errand to a stranger grew depressingly: she waited at nervous tension for a miserable hour. Another hour passed, and she had sunk so deep in her thoughts that this time she did not hear the opening of the door, and was startled to find a middle-aged man coming toward her. She had not realized that her old friend's son would be gray haired, and she rose uncertainly.

"Miss Herrick?" He did not shake hands, but motioned her to be seated, standing on the hearth rug himself. "My father has told me how very kind you were to him in the accident," he went on with disheartening formality. "I know you will be glad to hear that the danger—for the present—is over."

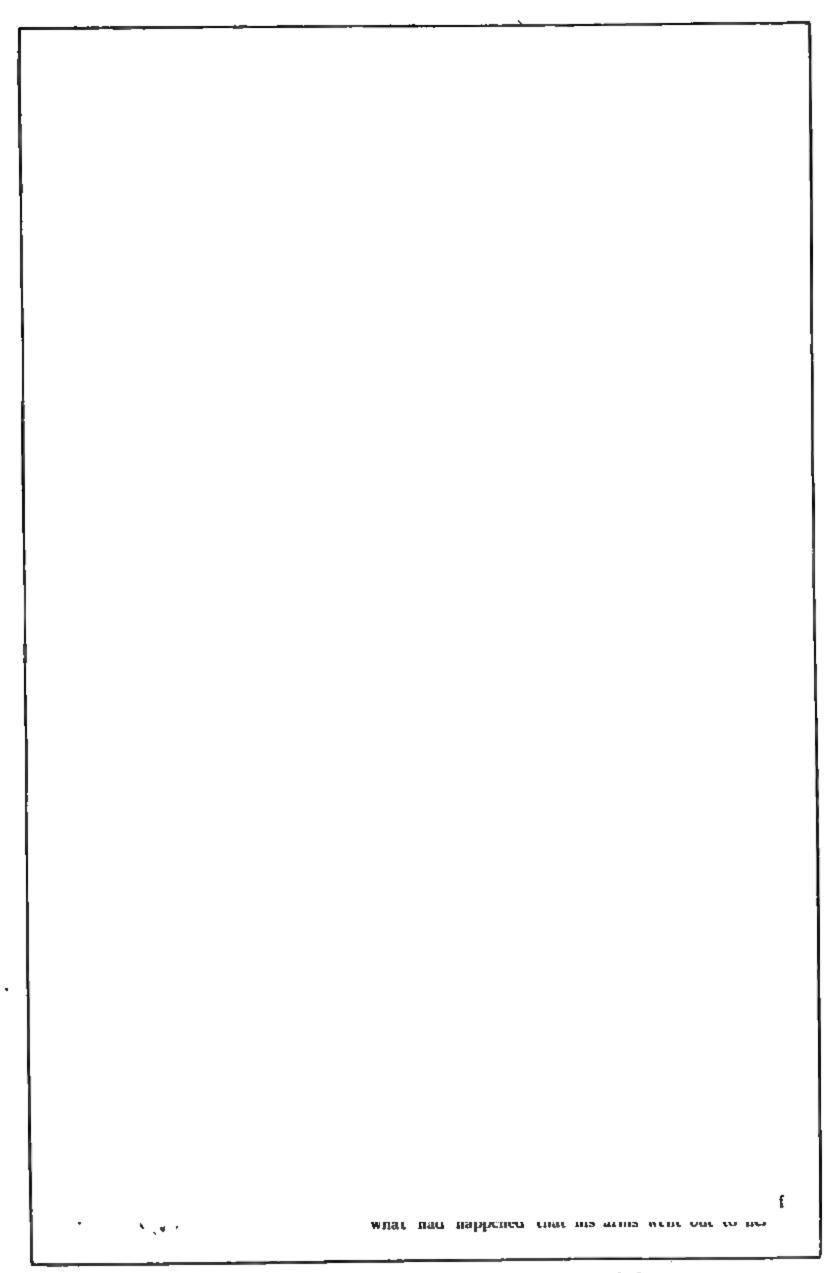
It was even harder than she had thought it would be. Her voice took on a boyish bluntness as she struggled with her explanation.

"I don't know how much he has told you, Mr. Redway. We've become—great friends. I never knew an old man so—so absolutely lovely. Well, he told me Saturday that he—that he wanted to leave me some money. That he had done it, in fact. I don't know if you knew." She stopped from sheer paralysis of throat and tongue. Through a mist she felt his eyes fixed on her, coldly, neither assenting nor denying. "He did tell you?" she persisted. After a pause, he spoke:

"Since my father is pronounced out of danger for the present, Miss Herrick, perhaps it is scarcely necessary to follow that up to-night?"

For a moment she could not believe that she had understood his words; but the tone said the same intolerable thing. All her shyness and restraint fell away from her: she rose to her feet, stung with blind white anger.

"I came here to ask my friend to take that back, to undo it," she said, very distinctly. "When I found that he was ill and in danger, I resolved to ask you to undo it, now, to-night, lest to-morrow should be—too late. That was my justification for asking to see you. Do you understand me? Do you believe what I say?"



Anyone who knew men and women must have believed her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Herrick," he said. "I do indeed beg your pardon." His face was so much more like his father's now that it unnerved her.

"Now will you do what I said?" she went on when she could. "I suppose it is legal, if I consent to it—or I could do it myself. The will is in that desk."

He made no movement to get it. "Would you mind telling me why you do this?" he asked, a touch of his father's gentleness in his voice. "My mistake gives me no right to question you, perhaps; but I think you are generous enough to forgive it."

"Perhaps it was natural for you to think that. I hadn't realized how it might seem to you. It doesn't matter, so long as you know better now. But I couldn't explain to you about the money. You would have to understand all my life and beliefs and—friends. I am a socialist, you see."

ani a socialist, you see.

"Do you believe that many socialists would act as you are doing?"

"I know that there is one!" And she smiled, suddenly proud for that one. He seemed to understand, for he smiled back.

"Well, then, what I have to tell you will be no disappointment," he said. "Miss Herrick, about fifteen years ago there was a panic that caught my father very badly; and in the middle of it he had a serious illness, so that everything got out of his grasp. I was away, and when I came back, it was too late to save much of what had been a big property. My father knew this at the time, but the illness had weakened his memory, and he kept forgetting that he was no longer a rich man. I had plenty; his way of living wasn't changed; and after a while I didn't remind him any more of what had happened. He was not strong, and left all his affairs to me. But, you see, he has no fortune to bequeath."

"Really—really?" Claudia spoke with eager relief.

"Yes. He has very little property. This is my house."

"Oh, this makes it so beautifully simple!" she burst out.

He was studying her with keen interest. "Simple?" he queried.

"Why, yes. You see, now, no one can hold back and say I may regret it," she explained naïvely. "But need you tell your father? He will be so disappointed!"

His look saddened. "I don't think we need either of us tell him. He is very feeble, Miss Herrick: he is not likely to ask or remember very much." They looked at each other with eyes frankly blurred.

"May I come soon to see him?" she asked,

preparing to go.

"I will send for you the first moment he can see you." He took her hand and held it in both his. "I am glad to know you," he said. Then his smile came back. "Will you let me send you a wedding present?" he added.

She laughed, flushing brightly. "I will tell you next time I come," she promised, and went out with a face still vividly lighted.

The violet globes of light, shining down through the little May-green leaves of the Square, showed lovers on the benches, and outcasts stealing sleep, and rough groups listening to some passing orator. Some nights it was Rollin who talked to them, and Claudia scanned each group with eager hope. But he was standing silent and alone, when she found him, staring moodily at the restless water of the little fountain. She came up quietly and slipped her hand into his.

He started, then, looking sharply into her face, he read there so much of what had happened that his arms went out to her. And, being forever of the people, they sat down together on a bench in the green darkness.



Α R R

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards,' -From a Private Letter.

G. WELLS Η. Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS:--Marjorie Pope breaks her engagement to Will Magnet and elopes with Trafford, a young scientist. Upon their return to London, Marjorie furnishes their house, but, eager to make an impression upon her wealthy friends, she becomes so extravagant as to actually reduce Trafford's slender capital. All disagreements, however, are swept away by the arrival of their little daughter. Trafford gives public science lectures, in order to eke out their increasing expenses. Then follows a period of disillusionment. Things are strained between them when they take a walking trip in the Swiss mountains to talk things over and start again, to lead more austere lives. But all their high thoughts are drowned in the luxurious splendor of a visit to the villa of Lee, Solomonson's brother-inlaw. And on their return to London, Marjorie confesses her craving for beauty and luxury. So Trafford renounces his lofty spirit of research, and brings his chemical secret of making rubber into business partnership with Solomonson. In their new factory, Trafford for the first time comes in contact with the great discontented mass of workers, and it stirs him. Trafford is greatly successful. They live in splendor, and Marjorie revels in having a beautiful house, and surrounding herself with brilliant people. Trafford, a member of several exclusive clubs, wealthy, well known, feels restless. He tries in vain to return to his research. He has no time to think. Then he hears that Marjorie is planning a Parliamentary career for him, and a still greater bouse and position for herself, and he rebels.

CHAPTER THE SEC-OND-TRAFFORD DECIDES TO GO

HAUNTING desire to go away into solitude grew upon Trafford very steadily. He wanted intensely to think, and London and Marjorie would not let him think. He wanted, therefore, to go away out of London and Marjorie's world. He wanted, he felt, to go away alone and face God, and clear things up in his mind. imperceptible degrees this desire anticipated its realization. His activities were affected

more and more by in-

A haunting desire to go away into solitude grew upon Trafford very steadily. He wanted intensely to think, and London and Marjorie would not let him think

timations of a determined crisis. One eventful day it seemed to him that his mind passed quite suddenly from desire to resolve. He found himself with a project, already broadly definite. Hitherto he hadn't been at all clear where he could go. From the first almost he had felt that this change he needed, the change by which he was to get out of the thickets of work and perplexity and distraction that held him captive, must be a physical as well as a mental removal; he must go somewhere, still and isolated. where sustained detached thinking was

possible. . . . His preference, if he had one, inclined him to some solitude among the Himalaya Mountains. That came perhaps from Kim and the precedent of the Hindoo's religious retreat from the world. But this retreat he contemplated was a retreat that aimed at a return, a clarified and strengthened resumption of the world. And then suddenly, as if he had always intended it, Labrador flashed through his thoughts, like a familiar name that had been for a time quite unaccountably forgotten.

The word "Labrador" drifted to him one day from an adjacent table as he sat alone at lunch in the Liberal Union Club. Some bore was reciting the substance of a lecture to a fellow member. "Seems to be a remarkable country," said the speaker. "Mineral wealth hardly glanced at, you know. Furs and a few score Indians. And at our doors.

Practically—at our doors."

Trafford ceased to listen. His mind was taking up this idea of Labrador. He wondered why he had not thought of Labrador before.

He had two or three streams of thought flowing in his mind, as a man who muses alone is apt to do. Marjorie's desire to move had reappeared; a particular group of houses between Berkeley Square and Park Lane had taken hold of her fancy, she had urged the acquisition of one upon him that morning, and this kept coming up into consciousness like a wrong thread in a tapestry. Moreover he was watching his fellow members with a critical rather than a friendly eye. A half speculative, half hostile contemplation of his habitual associates was one of the queer Labrador. One had just to go. . . . aspects of this period of unsettlement. They exasperated him by their massive contentment with the surface of things. They halted or sat down by friends, enunciated vapid remarks in sonorous voices, and opened conversations in trite phrases, about London architecture, about the political situation or the morning's newspaper, conversations that ought, he felt, to have been thrown away unopened, so stale and needless they seemed to him. He wondered if indeed they were as opaque as they seemed, wondered with the helpless wonder of a man of exceptional mental gifts, whether any of them at any stage had had such thoughts as his, had to Labrador." wanted as acutely as he did now to get right out of the world. Did old Booch over there, for example, guzzling oysters, cry at times upon the unknown God in the vast silences of the night? But Booch of course was a but of course if Trafford chose to keep his member or something of the House of Lay-

men, and very sound on the thirty-nine articles (a man who ate oysters like that could swallow anything), and in the vast silences of the night he was probably heavily

and noisily asleep. . . .

Blenkins, the gentlemanly colleague of Denton in the control of the Old Country Gazette, appeared on his way to the pay-desk, gesticulating amiably en route to any possible friend. Trafford returned his salutation, and pulled himself together immediately after in fear that he had scowled, for he hated to be churlish to any human being. Blenkins, too, it might be, had sorrow and remorse and periods of passionate self-distrust and selfexamination; maybe Blenkins could weep salt tears, as Blenkins no doubt under suitable sword-play would reveal heart and viscera as quivering and ruddily oozy as any man's.

But to Trafford's jaundiced eye, just then, it seemed that if you slashed Blenkins across, he would probably cut like a cheese. . . .

Now in Labrador . . .

So soon as Blenkins had cleared Trafford followed him to the pay-desk, and went on upstairs to the smoking-room, thinking of Labrador. Long ago he had read the story of Wallace and Hubbard in that wilderness.

There was much to be said for a winter in Labrador. It was cold, it was clear, infinitely lonely, with a keen edge of danger and hardship and never a letter or a paper. . . .

One could provision a hut and sit wrapped in furs, watching the Northern Lights. . .

"I'm off to Labrador," said Trafford, and entered the smoking-room.

It was after all perfectly easy to go to

As he pinched the end of his cigar, he became aware of Blenkins, with a gleam of golden glasses and a flapping white cuff, beckoning across the room to him. With that probable scowl on his conscience, Trafford was moved to respond with an unreal warmth and strolled across to Blenkins and a group of three or four other people, including that vigorous young politician, Weston Massinghay and Hart, K. C. about the further fireplace. "We were talking of you," said Blenkins. "Come and sit down with us. Why don't you come into parliament?"

"I've just arranged to go for some months

"Industrial development?" asked Blenkins, all alive.

"No. Holiday."

No Blenkins believes that sort of thing, own counsel"Well, come into parliament as soon as

vou get back."

Trafford had had that old conversation before. He pretended insensibility when Blenkins gestured to a vacant chair. "No," he said, still standing, "we settled all that. And now I'm up to my neck in—detail about Labrador. I shall be starting—before the ful to Trafford. . . . month is out."

Blenkins and Hart simulated interest. "It's immoral," said Blenkins, "for a man of your standing to keep out of politics."

"It's more than immoral," said Hart, "it's

American."

"Solomonson comes in to represent the firm," smiled Trafford, signaled the waiter for coffee, and presently disentangled himself

from their company.

Blenkins was the fine flower of Oxford liberalism and the Tennysonian days. He wanted to be like King Arthur and Sir Galahad, with the merest touch of Launcelot, and to be perfectly upright and splendid and very, very successful. He was a fair, tenoring sort of person with an Arthurian mustache and a disposition to long frock coats. It had been said of him that he didn't dress like a gentleman, but that he dressed more like a gentleman than a gentleman ought to dress. It might have been added that he didn't behave like a gentleman, but that he behaved more like a gentleman than a gentleman ought to behave. He was an orthodox churchman, but very, very broad. He was a man for Great Talks, interminable rambling floods of boyish observation, emotional appreciation, and silly sapient comment. He had written an essay, "Talk in the Past." He did his best to make the club a Talking Club, and loved to summon men to a growing circle of chairs. . .

Trafford had been involved in Talks on one or two occasions, and now as he sat alone in the corridor and smoked and drank his coffee, he could imagine the Talk he had escaped, the Talk that was going on in the smokingroom, the platitudes, the sagacities, the digressions, the sudden revelation of deep irrational convictions.

Over his cigar Trafford became profoundly philosophical about Talk. And after the manner of those who become profoundly philosophical he spread out the word beyond its original and proper intentions to all sorts of kindred and parallel things. Blenkins and his miscellany of friends in their circle of chairs were, after all, only a crude rendering of very much of the intellectual activity of mankind.

Talkers never came to grips, fell away from topic to topic, pretended depth and evaded the devastating horrors of sincerity. Listening was a politeness amongst them that was presently rewarded with utterance. idity, excessive abundance, inconsecutiveness; these were the things that made Talk hate-

Wasn't most literature in the same case? Wasn't nearly all present philosophical and sociological discussion in the world merely a Blenkins circle on a colossal scale, with everyone looming forward to get in a deeply thoughtful word edgeways at the first opportunity?

He forgot these rambling speculations as he came out into the spring sunshine of Pall Mall, and halting for a moment on the topmost step, regarded the tidy pavements, the rare dignified shops, the waiting taxicabs, the pleasant, prosperous passers-by. His mind lapsed back to the thought that he meant to leave all this and go to Labrador. His mind went a step further, and reflected that he would not only go to Labrador, but —it was highly probable—come back again.

And then?

Why, after all, should he go to Labrador at all? Why shouldn't he make a supreme effort

Something entirely irrational within him told him with conclusive emphasis that he had to go to Labrador. . . .

He remembered there was this confounded business of the proposed new house to consider. . . .

III

It occurred to him that he would go a little out of his way, and look at the new great laboratories at the Romeike College, of which his old bottle-washer Durgan was, he knew, extravagantly proud. Romeike's widow was dead now and her will executed, and her substance half turned already to bricks and stone and glazed tiles and all those excesses of space and appliance which the rich and authoritative imagine must needs give us Science, however ill-selected and underpaid and slighted the users of those opportunities may be. The architects had had great fun with the bequest; a quarter of the site was devoted to a huge square surrounded by dignified, if functionless, colonnades, and adorned with those stone seats of Men talked as often as dogs bark. Those honor which are always so chill and unsatisfactory as resting-places in our island climate. The laboratories, except that they were a little shaded by the colonnades, were everything a laboratory should be; the benches were miracles of convenience, there wasn't anything the industrious investigator might want—steam, high pressures, electric power—that he couldn't get by pressing a button or turning a switch—unless perhaps it was inspiring ideas. And the new library at the end with its grays and greens, its logarithmic computators at every table, was a miracle of mental convenience.

Durgan showed his old professor the marvels.

"If he *chooses* to do something here," said Durgan, not too hopefully, "a man can . . ."

"What's become of the little old room where we two used to work?" asked Trafford.

"They'll turn 'em all out presently," said Durgan, "when this part is ready, but just at present it's very much as you left it. There's been precious little research done there since you went away—not what I call research. Females chiefly—and boys. Playing at it. Making themselves into D. Sc.'s by a baby research instead of a man's examination. It's like broaching a thirty-two gallon cask full of Pap to think of it. Lord, sir, the swill! Research! Counting and weighing things! Professor Lake's all right, I suppose, but his work was mostly mathematical; he didn't do much of it here. No, the old day's ended, sir, when you . . ."

He arrested himself, and obviously changed his words. "Got busy with other things."

Trafford surveyed the place; it seemed to him to have shrunken a little in the course of the three years that had intervened since he resigned his position. On the wall at the back there still hung, fly-blown and a little crumpled, an old table of constants he had made for his elasticity researches. Lake had kept it there, for Lake was a man of generous appreciations, and rather proud to follow in the footsteps of an investigator of Trafford's subtlety and vigor. The old sink in the corner where Trafford had once swilled his watch glasses and filled his beakers had been replaced by one of a more modern construction, and the combustion cupboard was unfamiliar, until Durgan pointed out that it had been enlarged. The ground-glass window at the east end showed still the marks of an explosion that had banished a clumsy student from this sanctuary at the very beginning of Trafford's career.

"By Jove!" he said after a silence, "but I did some good work here."

"You did, sir," said Durgan.

"I wonder— I may take it up again presently."

"I doubt it, sir," said Durgan.

"Oh! But suppose I come back?"

"I don't think you would find yourself coming back, sir," said Durgan after judicious consideration.

He adduced no shadow of a reason for his doubt, but some mysterious quality in his words carried conviction to Trafford's mind. He knew that he would never do anything worth doing in molecular physics again. He knew it now conclusively for the first time.

TV

He found himself presently in Bond Street. The bright May day had brought out great quantities of people, so that he had to come down from any altitudes of abstraction

to pick his way among them.

He was struck by the prevailing interest and contentment in the faces he passed. There was no sense of insecurity betrayed, no sense of the deeps and mysteries upon which our being floats like a film. They looked solid, they looked satisfied; surely never before in the history of the world has there been so great a multitude of secure-feeling, satisfied-looking, uninquiring, uneventful people as there is to-day. All the tragic great things of life seem stupendously remote from them; pain is rare, death is out of sight, religion has shrunken to an inconsiderable comfortable reassuring appendage of the daily life. And with the bright small things of immediacy they are so active and alert. Never before has the world seen such multitudes, and a day must come when it will cease to see them for evermore.

As he shouldered his way through the throng before the Oxford Street shop windows he appreciated a queer effect, almost as it were of insanity, about all this rich and abundant and ultimately aimless life, this tremendous spawning and proliferation of uneventful humanity. These individual lives signified no doubt enormously—to the individuals, but did all the shining, reflecting, changing existence that went by like bubbles in a stream, signify collectively anything more than the leaping, glittering confusion of shoaling mackerel on a sunlit afternoon? The pretty girl looking into the window schemed picturesque achievements with lace and ribbon, the beggar at the curb was alert for any sympathetic eye, the chauffeur on the waiting taxi-cab watched the twopences ticking on

with a quiet satisfaction; each followed a keenly sought immediate end, but altogether? Where were they going altogether? Until he knew that, where was the sanity of statecraft, the excuse of any impersonal effort, the significance of anything beyond a life of appetites and self-seeking instincts?

He found that perplexing suspicion of priggishness affecting him again. Why couldn't he take the gift of life as it seemed these people took it? Why was he continually lapsing into these somber, dimly religious questionings and doubts? Why, after all, should he concern himself with these riddles of some collective and ultimate meaning in things? Was he for all his ability and security so afraid of the accidents of life that on that account he clung to this conception of a larger impersonal issue which the world in general seemed to have abandoned so cheerfully? At any rate he did cling to it—and his sense of it made the abounding active life of this stirring, bristling thoroughfare an almost unendurable perplexity. . .

He turned to his right out of Lancaster Gate into Sussex Square, and came to a stop

at the pavement edge.

From across the road he surveyed the wide white front and portals of the house that wasn't big enough for Marjorie.

He let himself in with his latchkey.

Malcolm, his man, hovered at the foot of the big staircase, and came forward for his hat and gloves and stick.

"Mrs. Trafford in?" asked Trafford.

"She said she would be in by four, sir." Trafford glanced at his watch and went

slowly upstairs.

On the landing there had been a rearrangement of the furniture, and he paused to sur-The alterations had been made to accommodate a big cloisonné jar, that now glowed a wonder of white and tinted whites and luminous blues upon a dark, deep-shining stand. He noted now the curtain of the window had been changed from something surely it had been a reddish curtain!—to a sharp clear blue with a black border, that reflected upon and sustained and encouraged the jar tremendously. And surely the wall behind-? Yes. Its deep brown was darkened to an absolute black behind the jar, and

seemed it all might have grown, as flowers grow. . . .

He entered the drawing-room and surveyed its long and handsome spaces. Postimpressionism was over and gone; three long pictures by young Quillerson and one of Redwood's gallant bronzes faced the tall windows between the white marble fireplaces at either end. There were two lean jars from India, a young boy's head from Florence, and in a great bowl in the remotest corner a frothing mass of azaleas. . . .

His mood of wondering at familiar things was still upon him. It came to him as a thing absurd and incongruous that this should be his home. It was all wonderfully arranged into one dignified harmony, but he felt now that at a touch of social earthquake, with a mere momentary lapse toward disorder, it would degenerate altogether into litter, lie heaped together, confessed the loot it was. He came to a stop opposite one of the Quillersons, a stiffly self-conscious shop girl in her Sunday clothes, a not unsuccessful emulation of Nicholson's wonderful Mrs. Stafford of Paradise Row. Regarded as so much brown and gray and amber-gold, it was coherent in Marjorie's design, but regarded as a work of art, as a piece of expression, how madly irrelevant its humor and implications to that room and the purposes of that room! Against this subdued and disciplined background of muted, inarticulate cries,—cries for beauty, for delight, for freedom, Marjorie and her world moved and rustled and chattered and competed—wearing the skins of beasts, the love plumage of birds, the woven cocoon cases of little silkworms. . . .

"Preposterous," he whispered.

He went to the window and stared out; turned about and regarded the gracious variety of that long, well-lit room again, then strolled thoughtfully upstairs. He reached the door of his study, and a sound of voices from the schoolroom—it had recently been promoted from the rank of day nursery to this level—caught his mood. He changed his mind, crossed the landing, and was welcomed with shouts.

The rogues had been dressing up. Margharita, that child of the dreadful dawn, was now a sturdy and domineering girl of eight, and she was attired in a gilt paper mitre and her governess' white muslin blouse so tied at the wrists as to suggest lawn sleeves, a shaded up between the lacquer cabinets on broad crimson band doing duty as a stole. either hand by insensible degrees to the She was Becket prepared for martyrdom at general hue. It was wonderful, perfectly the foot of the altar. Godwin, his eldest son, harmonious, and so subtly planned that it was a hot-tempered, pretty-featured, pleasantly self-conscious boy of nearly seven, and very happy now in a white dragoon's helmet and rude but effective brown paper breastplate and greaves, as the party of assassin knights. A small acolyte in what was in all human probability one of the governess's more intimate linen garments assisted Becket, while the general congregation of Canterbury was represented by Edward, aged two, and the governess, disguised with a Union Jack tied over her head after the well-known fashion of the Middle Ages. After the children had welcomed their father and explained the bloody work in hand, they returned to it with solemn earnestness, while Trafford surveyed the tragedy. Godwin slew with admirable gusto, and I doubt if the actual St. Thomas showed half the stately dignity of Margharita.

The scene finished, they went on to the penance of Henry the Second; and there was a tremendous readjustment of costumes, with much consultation and secrecy. Trafford's eyes went from his offspring to the long, white-painted room, with its gay frieze of ships and gulls and its rug-variegated cork carpet of plain brick-red. Everywhere it showed his wife's quick cleverness, the clean serviceable decorativeness of it all, the pretty couldn't work." patterned window curtains, the writing desks, the little library of books, the flowers and bulbs in glasses, the counting blocks and bricks and jolly toys, the blackboard on which the children learned to draw in bold wide strokes, the big, well-chosen German color prints upon the walls. And the children did credit to their casket; they were not only full of vitality but full of ideas; even Edward was already a person of conversation. They were good stuff anyhow. . .

It was fine in a sense, Trafford thought, to have given up his own motives and curiosities to afford this airy pleasantness of upbringing for them, and then came a qualifying thought. Would they in their turn, for the sake of another generation, have to give up fine occupations for mean occupations, deep thoughts for shallow? Would the world get them in turn? Would the girls be hustled and flattered into advantageous marriages, that dinners and drawing-rooms might still prevail? Would the boys after this gracious beginning presently have to swim submerged in another generation of Blenkinses and their Talk, toil in arduous self-seeking, observe respect and manipulate shame, succeed or fail, and succeeding, beget amidst hope and beautiful emotions yet another generation doomed to insincerities and accommodations, and so die at last—as he must die? . . .

He heard his wife's clear voice in the hall below, and went down to meet her. She had gone into the drawing-room, and he followed her in and through the folding doors to the hinder part of the room, where she stood ready to open a small bureau. She turned at his approach, and smiled a pleasant habitual smile. . . .

She was no longer the slim quick-moving girl who had come out of the world to him when he crawled from beneath the wreckage of Solomonson's plane, no longer the halfbarbaric young beauty who had been revealed to him on the staircase of the Vevey villa. She was now a dignified, self-possessed woman, controlling her house and her life with a skilful subtle appreciation of her every point and possibility. She was wearing now a simple walking dress of brownish fawn color. and her hat was touched with a steely blue that made her blue eyes seem handsome and hard, and toned her hair to a merely warm brown. She had, as it were, subdued her fine colors into a sheath in order that she might presently draw them again with more effect.

"Hullo, old man!" she said, "you home?" He nodded. "The club bored me-and I

Her voice had something of challenge and defiance in it. "I've been looking at a house," she said. "Alice Carmel told me of It isn't in Berkeley Square, but it's near It's rather good."

He met her eye. "That's—premature," he

"We can't go on living in this one."

"I won't go to another."

"But why?"

"I just won't." "It isn't the money?"

"No," said Trafford, with sudden fierce resentment. "I've overtaken you and beaten you there, Marjorie."

She stared at the harsh bitterness of his voice. She was about to speak when the door opened, and Malcolm ushered in Aunt Plessington and Uncle Hubert. Husband and wife hung for a moment, and then realized their talk was at an end. . . .

Marjorie went forward to greet her aunt, careless now of all that once stupendous Influence might think of her. She had long ceased to feel even the triumph of victory in her big house, her costly, dignified clothes, her assured and growing social importance. For five years Aunt Plessington had not even ventured to advise; had once or twice admired. All that business of Magnet was even elaborately—forgotten. . . .

left their mark upon both the Plessingtons. She was leaner, more gauntly untidy, more aggressively ill-dressed. She no longer dressed carelessly, she defied the world with her clothes, waved her tattered and dingy banners in its face. Uncle Hubert was no fatter, but in some queer way he had ceased to be thin. Like so many people whose peripheries defy the manifest quaint purpose of Providence, he was in a state of thwarted adiposity, and with all the disconnectedness and weak irritability characteristic of this condition. He had developed a number of nervous movements, chin-strokings, cheekscratchings, and incredulous pawings at his more salient features.

"Isn't it a lark?" began Aunt Plessington with something like a note of apprehension in her high-pitched voice, and speaking almost from the doorway, "we're making a call together. I and Hubert! It's an attack in force."

Uncle Hubert goggled in the rear and stroked his chin, and tried to get together a sort of facial expression.

The Traffords made welcoming noises, and Marjorie advanced to meet her aunt.

"We want you to do something for us," said Aunt Plessington, taking two hands with two hands. . .

In the intervening years the Movement had had ups and downs, it had had a Boom, which had ended abruptly in a complete loss of voice for Aunt Plessington,—she had tried to run it on a patent non-stimulating food, and then it had entangled itself with a new cult of philanthropic theosophy from which it had been extracted with difficulty and in a damaged condition. It had never completely recovered from that unhappy association. Latterly, Aunt Plessington had lost her nerve, and she had taken to making calls upon people with considerable and sometimes embarrassing demands for support, urging them to join committees, take chairs, stake reputations, speak and act as foils for her. If they refused she lost her temper very openly and frankly, and became industriously vindictive. She circulated scandals or created them. Her old assurance had deserted her; the strangulated contralto was losing its magic power, she felt, in this degenerating England it had ruled so long. In the last year or so she had become extremely snappy with Uncle Hubert. She ascribed much of the Movement's futility to the decline of his administrative powers and the increasing awkwardness of his gestures and she did her utmost to keep him up met in this difficult tangle.

Seven years of feverish self-assertion had to the mark. Her only method of keeping him up to the mark was to jerk the bit. had now come to compel Marjorie to address a meeting that was to inaugurate a new phase in the Movement's history, and she wanted Marjorie because she particularly wanted a daringly liberal and spiritually amorous Bishop, who had once told her with a note in his voice to s ick in her memory that Marjorie was a very beautiful woman. She was so intent upon her purpose that she scarcely noticed Trafford. He slipped from the room unobserved under cover of her playful preliminaries, and went to the untidy little apartment overhead which served in that house as his study. He sat down at the big desk, pushed his methodically arranged papers back, and drummed on the edge with his fingers.

"I'm damned if we have that bigger house,"

said Trafford.

VI

He felt he wanted to confirm and establish this new resolution to go right away to Labrador for a year. He wanted to tell some one the thing definitely. He would have gone downstairs again to Marjorie, but she was submerged and swimming desperately against the voluble rapids of Aunt Plessington's purpose. It might be an hour before that attack withdrew. Presently there would be other callers. He decided to have tea with his mother and talk to her about this new break in the course of his life.

Except that her hair was now gray and her brown eyes by so much contrast brighter, Mrs. Trafford's appearance had altered very little in the ten years of her only son's marriage. Whatever fresh realizations of the inevitably widening separation between parent and child these years had brought her, she had kept to herself. She had watched her daughter-in-law, sometimes with sympathy, sometimes with perplexity, always with a jealous resolve to let no shadow of jealousy fall between them. For a year or so after his marriage she had ached at times with a sense of nearly intolerable loneliness, and then the new interests she had found for herself had won their way against this depression. The new insurrectionary movement of women that had distinguished those years had attracted her by its emotion and repelled her by its crudity, and she had resolved, quite in the spirit of the man who had shaped her life, to make a systematic study of all the contributory strands that

ently remarked with a curious interest that going to take a holiday." while she had lost the confidences of her own son and his wife, she was becoming the conpeople. They came to her, she perceived, can get it nowadays—Labrador."

because she was receptive and sympathetic and without a claim upon them or any interest to complicate the freedom of their speech with her. They came to her because she did not belong to them nor they to her. It is indeed the defect of all formal and established relationship that it embarrasses speech, and taints each phase in intercourse with the flavor of diplomacy. One can be far more easily outspoken to a casual stranger one may never see again than to that inseparable other, who may misinterpret, who may disapprove or mis-

understand, and who will certainly in the had come and gone, "when her son surmeasure of that discord remember. . . .

It became at last a matter of rejoicing to Mrs. Trafford that the ties of the old instinctive tenderness between herself and her son, the memories of pain and tears and the passionate conflict of childhood, were growing so thin and lax and inconsiderable that she could even hope some day to talk to him again—almost as she talked to the young men and young women who drifted out of the unknown to her and sat in her little room and sought to express their perplexities and listened to her advice. . . .

It seemed to her that afternoon the wishedfor day had come.

Trafford found her just returned from a walk in Kensington Gardens, and writing a note at her desk under the little sunlit window that looked upon the High Street. "Finish your letter, little mother," he said, and took possession of the hearthrug.

When she had sealed and addressed her letter she turned her head and found him looking at his father's portrait.

"Done?" he asked, becoming aware of her eyes.

She took her letter into the hall and returned to him, closing the door behind her. "I'm going away, little mother," he said ty, it's aimless, it's incessant. . . ."

Her circle of intimates grew, and she pres- with an unconvincing offhandedness. "I'm

"Alone?"

"Yes. I want a change. I'm going off fidante of an increasing number of other somewhere—untrodden ground, as near as one

> Their eyes met for a moment.

"Is it for long?"

"The best part of a

"I thought you were going on with your tesearch work again."

"No." He paused. "I'm going to Labrador."

"Why?" she asked. "I'm going to think." She found nothing to say for a moment. "It's good," she remarked, "to think." Then, lest she herself should seem to be thinking too enormously, she rang the bell to order the tea that was already on its way.

"It surprises a mother." she said, when the maid

prises her."

"You see," he repeated, as though it explained everything, "I want to think."

The tea-things came before mother and son were back at essentials again. Then she asked abruptly: "Why are you going away like this?"

"I'm tired of all this business and finance," he said after a pause.

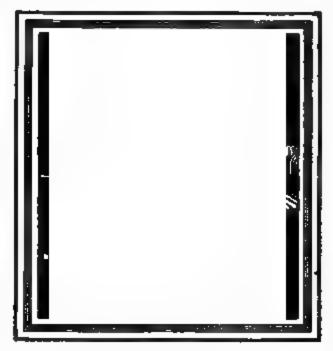
"I thought you would be," she answered as deliberately.

"Yes. I've had enough of things. I want to get clear. And begin again somehow."

She felt they both hung away from the essential aspect. Either he or she must approach it. She decided that she would, that it was a less difficult thing for her than for

"And Marjorie?" she asked.

He looked into his mother's eyes very quietly. "You see," he went on deliberately, disregarding her question, "I'm beached. I'm aground. I'm spoilt now for the old researches—spoilt altogether. And I don't like this life I'm leading. I detest it. While I was struggling it had a kind of interest. There was an excitement in piling up the first twenty thousand. But now-! It's emp-



She felt they both hung away from the essential aspect. Either he or she She decided that must approach it. she would, that it was a less difficult thing for her than for him

He paused. She turned to the tea-things, and lit the spirit lamp under the kettle. It seemed a little difficult to do, and her hand trembled. When she turned on him again it was with an effort.

"Does Marjorie like the life you are leading?" she asked, and pressed her lips together tightly.

He spoke with a bitterness in his voice that astonished her. "Oh, she likes it."

"Are you sure?"

He nodded.

"She won't like it without you!"

"Oh, that's too much! It's her world. It's what she's done—what she's made. She can have it, she can keep it. I've played my part and got it for her. But now—now I'm free to go. I will go. She's got everything else. I've done my half of the bargain. But my soul's my own. If I want to go away and think, I will. Not even Marjorie shall stand in the way of that."

She made no answer to this outburst for a couple of seconds. Then she threw out, "Why shouldn't Marjorie think, too?"

He considered that for some moments. "She doesn't," he said, as though the words came from the roots of his being.

"But you two-"

"We don't talk. It's astonishing-how we don't. We don't. We can't. We try to and we can't. And she goes her way and now-I will go mine."

"And leave her?"

He nodded.

"In London?"

"With all the things she cares for."

"Except yourself."

"I'm only a means—"

She turned her quiet face to him. know," she said, "that isn't true. . . .

"No," she repeated to his silent contradiction.

"I've watched her," she went on. "You're not a means. I'd have spoken long ago if I had thought that. Haven't I watched? Haven't I lain awake through long nights thinking about her and you, thinking over every casual mood, every little sign—longing to help—helpless. . . ." She struggled with herself, for she was weeping. "It has come to this," she said in a whisper, and choked back a flood of tears.

Trafford stood motionless, watching her. She became active. She moved round the table. She looked at the kettle, moved the cups needlessly, made tea, and stood waiting for a moment before she poured it out. "It's so hard to talk to you," she said, "and about Mrs. Trafford gave her mind to the tea that

all this. . . . I care so much. For her. And for you. . . . Words don't come, dear. . . . One says stupid things."

She poured out the tea, and left the cups steaming, and came and stood before him.

"You see," she said, "you're ill. You aren't just. You've come to an end. You don't know where you are and what you want to do. Neither does she, my dear. She's as aimless as you—and less able to help it. Ever so much less able."

"But she doesn't show it. She goes on. She wants things and wants things—"

"And you want to go away. It's the same thing. It's exactly the same thing. It's dissatisfaction. Life leaves you empty and craving—leaves you with nothing to do but little immediate things that turn to dust as you do them. It's her trouble just as it's your trouble."

"But she doesn't show it."

"Women don't. Not so much. Perhaps even she doesn't know it. Half the women in our world don't know—and for a woman it's so much easier to go on—so many little things. . . ."

Trafford tried to grasp the intention of "Mother," he said, "I mean to go

away."

"But think of her!"

"I've thought. Now I've got to think of

"You can't—without her."

"I will. It's what I'm resolved to do."

"Go right away?" "Right away."

"And think?"

He nodded.

"Find out—what it all means, my boy?"

"Yes. So far as I'm concerned."

"And then-?"

"Come back, I suppose. I haven't thought."

"To her?"

He didn't answer. She went and stood beside him, leaning upon the mantel. "Godwin," she said, "she'd only be further behind. . . . You've got to take her with you."

He stood still and silent.

"You've got to think things out with her. If you don't-"

"I can't."

"Then you ought to go away from her—" She stopped.

"For good?" he asked.

"Yes."

They were both silent for a space. Then

was cooling in the cups, and added milk and sugar. She spoke again with the table between them.

"I've thought so much of these things," she said, with the milk-jug in her hand. "It's not only you two, but others. And all the movement about us. . . . Marriage isn't what it was. It's become a different thing because women have become human beings. Only— You know, Godwin, all these things are so difficult to express. Woman's come out of being a sort of slave, and yet she isn't an equal. . . . We've had a sort of sham emancipation, and we haven't yet come to the real one."

She put down the milk-jug on the tray with an air of grave deliberation. "If you go away from her and make the most wonderful discoveries about life and yourself it's no good—unless she makes them, too. It's no good at all. . . . You can't live without her in the end, any more than she can live without you. You may think you can, but I've watched you. You don't want to go away from her, you want to go away from the world that's got hold of her, from the dresses and parties and the competition and all this complicated flatness—we have to live in. . . . It wouldn't worry you a bit, if it hadn't got hold of her. You don't want to get out of it for your own sake. You are out of it. You are as much out of it as anyone can be. Only she holds you in it, because she isn't out of it. Your going away will do nothing. She'll still be in it—and still have her hold on you. . . . You've got to take her away. Or else—if you go away—in the end it will be just like a ship, Godwin, coming back to its moorings."

She watched his thoughtful face for some moments, then arrested herself just in time in the act of putting a second portion of sugar into each of the cups. She handed her son his tea, and he took it mechanically. "You're a wise little mother," he said. "I didn't see things in that light. . . . I wonder if you're right."

"I know I am," she said.

"I've thought more and more,—it was Marjorie."

"It's the world."

"Women made the world. All the dress and display and competition."

"Sex made the Mrs. Trafford thought. world. Neither men nor women. But the but the play seemed devised to intensify his world has got hold of the women tighter than it has the men. They're deeper in." She looked up into his face. "Take her with you," she said, simply.

"She won't come," said Trafford, after considering it.

Mrs. Trafford reflected. "She'll come—if

you make her," she said.

"She'll want to bring two housemaids." "I don't think you know Marjorie—as well as I do."

"But she can't-"

"She can. It's you—you'll want to take two housemaids for her. Even you. . . . Men are not fair to women."

Trafford put his untasted tea upon the mantelshelf, and confronted his mother with a question point-blank. "Does Marjorie care for me?" he asked.

"You're the sun of her world."

"But she goes her way."

"She's clever, she's full of life, full of activities, eager to make and arrange and order; but there's nothing she is, nothing she makes, that doesn't center on you."

"But if she cared, she'd understand!"

"My dear, do you understand?"

He stood musing. "I had everything clear," he said. "I saw my way to Labrador. . . ."

Her little clock pinged the half-hour. "Good God!" he said, "I'm to be at dinner somewhere at seven. We're going to a first night. With the Bernards, I think. Then I suppose we'll have a supper. Always life is being slashed to tatters by these things. Always. One thinks in snatches of fifty minutes. It's dementia. . . ."

$\mathbf{v}\mathbf{u}$

They dined at the Loretto Restaurant with the Bernards and Richard Hampden and Mrs. Godwin Capes, the dark-eyed, quiet-mannered wife of the dramatist, a woman of impulsive speech and long silences, who had subsided from an early romance (Capes had been divorced from her while she was still a mere girl) into a markedly correct and exclusive mother of daughters. Through the dinner Marjorie was watching Trafford and noting the deep preoccupation of his manner. He talked a little to Mrs. Bernard until it was time for Hampden to entertain her, then, finding Mrs. Capes was interested in Bernard, he lapsed into thought. Presently Marjorie discovered his eye scrutinizing

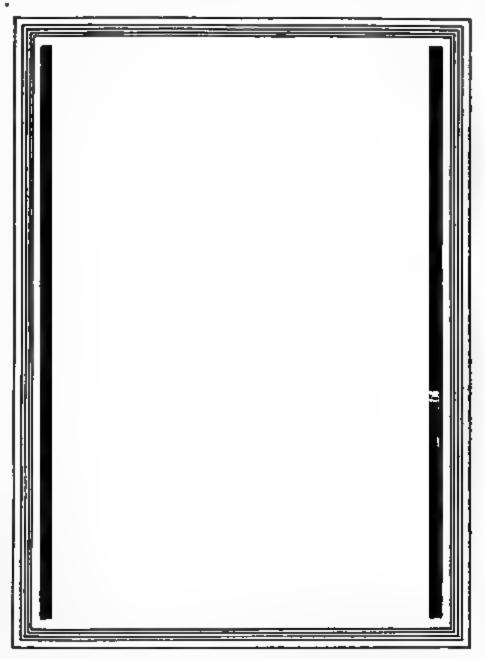
She hoped the play would catch his mind, sense of the tawdry unreality of contemporary life. Bernard filled the intervals with a conventional enthusiasm. Capes didn't appear.

"He doesn't seem to care to see his things," his wife explained.

"It's so brilliant," said Bernard.
"He has to do it," said Mrs. Capes slowly, her somber eyes estimating the crowded stalls "It isn't what he cares to do."

The play was in fact an admirable piece of English stagecraft, and it dealt exclusively with that unreal other world of beings the this than a mere resentment at her persis-English theater has for its own purposes de- tence about the new house. .

veloped. Just as Greece through the ages evolved and polished and perfected the idealized life of its Homeric poems, so the British mind has evolved its Stage Land to embody its more honorable dreams, full of heroic virtues, incredible honor, genial worldliness, childish villainies, profound but amiable waiters, domestics, pathetic shepherds, and preposterous crimes. In this play Capes had invented a situation in which a charming and sympathetic lady had killed a gross and drunken husband in self-defense almost but not quite accident-



I feel now that all our lives now, Marjorie—We have come to a crisis. I feel that now—now is the time. Either we shall save ourselves now or we shall never save ourselves

ally, and had then appealed to the prodigious hero for assistance in the resultant complications. At a great cost of mental suffering to himself he had told his first and only lie to shield her. Then years after he had returned to England—the first act happened, of course, in India—to find her on the eve of marrying, without any of the preliminary confidences common among human beings, an old school friend of his. (In plays all gentlemen have been at school together.) The audience had to be interested in the problem of what the pro-

digious hero was to do in this prodigious situation.

Marjorie watched Trafford in the corner of the box, as he listened rather contemptuously to the statement of the evening's problem and then lapsed again into a brooding quiet. She wished she understood his moods better. She felt there was more in

> Why didn't he go on with things? .

> This darkling mood of his had only become manifest to her during the last three or four years of their life. Previously, of course, he had been irritable at times.

> Were they less happy now than they had been in the little house in Chelsea? It had really been a horrible little house. And yet there had been a brightness then—a nearness. . . .

> She found her mind wandering away upon a sort of stock-taking expedition. How much of real happiness had she and Trafford had together? They ought by every

standard to be so happy.

She declined the Bernards' invitation to a chafing-dish supper, and began to talk so soon as she and Trafford had settled into the car.

"Rag," she said," something's the matter?"

"Well-yes."

"The house?"

"Yes-the house."

Marjorie considered through a little in-

"Old man, why are you so prejudiced against a bigger house?"

"Oh, because the one we have bores me, and the next one will bore me more."

"But try it."

"I don't want to."

"Well," she said, and lapsed into silence. "And then," he asked, "what are we going to do?"

"Going to do—when?"

"After the new house-

"I'm going to open out," she said.

He made no answer.

"I want to open out. I want you to take your place in the world, the place you deserve.

"A four-footman place?"

"Oh! the house is only a means."

He thought upon that. "A means," he asked, "to what? Look here, Marjorie, what do you think you are up to with me and yourself? What do you see me doing—in the years ahead?"

She gave him a silent and thoughtful profile

for a second or so.

"At first I suppose you are going on with your researches.

"Well?"

"Then— I must tell you what I think of you, Rag. Politics-

"Good Lord!"

"You've a sort of power. You could make things noble."

"And then? Office?"

"Why not? Look at the little men they

"And then perhaps a still bigger house?"

"You're not fair to me."

He pulled up the bearskin over his knees. "Marjorie!" he said. "You see— We aren't going to do any of those things at all. . Nol . . ."

"I can't go on with my researches," he "That's what you don't underexplained. stand. I'm not able to get back to work. I shall never do any good research again. That's the real trouble, Marjorie, and it makes all the difference. As for politics-I can't touch politics. I despise politics. I think this empire and the monarchy and Lords and Commons and patriotism and social reform and all the rest of it, silly, silly beyond words; temporary, accidental, foolish, a mere stopgap—like a gipsy's roundabout in a place where one will presently build a house. . . . You don't help make the house by riding on the roundabout. . . . There's no clear knowledge—no clear purpose. . . . Only research matters—and expression perhaps—I suppose expression is a sort of research-until we get that. And, you see, I

can't take up my work again. I've lost something. . . . "

She waited.

"I've got into this stupid struggle for winning money," he went on, "and I feel as a woman must feel who's made a success of prostitution. I've been prostituted. I feel like some one fallen and diseased. . . . Business and prostitution; they're the same thing. All business is a sort of prostitution, all prostitution is a sort of business. should one sell one's brains any more than one sells one's body? . . . It's so easy to succeed if one has good brains and cares to do it and doesn't let one's attention or imagination wander—and it's so degrading. Hopelessly degrading. . . . I'm sick of this life, Marjorie. I don't want to buy things. I'm sick of buying. I'm tired of things and the getting of things. I'm at an end. I'm clean at an end. It's exactly as though suddenly in the midst of walking through a great house one came on a passage that ended abruptly in a door, which opened—on nothing! Nothing!"

"This is a mood," she whispered to his

pause.

"It isn't a mood, it's a fact. . . . I've got nothing ahead, and I don't know how to get back. My life's no good to me any more. I've spent myself."

She looked at him with dismayed eyes.

"But!" she said, "this is a mood."
"No," he said, "no mood, but conviction. I know. . . ." He started. The car had stopped at their house and Malcolm was opening the door of the car. They descended silently, and went upstairs in silence. . . .

He came into her room presently and sat down by her fireside. She had gone to her dressing-table and unfastened a necklace; now with this winking and glittering in her hand she came and stood beside him.

"Rag," she said, "I don't know what to This isn't so much of a surprise. . . . I felt that somehow life was disappointing you, that I was disappointing you. I've felt it endless times, but more so lately. I haven't perhaps dared to let myself know just how much. . . . But isn't it what life is? Doesn't every wife disappoint her husband? We're none of us inexhaustible. After all, we've had a good time; isn't it a little ungrateful to forget? . . ."

"Look here, Rag," she said. "I don't know what to do. If I did know I would do it. . . . What are we to do?"

"Think," he suggested.

"We've got to live as well as think."

"It's the immense troublesome futility of

everything," he said.

"Well—let us cease to be futile. Let us do. You say there is no grip for you in research, that you despise politics. . . . There's no end of trouble and suffering. Cannot we do social work, social reform, change dear; don't think I've ceased to love you, but the lives of others less fortunate than ourselves? . . ."

"Who are we that we should tamper with to embraces . . ." the lives of others?"

"But one must do something."

He thought that over.

"No," he said, "that's the universal blunder nowadays. One must do the right thing. And we don't know the right thing, Marjorie. That's the very heart of the trouble. . . . Does this life satisfy you? If it did would you always be so restless? . . ."

"But," she said, "think of the good things

in life!"

"It's just the good, the exquisite things in life that make me rebel against this life we are leading. It's because I've seen the streaks of gold that I know the rest for dirt. When I go cheating and scheming to my office, and come back to find you squandering yourself upon a horde of chattering, overdressed women, when I think that that is our substance every day and what we are, then it is I remember most the deep and beautiful things. . . . It is impossible, dear, it is intolerable that life was made beautiful for us —just for these vulgarities."

"Isn't there—" She hesitated. "Love

-still?"

"But— Has it been love? Love is a thing that grows. But we took it—as people take flowers out of a garden, cut them off, put them in water. . . . How much of our daily life has been love? How much of it mere consequences of the love we've left behind us? . . . We've just cohabited and 'made love'-you and I-and thought of a thousand other things. . . ."

He looked up at her. "Oh, I love a thousand things about you," he said. "But do I love you, Marjorie? Have I got you? Haven't I lost you—haven't we both lost something, the very heart of it all? Do you think that we were just cheated by instinct, that there wasn't something in it we felt and thought was there? And where is it now? Where is that brightness and wonder, Marjorie, and the pride and the immense unlimited hope?"

She was still for a moment, then knelt very swiftly before him and held out her arms.

"Oh Rag!" she said with a face of tender beauty. He took her finger tips in his, dropped them and stood up above her.

"My dear," he cried, "my dear! why do you always want to turn love into-touches? . . . Stand up again. Stand up there, my stand up there and let me talk to you as one man to another. If we let this occasion slide

He stopped short.

She crouched before the fire at his feet.

"Go on," she said, "go on."

"I feel now that all our lives now, Marjorie— We have come to a crisis. I feel that now—now is the time. Either we shall save ourselves now or we shall never save ourselves. It is as if something had gathered and accumulated and could wait no longer. If we do not seize this opportunity— Then our lives will go on as they have gone on, will become more and more a matter of small excitements and elaborate comforts and distractions. . . . '

He stopped this halting speech and then

broke out again.

"Oh, why should the life of every day conquer us? Why should generation after generation of men have these fine beginnings, these splendid dreams of youth, attempt so much, achieve so much, and then, then become—this! Look at this room, this litter of little satisfactions! Look at your pretty books there—a hundred minds you have pecked at, bright things of the spirit that attracted you as jewels attract a jackdaw. Look at the glass and silver, and that silk from China! And we are in the full tide of our years, Marjorie. Now is the very crown and best of our lives. And this is what we do, we sample, we accumulate. For this we loved, for this we hoped. Do you remember when we were young—that life seemed so splendid—it was intolerable we should ever die? . . . The splendid dream! The intimations of greatness! . . . The miserable failure!"

He raised clenched fists. "I won't stand it, Marjorie. I won't endure it. Somehow, in some way, I will get out of this life—and you with me. I have been brooding upon this and brooding, but now I know. . . .

"But how?" asked Marjorie, with her bare arms about her knees, staring into the fire. "How?"

"We must get out of its constant interruptions, its incessant vivid, petty appeals. . . "We might go away—to Switzerland."

"We went to Switzerland. Didn't we

agree—it was our second honeymoon. It isn't a honeymoon we need. No, we'll have

to go farther than that."

A sudden light broke upon Marjorie's mind. She realized he had a plan. She lifted a fire-lit face to him and looked at him with steady eyes and asked:

"Where?"

"Ever so much farther."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

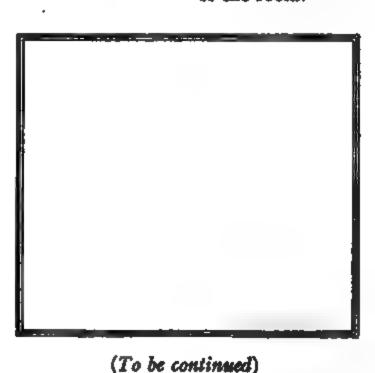
"You do. You've planned something."

"I don't know, Marjoric. At least—I haven't made up my mind. Where it is very lonely. Cold and remote. Away from all this—" His mind stopped at this, and he ended with a cry: "Oh! God! how I want to get out of all this!"

He sat down in her armchair, and bowed

his face on his hands.

Then abruptly he stood up and went out of the room.



ABE MARTIN

On an Ole-Fashioned Fourth o' July

By KIN HUBBARD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. FOX



NCLE NILES TURNER says that as long as ever'-buddy that gits on a modern train er ship wants t' wake up at ther destination we kin expect t' be appalled ever' time we pick up a newspaper. He says that back in th' ole days when you had t' lead a girl t' th' altar an' only fellers that could cut th' mustard dared t' wear plug hats, folks lived by th' way an' wuz content t' git some place eventually.

Uncle Niles Turner used t' cut a purty clever clip himself back in th' ole times he talks about. Th' year he sewed nineteen dollars t' th' inside o' his waistcoat an' started fer th' Philadelphy Centennial th' band boys an' hook an' ladder company got up a Fourth o' July celebration. Uncle Niles wuz only sixty-nine then an' in th' prime o' young manhood. Alex McGee wuz th' grand marshal o' th' day. Alex had a purple face, a eighty-six inch girth, a calico Oregon pony an' th' fierce, stern expression o' a fiery rear admiral.

Way back in th' good ole days when only folks that could cut the mustard wore plug hats "Stand back! Git back! Ever' buddy git court-house yard an' decorated with striped back!!" he roared as he galloped around th' buntin' an' a picture o' George Washin'ton. public square while th' liberty pole wuz Th' great crowd had gathered an' ever'thing

bein' raised. In times o' peace Alex wuz as tame as a kitten, but on a big day he could crush enough women an' children t' keep himself in hidin' th' year around. He wuz in th' saddle by seven A. M. an' by ten he had fifteen drinks under his red oiled muslin sash, an' by th' time th' pe-rade wuz ready t' start he wuz pickled but erect.

On account o' th' Centennial th' whole country wuz burnin' up with patriotism in eighteen seventy-six an' long before th' sun wuz up th' town wuz full o' people. "Marchin' Thro' Georgy"

th' elimination contest advertised t' take place in th' afternoon, an' all sure o' winnin' th' German silver baton on exhibition in th' People's Bank window. Th' women o' th'

wuz a fine decoy fer a twenty-five cent dinner o' canned corn an' chicken noodles.

Ther had been quite a contest 'mongst th' lawyers fer orator o' th' day an' lots o' jealousy wuz aroused. Th' honor wuz supposed t' carry with it a right smart o' political weight, too, an' so it finally become a fight betwixt th' two ole

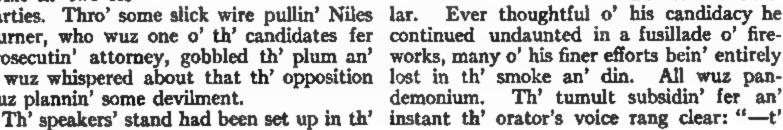
parties. Thro' some slick wire pullin' Niles lar. Ever thoughtful o' his candidacy he Turner, who wuz one o' th' candidates fer continued undaunted in a fusillade o' fireprosecutin' attorney, gobbled th' plum an' works, many o' his finer efforts bein' entirely it wuz whispered about that th' opposition lost in th' smoke an' din. All wuz panwuz plannin' some devilment.

Uncle Niles wuz only sixtynine years ole then an' in th' prime o' young manhood

wuz quiet while th' ladies o' th' human flag that formed th' background sung "Th' Star Spangled Banner" t' oom-ta-ta accompaniment. As th' last sour note died away among th' boughs o'erhead Niles Turner arose dressed like a corpse an' shinin' like a porpoise in th' harvest sun in th' tight fittin' Prince Albert he had graduated in twenty years before at Ann Arbor. Jist back o' him, arranged in tiers like a minstrel show first part, set th' last shaggy remnant o' th' ole guard that had fought th' Pottawatomies

bands with gaudy faded uniforms an' an' laid th' town out, an' whose whiskers had pompous lookin' drum majors in tall moth braved th' rigors o' countless winters. Ever'eaten fur shakos an' sideburns, rolled in thing possible had been done t' make th' from th' surroundin' burgs, all eager fer scene inspirin.' Even Buck Taylor wuz still sober an' occupied a eminence near th' speaker. 'Most as many folks used t' come t' town on a big day t' see Buck Taylor taken t' jail as they did t' hear th' music an' see th' Baptist church had a dinin' room in th' wool sights. Jist as Niles run his long, pale fingers house next t' th' pustoffice, an' th' tall goblet thro' his hair an' searched th' outermost full o' allurin' celery that set off each table edges o' th' vast throng with his eyes his

> white lawn tie wuz shot away by a Roman candle. Lookin' fearlessly in th' direction o' a brass cannon he proceeded, "If, in th' course o' human events" — jist then a whizzin,' spittin' rocket stampeded th' human flag an' descended with great velocity between th' back portion o' th' speaker's neck an' his wilted col-





-long before th' sun wuz up th' town wuz full o' people

-th' blushin', starched belies

o' th' countryside . . . paired

off with th' band boys

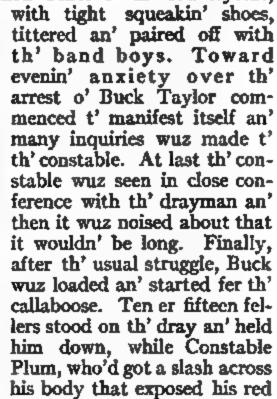
prove this, let facts be submitted t' a th' band contest an'—th' arrest o' Buck Taycandid world"—an' then a cracker o' un- lor t' come yit. As th' crowd moved away th'

coat int' ribbons. Th' scene reminded you o' General Wolfe on th' Heights o' Abraham, 'cept Wolfe had a chance. Much anxiety wuz expressed lest th' buntin', now in flames, should carry th' work o' de-struction t' th' dry, inflammable whiskers in th' rear, whereupon th' hook an' ladder boys quickly rescued th' older an' more infirm veterans an' bore them gently t' a place o' safety amid th' cheers o' th' crowd. Th' speaker had now climbed on a chair, an' gesticulatin' wildly, he continued in beil-like, impassioned tones: "-with circumstances o'

cruelty an' perfidy scarcely paralleled in th' flannel underwear, walked behind an' held most barbarous ages"—jist then a shower his feet. As th' historic float passed th' o' fine stars cut his speech short an' ignited crowded square a panicky woman rushed his hair. Th' remarkable fortitude Niles up t' her husband an' said: "Jim! Jim! Turner displayed in continuin' t' th' last in Look how th' poor constable is bleedin'." a unceasin' rain o' fire aroused great admir-ation an' th' closin' lines o' th' Declaration: fireworks, an' at eight o'clock sharp a "grand "—we mutually pledge t' each other our lives, our fortunes, 'an our sacred honor," wuz greeted by th' reg'lar Bryan brand o' uproarous applause an' he wuz lifted bodily, exhausted an' aflame, an' carried t' th' town 1876 closed in a blaze o' glory. pump where th' fire wuz got under control an' later extinguished.

But th' fun wuzn' over. Ther wuz th' balloon ascension, th' hook an' ladder race, day wuz jist as hard then as it is now.

usual size an' strength blew th' skirt o' his blushin' starched belles o' th' countryside,



\$10,000 display" commenced t' explode from th' roof o' Melodeon Hall. Th' last remainin' promise on th' bills had been kept, an' under illuminated heavens, th' Fourth o' July o'

But, after all, a holiday back in th' good ole times wuz jist like it is t'day-jist a change o' venue fer most o' us, an' th' trouble o' gittin' back in th' harness th' next

Toward evenin' anxiety over th' arrest o' Buck Taylor commenced t' manifest itself

LA FOLLETTE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Experiences with

DOLLIVER, TAFT and ALDRICH

By ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

United States Senator from Wisconsin

THEN the Progressive Republican Senators got into the tariff fight in 1909, we began to know who could be depended upon and our meetings were frequent. Dolliver, Beveridge and Clapp were here when I came; Dixon and Bourne entered March 4, 1907, Borah, March 1908, Cummins, November 1908, and Bristow, March, 1909. This was the group which generally worked together.

I cannot let this occasion pass without some special reference to Dolliver, who in the last year of his service in the Senate be-

came a great power for good.

Dolliver was a wonderfully gifted man. His command of language and facility of expression equalled that of any man I ever He had imagination, humor, alertness. He could command all of his powers This was something of a misinstantly. fortune to Dolliver, because it tempted him often to depend upon this wonderful readiness instead of engaging in the drudgery which is necessary to enable any man to master first the principles and then the details of a complex problem. He entered public life very young and everything came to him pretty easily. He did not have to encounter in our friendly personal relationship. opposition in his own district. He did not have to fight for anything in his own State. He was taken up by the leaders here in the House and afterward in the Senate. He was always in demand as a speaker at banquets, always flattered and applauded, and he drifted along with the old crowd. So, when I came to the Senate, Dolliver was one of the men put forward to answer any criticism that I might offer against things as they existed. Even after the debate on the railroad bill, to which I referred in a previous chapter, Dolliver was lecturing in the same field that I was

covering. I had been out through Iowa before I came to the Senate, and I had reviewed the struggle that was then on in Congress to amend the Interstate Commerce Act. I spoke in Dolliver's town and I spoke in Hepburn's town, and they came in for my criticism against the committees for holding up legislation. Senator Dolliver was piqued and prepared a speech for the Chautauqua platform, designed to answer my criticism, though he never mentioned my name. when I came to the Senate, although we had been good friends in the House, and though he greeted me cordially, I felt that he was more than a little against me.

In 1008 I was the one Republican in the Senate who made a fight on the Emergency Currency bill. Dolliver came back a day or two before the vote was to be taken. And he was staged for an eloquent fifteen or twenty minute talk, aimed directly at me. He did not mention my name, of course, but it was intended as a rebuke to me.

I used to say to Mrs. La Follette, "Dolliver sometime or other will come to himself," and so I never would be drawn into any controversy with him which would lead to a breach

As we were coming into the new session, in 1909, and the Tariff bill was coming up, I thought a great deal about Dolliver. One day I went over to his seat and said, "John, I want you to come down to my committee room: I want to talk with you."

He said, "Sit down and talk here."
"No," I said, "I want a serious talk with you. We will both get angry before we get through but we will stay until we get it over

"What is it all about, Bob?" he asked. "I want to make you see that you ought to

break away from Aldrich"—and I pointed yielded to the counsel of his old colleague, to the other fellows sitting all about him. Senator Allison. But he said that he had "These fellows are not serving the public; they are betraying the public and you are following them. Your place is at the head of a movement here in the Senate and in the the Senate which was manipulating legislacountry for the public interest."

He said: "Bob, your liver is all out of order; you're jaundiced. You see things

awry: cheer up."

So he laughed and turned me off with a joke, and I did not get any serious talk with him until March, after the committees were selected. Allison was dead and Cummins had succeeded him. Dolliver surrendered his place on the Committee on Interstate Commerce so that Cummins could have a good committee assignment. According to Senate usage two senators from the same State belonging to the same political party cannot serve on the same committee. Dolliver had gone to the boss of the Senate, Mr. Aldrich, and said, "Will you put Cummins on that Committee if I resign?"

"Why, if you want it, I will," said Aldrich. Having resigned to make way for Cumcancy created by Allison's death in the Comexpect that his friends, Aldrich and the rest, would put him on. But, after getting his resignation from the Committee on Interstate Commerce, Dolliver was not only denied a place on the Committee on Finance, but breadth of losing the appointment to the isn't going to take it alone any longer." Committee on Interstate Commerce.

Meeting Dolliver in the corridor one day after the appointments were announced, I said to him, "John, are you pretty nearly ready to have that conference with me?"

He answered, "Yes, I am coming over to see you."

"Well," I said, "come now."

And he went with me to my committee We spent several hours together. Dolliver reviewed all of his associations with the masters of legislation in the House and in the Senate. He went back to the treatment which he had received on the Committee on Interstate Commerce when Aldrich took his railroad bill away from him by a combination of votes in the committee and placed him in the humiliating situation of having to see his bill reported by a Democratic member of the committee. He told me then of the difficulty with which he held himself in restraint from making an outbreak against Aldrich and the system, but that he had they had a strong affection for each other.

told Allison that he could not stand it much longer; that he was going to break away and declare his independence of the system in tion for the benefit of great interests. And Allison, whom he loved like a father, had said to him:

"Jonathan, don't do it; don't do it now: wait until I am gone. I know it is wrong. It has grown up here gradually in the last quarter of a century. I have gone along with it. These men are my associates. I have only a little while left, and I haven't the strength to break away. It has got to come. It is a cancer; it's got to be cut out. But wait until I am gone, and then go into this

new movement where you belong."

Dolliver said to me: "From this time on. I am going to be independent. I am going to serve my conscience. I have been lecturing, I have saved my dollars and put them into a farm out there in Iowa. I am going to judgment in the next twenty years, and I am going so I can look my Maker in the mins, he applied for appointment to the va- face. I do not have to stay in public life. I can take my books, my wife, and my chilmittee on Finance. Dolliver had a right to dren, and if I am dismissed from the service for following my convictions, I will go out to my farm, and stay until the call comes."

After that I don't know how many times Dolliver, when our little group was conferring, would turn toward me and say: "Bob has Cummins himself came within a hair's been taking the gaff all these years, and he

> Dolliver never came to the fullness of his strength until this great political revolution took place within him. And then it awakened the sleeping giant and he became a student of the details of the tariff; he dug

it out by the roots.

He was attacked by the stand-patters of Iowa when he became a Progressive, and he was not credited even by Progressives with that sincerity of conviction to which he was in every way entitled. Many of those in the Progressive ranks, who had suffered under his keen witticisms, could not believe that Dolliver had changed from conviction. But I know that he did. A close study of his record will show how, even while Allison still lived, he was constantly straining at the bonds which kept him in the ranks on that side. He and Clapp came together. They were very dear friends—often together in a social way. They understood and appreciated each other. They were not at all alike, but It was the fight on the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill which brought us all together. The administration of Roosevelt had come to an end on March 4, 1909, with nothing to its credit in the way of tariff revision. That thorny problem fell to the unfortunate Mr. Taft. Now, Mr. Taft, fully appreciating the public clamor for tariff changes, and knowing that he could not be elected unless he took a strong stand, interpreted the platform pledge with respect to tariff revision in a speech at Milwaukee on September 24 (1908) as follows:

: ::::

≒: : .

::::

i ."."

: ::

±3. ∃

.....

!: :::

3 77

: 🖆 -

i:

75.12

:: 32

= :

=:: =:

= :==

:

I :=

15.12

.....

:T=

500000 37 Ju

3 7

ss of

.....

عشت

د. تناخ

...

-17

ì

...2

зŧ

انز

:5

1

ъđ

€.

"I can say that our party is pledged to a genuine revision, and as temporary head of that party and President of the United States, if it be successful in November, I expect to use all the influence I have by calling immediately a special session, and by recommendations to Congress to secure a genuine and honest revision."

He also promised a "substantial revision downward."

As soon as he was inaugurated President, Taft called an extraordinary session of Congress to meet on March 15, 1909. Immediately, as will be remembered, the struggle began for the control of both houses. In the House an attempt made to defeat Cannon, whom Taft had in the campaign called "an old man of the sea," was frustrated through the influence of no other person than Mr. Taft himself. And in the Senate, in spite of opposition, the old control with Aldrich as its leader, organized all the committees.

We had expected that Taft's first state paper to the extra session would be a vigorous demand for downward revision of The Senate and House were the tariff. The attention was keen every-The clerk began to read. At the end of two minutes he stopped. There was a hush, and expectation that he would resume. But he laid aside the paper. A look of amazement was on every face. The one thing emphasized in the President's message was the importance of disposing of the tariff as early as possible in order that business might not be long disturbed by uncertainties regarding customs tariffs. Not a word about honest revision, or revision downward!

But the Progressives did not then lose hope in the President. We believed that he would still carry out his promises. We had all supported him heartily in his campaign. I had been the candidate of the State of Wisconsin for the Presidency at the convention which nominated Taft, and while I had no

expectation of being nominated, I did hope that we should have some influence in molding the platform. When Taft was nominated, I immediately sent him this telegram:

"While the platform is disappointing in some fundamental provisions and omissions, and I shall claim the right to say so, I congratulate you most sincerely, and in the faith that you are more nearly in accord with the great body of Republican voters than the platform, I shall do all in my power to insure your election."

When the tariff bill passed the House, therefore, after being bitterly opposed by the House insurgents as the thoroughly bad measure that it was, I felt at liberty to call upon the President and talk with him about I still had hope that he would keep faith with the people. He agreed with me, on that occasion, that the bill was not a compliance with platform pledges, and he said distinctly that unless it were thoroughly overhauled he would veto it. I suggested to the President that it was plainly his duty now to transmit a message to Congress making it clear that the House bill was in violation of the pledges of the party and against the public interests:

"Well," he said, "I don't much believe in a President's interfering with the legislative department while it is doing its work. They have their responsibility and I have mine. And if they send that bill to me, and it isn't a better bill than it is now I will veto it."

I suggested that if he remained silent he would never find himself able, after the record was made up, to turn at out and fall upon Congress with a veto. His answer came quick and strong:

"You and your associates in the Senate go ahead, criticise the bill, amend it, cut down the duties—go after it hard. I will keep track of your amendments. I will read every word of the speeches you make, and when they lay that bill down before me, unless it complies with the platform, I will veto it."

And he brought his fist down on the desk with a thump to emphasize the firmness of his purpose.

"Very well," I said, "Mr. President, but I predict that when it passes the Senate it will be a far worse measure than it is now."

"Well," he retorted, "I will show you."

Aldrich kept the bill in possession of his committee for forty-eight hours. The corridors about his committee rooms were crowded with the representatives of the big protected interests. Some were admitted from time to time for brief conferences. When Aldrich re-

ported the bill he made a brief oral statement devoted solely to an estimate of the revenues which would be produced under the proposed duties. No written report accompanied the bill, and no explanation, written or oral, was placed before the Senate, offering any reasons for the 600 increases over the rates fixed in the House bill. Aldrich then demanded immediate consideration of the bill, which contained 300 pages, and of which most of the Senators had no knowledge whatever. He was preparing, as usual, to drive roughshod over all opposition.

I was not altogether unprepared for this action on the Senator's part, and taking the floor, I protested against the present consideration of the bill. I made it plain that never before in our history had the Senate Committee on Finance failed to submit with a tariff bill an extended printed report, setting forth the arguments for every change of duty. Furthermore, I proved that it had been the invariable custom of the Senate Committee to give notice, two to six weeks in advance, thus enabling Senators to familiarize themselves with the proposed changes.

No answer was made to my speech. It was manifestly the purpose of Senator Aldrich to allow Senators no chance to prepare in advance to resist the sort of tariff legislation which the Payne-Aldrich bill provided. And in furtherance of this plan, he secured the adoption of an order that the Senate should meet, until further order, at ten o'clock in the morning, and that the sessions should continue until eleven o'clock at night. The reason which he advanced for this was that the business interests were suffering because of the uncertainties regarding the tariff, but the effect of this order was to force those Senators who were conscientiously investigating schedules either to abandon all of their efforts or to take the course pursued by our little group. I personally know that it was the practice of a number of Progressives, as it was my practice, to leave the Senate at the close of the session at eleven o'clock and, reaching home at midnight, to work well into the small hours of the morning over the provisions certain to be reached on the succeeding day, then snatch a brief rest, and be ready for the session at ten o'clock in the morning. This work continued week after week all through the hot months of a sultry Washington summer. It was taxing to the last degree, and reduced the vitality of the hardiest members of the group. I shall always believe that the exactions of that session were the primary cause of Dolliver's death a year later.

Two of the members of the group, Senator Dolliver and myself, had been members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives and had taken part in framing the tariff bills in other sessions. Senator Dolliver performed a procigious amount of labor, particularly upon the cotton schedule, followed by one of the most brilliant speeches of his entire public career. Senator Bristow devoted much time to the lead and sugar schedules; Senator Cummins made special preparation upon the metal schedule, glass, and other important products of general consumption. He was in the debate day by day, rendering most excellent public service. I endeavored to acquire as complete a knowledge as possible of the cotton schedule, the woolen schedule, and important items in several other schedules of the bill, which I presented as thoroughly as I could.

It soon became apparent as we got into the thickest of the fight that the lines were set and the combinations effected to advance instead of reduce tariff duties. In any case where the Progressive attack menaced the duty on any product, Aldrich, as a rule, summoned to his support a sufficient number of reactionary Democrats to prevent breaking his lines.

Mr. Aldrich soon discovered that with all his experience, he was in no wise equipped to meet the opposition of the Progressives. And after a few encounters, when either of the three or four men in the Progressive group took the floor to attack some schedule, Aldrich would beat a hasty retreat to escape the mortification certain to follow such encounters. In all of his long leadership in the Senate on all questions, tariff or otherwise, it had been sufficient for Mr. Aldrich to say, "It is so" or "it is not so," or "it is necessary," or "it is not necessary"—but a new day had dawned.

The consideration of the tariff bill had proceeded but a little way when it became certain that no important changes could be effected. But that did not deter the Progressives. Defeated again and again, they returned to the attack. It was a splendid exhibition of the true spirit of moral reform. Defeat was a matter of no consequence to them.

There were ten Republicans—not all of whom could be classed as Progressives—who voted against the bill on its first passage through the Senate: Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Dolliver, Nelson and myself.

While most of the Progressives were disap-

pointed in the President's attitude they still hoped that he might do something. While the bill was in conference, I took the occasion to go to my home in Wisconsin, and called at the White House to pay my respects before leaving. The President said:

"Come and sit down. I want to talk with you about the tariff. What am I to do with

this bill?"

I said: "Mr. President, you ought to veto You remember you said you would unless it was a better bill than when it passed the House. Instead of being a better bill, it is much worse. Hundreds of increases have been made in the Senate."

"Well," he said, "suppose I find that I can't do that. What changes ought I to

insist upon in conference?"

I could not help remembering what the President had said previously about his being opposed to executive interference with the legislative department of government. But the country was all wrought up and the President had thrown his scruples to the winds. Picking up a pad of paper, he said:

"Tell me what things ought to be reduced

in duty."

He wrote until he had filled the page of the tablet. Then laying it down, he said:

"Will you write me a letter, stating succinctly the things that you think ought to be done?"

I had made my preparations to go home, but I waited over, and the following day I sent to the White House a somewhat lengthy typewritten document giving my views. started out by saying that I thought he ought to veto the bill, but that if he decided not to veto the bill, it ought to be changed in certain particulars which I outlined. got a note from him a day or two after I reached home, thanking me for that letter.

At the end of ten days the conferees reached an agreement and reported to the The final test came on the two Houses. adoption of the Conference Report, the effect of which would be to send the bill to the President. The bill was not so changed in conference as to materially alter its character. Mr. Taft had failed to get his stand-pat friends who conducted the Conference Committee to make changes that really amounted to anything. It was still a violation of the platform pledges, it still broke faith with the There were indeed slight modifications in duties on lumber, and three or four other articles, and upon these slight changes the administration based its hope of securing the support of some of the Sena- members of the House, for example, were

tors and Representatives who had voted against the bill before it went to conference. There was a basis for this hope. After making a record in the House or the Senate against the bill to present to his constituents. a member was in a position to say that he had done his best to improve the bill and that he now chose to vote with his party for a protective measure, though it were too radically protective, rather than vote with the Democrats against the bill as reported by the Conference Committee.

Again it became a question in our little group as to how many would stand against the conference report, and complete a record of consistent opposition to a bill that represented the consummation of privilege, more reprehensible than had ever before found a place upon the statutes of the country.

I recall distinctly the efforts put forth to break our lines. Insurgents were invited to the White House to meet the President, and others saw him from time to time. Among these were Dolliver, Cummins and Beveridge. I recall Dolliver's comment:

"Bob," he said, "I was invited up to the White House to a tariff breakfast." And then he paused and looked at me with a twinkle in his eve and added: "The muskmelon he served was not very good."

I knew that Dolliver had not changed. Neither Bristow, Clapp, nor I was invited to sample the President's breakfast melons. We were regarded as hopelessly lost to the administration.

The conference report was agreed upon during the night, and the stand-pat papers announced that the changes made a great "moral victory" for President Taft. was to open the door for the "near" Insurgents to come back to the party and vote for the conference report. One not experienced in the life of the national capital can hardly conceive the tensity of the situation. The air of the Senate chamber and cloakrooms was charged with partisan feeling. It fairly crackled.

But in spite of all this pressure the following Republicans cast their ballots against the bill: Beveridge, Bristow, Clapp, Cummins, Dolliver and myself. Senator Nelson, who cannot be classed as a Progressive, also voted against the bill.

All during the struggle over the Payne-Aldrich bill partisan power and partisan methods were used in all their forms to force the Progressives into line upon a measure which they knew to be bad. The insurgent made apprehensive about their patronage. A great many of their post office appointments were delayed—and a little later the the new census became a critical matter.

One night nearly all of the Wisconsin delegation came up to my residence. They were very much wrought up. They had discovered that the administration was discriminating against the Progressive members in Wisconsin and in favor of Senator Stephenson, who was voting regularly with Aldrich. Senator Stephenson had said to one of them that the President was going to allow E. A. Edmonds to name the supervisors of census in all the districts of Wisconsin. Edmonds was chairman of the State Central Committee of Wisconsin and the man who had managed Stephenson's campaign when he spent \$107,ooo in the primary election. They said they came to me because I was chairman of the Committee on Census of the Senate, and they thought that I might ascertain if Mr. Taft was going to turn over all the patronage of the State to the "stand-patters." I told them that such an action as this was directly contrary to what he had said to me when discussing the Civil Service features of the Census bill, that I had seen him about strengthening those sections of the bill and he had then assured me that the Census Bureau was not to be made a political machine. I told the delegation that if it would be any satisfaction to them I would bring the matter to the President's attention. So I saw the President and told him just what had been reported. He looked out of the window and said. "It's a lie. Not a word of truth in it."

"Well," I said, "may I say to them, Mr. President, that they can file their recommendations with the expectation that they will be treated as other Republican Congressmen are treated?"

"Well," he said, "I can't take this matter up until after the tariff bill is passed."

Then I knew that this patronage matter was being held as a club over the Progressives.

When the tariff bill was passed, Mr. Lenroot, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Cary, Wisconsin Republican members, all voted against it. When they filed their recommendations before leaving Washington for supervisors in their respective districts, they were promptly turned down and stand-patters recommended by Stephenson and Edmonds appointed in their places. Democratic district in Wisconsin where no of the administration next fall we will have a recommendation had been made. Dr. Du- good show of getting some action."

rand said he would be glad to have me make a recommendation for that district. The man I suggested was promptly turned down, and appointments growing out of the taking of the man appointed by the President was recommended by Senator Stephenson.

Now these appointments were made during the recess, and their nominations all had to come through the Senate Committee on Census, of which I was chairman. When the committee met I stated exactly what the President had done with respect to supervisors of census in Wisconsin. Hale, Carter, and other members of the committee said:

"You report against the confirmation of those Wisconsin supervisors, and every member of this committee and the whole Senate will stand with you. Not one of them will be confirmed."

But I saw plainly enough that I was going to have some differences with the administration upon important legislative matters, and so I resolved to report these nominations for confirmation, determined that my differences with the administration, if any, should be upon matters of principle and not be obscured

by squabbles over patronage.

I wish to refer here in passing to another experience I had, as chairman of the Census Committee, with the President. On one of my visits to the White House I called the President's attention to a section of the bill that provided for taking the valuation of the manufacturing plants of the country. I said: "Mr. President. I have been a member of the Senate for three or four years. I have been trying to secure consideration of an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act authorizing the Commission to make a valuation of the railroads of the country. But as the committees are organized in the Senate and in the House we can't get a bill out of the committee. Now there is an opportunity here to put a provision into the Census bill employing engineers of the army and other experts to make a physical valuation of the railroads, and I am very strongly tempted to power and influence I have as chairman of that committee to get some action upon this important subject.

"Senator La Follette," he said, "I am afraid that will delay consideration of the bill. If you will not do that, I will recommend valuation strongly in my message next fall; I will put the whole influence of the administration behind your proposition."

I said: "Very well, Mr. President. I will There was one act on your suggestion, and with the support He did not recommend the legislation in his message. Instead, he put in a statement that no legislation of the sort was necessary; that the Interstate Commerce Commission should proceed under the law just as it was. And that was the end of railroad valuation under the Taft administration.

It was acts such as these, together with his attitude upon the tariff question, his failure to support the plain pledges of the party, his interference in behalf of Cannon, his use of patronage to discipline members, his alignment with Aldrich and the "stand-patters" of the party, and his whole course in the Ballinger affair, which absolutely alienated the Progressive group.

One of the most important measures which has come before the Senate since I became a member is the Aldrich Emergency Currency bill, afterward known as the Aldrich-Vreeland Currency bill. In some ways no bill ever introduced in Congress was more significant of the control of legislation by great financial This bill proposed an issue of interests. \$500,000,000 of additional notes to national banking associations, such issue to be based upon State bonds, municipal bonds, and as reported by the committee and advocated by Senator Aldrich, railroad bonds as well. The country had just gone through the panic of 1907 and banks and business had been made to feel the pinch. There was a plausible reason to urge, and indeed, considering the character of our currency system and the imperfection of our banking laws, a sound reason for making provision against a sudden withdrawal of the money necessary for the daily exchanges of business, whether such contraction was due to the fear resulting from a panic inaugurated for speculative purposes or otherwise. For even a managed panic may become unmanageable, and legitimate commercial enterprises are certain to suffer.

But there were reasons back of the emergency features of this bill more important vastly to the "interests" than those prominently urged. It was inevitable that the years of stock-watering and promotion, the inflation of railway and industrial securities, should bring its harvest of financial distress and reaction. It was inevitable that the crime of over-capitalization should meet its punishment. There was urgent demand that these securities should be restored to public The emergency currency measconfidence. ure offered the opportunity, and for the first time in history it was proposed that railroad bonds should be wrought into our currency system.

To secure the acceptance of railroad bonds as a basis for even an emergency currency, would accomplish two vitally important things for the special interests. First, it would restore confidence in such railroad securities, stocks as well as bonds; second, it would avert an impending danger to such securities, which had been seriously menaced by the proposal to ascertain the true value of the properties of the railroads, against which stocks and bonds had been issued without limit.

When I entered the Senate in 1906, as before stated, I had proposed, as an amendment to the Hepburn Rate bill, a provision authorizing and directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to make such valuation as a basis for establishing reasonable rates. The Senate had voted down my proposed amendment.

For two years I had awaited an opportunity to offer my amendment providing for valuation to any measure pending before the Senate, to which it would be germane.

This opportunity now presented itself in connection with the Emergency Currency bill. I promptly offered an amendment providing that the Secretary of the Treasury should be authorized to accept railroad bonds as security for the emergency currency issue only after the Interstate Commerce Commission had ascertained the value of the physical properties of the railroads, upon which the bonds in question constituted a first mortgage; and provided further that no such railroad bonds should be accepted unless the value of the property of the railroad company were found to be ample security for such bonds.

The offering of the amendment produced a flutter of excitement. Disgust and consternation were plainly manifest. For two years they had been able to deny me a vote in the Senate on the valuation of railway property, and the reactionary Senators had learned to fear being placed on record with roll-calls. And here I was rudely thrusting this trouble-some proposition upon them in violation of "senatorial courtesy."

I had announced that on March 17 I would address the Senate on the pending bill, and in that connection would oppose the railroad bonds provision. Thirty minutes before I was to begin my argument on that day, Senator Aldrich arose and informed the Senate that he was directed by the Committee on Finance to withdraw from the bill all that portion of it relating to railway bonds.

But if it was Mr. Aldrich's purpose to avoid a discussion of his plan to make railroad bonds a security for currency issue, he

again make its appearance in the bill. Therefore I covered in my argument the railroad bonds provision and discussed it thoroughly. I presented facts to show that when government bonds were made the basis for national bank issues, it was avowedly for the purpose of enhancing their market value. It had that effect. It would have a like effect upon railroad, municipal and other bonds. It would be difficult to conceive of a better way to boom the market for railroad bonds than to compel national banks to go into the market and bid for them. Could anything be conceived by the ingenuity of man that would more quickly enhance the price of railroad bonds held by a limited number of speculative banks and by a few capitalists, or better promote certain great related interests?

In the course of my speech on the Emergency Currency bill I showed clearly how the industrial and banking interests are closely controlled by a small group of financiers. I asserted that fewer than one hundred men control the great business interests of the country. The following day the great newspapers of the country, with very rare exceptions, denied my statements and denounced me as a demagogue.

I was very much interested and not a little gratified a few weeks ago to have the statements I made in 1008 corroborated by the president of one of the largest banks in the United States—George M. Reynolds, of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago. On the 13th day of December, 1911, he was one of the speakers at the somewhat exclusive banquet held under the auspices of the National Business League of America, an organization that is behind the Aldrich Currency scheme. It was a company of bankers, a financial family gathering, as it were. Mr. Reynolds said:

"I believe the money power now lies in the hands of a dozen men. I plead guilty to being one, in the last analysis, of those men."

A limited number of the volumes giving these proceedings were issued, but since Mr. Reynolds' over-frank statement has been quoted publicly, I am informed that the reports have been called in. There are a few, however, in the hands of individuals who will endeavor to keep alive the confessions of Mr. Reynolds, speaking as one of the twelve.

The withdrawal of the railroad bond provision by Mr. Aldrich before I began my

failed. For in opening my argument I pre- speech on the Currency bill prevented as he dicted that at some later stage in the course intended it should, any plan on my part to of the legislation that same provision would force the consideration of railroad valuation. and on March 27, 1908, by a vote of 42 to 16 the bill passed the Senate. The only Republicans who voted against it were Borah. Bourne, Brown and La Follette.

> In the House the Vreeland bill was substituted for the Aldrich bill, and at an early meeting the conference committee announced that an agreement between the two houses was utterly impossible and that therefore no bill could be passed.

I did not place as great reliance as others upon the statement issued. I could not believe that the "interests" would permit the session to close without another effort to carry out their plans, but Congress and the country generally accepted the statement with expressions of general satisfaction that the whole matter should go over to a later period when something of substantial merit might be secured.

For many weeks not a word was heard from this committee on conference, and then suddenly, on May 27, three days before adjournment, this measure of vital importance was thrust upon the consideration of Congress in the form of a conference report, which might be debated but could not be amended in any respect. Upon examining the measure it was clearly apparent that the bill was in no respect better than the bill which had passed the Senate, and in many particulars it was infinitely worse.

As I had predicted, the railroad bonds provision had been restored to the bill, but buried under an obscure phrase. The bill also contained an infamous provision which permitted the use of bonds as security for currency at less than par value.

I determined to resist its passage with all my strength. I felt assured that with the assistance of three or four other Senators I could protract the discussion until the rankly objectionable features of the measure would elicit such a protest from independent bankers and business men of the country as would compel Congress to radically amend or defeat it. Before the conference report was called up for action in the Senate I was assured by Senators Gore and Stone that one or the other of them would take the floor when I concluded, Stone saying that he would speak for five or six hours against the bill and Gore agreeing to follow Stone for at least two hours. The conference report having been called up shortly before twelve o'clock on the 20th of May, I very soon thereafter obtained

the floor, and began my discussion of its more objectionable provisions, which I continued for the balance of the afternoon, throughout the night and until seven o'clock on the morning of the 30th of May, having spoken nineteen hours without surrendering the floor.

The newspaper dispatches carried the information to the country that a fight was on against the Emergency Currency Conference Report, and by midnight telegrams began to come to Senators from independent bankers and business men, asking them to support me in my opposition to the measure.

But bills had been held back by the Senate managers of legislation to serve as guards to this conference report. One of these measures was the great Public Buildings "pork barrel" bill carrying appropriations in which many Senators felt deeply interested. Senators who would naturally be in sympathy with my fight were warned that if they aided me, the Public Buildings bill would be permitted to fail at that session.

Another measure used as a club to beat off the aid of a number of Southern Senators who were strongly opposed to the Emergency Currency bill was a measure, then pending, to cut down the number of Representatives in the House from the Southern States.

But I got on fairly well with my opposition. The interest was very great. Scores of Representatives came over from the House, and

the galleries were crowded.

When I first took the floor Aldrich and Hale were inclined to chaff me, but after I had been speaking for some time, they grew impatient. I noticed that they had their heads together, and before long it was whispered to me by a friendly Senator that I would have to be on my guard if I kept the floor, as they proposed to get me to yield to some interruption, and then have the presiding officer recognize the interrupting Senator as having the floor in his own right, thus compelling me if I desired to go on again to secure a fresh recognition from the chair, which would be held to be my second recognition upon the same question upon the same legislative day. As Mr. Aldrich intended to keep the Senate in continuous session until the conference report was adopted, the legislative day might continue indefinitely. I would then be placed in a position where, when I yielded the floor to procure rest and refreshment, I could not be recognized, as this would be in violation of one of the standing rules of the Senate. The rule in question provides that no Senator shall speak more than twice upon any one question in debate upon the same day. This rule is report and the methods employed by the

never enforced, but it was proposed to enforce it against me. Senator Hale addressed the chair as follows:

Mr. Hale.—"Mr. President—

The Vice-President.—"Does the Senator from Wisconsin yield to the Senator from Maine?"

Mr. La Follette.—"I yield to the Senator from Maine."

Mr. Hale.—"I do not ask the Senator to yield. The Senator yielded the floor, and I secured the recognition of the Vice-President."

This was not in accordance with the fact. Senator Hale had not secured recognition of the Vice-President which entitled him to the floor in his own right.

I was surprised on the following morning to find that the Congressional Record as printed, changed the form of the Vice-President's recognition. It appeared as follows:

"Mr. Hale.—Mr. President—

"The Vice President.—The Senator from Maine."

Thus it was made to appear from the Record that the Senator from Maine was recognized as having the right to the floor, and not as having the floor yielded to him by me. On procuring the official shorthand report of the proceedings, I found it had been "doctored," and I caused a photograph to be made for future use. Thus the foundation was laid by altering the Record to have me barred from the floor when I vielded it again.

Having held the floor for nineteen hours, I surrendered to Senator Stone of Missouri, who was relieved after speaking for six or seven hours by Senator Gore, who spoke for two hours. It was the understanding that Senator Stone would follow Senator Gore for an hour, at which time I would again take the We intended to continue the "filifloor. buster" until the leaders should give in.

I was in my committee room arranging material for use, when I was hurriedly summoned to the Senate floor. I found the rollcall in progress and it was therefore impossible for me to attempt to secure recognition and continue the fight. It seems that Senator Stone was not in the chamber when the blind Senator Gore, supposing that Stone was present according to previous arrangement, yielded. There being no one at hand to ask recognition in opposition to the conference report, the call of the roll began at once, and the fight was over. The conference report was adopted by a vote of 43 to 22. The debate had at least exposed the character of the conference masters of legislation for enforcing it upon the country. It added another chapter to the record of the subserviency of Congress to special interests.

It is my settled belief that this great power over government and legislation can only be overthrown by resisting at every step, seizing upon every important occasion which offers opportunity to uncover the methods of the system. It matters little whether the particular question at issue is the tariff, the railroads, or the currency.

In twenty-five years of political struggle, I have found one great issue overshadowing all others—THE ENCROACHMENT OF THE POWERFUL FEW ON THE RIGHTS OF THE MANY. All the issues of to-day are but phases of this one great question. How shall the individual, the farmer, the worker, and all those who pay tribute, be set free from the unjust exactions of the tariff, the railroads, the money power, and other forms of oppression by special interests?

When Roosevelt became President, the total amount of the stock and bond issues of all combinations and trusts, including the railways then in combination, was only \$3,784,000,000. When he turned the country over to Taft, whom he had selected as his successor, the total capitalization of the trusts and combinations amounted to the enormous sum of \$31,672,000,000, more than 70 per cent. of which was water.

If, in the earlier stages of trust formation, the Executive had used all the power of this great government to enforce the Anti-Trust law, it would have saved the people the payment of hundreds of millions of dollars wrongfully taken from them in excessive transportation rates, and in exorbitant trust prices which they have had to pay for the necessaries of life.

For almost a decade the "interests" besought Congress to amend the Sherman Act by providing that no combination to suppress competition and restrain trade should be unlawful, unless it was proven to be an unreasonable combination. This amendment Congress steadfastly refused to make. Failing with the legislative branch of government, the trusts turned to the courts and pleaded with judges to write the word "unreasonable" into the law. Again and again the court held that it had no right to legislate; but finally the personnel of the court was so changed by new appointments that the trusts secured the decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, amending the law by judicial interpretation, incorporating the very word

"unreasonable," against which both courts and Congress stood for so many years.

These decisions leave the legitimate business of the country in a condition of uncertainty. As the law now stands the Supreme Court may exercise a power over the business interests of the country more despotic than any monarch of the civilized world over his subjects. To one corporation it may give its approval that the combination into which it has entered is reasonable; to another corporation it may say that the combination into which it has entered is unreasonable. It is now manifestly necessary that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act shall be so amended as to furnish a guide to all business and a rule of law to govern all courts; to declare what methods and practices shall be forbidden, and what methods and practices shall be lawful.

This condition I have met by a bill which I have introduced in the Senate. It enumerates in plain English every known practice and expedient through which combinations have stifled competition, and prohibits anyone from engaging in them. It protects and regulates competition. It places the burden of proof on the combination to show that any restraint of trade which it proposes is reasonable—that is, that it benefits the community.

In addition to these amendments to the Anti-Trust law, a commission should be created to stand between the people and the courts in order to investigate the facts and to prevent all unreasonable restraints not specifically described in the law. It should be made the duty of the commission to ascertain the physical value of all the property of trusts and monopolies, the reasonable value that the intangible property (such as good will) would have in conditions of fair competition, and to distinguish this from the illegal values that have been built up in violation of law. It should likewise ascertain the values that depend on patents as well as on monopoly of natural resources, and all other forms of special privilege, and the amount of property that has been acquired out of illegal profits taken from the public distinguished from the property paid for out of legitimate profits and true investment. It should in this way, step by step, ascertain the true cost of production and whether the prices charged are yielding extortionate profits or only reasonable profits. These facts should be made public, and with the amended Sherman Law to stand guard over and protect legitimate competition, new capital should be invited to enter these fields, share in, and divide these

profits. Under this regulated competition prices would be forced down to a reasonable level and the consumer ultimately protected. These are the facts that the public must know and will know before they will ever consent to any legislation that treats illegal values as if they were legal.

To me it is also a plain proposition that it is the duty of government to see that the highways to market shall be open to all to transport their products upon equal terms. This can be secured only by forbidding those engaged in transportation as common carriers from participating as competitors in the field of productive enterprise. The control of coal, iron ore, timber, is the impregnable strength of monopoly. To permit them to be owned and controlled exclusively is to entrench privilege. I do not hesitate to say that ultimately the Government will be compelled to take back these natural resources. and permit all competitors to acquire these basic products by lease or otherwise upon exactly equal terms.

The tariff should at once be brought down to the level of the difference in labor cost of the more efficient plants and the foreign competitor (and where no difference exists the tariff should be removed), withdrawing the premium which the excessive prohibitory tariff now offers to inefficient monopoly. Where the protective tariff is retained, its advantages must be passed along to labor for the benefit of which the manufacturer contends it is necessary.

The patent laws should be so amended that the owners of patents will be compelled to develop them fully or permit their use on equal terms by others.

Having thus stated my position on the trust question, I outline here, also, my views upon other momentous questions of the day.

I believe in—

The Initiative, Referendum and Recall and direct nominations and elections, not only as applied to States, but also in the extension of these principles to the Nation as a whole.

The equalization of the burdens of taxation, upon a property basis, through the adoption of graded income and inheritance taxes.

A universal parcels post.

The extension of the postal savings bank system. Government ownership and operation of express

ompanies.

The reasonable valuation of the physical property of railroads justly inventoried and determined upon an equitable basis, distinguishing actual values from monopoly values derived from violations of law, and making such values the base line for determining reasonable rates. I would have the Nation know how much of the \$18,000,000,000 capitalization was contributed by those who own the railroads, and how much by the people themselves. I would also provide for the extension of the powers and the administrative control of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

I am opposed to ship subsidies, which once entrenched, will become another corrupting influence

in our politics.

I am opposed to further extravagance, on the advice of interested persons only, in building battle-ships and political navy yards, and favor an unprejudiced commission to investigate and report what is required in the way of national defense.

I am opposed to the dollar diplomacy which has reduced our State Department from its high place as a kindly intermediary of defenseless nations, into a trading outpost for Wall Street interests, aiming to

exploit those who should be our friends.

I am opposed to the Aldrich currency scheme, which, under the guise of providing elasticity to our currency system and relieving monetary conditions, is, in reality, a means of concentration of the currency and the credits of the United States under a fifty-year franchise in those hands which have already secured control of the banking and insurance resources of the country.

I favor a policy of government ownership and operation of Alaskan railroads and coal mines, and of an Alaskan steamship line by the way of Pacific

ports through Panama to New York.

Already the interests are organized to secure the exclusive benefits to flow from the construction of the Panama Canal. In order to preserve their present high railway rates they would make the water rate by the canal pay a heavy tax. These interests must be made to keep their powerful hands off this canal and the steamship lines as well. I believe that the domestic commerce of this country when carried in American ships should go through the Panama Canal free of all tolls. If it is right that all of the American people should be taxed to construct the canal at a total cost with purchase and treaty rights of \$375,-000,000, it is logical that the commercial exchanges on our own canal should be free and untaxed. I deny that it would be a violation of any maritime treaty—so long as confined to domestic traffic.

I was opposed to the Canadian Reciprocity Agreement when President Taft submitted it to Congress, January 26, 1911; I was opposed to it when it was before the Senate, argued against it, voted against it,

and I am against it now.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE



"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

ITHIN the last two or three months a gentleman hitherto little known to fame has been promoted to great eminence for a trait fairly common to all mankind. This is as much as to say that the perform-

The Judgment of the World ance for which he has been elevated is not a very noble one, since it is not characteristic of the human race to award recognition of virtue to the living. That is the business of the marble cutter

and the writer of obituaries.

In short, the gentleman is in a kind of pillory before all the world because, in the presence of a great danger, he abandoned a sinking ship belonging to a company of which he was the managing director. This in itself was no sin, but unfortunately for the fame of the man in question no other boats remained to take off the other passengers. Some 1,600 of them were left to die, and among these unfortunates were about 150 women.

It is not the purpose of this good-natured department of the magazine to join in the denunciation of the individual who was in reality the chief victim of the disaster. We may record the rough judgments of the world without wholly agreeing with them. It is essential to the conduct of the business of the human race that it should utter burly decisions. If it tried to be philosophical, to extenuate offenses, to draw the nicest distinctions between right and wrong, to pity the individual, to enter into psychological arguments over motives, impulses, temptations and hereditary weakness, it would be in a hopeless muddle, for the moment, no matter how it might in the end emerge.

The saying, "To know everything is to forgive everything" is not a practical maxim for the working world. If applied generally it would silence criticism, abolish criminal courts and turn the prisons into hospitals for

the infirm of purpose. While the race holds to the ancient theory that the example of punishment is the best means of preventing wrong-doing, everybody must take his chance praying for enough constancy of spirit to do the right thing in the face of temptation to do the wrong and hoping against all probability that he will not be condemned whether he does right or wrong.

The unhappy gentleman of whom we have written has been quickly tried, judged, found guilty, sentenced and lynched according to the most approved methods

both in and out of court.

If he told the whole truth
and is innocent and in his
heart feels it, he can gain
consolation from the fact

that a bad reputation is infinitely easier to make than a good one and that many a pious soul has been condemned by contemporary authority to permanent obloquy and that, not to mention those whose names have been released from this limbo by the patience of historians, many men are now in Heaven at this moment whom the world supposes to be justly in the other place.

It is prudent for a man to do the right thing in life who is desirous of an honorable fame, but it is by no means a certainty that he will gain his wish through the utmost virtue. We will not discuss the best known examples of this truth, like the excellent The emperor whom every Christian schoolboy knows as the of Fate

but recall the Frenchman who is mentioned by Rabelais. He made an honest fight for the crown against the priesthood with dismal consequences to himself. His enemies in revenge put up "in many churches monkey-like figures in stone" which they called by his name. Rabelais' commen-

Apostate, or a hundred others.

tator says: "His thus being marked before he worse. If he is not afraid of one thing you died as a reprobate, people made a virtue of may be sure he is afraid of another. A man abusing his statue. Thus at Notre Dame in will go up to the clouds in a Paris, under a show of offering candles to the statue, they turn the candles in his face when into twenty feet of water in Varieties they wish to extinguish them. The ridiculous figure thus bedaubed and begrimed" stood for centuries as a reward of conduct which lion tamer of riding in an the unfortunate politician doubtless considered most praiseworthy.

This is poor consolation for the prisoner now in the pillory of public opinion but it is the best one can offer. We do not feel under the necessity of throwing loose words at him. The worst we shall say of him is that, in the crisis, the figure he cut presents a ragged outline against those who preferred the statelier way, stayed on the boat and were last seen walking and talking quietly together, proffering each other cigarettes with a great flourish of exaggerated politeness and in general, no matter how their hearts may have quaked, entering upon these imperative negotiations with death with a dignity very fine to think about.

The game we are all playing is a losing game at best. Yet we must play. We cannot get up and leave the table knowing the

The Losing Game

dice are cogged and the cards marked against us. We must play on, losing our principal stake little by little or in splendid rouleaux, as chance or our disposition may urge. but knowing well that in the

end, soon or late, whatever remains of it will be swept from the board. Lucky the man who is tempted to play but the one stake. Happy the man who in Death loses only his life.

Probably the first thought of every reasonable man in reading the dreary details of the disaster to the Titanic was: "What would I have done in the same circumstances?" Probably his second bore the hope in all humility that if such circumstances should arise for him he would behave without too much of the awkwardness of panic. Only a fool would hazard a prediction of his conduct in the face of a peril so unexpected and attended by the terrors of midnight and the sea. It is no discredit to the human race to say that cowardice is a gift from the devil which has been impartially distributed among mankind.

death. He may be more afraid of something else, of loss of honor, health or money, of On this account we have always advised going to a dentist, or, like the man in Pickwick, young men to adopt business or the law of life without buttered muffins, but he as a career rather than the creative arts

balloon who wouldn't go down a submarine. A steeple-jack of may be afraid of dogs and a Fear elevator. We know a man who has made a great reputation for coolness under fire in battle, who gibbers with

fear whenever he has the stomachache. One man fears fire, another burglars, another railway trains, another measles. Conduct in an emergency depends on many

things besides those abstract qualities known as "cowardice" and "courage." A man is apt to act calmly when his surroundings, at the time the peril presents itself, are customary and familiar, when his nerves happen to be sound, or when he has time to meditate on his action and weigh carefully its consequences.

It is well known that men are orderly in peril when they have a set task to perform. We once asked a fireman who had borne himself with great valor in danger if he wasn't

afraid. "I didn't have time," he said. "I was busy gettin' the people out." Capt. Smith No Time of the *Titanic* was in the to Be same case. He had his ab- Afraid sorbing work to do and it gave him no leisure to think

of his fate. So we have seen old men whose death was almost as imminent as his, apparently, continue heedless of it till the end through their interest in the affairs of the world.

Again a man may be persuaded to shame or glory, as the case may be, by the example of his neighbor. One person afflicted by blinding fear may turn a hundred men into a panic-stricken mob or he may convert them into a throng of heroes through their very horror of his conduct. And one man who has established his moral equilibrium quickly can instantly convey fortitude to the others. Courage and cowardice both like company.

The use of a persistent and tyrannous employment as a means of cheating apprehension of the inevitable whether it seems near or far-and near it always is-cannot Every man who thinks at all is afraid of be too much dwelt upon. Work is the great fender against the fear of death. chooses death only as a bad alternative for a which in old age cannot provide a constantly absorbing task. The records are full of melancholy tales of the declining years of artists

The Advantages of Business

the declining years of artists and writers. Dr. Johnson, whose heart was as stout as the cudgel he carried for Mac-Pherson's shoulders, lived always under the shadow. And it fell upon Montaigne when he was no more than 38

—and he was a man who had been to the wars and undertook to solve with equanimity every human problem except his own renal calculus. On the other hand, a usurer may live to a great age and be blithe to the end and an agreeable companion for all save his debtors.

The commonness of the infirmity called cowardice is witnessed by the hands of thousands of men who have been so notoriously put to the touch and publicly proved their valor that they are not afraid to tell the truth. Knowing the frequency of the accident to the healthiest heart, critics have not hesitated to lay the charge at the door of the most brilliant of generals, as Swift did for the Duke of Marlborough, who may have been a thief and a kept-man, but certainly was not afflicted by permanent panic.

It was the good fortune of the writer to spend his youth in the company of men who had served in the Civil War, and who saw their own adventures through clear glasses

Our Brave Soldiers and heard fantastic tales of the long struggle with much disdain as if they thought these embellishments lowered the soldier to the level of the romantic actor. One of these veterans loved to tell

of his first battle, how he and his company fired a volley at an "enemy" coming out of a grove and then dropped their muskets and fled to the shelter of ditches. How they were laboriously dragged out of their hiding-places by the captain and ran again when he was not looking and compelled him to play a game of "The fox, the goose and the bag of corn," until they learned that the "enemy"—who had also retreated in disorder—were a detachment from their own army. These same men were among those who took part afterward in the fighting around Richmond.

But to return to the calamity which provoked this rambling article, it was curious to hear the current conjectures on what happened and to observe how they ran in the same groove. It was the old, old sea romance always—the captain shooting himself on the bridge, the steerage in a wild panic armed with knives and being "shot down like dogs"

by the crew, the crew when not engaged in slaying the desperadoes from the steerage, either lining up with folded arms or working with machine-like regularity in lowering the boats. During this terrible week surmise was quickly coined into rumor and rumor into fact, but always in the same mold. Variations in the coinage were due to purely local causes.

On the Bowery we heard that Mr. So-and-So, a millionaire, had been shot by an officer for attempting to force his way into a boat. Mr. Worldly Wiseman had not heard this version or had dismissed it as impossible but he was perfectly certain that there was a stampede in the steerage and that hundreds of armed ruffians had stormed the boat deck and had been mowed down by pistol bullets. He had learned that Major Butt "with his own hands had killed no less than twenty of these scoundrels"—Archie Butt, the kindest of mortals and a member of a profession which must abhor acts of amateur violence.

Now as to the truth, so far as we can sift it from the falsehoods and the rumors. There was no panic on the boat. There was very little expression of excitement. The passengers, according to their tem-

gers, according to their temperament were bewildered or they pooh-poohed the notion that the ship could sink or, knowing the truth, clinched their teeth and waited for the end. There was neither con-

The Truth of What Happened

spicuous order nor conspicuous disorder aboard. The captain did not shoot himself but went soberly about his work and continued to command the ship and give his orders until he was drowned. The crew did not work with machine-like regularity. There was but a handful of men to clear the boats. And, above all, the steerage did not rush the boats.

The notion that a person who pays twenty or thirty dollars for his ticket instead of five hundred or a thousand must of necessity act the beast in the presence of danger, did not, even on the testimony of our friend, make a very strong appeal to us as logical. We found it hard to picture these tired immigrants seeking meek employment in our favored land as laborers, or peddlers, or cooks, or nursemaids, arming themselves with knives and murderously assaulting women and children. The truth is that they did nothing of the kind. It was happily not necessary for the officers to hasten their death by a few minutes. One of the few among them who survived testifies that they were quiet, that members of the

and that they waited eagerly hoping that the boats would stop at their deck. The witness himself, an engaging play-boy from the City of Cork, was squeezing an accordeon for the amusement of his friends at the time of the accident. He did not rush up beating women and children on the heads with this delightful musical instrument. On the contrary, he tried "to calm the girls," got a few of them into a boat and managed to make his own escape by some simple device like jumping overboard and letting himself be picked up.

We can imagine that the fortitude of these poor souls must have been sorely tried by the sight of one boat after another passing them without appearing to stop. We can even entertain a theory that many of them deliberately chose the path of honor. Some of them must have studied the matter in the dim light of their judgment and balancing the certainty of death against the probability of life at the expense of the weak, have finally chosen death. Many of them, it is certain, unhindered by romantic murder at the hands of the ship's officers, finally found their way to the boat deck and when the *Titanic* went down were assembled with their fellow sufferers from the first cabin in the friendly companionship of those about to die.

At the risk of appearing to mutiny against all preconceived ideas we must touch on another point. A tradition has grown up or has been forced upon our literature, journal-

Anglo-Saxon Courage ism and daily talk that there is a quality known as "Anglo-Saxon courage" which is far superior to any other courage and especially of Latin courage—a kind of stern, steady, self-sacrificing valor that does

not exist in any other race than the "Anglo-Saxon." Long before any real news of the disaster had been received, several papers made bold to depict the heroism of the Titanic's crew and to compare it dishonorably to the fortitude of the Latin races with the actions of the crew of La Bourgogne.

Now, what are the bald facts? We have not at hand the figures on the Bourgogne disaster, but those on the wreck of the *Titanic* demand no comparisons. They suffice in them-The complete list of those saved shows that of the total number taken off the Titanic and delivered aboard the Carpathia,

crew went among them allaying their fears Portuguese. We do not know why we say Portuguese unless it is that we have never read a sea story in which members of this unhappy race figures in which they were not described as "Cowardly Portuguese." If there are any Portuguese sailors who are not cowardly, they don't get into the books. Yet the Portuguese fishermen hailing from our own Provincetown are notably as brave in duty and as self-sacrificing in disaster as their fellows of the Cape, who may be descended from the Puritans.

Again, without wishing to go too deeply into a distressing subject, we find it hard to understand the moral difference between the frenzied sailors of La Bourgogne, who by cowardly violence prevented drowning people from getting into their boats and the *Titanic's* officers and sailors who refused to row back to the aid of the struggling victims whose cries of distress rose above the waters. We say these things with no desire to quarrel with the useful spirit that ascribes positive virtues to the northern races-for that we suppose is what is meant by the slang term Anglo-Saxon—but perhaps with a faint hope of leveling the sense of superiority. Meanwhile, we thank God that it has pleased Him that the nations should speak different languages, for if the others knew what we say about them wars against us would never

We like to feel that if fear is a general curse, courage is an equally prevalent virtue of the human race. Probably in criticism of their neighbors northern people are deceived by the difference in the fashion of expressing the emotions. A Frenchman cannot do any-

thing without putting a sort of dramatic flourish into his performance. If he runs away he does so with a great outcry. The phrase "Sauve qui peut" expresses the very essence of selfish terror. On

Difference Names Only

the other hand, if he elects to remain at his post he insists upon performing his duty in the bravura method. He fires a gasconade at death or delivers himself of a piece of rhetoric.

The "Anglo-Saxon," on the other hand, follows the fashion of his own country in these matters. He will face the end manfully standing on the bridge of his sinking ship, or he will quietly select his boat and slip over the side to safety, without ostentanearly 30 per cent. were hired employees of tion. We like our northern way best, but it the company. This would be a fair per- is purely a matter of taste. It is as ridiculous centage for a ship owned and operated by to denounce the Latin races because they do their duty or flunk it after one fashion, and blazing a background of uncomplaining inwe ours after another, as it is to take airs tegrity of soul among those who remained. of superiority to ourselves because of our Negative virtues show badly clothes or our language. In this we are like in such a contrast and ordithe Yankee who despised the French because they called bread "pain" and insisted that "bread is bread the world over."

But, to advert to the matter again: of all the criminal things published by the newspapers after the sinking of the Titanic, by far the worst was the story of the riot of the

The **Patient** Poor

steerage passengers. can't get this abomination out of our mind. As the truth has come out, we can see these poor things huddled together hoping against all possibility that they may be

saved; then we can see them trooping up in silent procession through the mysterious passages of the great ship—young Irish boys and girls whispering their "pater-anaves" as they walk, women hooded by their shawls like the mother of the Saviour—some carrying children in their arms, others helping along the old and infirm; meek Russian peasants bent with toil; poor, tired and hopeless creatures all. They find their way to the upper decks not without a certain feeling of apology for venturing on this hitherto prohibited territory, but there is no need of this now. And no need is there for the brave officers to despatch them with bullets. "No bullet wounds were found on the bodies," reports the captain of the cable ship. The officers are either in the small boats paddling to safety or they are with the others patiently awaiting the inevitable.

And these poor people are the very same who in the papers and the gossip of the New York clubs were reported to be raging, bloodthirsty madmen! What writer who penned such a monstrous falsehood must not hang his head in shame forever? How incredible the coarse surmise that a man will not meet death with dignity because his hands are stained with work? Is there in the minds of many of us the disastrous belief that different standards of personal honor in the supreme tests of life exist with the rich and with the pled, before the strong men. On land and Sroog

have no intention of blaming the men who were lucky or dexterous enough to escape. It was their ill-fortune that their common- all other considerations, it is the only safe place and rational conduct was set against so test of the progress of civilization.

nary figures are blackened in the foreground. The victims among the men undertook no refining of the rule

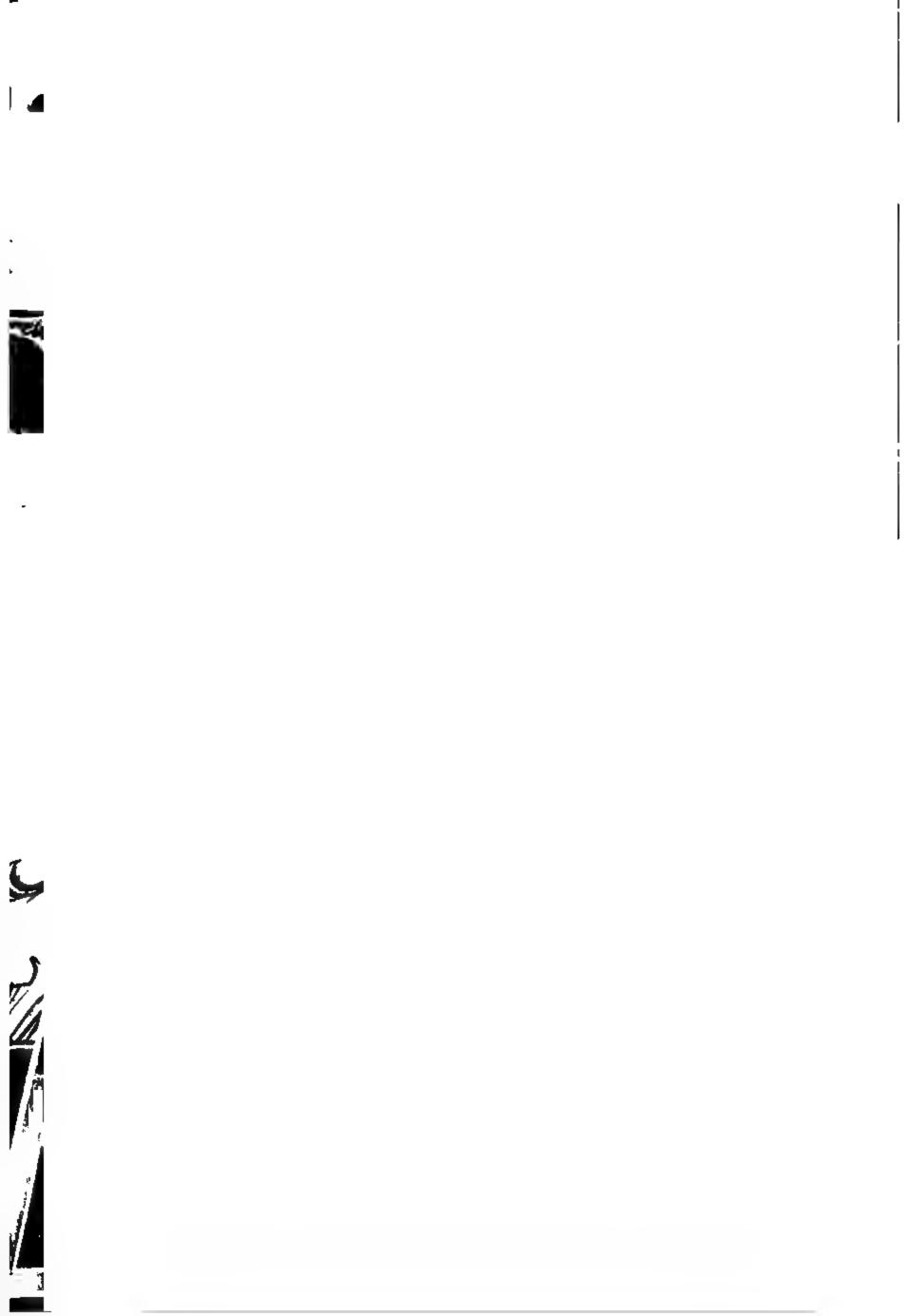
Women First

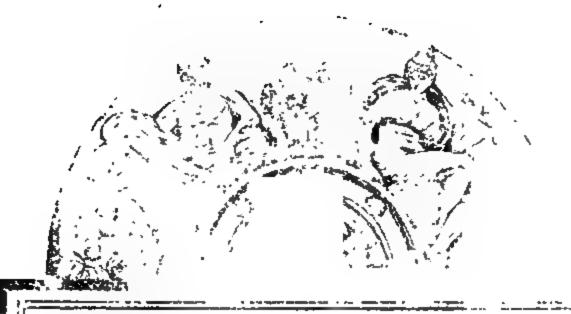
"women first," but accepted it in letter and spirit as though it were an ordinance of Heaven.

In this connection we had a singular comment from Mr. Worldly Wiseman. He said in effect that the rule was mere bosh. If an officer had to choose between Mr. Hiram Driver, his father-in-law, and "Some Polish immigrant woman" he ought to choose the former "because Mr. Driver is an important man to the community and the woman is only a charge." This is a point which might be earnestly debated in the Polish Mothers' Club. Perhaps it is well taken. Perhaps logically men, "the breadwinners" and young boys and, generally, the strong, should be preferred to women or the aged, the infirm, or the weak. But that is not the rule of the sea at present and it never has been.

The rule is "women first" and unless it is inexorably enforced it loses all its value. There can be no such thing as modifying it in practice. A nice situation would be created if the decision were left to the officers of the ship. Imagine one of them balancing qualifications of the candidates for places on the boat: "Stand back, ma'am. Little girl, get out of the way. The place in the boat is for the prominent Mr. Hiram Driver." Who could blame the sailor if he said to himself: "As I look around me I can see no life as valuable as my own," and hit Mr. Driver with a belaying pin and jumped into the boat.

No, these variations are not possible. There is the rule and come what may it must control the actions of those in authority. And what after all is it but a condensation of the theory of civilization that the weak must be protected at the expense of the strong. The precedence in shipwreck is women and children, then the aged, the invalid or the cripsea, the test of government is the enforce-It will be seen by the foregoing that we ment of this rule for the protection of the weak. By it we measure the worth of man and of nations and in the end, regardless of





THE MINSTREL OF ROMANCE

STRUM! Strum! Strum! Strum!

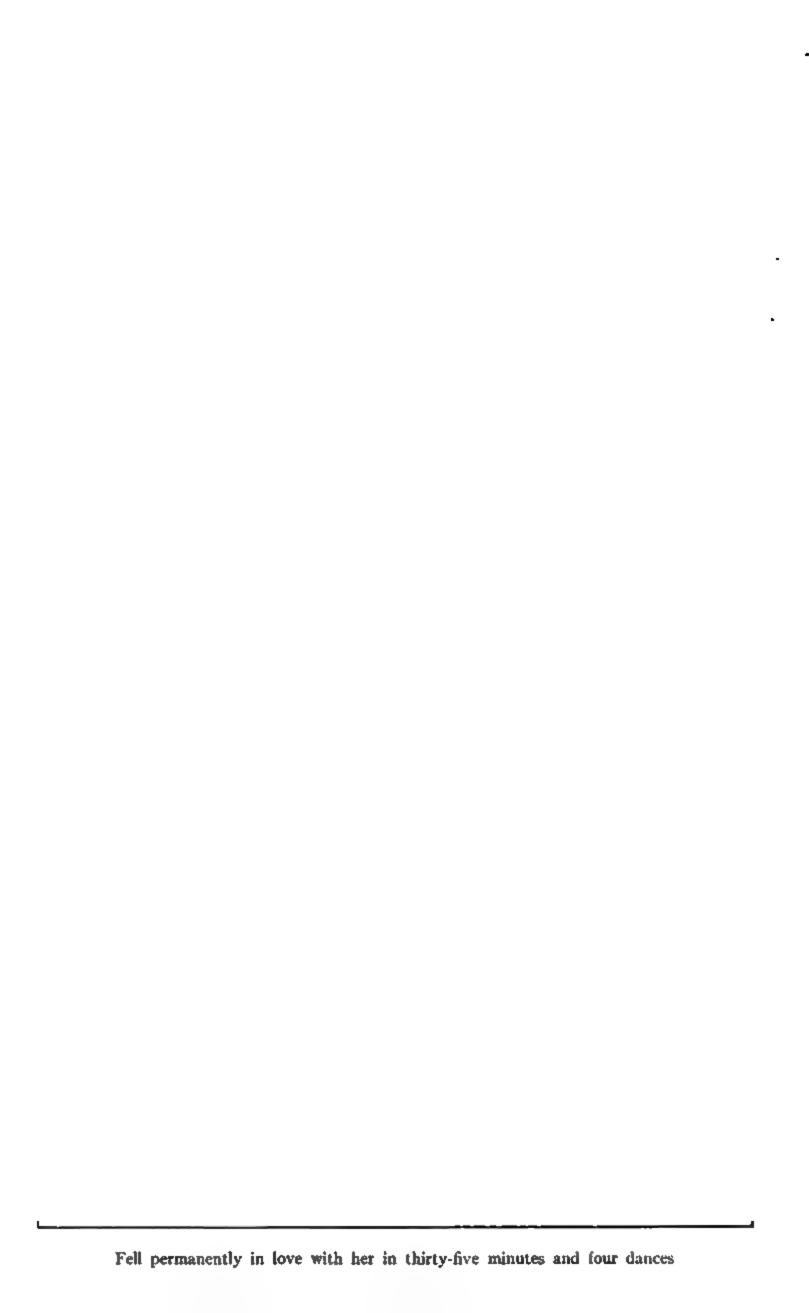
Torches guttering, pennons fluttering,
Lances glittering in the night!

At a spiking trot, down from Camelot,
Rideth Launcelot to the fight!

Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!

Strum! Strum! Strum! Strum!
Fades the serious world imperious,—
All that weary us are no more,
Love is wondrous, Life is thunderous,
Who shall sunder us evermore!
Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!

Strum! Strum! Strum! Strum!
End to maundering; Youth a-squandering,
Let's be wandering wind-swept seas —
White arms amorous, battles clamorous,
Cities glamorous,—sing us these!
Merrily, merrily, merrily chants
The Minstrel of Romance!





THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



VOL. LXXIV

AUGUST, 1912

NO.

MIXING THEM FOR MARJORIE

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN JUSTICE

THEN Parley Babson was in college he acquired several pins with Greek letters on them and two or three beautiful and inspiring girl friends, as is the custom in colleges. But he went farther and acquired also an ambition to shine in literature even if it should be necessary to crowd some oldtimer, like Scott or Dickens, off the shelves of the public libraries with his own works. It hurt him to think of this, but Babson was very firm when he set out to do a thing. Nothing could stand in his way.

In due time Babson was graduated and his girl friends took the pins and wandered away into the holy bonds of matrimony with other young men. But Babson retained his ambition. So he took his diploma and a copy of his best story which had created a sensation in the College Monthly and went into the seething maw of newspaperdom in a large American city where two office boys told him there was nothing doing, three editors declined to look at his story, a city editor told him to "get-to-hell-out-of-here-who-letvou-in?" and a sporting editor gave him a position working out baseball averages and rewriting amateur games copy.

This was a very fine opening for Babson and he had sense enough to realize it. So he made himself a great nuisance around the office, doing everyone's work unless forcibly discouraged and producing so many feature

result was he got to write the baseball games by innings at the park next summer, with a telegrapher beside him to shoot it to the office, and in two years he was drawing sixty per and following the national league team around the circuit; while during the spring he went south with the stiff-armed athletes and helped waken the fans to frenzy again with bulletins concerning "Stub" Arthur's leg, "Chick" Summer's new reverse fadeaway and the manner in which "Rocket" McOuire, the sensational recruit, first acquired a taste for hot baseball on the thumb.

This was really great work and Babson often blushed to think how Fate had rudely snatched him away from the pifflish dreams of his college days and had booted him into something worth while. He would have been perfectly happy if it had not been for one thing. During the summer before he had been decoyed away to an evening party where he met a very nice girl named Marjorie Clayton, daughter of Old Man Clayton, and fell permanently in love with her in thirtyfive minutes and four dances.

At first this had not seemed like a calamity to Babson. His great success in the big world had made him very confident, and as he floated home that night, peering mentally over the tall and confining apartment houses into a pink and perfect future, he decided, life being short anyway and he being in a tremendous hurry to perfect it, to rush sport ideas that the sport room waste-basket through the trifling details of acquiring Miss suffered from permanent enlargement. The Clayton in order that he might take her along ' Get-to-hell-out-of-here-who-let-you-in?"

on a wedding trip when the team went south for its spring training. The office would stand for a raise, he was certain—if it didn't he knew two others that would. The whole plan seemed so perfect that he climbed aboard it and drifted blissfully through paradise for about three days, crediting a home run to the wrong man and missing three important bulletins concerning the trading of an ancient star who had been slowing up. The results of these inadvertences on his chief were so frightful that he returned to the present for safety's sake and began to set about the delightful preliminaries of becoming acquainted with his future wife.

If this were a play instead of a story the next act would discover Babson in the parlor car of the Davy Crockett Limited rocking southward on a March afternoon, and it would unfold by his side the severely plain outlines of "Pop" Dorgan, veteran pitcher and close friend of Babson's. Dorgan had received his official nickname "Old Iron-Fingers" from Babson himself, and it had had a psychological effect on the owner of the club during two long holdout spells. So Dorgan loved the young sport writer and chummed with him during the season and the training trips which were usually very pleasant to Babson. But just at this particular

time Dorgan was no more welcome a presence than a goat as far as Babson was concerned. For between Dorgan and a bride there was as wide a contrast as might be compassed between a joy ride on a sunset cloud and a day's work on an ash wagon; or, to be more accurate, as there might be between a materialized angel in chiffon and the third cousin of a rhinoceros. This, you remember, being the trip on which Babson had planned to spread a vivid layer of joy through the South as a bridegroom.

"What's eating you?" said Dorgan suddenly after Babson had gazed for fifteen minutes at a telegraph pole which was now that many miles behind. "You're just as interesting this trip as a charleyhorse. I've had four words out of you to-day, and I ain't settin' a high price on 'em either. Grunts come cheap nowadays. Boss ain't farmed you out to the minors has he?"

"No," said Babson, coming out of the bosom of his thoughts with some difficulty and then going right back again.

"Thank you for them kind words," said Dorgan sarcastically, "which I, a humble baseball pitcher, shall ever cherish. Long will I remember that down in the gizzard of Texas, on the ninth of March, nineteen hundred and nine, the word "No" was spoke to me by Vanderbilt Babson, the vinegar king. Would you please to write that word out for me, Mister Babson, so I can give it to posterity."

Babson laughed a sparse economical "huh.'
"I'm just feeling mean, that's all," he said.

"Thanks," said Dorgan. "I'd never have suspected it if you hadn't told me. All I thought was that maybe something had et up your family."

training trips which were usually very pleas- "Pop," said Babson, "I was hoping to ant to Babson. But just at this particular come down with the squad on my honeymoon

I'm never going to I guess, and if you don't like my disposition you can stroll off the back platform."

"And they used to call him 'Little Sunshine." said Dorgan sympathetically. "What's the matter? Girl dead?"

"No, damn it," said Babson furiously. "She isn't, you old gargoyle. But I might as well be, for all the chance I've got."

"Say, Pop," he said a minute later, turning around and putting one hand on the pitcher's knee, "at this love game I'm just a little bit the glassiest fizzle that ever came out of the bushes. If I was a suit model with a wax face I'd stand a better chance than and went back to the farm?" said Pop. I do now."

"Not so bad as that, son," said Pop, soothingly, "I've seen you make more'n one dining-room girl happy with a few kind words."

"Forget it," said Babson. "This girl is so absolutely perfect that if I were to describe her in words you'd choke on them. If they prosecuted girls for conducting monopolies of niceness, twenty-nine million dollars wouldn't pay one day's fines for her. I met her last summer and, honestly, since then all I remember about other girls is that they take up room in street cars. My mind's so full of her that I go off and leave myself a dozen times a day the way you saw me doing; and I haven't got as much chance with her as I have of getting your job. That's all that's the matter with me."

"Too bad." said Dorgan. "What's the matter? Father rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Babson impatiently, "but that's all right. He's honest and I don't mind him. It's on the other side. She doesn't care anything about me."

"Now," said Dorgan, "that's different again. Ain't you shown up in practice?"

"Not a little bit," said Babson. "Putting it that way, Pop, I've got a batting average of nine zeros and everything I throw is a wild pitch. She's a major leaguer—a star and I'm playing in the back lots. Get me?"

"Sure," said Pop, "and you seem to be backing away from the plate at that. I ain't no compendium on love and marriage, son, but I'm thinkin' you can't win any gir'rul from th' bench. Rush the game, me boy. Hit 'em over the fence. Play 'em off their feet. Might as well win in the first as to let it run into extra innings."

"Shucks," said Babson, "I tried this rushing game. I was so crazy to get that girl

this spring. And I didn't, and what's more I met her, and then I told her I was going to marry her the next week. Oh, I played it hard. I gave her a dozen good reasons besides the best one, which was that I was going to marry her anyway and she had better save the expenses of a long siege because we'd need it to furnish the flat. She was very nice about it. Didn't have me put out or anything, but after I'd named the time and everything and given her fair warning that I was coming around to marry her, she overlooked the date. She went out at a summer park with another chap. Then she went west and forgot to leave me her address."

"And you took off your suit, I suppose,

"I did not. I blew around there all winter about twice as often as she would let me, and say, I could have sold battleships to a foreign nation with half the effort I put in trying to make myself attractive. But there was positively nothing stirring. I had to leave at 9:30 every night or get put out of the game. I got the limit up from 9 o'clock, but that was all. Sure as 9:30 came around I'd see her begin to eat up yawns in the kindesthearted manner, and you know what it means when a nice sweet girl yawns. It means you to the clubhouse. Honest, Pop, you'll admit I haven't a chance with a girl that begins to think of a long, hard day to-morrow at 9:30 P.M., and to wonder if I'm paralyzed from the waist down."

"Not a chance in the world," said Pop. "I suppose you tried all the tricks of the business. Did you let her know you had a couple or seven other young lady friends,

warmin' up back of third?"

"Say, Pop, you make me shiver," said Babson, sadly. "I was just fool enough to hint that in solid mahogany language, and she replied in the same dialect to the effect that she was willing and anxious to take off her glove any old time. Said she hadn't signed anyway and didn't have to play."

"Uh-huh!" said Pop, "holdout is she?

What's her terms?"

"I'd give anything to know," said Babson, "but she hasn't got any. She just doesn't care for my general dimensions and style and profile and history and prospects and enthusiasms and conversation and mental equipment. Otherwise, I'm all right with her I guess."

"Have you been mixing 'em any?" asked Pop.

Strike one," said Babson.

"I mean," said Pop thoughtfully, "have that I called on her five times the first week you been givin' her the same old out-drop

right along, or have you been changing yer pace?"

Babson considered a minute. "I guess I ticked that one, Pop," he said at last. "But

you'll have to come again."

"When I found the last and only one of several dozen girls," said Pop, "I did me best for several months. I kept burnin' 'em over the plate hard as I could and showin' off me fine muscle and me athletic record and the way I used to beat up the boys when I was a holy terror with white hair back in Chicawgo, and tellin' how I was goin' ahead and if anybody failed to turn out for me, it would be their own fault whatever happened, and at the end of six months I was ready to tie a can to myself with me own hands. I didn't have nawthin, son. She was tired of the looks of me. She preferred headache at home to a theavter with me alongside tellin' her how I could save the heroine in half the time if I could get to a half brick. I remember we was coming home one night from the balcony, where we'd seen 'Lost in New York,' and she had refused to go to the dance next Saturday night with me and was conversing about one word per block and I was done fer—I knew that, and the way home seemed twenty miles long. And just to ease meself I began singing soft-like a bit of a song I'd heard. I had a fair tenor but I was ashamed of it. I always seemed to feel me skirts getting tangled up around me legs when I sang. But I wasn't caring that night and I sort of hummed it through, and she asked me what it was and made me sing it over, and said she never knew I had a voice and why didn't I get it gardened up a little, and me, being polite, asked her if she liked music and she said that if she could have a cabinet organ, she'd consider Heaven a sort of comedown or something like that. And about then an idea bashed me thick old head in and I changed me pace."

"You quit talking and sang it, did you?"

scoffed Babson.

"I did just that. She was crazy about music. I worked up a little insanity meself and the next Christmas I bought her a cabinet organ which she, being well brought up if she was poor, wouldn't have took you know, unless there had been somethin' between us, which there was, you bet. I dunno. I was the same fellow and no better, and we ain't spent our lives talking music by a long shot, but somehow that started us off, and we've been goin' fine ever since."

"What kind of a shoot have you been feedin' your girl?" said Dorgan after a minute.

"Blamed if I know," said Babson soberly. "See here, Pop, you've given me an idea anyway. I never heard of using science in this girl game, but I am going to try it out. It can't work any worse than what I have been using. I'm in the box again, you understand, and the first thing I'm going to do is to cut out that high floater. It's been batted all over the lot. I've been clawing around the clouds in art and literature and settlement work and all that, and every time I've slipped and come down head first without a parachute, she laughed at me. But I'll just change my pace, Pop, and see what happens. I'll make myself over. I'm going to be something else the next time I see her."

"Well, the first thing you can stop being, if it's all the same to you, is a hearse plume," growled Dorgan. "Come out of the ceme-

tery and smoke a cigar."

In the next month Babson and Dorgan discoursed on many things, including the desirability of a referendum and recall for Texas weather and the increasing obedience to suggestion of Dorgan's jump ball. The team came north and began the season at home. Two weeks later Babson found Dorgan at his hotel, and purchased for him one of those large, handsomely corseted cigars which cost as much as a church supper.

"Pop," he said, a little later as they sat in the office, "have you noticed that I have been a harum-scarum dare-devil lately?"

"I ain't noticed you leap-froggin' any auto-

mobiles," said Pop, placidly.

"I've been feeling like it though," said "My adventurous nature has been champing a good deal. Life around these parts is pretty tame, Pop. Here I am tagging a bunch of ball players around and punishing a typewriter in a newspaper office, when my soul yearns to shoot mountain goats in the West, or coax a motor boat across the Atlantic, or write obituaries for my paper in some foreign war. This job of mine isn't life, Pop, it's decay. Why, when I think of those vast western kingdoms of desolation where a man can take his frying pan and a pony and wander eleven hundred miles without finding anyone to borrow a match from, I get almost smothered sometimes. A man is free out there. He's a real man. If he meets another man who doesn't agree with him, he don't go to law and hang around a supreme court till he's cold. He puts it up to the other man with whatever weapons are handy, and if he doesn't get what he wants, he's past wanting it anyway. The world is too wide, Pop, to settle down in an old chair next to a

light court and grow fast to the fifth precinct of the ninth ward. I'm my own boss and I can live where I please. I don't propose to pick out newspapers but hemispheres after this. I think I'd like to live on the other hemisphere a while anyway. They don't do things my way and it would be some fun to grab existence out of their hands. I tell you the bonds are breaking."

"Say," said Pop impatiently, "stop winding up and throw it. What you been reading that has gummed you up so?"

"Nothing," said Babson. "That's "What's eating you?" said Dorgan suddenly

just me you're listening to. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm a restless unfettered soul and I want to go to the Antarctic and spear whales. Why should I sit around and moon about art and literature when there are mountains in the Andes that have never been climbed and native boatmen in Africa that have never been licked? Don't you think any girl of spirit would like to marry a man with an independent, world-wide soul like mine?"

"Well, some girls have queer tastes," admitted Pop.

"But one of them hasn't, anyway," said Babson, "I've found that out, Pop. I've tried my new curve with the girl and I'm back on the bench."

"She broke the fence with it, did she?"

asked Pop.

"Nothing so violent. She just let it go by and walked. I've been burning up with adventure about three nights a week for three weeks now—telling her how wide life is and how magnificent it is to climb around this little old mud ball. I've pictured the wild free joy of adventure, until honestly it seems as if this town would cave in my ribs unless I tore out of it. I've told her all of

my life's ambitions from exploring Alaska in a balloon to hunting alligators on the Amazon. And it's gone to my heart to see how patiently she's taken it. It hasn't given her a thrill a week. She's listened to me when she could have had a much more interesting time reading the encyclopedia. So to-night I'm going to take this man Babson, adventurer and globe-trotter, out in the alley and kill him. He's no good. He's a bore. The girl doesn't like him. He makes her tired. And anyone of me who bores that girl needn't expect to live."

"Well," said Dorgan, "all I've got to say, son, is that many a man has gone back to the minors three times before he's made good."

The team went forth and conquered more or less persistently for three weeks, during which time Pop Dorgan rescued distressed young pitchers in many games, and came home complacent to be greeted by Babson who had been doing the local games of the other league.

"Good evening," said Babson, "you don't

know who I am, I suppose."

wild free joy of adventure, until honestly it "The last I heard of you, you were a bum seems as if this town would cave in my ribs pitcher tryin' to throw hot air through a unless I tore out of it. I've told her all of marble heart with a glass arm," said Pop,

murder; did you do it?"

rid of him. He represented the restlessness their purpose in life. An ultimate aim is a necessity in every life that would become strong. There is no reason why one of my abilities should not aim high and achieve. Achievement—ah, that is happiness. Presidency in itself—the petty glory and the sense of power I would not seek. But the Presidency as an achievement—an evidence of obstacles overcome, of hard work done and ing?" asked the big pitcher, after the opening of a strong indomitable-

"Good God, umpire, take this fellow out," snorted Dorgan, "he's trying to bean me."

"My present work," said Babson, going on inflexibly, "is nothing. It is only a will strengthener—a season of experience with men—a period of mental exercise. I must do it well, but it is to be forgotten when I pass on. The editorship of the paper—even that means nothing. I shall achieve it, use it, pass on and forget it. It is only a step. He who aims low stays low. I have that within me which calls only to the summit— I must become great because greatness is in me."

Dorgan. "You're talkin' to the papers. We let four of them mouth pitchers go this month. Have you been saying this to the gir-rul?"

"I have," said Babson, "and lots more of it. I am too earnest—too determined to succeed not to talk about it to the young woman who means more than glory or life

itself to me."

"Did she pin a tomato label on y'er

breast?" whispered Dorgan.

"I'm not calling there just at present," Babson admitted, "because she always seems to be out. And because of that a strong and determined and ambitious young man is going to die. He had a chance to become President and it is too bad. But he won't do. He's a bore. Do you care to help kill him?"

"Sure," said Dorgan hastily. "Come and

have a near-drink."

Babson, the strong-willed and determined, passed away that evening, which was a pity because he was particularly needed just then in Babson's chair in the office. Things hadn't been going there just to suit the Sports Department. Babson had lost what, in the exclusive editorial circles of the higher class

promptly, "and you were about to commit a literary magazines, is now known as "the punch." Babson had called a base hit by the "Why, yes," said Babson, "of course I did. same name three times and had failed to That man stood in my way and I had to get invent a new way of describing a base on balls for more than a month. In consein my nature. Restlessness is a curse. It quence, people were buying the green sporting ruins young men. It deflects them from extra across the street in increasing numbers, and it had become necessary to shake things up. So Babson went over into the city room and chased politicians and follow-ups on big stories at forty per, until his soul sickened. The It was not until July that he saw Dorgan again. "Pop" waylaid him with much firmness and led him into the nearest place of rest.

"And who have I the honor of address-

"You are addressing a man who is flattered by your attention," said Babson, looking at him adoringly. "Honestly, Pop, it's awfully good of you to be a friend of mine. There are mighty few men in your position who would bother with me. That's one fine trait of yours. They can't swell your head. Pop. You're the greatest pitcher in the world, and, if you wanted to, you could herd with Congressmen and captains of skindustry. Why, the other day I heard one of our most prominent citizens say that the ambition of his life was to be able to call you by your first name. And I'll bet you'd let him do it in a "Now, you're not pitching at all," moaned minute if you met him. You're the most democratic man I ever knew. It's great. There's Munson, for instance. Just because he won five games in succession this spring and has had to have a few extra photo prints struck off, you would think he was a close relative of some potentate. It hurts his dignity to say "How-de-do." But you can pitch rings and whirl-winds around him, and I'll bet no man ever spoke to you and went off to warm up against some refrigerator. You're-

"Stop a bit," said Dorgan. "When I get too much taffy in me mouth, I always choke."

"That's because you're too modest," said Babson, admiringly. "Great Scott, man, if you'd encourage your friends a little you'd be a national hero. It's just your sort of men who do things and then hide behind some tree so that it won't be found out. You're too modest to live. That's why folks love you so."

"Now me teeth are all stuck up," moaned Dorgan. "Ouit it, Sadie. I thought at first that you were some relation of an old friend of mine, but I was off. He never honeyed up to the captain that way."

"No," said Babson, "he didn't. It was a

great mistake of his. He was always thinking of himself. He could talk of himself by the hour, and half the time he didn't notice when his listener got away. But I can't do that because I am so much more interested in the splendid things I see in the other person. Why whould I talk of politics or theatres or myself when your good points are much any more, but I've gotten into her set

so much more interesting to me?"

"Did she bite on these wide ones?" asked Dorgan, suddenly. "Because, if she did, you needn't worry. You've got her, but what have you got?"

"She did not bite," said Bab-son, "but don't I do it well? I've lost half the friends I ever had with this line of talk, and on the other hand, I've made a lot I can't get rid of. They keep coming back for more, like a cat after cream. But it's no go. I've tried it a month now.

"Hang it, I'm tolerably good-looking"

It's easy, too. I could talk to that girl forever about herself, but ten minutes is the limit with her. After that she finds that her headache is getting worse and I find the front door all by myself."

"Pop," said Babson, after a few minutes, "I'm going to get that girl yet. That is, somebody's going to get her, and he's going to be in my clothes and sign my checks. Hang it, I'm tolerably good-looking. I'm decent and I've got good prospects. She might as well fall in love with me as anyone, and I'm willing to be anyone to get her. I've tried the old-family attitude. I was cold and haughty and reserved for a week and I got so exclusive that I caught myself looking up her father's rating one day. I just radiated condescension. Nothing doing. I got weak and blue and miserable. I tried to lean on her. Some girls like that. They

want a husband so they can mother him. But when I leaned on this girl, she moved away and I bumped myself."

"But I'm going to get her," continued Babson, getting up and grabbing a fistful of air firmly and fiercely. "This race has just begun. She doesn't let me hang around

> and maybe I don't watch her like a hawk. When she laughs, I make a note of what caused it; when she has a good time between dances with some fellow, cuss him, I'm not over a thousand feet away, and of course it's wrong to have extension ears, but everything's fair in this game, you know. I'll take any chance. If I've got to be temperamental, I'll hunt up the long hairs tomorrow to study out their system. If I've got to be fascinatingly bad, with an interesting past

that I'm always pulling out of the grave by one leg just far enough to show it, me for the bright lights. If I've got to be downright brutal and hit her over the head until she loves me for my rude strength, all right. It will break my heart to hit that girl, but if that's what she's waiting for and I can be dead sure of it, I'll tap her just once and after I marry her I'll spend the rest of my life putting Paris hats and grand pianos on the bump. I'm going to be her ideal, whatever it is. It's worn ten pounds off of me experimenting, but I'm ready to lose another fifty. And then maybe I'll find that what she wants is a fat man with a lardy laugh." Babson groaned wearily.

"Son," said Pop, shaking hands with him seriously, "if that girl doesn't sign you she is a prize bonehead. You're the best utility man I ever saw in this game, and if she ever

gets onto your goods, she'll sign you on any son" was the writer, and the picture was that

The season progressed with that peculiar scenic railway effect common to baseball seasons. The team climbed dizzily to second place and then slid for fourth with horrifying speed, only to recover third place, from which it tumbled to fifth with a meteor-like swoop. This catastrophe was achieved while Dorgan was entertaining painful suspicions in his elbow, and along in the latter part of August when a new bone fancier, hired regardless of expense by the frantic manager, put the old pitcher together again as good as new; he won eight games in three weeks, while a tall young nugget picked up from the minors the year before, contributed eight more. It was with feelings of the profoundest satisfaction that Dorgan, cleansed, rubbed and swathed in his new clothes after his eighth win, sat down in the office of the hotel and began to read the last Sunday's edition of the Morning Cataleptic, which led the world in sports and had eight fits daily, including a green one with blue headlines.

"Pop" read three interviews with himself by as many experts, perused a working diagram of his repaired elbow with some interest, looked fondly at the standing of the clubs with his own team in second and barking the heels of the leaders—and then turned casually over the pages. Suddenly he stopped with a start before a flaring full page article. "Weeps in Prison for her Baby Boy" was the headline, and underneath these words a beautiful young girl in black, behind savagelooking jail bars, was shedding tears four sizes larger than even an unscrupulous artist should have drawn. As for the article tears were too tame for it. It bled in every line. The young lady was suspected of having killed her fourth husband with rat poison and a heartless nation had imprisoned her in spite of her anguish.

This particular batch of tears was being wept exclusively for the Cataleptic, the caption triumphantly declared, and the writer, choking back his sobs in black face as he penned the words, declared that no such scene of pathos had wrung his tender heart since his own mother had wept over him, when, at the age of three, he had choked the cat and hidden her corpse in the guest room closet.

fascinated "Pop" Dorgan. As a rule he skipped hurriedly over the heart-string section of the Cataleptic. It was the name of snapped Dorgan. "When did you get the the author and his picture. "Parley Bab- present attack?"

of his old newspaper pal—hair a little longer and eyes fixed dreamily on the lower lefthand corner of the page.

Dorgan swore a large, big, thirteen-cornered oath in pure disgust—and looked up to discover Babson, wavy hair, silky eyes and

all, looking sadly down at him.

"Hello, Carrie," said "Pop" roughly; "just been reading your little weep here. Did the sweet little husband-killer break its tuzzy wuzzy heart?"

"I want your congratulations, old friend," said Babson gloomily. "I've won. She's accepted me.'

"Who?" said Dorgan stubbornly; "the lady with the ice-water circulation?"

"Miss Clayton," said Babson soberly. "I'm the happiest man in the world and I have called to thank you for your suggestion which is responsible for my success.

"Ya," said Dorgan belligerently. "What's she taken you fer,—a husband or a girl friend? Did you write this—this goo?" he exploded, pointing to the lachrymal master-

piece.

"Yes," said Babson dreamily, "I wrote it. It's my finest effort. I've had over a hundred letters already from women who have wept over it. It's going to be made into a booklet. Mar-Miss Clayton says that it goes to the bottom of the heart like a plummet. She wouldn't let me call on her to-day -says she cried all night and isn't fit to be seen. But I have her letter. It helps dull the pain of that sight. Ah, old friend, if you could have seen that poor woman-sitting on the coarse blanket the fiends called a bed—weeping her heart out—I wept with her. Oh, this awful, awful mess of tragedy we call life!"

Babson sighed heavily. Dorgan sat in silence. He seemed to be grabbing for something mentally.

"You-you the same chap who used to bunk with me on the trips?" he demanded

"No! No, a thousand times no!" cried Babson earnestly. "That was a rude, unawakened savage. He wore my clothes—he bore my name. But he had not found his heart. He laughed at sorrow. He was blind to the pain of existence. He wondered why he was not loved. But could he have been But it wasn't the pathos of the article which loved by one worthy of love—a man with no soul above his creature comforts——"

"Play ball or I'll call this game off,"

"Crudely as you put it, I understand you," said Babson. "It was by the merest stroke horse the next morning and I couldn't look of fortune. I was in desperate straits in my office. I was running off badly in my work, I was hanging on by an eyelash, so to speak, when Miss Graham, the human interest writer-

"Head of the mush department," inter-

polated Dorgan.

"Was taken sick," continued Babson. They had to have a heart story for Sunday and they threw me out on it. It was just a little thing. A little girl in the slums had lost her puppy and had lost herself hunting it, and the mother had telephoned the police to spank her when they found her and hold her until she could bring her another. You see the story in it. It was a beautiful thought."

"I dunno," mused "Pop"; "two spankin's

for getting lost is goin' some—

"Oh, I mean the human interest side of it," said Babson impatiently. "Girl lost, little heart yearning for the puppy. Puppy hunting innocently for the mistress. Mother frantic, babbling to the police little tales of the child's babyhood. Hard-hearted officers touched-work suspended-whole machinery of municipal protection with its sordid and callous graft and indifference to honor, stops dead while the big brutal men hunt like tender fathers for the missing child-"

"Did they find her?" said Dorgan anx-

iously.

"Of course," said Babson. "It's against the office rules to kill a baby unless absolutely necessary. It was a good story and, while I never cared for the sob sister game, I put a big punch in it. They played it heavy with my name and picture. I damned them for it, but the night afterward I got a call from the girl to come out, and do you know she almost fell on my neck. Her eyes were red and she cried while she talked to me."

"Did she bite on that?" said Dorgan,

"She has the tenderest of hearts and I had touched it," said Babson stiffly. "Funny I had never known it before. We talked till midnight and when I went away I was a

different man. I saw a teamster beating his at it. I turned another story the next Sunday that made the Sunday editor blink-you may have read it-about the young girl who came from the country and who was found dead in a cheap but respectable room, with her mother's picture on her lips. I'll read vou a little—

"No you won't," said Dorgan, getting up

hastily; "I'll take your word for it."

"Well, anyway the story got me Miss Graham's place. She went on Women's stuff, and I do the big Sunday throbber. One hundred a week is the money consideration, but that is the least of it. The girl and I are engaged. We are planning a life of service and sympathy. Our hearts have found each other. They bleed together. Ah, the woe and suffering of this old world—ah—

"You needn't bleed on my clothes," said "Pop." "To make a long sob short, you got her by joining a lady's nine. Perfectly,

deliciously happy now, are you?"

"Pop," said Babson, putting his hand on his old friend's shoulder, "I'm going through life with a red nose, weeping over other people's sorrows. It's a price you know. I'm glad to pay it. It's coming second nature to me already. In six months I'll shudder at the rude crack of a bat and I'll be really interested in a home for friendless cats. The old Babson is going for good. No place for him in our happy home. But just for the last time I'll be he, long enough to tell you that so far it's been H---l. I'm ashamed to look at myself. I hate this new chump who's wearing my features something tremendous. He's a putty face and he's going to turn up his nose at baseball and midnight steaks with the old crowd and all the old, hard-hitting life. Why, I'll be thankful if he doesn't take up missionary work. It's going to be hard."

"Cheer up," said "Pop" sadly; "you got

the gir-rul.

"Yes," said Babson—the dreamy light came back into his eyes—"and oh, the joy of sounding her deep and tender nature. The sorrows---"

"Good-by," said "Pop" Dorgan firmly.

UNCLE BUNG

A Story Mostly about Dogs, for Men

By JOHN A. MOROSO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BELLOWS

"Avoid Genealogies" - St. PAUL

CHAPTER I

HEN Rose Imperial was taken from the Trenholm kennels and sold to the Cuttings as a mate for Champion Doldrums whole family went into mourning.

Diavolo II, her big brother, was off his feed for a week. Every bull terrier on the Trenholm place was shocked and grieved.

"Curse me!" snarled Diavolo II, to his old father, Champion Diavolo I, "it's a pretty rotten business when one of our family takes up with that layout down the road." He spread back his shapely pink-and-white ears against his skull and leered at his parent.

"Champion Doldrums comes of excellent

stock," grunted the old fellow.
"Oh, he's got the pedigree," sniffed Diavolo II, "but what of it? It doesn't bring him anything but blue ribbons. If he was turned out from the care of half a dozen nurses you would see what sort of a bull terrier he is. He would either starve to death or have his throat slit from ear to ear in his first bone polishing dispute. There's nothing to that Doldrums family but looks and ancient history."

"Both of which count for a great deal these days," remarked the father terrier quietly. "You must understand, my son, that we are living in a polite age. A dog is not supposed to eat bones and fight over their possession. One must be very careful of the conventions to get along well in kennels nowadays. Really, my boy, if you have any hope of amounting to anything socially you must come to learn these things."

The elder Diavolo pretended to be bored by the vulgarianism of his son, but at heart he secretly rejoiced, for he liked to believe that What?" exclaimed the old man.

there was in his generation some of the old warrior spirit of his forebears.

Diavolo II coiled up on the straw with a growl. He hated Champion Doldrums as much as he loved his stolen sister.

Three shows in succession Diavolo II had tried to get the blue ribbon from Doldrums and had failed. And he knew that there wasn't a bull terrier in the show that did not root for him because he knew that Doldrums should give up the first honors.

All the stable boys realized that Doldrums was merely a lay figure, when it came down to real dog. Why, Jimmie Hogan of the Cutting stables, the closest human friend of the champion, had been heard to admit that Doldrums was a veritable paretic as the result of overbreeding.

"To think," whined the near-champion to his father, "I shall be an uncle to the offspring

of that doddering idiot!"

"And I'll be their grandfather," growled the old man. "But perhaps they will inherit

some of our good qualities."

Young Diavolo's mother, Champion Queen of Sheba, joined the circle. She sniffed her discontented son, as all dog mothers do, to see whether he was still all there. Then she strolled to a sunny spot and sat on her haunches, cocking her ears to wait and watch for her mistress, Miss Doris Trenholm.

"Now, my son," whispered Father Diavolo. "There's class! Look at your mother, boy. There's nothing the world over can match her in the class for thirty-five pounds

and over."

"Une grande dame," murmured Fedinck, the French poodle, who had loped in for a bit of gossip.

"Some style in my missus, Fedinck.

"She has the haut ton, the—er—je ne sais quoi!" exclaimed Fedinck in foolish ecstasy.

"Yes," mused Queen of Sheba's mate, "a dog might have every quality of a champion but if she hasn't got that jenny squaw, as you Frenchies call it, and the other dog has, we all know who gets the blue."

The much-discussed grande dame suddenly bounced in the air with a yelp of delight. Miss Doris, the blue ribboner in the human class for females, 110 pounds and

under, was at the gate.

Fedinck had a convulsion of joy and Diavolo II joined his mother in a frantic welcome to Miss Doris. As befitted his years, old Diavolo strolled with dignity over to her, wagging his tail with slow sweeping strokes.

But young Diavolo was the favorite with the young woman. After petting each clamoring, affectionate brute she stooped and began to play with her pet, making believe to catch at his forelegs as the beast quickly drew them back or covered first the one and then the other with his body in fine attitudes of defensive fighting.

"He's a great Davvie," sounded the musical voice of his mistress. "My, what a won-

the blue ribbon from Doldrums this time, isn't he?"

"Yow! Wow!" Davvie assured

Mike O'Brien came over from the stables to see whether the mistress wanted anything

"Yes, mum," he volunteered. "There's plenty of real fighting blood in that stock. Now, Davvie's uncle, Bungo Reilley--"

The elder Diavolo shuddered at the mention of his brother's name and his spouse, Champion Queen of Sheba, stalked majestic-

ally away.

"Bungo, mum," went on O'Brien, "has licked every dog put before him. When we was all down in Aiken the country people named him Strychnine. Others calls him Sudden Death. He just loves fightin' an' he would die, mum, if he didn't take on a dog once in a while."

Bungo was the skeleton in the Diavolo closet. He was born not only with an ugly "dead" color splash under his left eye, which gave him a bunged-up and bruised appearance, but he was also the possessor of a dish face. His jaws, instead of being long and derful fighter he is! And he's going to get tapering to a fine point, were short, bunched with muscles and looked like the jaws of a vise. He had none of the long, graceful lines of his parents. He was cobby, in fact. He stood like a hill of splotched marble. He was built for the profession of murder and looked it.

"Oh, yes, there's championship in Davvie, mum," went on O'Brien, "and some day he'll get cured of getting nervous in the judging ring. The other dogs get on his nerves. He hates 'em all, mum, and he sort of crouches just as if he was getting ready in case anything rough was started. He ain't ever been show broke."

Miss Doris laughed and her laugh was as sweet as the deroulade of a robin's call in

spring.

"But if Champion Doldrums was out of the way, mum," O'Brien said, "it would be hard to find another dog that could point up with Davvie."

If Doldrums was out of the way!

The thought made Davvie begin the war

song of his tribe.

"Aha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" he chanted softly. Uncle Bungo, the disreputable, securely chained over in the stable, heard the song and took it up joyfully.

"Aha! Aha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

"You hear that, miss?" asked O'Brien.
"If any of this family ever got a chance at

Doldrums, wow!"

"Too bad, O'Brien," Miss Doris exclaimed, waving back the sunshiny hair from her eyes. "If Dav would only throw more style when he's being judged he'd get the ribbon. Doldrums has the air of a dog that never has been whipped and that never will be whipped."

"Yes'm, he has it," dolefully admitted O'Brien. "But he ain't ever been in a real

scrap. That's why he's got it."

Miss Doris strode away in her smart walking suit for a trampacross fields to the Cutting estate where poor Rose Imperial was in exile from the ones she loved, forever doomed to be the bride of the haughty Doldrums.

CHAPTER II

Davvie and his mother and father ran to a corner of the wire-enclosed runway from which they could see over three acres of field goldenwide with buttercups. They pressed their muzzles against the netting and waited for their mistress to appear in the open. When she struck across the field they yelped in chorus and she turned and waved her gloved hand to her faithful friends and pets.

Not until she was lost from sight did the dogs turn away.

of his parents. He was cobby, in fact. He straw stood like a hill of splotched marble. He with a sound that was half groan and half was built for the profession of murder and growl

"What's the matter, Dav?" asked his

male parent.

"Oh, for a moment with that mutt," sighed Davvie.

"What mutt?"

"My famous brother-in-law," Davvie snarled with fine scorn.

"Don't be ill-bred; don't be ill-bred," his parent said in rebuke. "Remember that whatever might be said against Champion Doldrums he is no mutt. His family is one of the oldest in this country. He traces his ancestry back to the Mayflower landing of the Pilgrims. The Doldrum stock was indeed colonial. The founder of the family came from the Chippendales in England, and I would not be surprised if we were found to be collateral descendants."

"My word!" sneered Davvie.

O'Brien relieved the situation between father and son by collaring Davvie and proceeding to feel him over with a powerful pair of hands.

"Some dog, you," exclaimed O'Brien with a grin. "In fine condition, too. Shapes up some, this dog does. Well, I guess. Muscles tight; no fat; stands on the balls of his feet just like the champ."

He tucked Davvie under the chin and

made him throw himself in position.

O'Brien picked up a forefoot, bent it upward, examined it carefully and seemed satisfied.

"Great cushions," he announced for his own edification. "Great cushions. Took a lot of breeding to get 'em but he's got 'em."

O'Brien critically examined Davvie's tail, running two fingers gently over it to the tip.

"A little pipe clay and that will be all right," he declared. "It's just the right length and it slopes right."

He slapped the brute on the shoulders and

straightened himself.

"Jump, Dav," he ordered. "Jump, you pink-eyed pirate!"

Davvie leaped into the air, touching O'Brien lightly on the shoulders.

"All ginger and smack," said the critical stableman. "He is surely some dog."

O'Brien departed for the stable where, from a high shelf, he took a plate of bones.

Davvie's Uncle Bung was yelping with delight. He took turns at trying to break his chain and at trying to slip his collar, but

"All ginger and smack," said the critical stableman. "He is surely some dog"

the chain was a good strong one and the jaws of Uncle Bung were so heavy that he could not possibly pull free of his collar.

"All right, old scout," said O'Brien, comfortingly. "Your tony relatives have all the style and must live on biscuits, but it is good

big bones for Bung, believe me."

Uncle Bung was released from his chain and in a very few minutes was cracking bones with his powerful jaws, his tail wagging all the while. Occasionally he would pause, lick his chops and look up with gratitude into the eyes of his friend who sat near him polishing the silver trimmings on the Sunday harness of the Trenholms.

With the waning of the day O'Brien went to the servants' hall and cheerfully put away enough food within himself to keep two average men going for several days. Then he snipped around among the men servants and arranged for an evening of dallying with the fickle goddess of chance.

When the party was made up for the highly

impolite but vastly diverting game of whiskey poker O'Brien patted his unaristocratic dog friend on the head and turned him free to range whither he pleased.

"Beat it, old man," said O'Brien. "You haven't had any excitement in a long time. Just bring back all of your hide with you."

Bungo Reilley understood that he had been given a leave of absence and bounded out of the stable to take up any trail that he pleased, wander as far as he wished and come back when he was good and ready.

CHAPTER III

Rose Imperial had been away from her own family for a week and the visit of her old mistress, Miss Doris, nearly sent her wild with delight. The poor creature howled her head nearly off and wept her eyes red.

She did not find the Doldrums tribe at all to her liking. Had there been any Reno in dogdom she would have fought her way to it, frumpish and about as amusing as a crutch.

The men in the Cutting kennels saw little in Rose to grow enthusiastic over. There ever had been rivalry between the Cutting and the Trenholm kennels. Moreover, Rose was sullen and inclined to snap. The men let her alone and Rose was glad of it, for she was planning to get back to her own people.

"I don't see any good dog judgment in Mr. Cutting's buying of this here beast," said Filkin to one of his helpers in the kennels. "There's something common in that stock. There's that there Bungo Reilley, for one, that turned out bad. I never see such a piefaced mutt. And he's a uncle of this here brute. Of course he's a scrapper, as O'Brien says he is, but you can buy that kind of dog for five dollars a barrel."

So Filkin, having no particular delight in caring for Rose Imperial, let her run as she pleased inside of the kennel and stable

Rose was quick to find a broken plank in an empty stall in the stable and to explore below. She found the ground soft and began to tunnel. There were only two feet of earth between her and the open fields.

Champion Doldrums was not long in discovering this secret of the new spouse of his royal bosom. He followed her to the empty stall and saw her writhe down through the broken plank to the ground beneath the stable.

A horrid thought obtruded itself upon him. He shuddered and his hair stood on end. Was she departing to meet a rival, perhaps some old flame?

Doldrums sickened under the thought. He reproached his master for bringing into the Doldrums family any female of the species sprung from such stock as the Trenholms

"Dash it," he said in most polite profanity, as became a thorough aristocrat and champion. "She is false. I have stumbled across a disgraceful affair. Think of it, a Doldrums in such a fix. Curses! Curses! Curses!"

He stuck his head down into the hole and was rewarded with a shower of moist earth.

"How rude," he muttered to himself as he batted his eyes and then rubbed them with his forepaws. "She is no lady."

He stood near the entrance to the rapidly growing tunnel and pondered his plight solemnly and stupidly.

"There is only "Ah," he finally decided. one thing for a Doldrums to do and Champion Doldrums shall do it. The miscreant a Mr. Jack Johnson.

for her Champion mate she found stuffy, must die. I shall be obliged to kill him. It is good form to kill him. In fact it would be very bad form not to kill him."

> He waited patiently and was soon rewarded by a whimper of delight from Rose Imperial. The tunnel was finished and the way to the fields clear. The good beast, stricken with nostalgia, squeezed through the hole she had dug and was off and away for home like a streak of white lightning.

> It was beastly work, crawling through such a place, but Doldrums followed and shot after his fleeing mate at full speed.

> "This is what comes from mating out of one's class," he thought. "But the scoundrel she is hasting to will regret it."

> The sun had set and the stars shone brilliantly above the level fields of greensward and buttercups.

> "I shall not be responsible for what happens during my brainstorm," Doldrums told himself as he saw a white spot in the distance beyond his fleeing spouse.

> The white spot was Bungo Reilley. sat watching the two speeding dogs coming his way, watching them eagerly and with a heart that beat like a triphammer. It looked to Uncle Bung as if there would be something doing in his own particular line.

> Rose's mother, father and brother had scented trouble and were poking their clean noses against the wire netting of their runway and whimpering. They got the scent of Rose and barked their delight. She yelped her pleasure as she approached at full speed. But Uncle Bung had no time for greetings. His salute was the war cry of his tribe:

"Aha! Aha! Aha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Doldrums came up, his little eyes spitting fires of rage.

Rose disappeared toward the gate of the kennels.

There were no preliminaries, no seconds, no referee—just the good, hard sward and two bull terriers hungry for battle. O'Brien was ten dollars in the hole in the vulgar whiskey poker game in the stable loft and couldn't have heard a boiler explosion.

Champion Doldrums, with the confidence born of aristocracy and with its frequent unwisdom, hurled himself at Bungo, who stood squared for the shock.

The great champion had the better in weight by about four or five pounds, and he was in noble condition, despite his years of luxury and ease. But he was as an allaround college athlete in the ring to settle a difference with a Mr. James Joseph Jeffries or

As Doldrums launched himself at his enemy, Bungo crouched flat on the ground and the champion went sprawling behind him.

Bungo wheeled and in a second would have had Doldrums by the throat but the champion was a rank amateur and presented his haunches to his enemy until he could collect a real, finished bit of canine murder. He

"Look out for your throat, Bung," advised his brother, Champion Diavolo I. got a long and mean jaw, old man."

Bungo had no time to hearken to advice. What was worrying him was the big, spiked collar around the neck of his antagonist. To get a grip under it was his job if he was to do

Two bull terriers hungry for battle

what wits he had as a fighter. As everyone knew that it would require art with a capital knows, no dog with an ounce of sense spends A to crowd down that collar with his forelegs his time in fighting his enemy from the rear. The throat and forelegs are the natural objectives, just as human fighters make the wind or the point of the jaw their fist . targets.

In disgust, astonishment and anger Bungo jumped on the back of his antagonist and nipping him by the back of the neck hurled him

Old man Diavolo and his son were chanting the tribe's war cry against the wire netting as they tore at it in fond but vain hopes of mixing in.

and get his hold.

Uncle Bung found Doldrums no coward. He had heart and sand. The champion's long jaws sunk into the flesh of his face and ripped a gash in the black spot under his eye. Again he got a leg hold and was near breaking the bone when Uncle Bung managed to pull free. All the while Uncle Bung was shoving down that collar and nosing for the grip he knew would serve the purpose just as fully as would a dose of hydrocyanide.

There was no cry of pain, no bark or snarl from either combatant. There was just the

He saw the scarred face on the rail

shuffling of eight feet and the panting and

grunting of two great, game beasts.

Finally Bung got a second favorite hold, a shoulder grip, and his viselike jaws closed on it. Then he lifted the champion and hurled him on his back to the ground. The impact sent every particle of wind from every cell in the lungs of Doldrums. He lay on his back breathless.

The great jaws of the disreputable member of the Diavolo family began feeling for the

final throat hold.

But O'Brien had gotten his money back in the whiskey poker game and had suffered an attack of chilled extremities. He left the stable just in time to save the under dog. With a whoop he sailed into the fight and pulled off his friend Bungo.

Doldrums rolled over, gasped, spat out some hair and foam and then trotted meekly away, his tail tucked close between his legs and his ears no longer standing up cockily.

"Gee," said O'Brien. "If that ain't Doldrums I guess I'm a liar!"

CHAPTER IV

O'Brien and his particular friends among the Trenholm "help" started off with the dogs for the show in great good humor two weeks after the vanquishment of Doldrums.

Diavolo II, in the finest possible condition,

was taken into town by his mistress in her O'Brien led Uncle Bung by a leash, explaining that he was going along only as a mascot.

Bungo's face was a mass of fresh scars, but he seemed contented and even blithe of spirit. He had been washed but still looked the ruffian that he was, wagging his tail amiably, but prepared to take part in any manner of low-browed amusement that might come up.

Champion Doldrums was entered again despite his wounds and seemed in fine form, throwing as much "side" as ever and appearing even stuffier and frumpier than ever to the other bull terriers entered in the various classes.

Miss Doris found a place at the rail of the judging ring when Diavolo II came in for judging against his old rival. The two dogs took the stand and the judges began looking them over.

Diavolo was nervous and showed it, while Doldrums threw himself into position with feet well placed, chin up and tail slanting at the precise angle.

Miss Doris felt herself roughly jostled and turned to complain when she saw O'Brien's

face grinning into hers.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, "but this is important. Just a minute."

He reached down and hoisted Bungo Reilley to the rail and laid his brutal jaws upon it.

Uncle Bungo saw his only enemy and began to sing.

The judging of the champion and his nearlimousine. The other dogs went by rail and est rival had reached the final stage where conformation alone counted. Doldrums heard the song of Bungo Reilley and looked around. Finally he saw the scarred face on the rail and the mighty, stumpy, heavily muscled jaws that had hurled him to the greensward, nearly jostling the beat out of his heart. His tail dropped a half inch and then an inch. It got lower and lower until it curved under him. All the cockiness of his ears departed and Champion Doldrums looked just what he was-a whipped

> At the same time Davvie got a glimpse of his uncle and his mistress. He stiffened up and his weight rested lightly on the fine cushions under his feet. A little whimper of delight escaped him. His little eyes sparkled and as he stood for the final word of judgment he was as handsome and as high-spirited a

beast as ever went up for a ribbon.

The judges looked at Doldrums in surprise. "I guess he has had his day," said one of the judges.

"Yep," said another. "The old fellow has Diavolo II is the king of them caved in. all now.''

The blue ribbon was attached to Davvie's collar.

Miss Doris patted her gloved hands and O'Brien picked up the disreputable Bungo Reilley and hugged and kissed him as he rushed off to spread the news.

THE WEDDING RING

 B_{y} JOHNREED

Love. A girdle of Red Gold. And "Gold!" sneered Love in scorn (Eyes raining lightnings down) "Gold! Am I so tinsel-worn

Like a woman of the town?"

As to be bought and sold

AND what is this you offer me?" quoth "But why the Ring?" he queried, wonder-

To bind you in the Law.

"Bind me!" cried Love, full loud (A flame of wrath his hair)

"Law!

Am I so feeble-bowed, That you must burn me raw With chains to keep me there?"

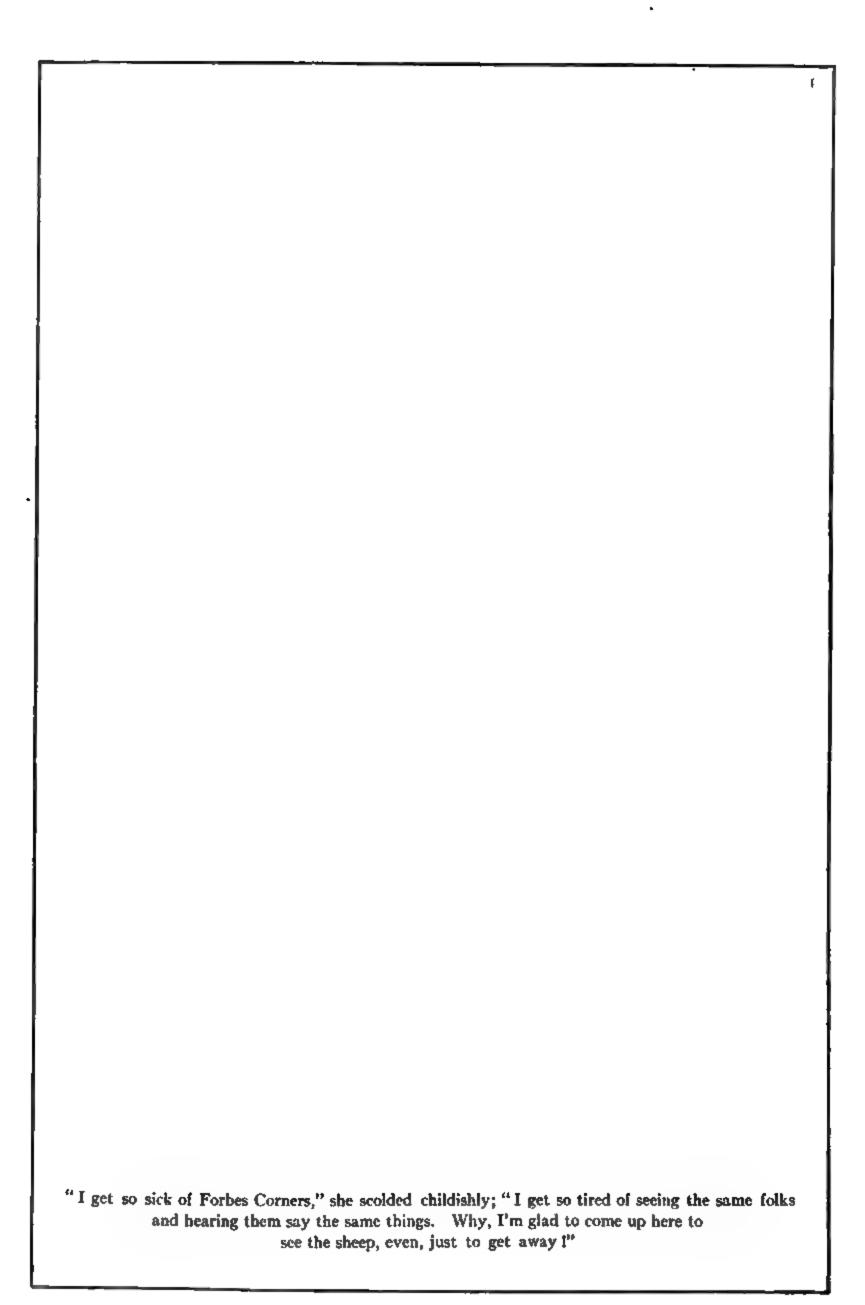
"'Twixt man and maid?" asked Love, incredulous.

Aye,—for mayhap you die.

"Die, I!" . . . Love spurned the thing (Flushing imperially)

"Die!

"Nay . . . these that use a Ring To link them in a lie Surely deserve not me!"





THE PEDDLER

By LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BÝ HANSON BOOTH

HE big kitchen, dimly lighted by one tiny-paned window and the narrow door, was suffocatingly hot.

Mrs. Jackson screwed the top on the last jar of strawberry preserves and wined the sticky cover wearily.

wiped the sticky cover wearily.

"Forty-two," she announced with tired pride. "But I dunno when canning has tuckered me out so, I'm all beat out from it. I'll slip out and pick the peas for to-morrow; maybe that will cool me off some— Hain't you most through with that, Em'ly?"

Her niece bent over the basket beneath the and she liked to look "nice."

ironing table.

"Eleven pieces more," she murmured.

"Lands' sakes! you're a terrible slow ironer," scolded her aunt from the depths of an unlovely sunhat.

Emily made no answer but when the clumsy screen door banged behind her aunt's retreating bulk, she sighed. Emily hated ironing. She was ironing her own shirtwaist, at least that was better than the ugly unbleached muslin sheets that belonged to the hired men's beds.

She was rather painstaking about her task, in spite of her weariness and her aunt's admonitions. It was Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays Emily kept books in the office of her uncle's general store and she liked to look "nice."

In even rows behind her on the ironing rack were her uncle's and her cousin's shirts, the two hired men's shirts, and the storeclerk's shirt, all ironed with the same careful precision; piles of coarse underwear, little heaps of cross-barred table linen and stacks of heavy sheets. Emily had been ironing since early in the morning, save for the midday when she had paused to help her aunt with the dinner, and she was very tired. She dropped her holder nervously when some one tapped at the screen door.

'What do you want?" she demanded, her gray eyes rounding childishly with timidity, "we don't buy nothing at the door! My uncle keeps a store—" She stepped to the screen to fasten the catch. "You'd better

go away," she ended faintly.

But the peddler stood quite still, smiling from the depths of his sloe-black eyes and gently put down his pack. He held his cap in his hand and his black hair curled moistly above his bronzed temples.

"Oxcuse," he murmured apologetically, "I deed not onderstan', but weel you be so

kind to geeve me water?"

His gentle courtesy banished her timidity. She went over to the water pail and lifted the gleaming dipper, holding it daintily so that it would not drip on the freshly scrubbed floor. She opened the door a little and held out the tin cup silently.

"I dreenk to you!" laughed the peddler. had finished it he held out the cup like a child for more. A second time she filled it for him. staring wide-eyed at his handsome curly head.

"I might buy some pins," she announced Bible," objected Emily. suddenly. "If they aren't too dear." The

peddler shook his head.

"Nod pins," he answered, kneeling to loosen the straps of his case. "Nod any ugly theengs thad one mus' haf do I sell but lofely theengs — theengs the heart of woman weesches for-leeke laces an' beads."

Emily forgot the irons and the clumsy sheets. She leaned more closely against the screen door staring curiously into the open case.

"Ah!" she breathed tempestuously.

He was spreading the things out seductively; fragile silk shawls, a cunningly knit silk scarf, delicately embroidered linens, and fat bundles of lace medallions tied with pretty bits of ribbon. With a swift flash of his slender, bronzed hands he arranged his wares with seemingly lazy grace. time, as he spread something before her, he who had come upon them suddenly, her fat lifted his darkly fringed eyes for her approval and smiled like a child when she nodded. Presently he opened a quaintly carved casket and disclosed rows of shining twinkled in the sunlight through the green shade of the grape arbor above him.

"Oo-ooh!" sighed Emily. "They're real pretty, aren't they? I always did hanker after beads, somehow." She opened the door and came out to sit on the top stair, her fingers rested eagerly on a turquoise-tinted strand. "How lovely!" she whispered.

"Lofely," he agreed, settling back on his heels and smiling up at her. "Lofely and moreovaire good lucky. Een my country we ees ver' fooleesch, we ees 'fraid all times of the evil eye of envy, but thees bead—" he reached up to touch them delicately, "they ees scare thad evil eye away so thad ees why we ees put theem on our camels an' thad ees why we put theem on our pretty babees. They ees ver' pretty, those beads."

Emily held the cool things longingly

against her hot cheek.

"I always hankered after beads," she repeated faintly, "I was always stringing buttons or shells when I was little—" Her gray eyes were shining sweetly. "It-I-could you tell me some more about your country— You're Evetalyun, hain't you?" She flushed a little as she questioned him; to be "Evetalyun" was to be scorned or pitied in her little New Hampshire village.

"No! No!" laughed the peddler. "I ees "I ees much oblige, Mees." And when he nod a Dago, eferybody een thees land always theenk I ees, an' eet geets me ver' cross. ees come from Syreeah, across many seas."

"But I thought that Syria was just in the

"Oxcuse! the Bible eet ees jus' 'appened een Syree-ah," he corrected gravely. "Syreeah-" he sighed and looked up at her "Eet ees the mos' lofely land, I dreamily. leeke ver' much you could see eet. Me, I theenk you would leeke eet."

"I've been to Connecticut," said Emily, "but that's the only time I've ever been out of this State. I—I get awfully tired of it lately, seems as if I'm sick and tired of everything lately," she confessed tragically, and then glanced down in shy confusion. Her gray eyes rested on the forgotten beads. "These are lovely beads," she murmured hastily.
"Feefty cents," coaxed the peddler softly.

"Oh, I couldn't buy them!" she interposed quickly. "Uncle Ben wouldn't like it.

"For the lands' sake!" ejaculated her aunt, hands clutching the heaped-up pan of peas,

"whatever are you doing, Em'ly?"

Emily put the trinket regretfully into the little casket and jumped up. "Just lookglass beads, gaudy Oriental bits of color that ing," she murmured apologetically. "They're elegant beads, aunty, and only fifty cents. I wish—I wish I had fifty cents——'

"For the lands' sakes!" gasped her aunt, and then she turned sharply upon the peddler. "You'd better pack up that trash and clear out of here; Mr. Jackson hain't no patience with tramps and he is liable to come round any minute. It's almost his supper time. You'd better get out, quick!"

The peddler blushed faintly under his olive-tinted skin and began to fold his delicate wares. Emily, vaguely conscious of her aunt's rudeness, regarded him curiously from the top step. When he lifted the little casket to tuck it in its corner she put out a protesting

hand. "Aunty," she murmured despairingly, "couldn't I take part of my missionary dollar and earn it back? I -I just
hanker after them beads." She knew before she had uttered her words their futility.
Her aunt opened the door and pointed within
the kitchen.

"Emily Jackson!" she said grimly. "You left that iron end up on that clean ironing pad; I think you must be crazy."

And when she had closed the door upon her niece she spoke through its wire meshes to the kneeling man who was putting away the last of his stock.

"You'd better hurry," she admonished, "that's Mr. Jackson driving in the yard now."

"You'd better pack up that trash and clear out of here"

The man flushed hotly as he fastened the straps and shouldered his burden.

"Good-a-day, Mees," he called through the doorway.

"Good-bye," answered Emily faintly.

She was ironing hurriedly enough to satisfy even her aunt's desire for speed. But her eyes were wide and dreamy and her face had lost its worried lines. She smiled regretfully as she recalled the glorious color of the beads. So intent was she upon her delayed task that she was not conscious of the altercation at the gateway between the peddler and her uncle.

At supper time, however, while she waited on the table full of hired men, she heard her cousin and one of the clerks laughing slyly.

"He certainly handed your father a large the pretty trifle over and over in her toilline of talk," commented the clerk; "them roughened fingers. The peddler's friendly Eyetalyuns has fierce tempers."

"He isn't Eyetalyun," interposed Emily

hotly, "he comes from Syria."

The men all dropped their knives and stared at her. She was usually so quiet, this demure niece of their master, that they were astounded.

Sam Cobb, who had known her since she

was very small, laughed.

"Got a mash, Emily?" he teased, and

Emily fled pantryward.

After supper, half an hour later, when Mr. Tackson had driven away toward the village, the girl came out and seated herself on the door sill. She had loosened the collar of her gown and her tired hands lay palms upward in her lap. On the porch, at the other side of the house, her aunt rocked and fanned violently while she talked with her son and the hired men. The lilac bushes at the foot of the path shook strangely and while Emily stared she saw an old peddler woman. Just when the girl would have cried out the old woman held up a warning finger and silenced her. She panted heavily as she came up the path though she had left her basket in the bushes.

Her swarthy, wrinkled hands held a tiny packet. When she was quite close she peered through the dusk into Emily's startled gray eyes and smiled.

"You ees ge-url want to buy beads off

Syrian man?" she whispered.

"I-I wanted to-" answered Emily, "but

I hadn't any change."

The woman chuckled softly as she put the

packet into the girl's fingers.

"I meet heem," she nodded wisely, "he speak ver' nice ad me. He ees of my own people. He say I shall come back an' geeve you thees an' weesch you mooch good luck off heem."

"Oh, thank you!" stammered Emily, "but -but you'd better go-they might see you and I—" she stopped as she heard her aunt calling and sprang up quickly. "Good-bye." she whispered, as the door slipped shut behind her. She was quite breathless when she reached her aunt's side.

"Who was you talking to back there?" asked her aunt. Emily clutched the little

package in her nervous fingers.

"-I'm too "Nobody!" she lied bravely. tired to talk to anybody, I'm going to bed, Aunt Eunice." And then she fled upward to her own room.

smile and drawling voice came back to her.

"Nod ugly theengs one mus' haf-lofely theengs the heart of woman weesches for-

Emily put her tired head on the window sill and stared up at the early stars. She sat there for a long time thinking, at first slowly and then eagerly, of all the lovely things she might wish for. She decided she would like a light blue dress, the very color of the beads. New combs, with gold edges, for her hair, a new hat with many forget-me-nots on the brim, but even while she wished for it she frowned forbiddingly, artificial flowers "cost terrible" if one used many bunches. Emily's wishes were very material as she sat staring up at the stars.

When it was quite dark she sprang up and ran to light her little lamp. She laughed softly as she stood before her bureau clasping the pretty beads about her slender bared throat.

'Ver' lucky beads!" she mimicked, but when the light was out and she had cuddled

in her pillows, she cried a little.

"There's nothing lucky in Forbes Corners," she thought disconsolately; "seems as if everything is always just the same in Forbes Corners. I'll just work and work for Aunt Eunice and Uncle Ben till I get so sick of it I can't stand it, and then probably I'll marry Bert and work for him! Or else I'll just be discouraged like mother and die." trembled with gentle sobs of self pity.

After a time she was conscious that the beads were pressing against her aching She loosened them slowly. denly she sat up in bed, her heart beating with great daring.

"Why I might wish for something more'n clothes!" The thought flashed dynamically, "I might wish for something awful big!"

For more than a week she hid her treasure under the necks of her gowns, deliciously fearful lest her aunt discover it; day by day chance added something to the bit of superstitious faith she mysteriously felt in its efficacy as a charm. Whatever came to her that was kindly she dimly attributed to its virtue and then laughed at her foolish fancy. If she found an error quickly that her stupid fingers had entered upon her uncle's account books one would rest unconsciously upon the hidden beads. Misfortune sent her fingers flying to it as though in mute appeal for protection. Her aunt noticed the little gesture that was every day becoming more usual.

"What ails you, Em'ly?" she asked anx-Kneeling by the open window she turned iously. "Have you got a pain in your chest? You don't cough none—but then your mother didn't cough none at first, she didn't cough none until the winter you was seven, but Lord knows she coughed enough then—"She shook her head lugubriously, "Stands to reason you'll get it some time, but I'd hate to see you start young."

She reached for the pan in which her niece was preparing vegetables—"I'll finish this,

had a chance to wear them outside her frock and she was absurdly happy.

In the pasture the sheep crowded about her eagerly. There were not very many of them, just enough to occupy the otherwise useless bit of ground and to add occasional meat to the Jackson's thrifty larder. She left them excitedly nosing the salt troughs and sat down farther up on the hillside to rest in the

She laughed softly as she stood before her bureau clasping the pretty beads

your uncle wants you to go down to the south pasture before tea time. Sam is so stiff with rheum't'sm those sheep h'ain't half cared for lately."

Emily fled happily. Her gray eyes were shining with anticipated pleasure. Until she reached the turn in the path along the stone fence she hurried. But once out of sight of the house she stopped beside the wall.

She was wearing a much-faded dress of duil blue that made her eyes have more color than their wont and her aunt's broad-brimmed sunhat shaded her serious face. She put down the salt basket carefully and fumbled with her loosened collar. A moment later she had pulled the little strand of beads from beneath her frock and fastened them outside. Flushed with her daring she smiled down at them joyously. It was the first time she had

shade. She was very warm. She took off the sunhat and smiled down at her beads. After a time she loosened the clasp and played with them, letting them slip easily through her fingers.

Suddenly she sat up and hid the trinket in the basket. Somebody was coming over the hill-top, she could hear twigs breaking and a man's voice singing. As he came nearer she could hear the minor rise and fall of his song but she could not distinguish the words. He was quite close to her before she saw that it was the peddler without his pack. They looked at each other and smiled.

"Oh! it's you," she said.

"Eet ees I," he answered, and bowed very low, touching his heart and lips, and his forehead in swift gesture of greeting that left her quite breathless.

"I—I liked my beads," she said shyly, "but you shouldn't have sent them," she flushed uncomfortably. "I hadn't any money, you know."

His sloe-black eyes widened with laughter. "There ees no price," he said slowly. I see thad you want—" he shrugged his shoulders as his hands searched his pockets, "so I send."

He drew out an embroidered tobacco pouch and proceeded very delicately to roll himself a cigarette. Emily stared at him round-eyed. In Forbes Corners only the very bad young men smoked cigarettes. When he was lighting it he glanced up and saw her disapproval. He dropped the match, drew a long breath of smoke and smiled as he watched it drift away.

"You nod leeke?" he asked artlessly. "I-I don't know," faltered Emily, "our

men smoke pipes."

"Or chew eet," laughed the peddler. "Een my country we do nod eat our smokes, we dreenk them, so-" He drew another long breath. "As eef eet were for joy an' nod a wor'rk. Here your men smoke so--" he puffed energetically in grotesque mimicry. "Thad ees ver' fooleesch," he continued gravely, "to make so mooch trouble out of a theeng thad ees so mooch nice fun." He leaned easily against the elm tree and watched the smoke drift upward through its dusty leaves. "I do nod say," he added politely, "thad een my land eferyone ees smoke weeth whad ees call grace—many a one ees smoke stupeedly-but my mothaire," his eyes shone proudly, "my mothaire, she ees smoke the mos' pretty of any one I evaire see."

Emily stared at him in amazement.

"Your mother!" she stammered.

The peddler's eyes crinkled with laughter. "Forgeeve me eef I so startle you," he said. "I forgeet jus' now eet ees not the custom een thees land thad ladees smoke, but een my country eet ees polite. They smoke—leedle ceegarettes so-" He watched the smoke "They also smoke the water-pipenargileh—thad ees ver' pretty; lying on their seelken cushions." He settled himself lazily in the grass at her feet and smiled up at her. "Eet ees all een whatever ees the custom of a land," he remarked sagely.

"But I shouldn't like it," faltered Emily.

"Pardon, you would lofe eet," he answered, "an' theenk 'ow nice eet would look," he stared at her dreamily. "Smoking ees so ver' pretty for a woman. Een my country I see the beeg, black eyes of the women through the pretty smoke. They ees idle, lazy women. Een Russland, a land where ees the white laughed.

rain you call snow, I leeke to see the eyes of the women glitter, ver' narrow, ver' shrewd, above their fur garments. They haf long, pretty hands, they hold the ceegarette so he stretched his hand palm outward, "weeth a long ring turn eenside the hand. Ah, yes, I leeke that I see those women smoke. Some day you," he looked up at her soberly, "weeth your beeg, gray, boy eyes, you should leeke to sit as you do now an' smoke, yes?"

Even while she shook her head at him she realized, with a little horrified tremor of prudery, that the idea was not so shocking to her as it should have been. There was something seductively charming in the lazy grace with which he showed her how those women of other lands smoked. It was quite evident that according to his standard it was an innocent, even a womanly pastime. For a long time they were both silent. Her mind was conjuring pictures of the peddler's mother idling on her silken cushions, or the Russian women's pretty hands. She breathed a great longing sigh.

"Whad ees?" he asked sympathetically.

"Nothing," she stammered, shoving a bit of rock about with her blunt-toed shoe. "I was just thinking how lovely it must be in all those places that you tell me of," her nostrils dilated and her eyes widened. "I get so sick of Forbes Corners," she scolded childishly. "I get so tired of seeing the same folks and hearing them say the same things. Why, I'm glad to come up here to see the sheep, even, just to get away!"

He was sitting cross-legged now, and when she stopped, frightened at her passionate confidences, his eyes narrowed with laughter. "Then why do you stay?" he asked simply. "Why do you stay een thees rocky land weeth

the whole world to wander een?'

"Why, I have to!" she stammered. "I couldn't go nowhere else-I've lived here with Uncle Ben ever since my mother died. I

couldn't go nowhere."

"Nowhere!" he demanded, "when you haf the whole world! Leesten ad me. Las' week I ees een the great city weeth chatter, weeth noise, weeth many people; one day I find I hate eet an' I search een my soul an' I say 'What ees eet thad you need, my heart?' An' I theenk of hillsides an' rocks and sky-" he waved his hand comprehendingly, "an' so I come. To-morrow—who knows? I may long for the sea."

"And will you go?" breathed Emily.

"Eet ees th' surest theeng you know!" he

His hands had not been idle while he talked. With his queer knife he had been cutting a fork-shaped stick and with bits of leather and string, which he had pulled from the broad scarf that encircled his waist, he had constructed a sling. It was not like those that little boys in Forbes Corners made. Emily found herself staring at it with fascinated eyes, and while she looked he sprang up and with an alert glance down the hillside. "Pardon-" he said, "your sheep dog-he ees nod on hees job!"

"He's too old," said Emily dully. "Uncle Ben gets so mad when the sheep break

through the fence."

He picked up a flat stone and adjusted it deftly. "You don't wan' those sheep down there?" he asked. And even before she nodded he was swinging the sling above his head in ever-widening circles until suddenly the stone shot out hundreds of yards down the hillside where it landed with careful accuracy just ahead of the wandering sheep. Another moment and a second pebble had followed it, landing a bit to the right, and by this time the sheep were trotting meekly back up the hillside while Emily stared in amazement.

"Now wheech way shall they go?" he

laughed.

"Oh!" objected Emily. "You might hit them!"

"Nevaire," he retorted. "Too many a time on the hillsides of Lebanon haf I tended the flocks of my fathaire thus, for thad ees 'ow we do eet een my country. For we know thad sheep ees leeke people-ver' fooleesch, thad they weel nod reason whad ees best for theem to do, an' so we drop the leetle stone to scare theem—to startle theem—jus' as sometime a new thought weel startle the heart of man." He nodded his dusky head, well pleased with his philosophy. "Weeth a sling," he added boastfully, "I haf cared for a thousand sheep-me-jus' leeke Keeng David you haf read about een your Bible."

"Ooh," breathed Emily curiously, "I—I never thought about his really being a shepherd! Were you a shepherd, too?"

He stirred uneasily.

"I was a shepherd," he said simply, "but I was mor' fool than shepherd-leeke you, I grew weary of my own lan'—an' I fled from eet -- Thees sheep an' you -- " he said, "somehow they ees ma-ak me weesch for-Lebanon." His dark eyes were luminous with longing. "My hillside—eet was mor' sweet than thees," he mused, "for from eet I could see the sea—the sea thad called me away."

"It must be lovely," sighed Emily. "I'd like real well to see it." Then suddenly she blushed and looked away.

A second later she snatched up her basket hastily. For, beyond the pasture, down the twisting road, she could see a familiar figure.

"Uncle Ben's coming back from the store," she announced. "I have to hurry, it's getting late." She lifted her eyes nervously. "Good-bye," she said.

Again he made the pretty gesture, his hand touching his heart, his lips, and his head.

"Good-a-day," he said slowly. "Allah send you blessings, leetle ladee, good-a-day an' good luck!" He stood watching her while she hurried across the pasture down the hillside, and when she looked back to wave her basket he was still standing there.

In the days that followed, Emily found herself thinking not so much of the peddler as of the things he had said to her. She lived in a perpetual day-dream; foreign lands for the first time in her life were not mere spots upon a map or something one read about in history books, but places wherein people moved and lived; dark-eyed women who reclined on silken cushions; or in the strange, cold land of the "white rain," women who were wrapped in furs, and who smoked with their palms turned outward. In the kitchen and in the store they teased her coarsely when they saw her big, gray eyes widening in dreams.

"Lands' sakes, Em'ly," scolded Aunt Eunice. "You're dawdling more over that ironing than you did last week and 'tain't near so hot and there ain't near so much of it."

Emily did not reply but flushed gravely. Every day she grew more weary of the people about her; the hired men's rude jokes, her cousin's teasing winks, and the intolerable wooing of the older clerk, whose crude lovemaking seemed to all the others very amusing. She had never cared for the amorous youth, but somehow she had never before comprehended how distasteful his attentions really were. She found herself contemplating him curiously and wondering why she had never realized before how narrow and red-rimmed were his stupid eyes and how clumsy his ugly

Sam Cobb came in late to supper one even-

ing and sat down heavily.

Gosh, Ben, but it's a long way to that hill pasture," he grumbled. He fumbled in his pockets. "Funny thing, though, I found a curious contraption up there this afternoon look—" he dangled an odd bit of Oriental

Emily's hands snatched it from his—"It's -it's mine!" she stammered, hiding it behind

her white apron.

"Yours!" gasped Sam. "Well, great snakes!" he burst into Homeric laughter. "Dear me, suz!" he chuckled teasingly, "do you folks know what's in that bag—some dude's tobacco!"

The men all put down their knives to stare at her. She fled before their noisy mirth. In the dim coolness of the milk pantry she leaned against the cupboard doors and tried to stop her swirling thoughts. Trembling, almost sobbing, she stared down at the curious bit of leather and silk.

Its queer, Oriental fragrance fascinated her; she lifted it slowly to her nostrils and drew a long breath. Suddenly she forgot them all, even while the sound of their laughter assailed the thick old door. "Why-why," stammered Emily, her eyes widening happily, "I like it!"

The longer she waited in the dim coolness of the little room the angrier she grew with her tormentors. She could hear them whispering and tiptoeing about the kitchen. They did not intend to let her escape them when she came out of her hiding place.

She leaned her arms on the broad window shelf and stared out into the twilight. The narrow path along the garden made a wavering gray line against the grasses; it led through the orchard into the pasture on the hillside. She lifted her head thoughtfully and listened. The faint tinkle of the sheep bell sounded sweetly through the dusk, it was very peaceful up there in the shadows.

Suddenly she nodded her head with decision. She lifted the window screen quietly, crawled carefully over the broad sill and let herself down to the grass beneath. A moment later she was hurrying up the hillside.

It was quite dark now, the stars seemed very far away, and the moon had not yet risen. She was a little frightened as she leaned against the elm tree and stared into the grayness of the night. The sheep were moving white blots in the shadows and far below them she could discern the dim outlines of the house. Suddenly she put her head upon her knees and wept softly.

She was so miserable that she could not stop to reason; she only felt that she hated them all and resented their constant prying.

After a time she lifted her head, startled. The sheep were running up the hillside as if some one had driven them away from the frien's, eh?"

embroidery before him, "i'ever see anything break in the orchard wall. She heard the thud of a falling stone and then she sighed contentedly, for she knew that the figure coming across the pasture in the darkness was the peddler.

> He sat down on a rock quite near her, so near that she could see his moving hands. A moment later she heard the soft scratch of a match and watched the light flare as he held. it to his cigarette. His cupped hands, the flash of his dark eyes, the quick glimpse of his well-shaped head gave her a secure sense of comfort. A moment later he spoke to her very gently.

'Oxcuse," he laughed softly. "I deed not know thad eet was you, leetle ladee. Me, I theenk maybe you ees a thief thad ees come een the night." He moved quietly nearer her and sat respectfully at her feet.

"Maybe you theenk I ees a thief," he continued, "but eet ees nod so. Efery night since the day I haf see thees sheep I haf come back to theem. Eet ees the feerst place I haf evaire see sheep een Ameer-ca," he sighed deeply. "Eet ees leeke a leetle piece of my home, onlee," he added it whimsically, "een my country eet ees nod the custom thad woman watch the sheep ad night."

"I wasn't watching the sheep," she confessed timorously. "I—I—ran away up They—they found this thing of yours"-she reached out the little pouch toward him; "I said it was mine." fingers touched lightly as she passed him the bit of leather. "They laughed so," she added tremulously.

"Why they laugh?" he asked gravely.

"Because there was tobacco in it," she answered faintly. "They knew it didn't belong to me."

"But eet does eef you weesch eet," he answered very puzzled, "so I do nod see whyfore they laugh. But let us nod discuss thees eef eet ees a trouble to you, let us talk." He threw back his head boyishly. "Let us talk of the so wonderful stars. Eet ees nod strange," he said dreamily, "thad there be men thad worship thees instead of Allah. They are good frien's, these stars. Eef thad I ees ver' sad or ver' lonely I leeke to look ad theem. Sometimes," he chuckled softly, "I ees mos' forgeet thad I ees nod a

worshiper of stars but a Preesb'ter'an." "Why," said Emily in quick surprise, "how can you be a Presbyterian? Why, I'm

a Presbyterian!"

"Then you ees my leetle church sister," he said whimsically; "thad makes us ver' good Hanshin . ~

. .

"Thees ees the theeng you mus' learn, thad weesches ees nod idle theengs, they ees send by Allah to save the heart"

"But," she persisted softly, "I thought in Syria, that is, I read the other day—" she stopped in soft confusion. "Aren't they Mohammedans, your people?" she asked breathlessly.

He was lighting another cigarette now and again she had a momentary glimpse of his well-shaped head and his kindly eyes. He answered her gravely, but there was the lilt of suppressed laughter in his drawling voice.

"Of a truth," he said, "there ees many Moslems een my land but many others also. My mothaire, she ees always belong to the Greek church, but me, I went at the Preesb'-ter'an school een Beirut. Eet ees there thad I hear of Ameer-ca an' weesch that I may sometime see thees so wonderful land. Ees eet nod strange thad eef you haf hear sweet theengs of a land you ees long to see eet! But, perhaps, you ees nod that way?"

"Oh, I am," she answered, vaguely surprised at the ease with which she found her usually reticent self talking, "ever since you told me the other day about those countries, yours and that other one, I've wanted to see them." Her fingers touched her beads. "If these were really lucky beads you gave me, I think I'd wish to go all those places—only it wouldn't be any use," she ended sadly, "there's no use in wishing—no use at all when you know it can't come true."

"Leetle ladee," he replied gravely, "'ow wrong a theeng ees thad you haf jus' say! Weesches do 'appen an' 'appen true. Leesten, I weel tell you—once I sat on a hillside—ver' mooch as we do now, weeth a leetle moon rising, ver' mooch as eet does now"—they were both silent as they looked up at the slender crescent over the tree tops—"onlee sound on that hillside was the leetle 'teenk

the sheep boy's pipe an' the bleating of the leetle lamb, an' I sit on thad hillside an' weesch an' weesch-

"Wished for what?" asked Emily gently. She was leaning toward him, her gray eyes

shining and her lips parted softly.

"Haf you evaire hear of our poet, Antar?" he questioned. "Thees man live ver' many hundred years ago, but thad way I weesch on thad hillside he haf tell better than evaire my poor tongue can say. He haf tell eet een a poem. Ah," he murmured passionately, "eef thad you onlee know the speech of my people, leetle ladee, then could I tell you thees poem, for een your tongue eet ees nod so sweet!" His voice rose and fell melodiously in the cadences of his song:

Eet tells of the gardens of Kaipha How there grows een theem a flower; A flower weeth eyes mor' soft than a gazelle's, Eyes leeke a drop of sea water een a shell. Oh, 'ow sweet eet smell thad flower! So sweet thad eef a sheik ees flyin' from battle, Flyin' from lances of a victor'ous tribe On a mare mor' swift than falling waters, Do smell eet-he stops! The wind of the simoon—the hot south wind— Lifts from the coat of the traveler all otherie per-

But nevaire can eet steal from the heart the odor of thees flower.

Eet grows, thees little flower, by the edge of the river of joy

An' the name of eet-

From the orchard below them came a highpitched halloo.

"Em'ly, oh Em'ly!" her aunt's voice, faintly shrill, penetrated the sweetness of the night.

The girl sprang up and began running down

the hillside.

"I have to go," she called regretfully. "I have to go." She was stumbling recklessly over the loose stones in her great haste.

"Oh, wait! Wait, leetle ladee!" he commanded, "lest I should see thee no mor'." They were entering the orchard now; she paused in sheer amazement to stare at him through the luminous starlight. "Me, I ees goin' back to my own land," he continued hurriedly, "the message of your hillside haf taught me whad mus' be the longing of my mothaire an' my fathaire for their son. An' you, you haf a theeng to learn from me thees do I know because of the sadness een your beeg, gray eyes. Thees ees the theeng you mus' learn, thad weesches ees nod idle heart. You mus' nod let theem die, leetle flower of her heart's desire.

teenk' of the sheep bells an' the thin cry of ladee, lest weeth theem thy heart—thy soul die also."

> A great longing for something, she knew not what, possessed her but she could not

"Good-a-night," she heard him saving.

"Allah send blessings, leetle ladee."

"Good-bye," she answered faintly. But when he was almost lost in the shadows her great need made her remember something. She ran after him eagerly, calling sweetly through the darkness.

"Peddler man! Peddler man!" she cried. "You did not tell me the name of the flower-

the flower by the river of joy!"

From out of the shadows his voice came, earnest and vibrant.

"Een your language eet ees hard for me to say eet," his mournful tones struggled insistently through the maze of speech, "thees flower, you mus' know, ees nod a flower of earth. Eet ees a flower of the spirit—a theeng weetheen the heart—the heart's beeg weesch. For me eet was the weesch to wander—by land, by sea, until my soul could learn the need of my own dear land: for some eet ees lofe, for some eet ees strength, for some eet ees courage; but eet ees the beegest want, leetle ladee—oh, can you nod see?"

"I know," she breathed. "I know— It's

going to be whatever I need most!"

After he was gone she stood quite motionless until she could no longer hear the rustling of the grasses beneath his departing footsteps, until she could no longer distinguish the faint fragrance of his cigarette in the familiar sweetness of the night. But when at last she entered the door under the grape arbor she entered bravely with her head held high and her cheeks flushed with the valor of her newfound spirit. The curious glances of her uncle, the younger men's teasing banter and her aunt's fretful, "Where've you been, Em'ly?" she scarcely heeded.

"I've been up in the sheep pasture," she said steadily. "I was up there talking to the peddler, the one who gave me these beads," her fingers touched the gleaming strand at her throat. "That was his tobacco pouch Sam found and I gave it back to him." The grave finality of her good night, the dignity of her wonderful poise completely silenced them. They stared at her in amazement as she stepped across the room toward the little

stairway.

Already she had entered her kingdom, the prescient kingdom of dreams and wishes, in theengs, they ees send by Allah to save the whose wonderful solitude should blossom the

INTERESTING PEOPLE

The man who chopped off five per cent of New York's deathrate in seven years. A woman labor leader who conducts strikes in seven languages. The creator of an idea which utilized thirty million dollars' worth of idle schoolhouses for generating democracy. The enthralling story of a negress Liberal, and how she led thousands of her people out of bondage. An inspired artist-beggar who preaches the Gospel of Beauty through America.

ERNST J. LEDERLE

· Naturalista Bestus i na kata si alio kata di tumu maka upira amelikali kata ili ili kata ili pili katuluk da kata di kata ili k

FAR-VISIONED planner, an energetic and kindly administrator; with German thoroughness, Yankee shrewdness, and universal humanity,—strong, patient, able, just, judicious. That's Lederle.

The public health of New York City, an immense, congested, squalid metropolis,—a hive, incessantly busy, rushing, roaring,a clutter of five million human beings, many very filthy and most of them careless.

That's his job.

(CONTRACTOR OF THE STREET

"Public health is a purchasable commodity; -how much do you want to buy?"

That's his platform.

New York City's death-rate per thousand dropped from 20.01 in 1904 to 15.13 in 1911, -the lowest in the history of the city.

That's results.

New York has at present a lower death-rate than Paris, Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Newark, Buffalo, Boston. She is about even with Chicago and San Francisco. Cleveland is lower; so is Los An-New York's achievement stands out, however, when you remember that these are young cities with a population mostly beyond infancy and below old age, thereby giving an age-grouping favorable to low mortality, which is not the case in New York.

London and Berlin have a lower rate— 14.0 and 15.1, respectively. But the birth- in and take a look around. They will be glad rate in New York is 25 per cent. higher to have you. You will get a better idea of than in Berlin and 10 per cent. higher than Lederle by seeing how his personality perin London. Big cities are cruel to children, vades the department than you could get out

so with the higher birth-rate comes the higher death-rate.

And thereby hangs the one tale that I have space to tell of Lederle. In 1910, 19,000 children under two years old died in New York. Of these, 15,000 were less than one year old.

Milk! Precisely,—you Give a guess.

guessed it the first time.

Lederle laid down the law that all milk sold in the city should be classified into three grades:

(A)—suitable for infants and children.

(B)—suitable for adults.

(C)—suitable for cooking and manufactur-

ing purposes.

All milk sold in grades A and B must comply with high special requirements or else be pasteurized. He opened fifteen milk stations where infants' supplies can be had and instruction is given in the care and feeding of babies. This work is as yet barely begun but in rorr the deaths under two years had dropped from 19,269 to 17,574. Two thousand babies net is something for a starter.

This is a bare sample. If you live in New York write to the Department at Fifty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue and be put on the mailing list for their monthly bulletin. Then you will find out exactly what is doing with contagions, nuisances, food inspection, milk inspection, hospitals, vital statistics, and a hundred other things that are your concern, unofficially just as much your concern and your job as they are Lederle's.

Better still, when you are up that way, drop

of what anyone might write or publish. ing of men and women employees that the You may not see Lederle himself because there are only twenty-four hours in the day and he works twenty-six of them. But he will see you if he can, for he is a real enthusiast and when anyone shows interest in his job he rises like a fish to a fly.

Lederle has discovered a great truth that has made him a great man. It is this: you will never be truly happy until you have put as much energy and ability into serving the public good as you have put into your own private business. Mayor Gaynor dug that truth out of Epictetus long ago, and has made his appointments largely among men who see the same thing the same way. Like Tomkins, for instance, in the dock department, or Purdy in the tax department, Lederle "doesn't have to work." He could lead a life of cultivated inaction if he wanted to. The Lederle Laboratories are immense moneymakers. But Lederle's hobby isn't for money or fame. His hobby is for getting a good job done for the public good,—simply getting it across,"—and he works like a dog and is happy as a lord.

Lederle is giving us one dollar's worth of public health for one dollar. When we are educated to want more and pay for more, he has it ready for us, all we want. He puts the issue flatly, like the real wissenschaftlich German-American logician that he is. Public health is something that can be bought like soap and sugar. There is plenty of it to be had, and it is simply up to us to say how much we want. ALBERT JAY NOCK.

JOSEPHINE CASEY

LN years ago Josephine Casey had charge of a station on the Chicago Elevated Railway. When its men employees began to organize a union they never thought to include the girls. So Josephine Casey suggested,—"We'll just organize one of our own." They did. She was their leader and the company granted their petition for better pay as well as that of

Then, two years later, she established the comradeship of workers between the girls and the men by persuading the girls to refuse a second advance in wages until the men's second petition for increased pay should be granted. Far-sighted, she saw almost at once both the spiritual and economic value of solidarity.

company had decided to increase the men's pay, but not the girls'. Naturally, the girls protested, but some of the men were afraid to refuse this offer lest a raise might not be granted them again. Were they going to forget the personal sacrifice the girls had made? At the critical moment when their chance was trembling in the balance, Josephine Casey saw, by some flash, the company's purpose, to start dissension in the Union. Instantly she rose from the secretary's chair and said,— "I move that this offer be not accepted and the meeting adjourn. All in favor rise!" At the suggestion of her uplifted arms every man rose to his feet. Out in the street they said,—"What'd we do that for? She isn't the president."

The next day an official came to her station and said,—"You've gone a little too far this time. Do you think you own this road?" "The votes are what count. They voted with me, and they'll vote with me again," was her reply. She had been rash but the crisis justified her action. It won every girl on the road an increase of 10 per cent., and strengthened the comradeship of workers.

The women's clubs heard of this young labor leader and asked her to attend their national convention, to represent women in industry. Slender, graceful, with simplicity of taste and a feeling for line, there is always a certain distinction about her even in a \$7.50 suit.

The clubwomen looked at her. you're not typical working girls," commented one clubwoman after another to Josephine Casey and a representative of the glove industry. This exclamation many times repeated was too much for an Irish sense of humor. When some one across the dinner table began,—"Why you're not typical—" Josephine Casey turned to the other union girl with, "Stick your knife in your mouth. They expect it."

As organizer of the International Garment Workers' Union her real work has been found. Josephine Casey stands for a living wage and arbitration. She is no walking delegate stirring trouble for an occupation. If a strike is inevitable her advice is,-"Don't antagonize the public by unnecessary violence."

She is helping thousands of men and women to become what Lincoln Steffens calls "spiritually organized." Her first task as organizer is welding together immigrants of many nations and conflicting prejudices. At last, it was announced in the joint meet- During the big protracted garment workers'

strike in Cleveland the settlement people used some of us of the full use by all of us of the to say,—"Miss Casey is conducting this strike in seven languages and dumb crambo. All the Italian girls can say is 'Meesa Case! Steeck togetha! Yes, steeck togetha!"" Her success in pulling with varied people may be gauged by the love the Jews bear her on New York's East Side. They have adopted Josephine Casey by translating her first name. "Yoshke" they call her.

One must live through a strike to appreciate the strain of her work. She must first do everything in her power to make clear to the employer the position of the workers, also her position as a representative of the International Garment Workers' Union—that she comes to help negotiations, not to hinder. Courage must be breathed into wavering strikers. A cheerful face must be kept while the most timid return to "scab." She must urge and urge again the folly of needless violence. Upper and middle class prejudice must be faced. There is the heartsickening task of trying to get the truth of the strike situation before a public in the hands of a capitalized press. There are funds to be raised and harmony to be maintained. If the strike draws out into weeks and months there is suffering to face (always Josephine Casey's sympathy keeps her poor), and then comes the heroic work of heartening discouraged human beings to stand firm.

A heavy task, indeed, for one frail pair of shoulders, but there is the recompense of knowing that these struggles secure to men and women better wages and better conditions under which to work. Whatever success this young labor leader has she always attributes to the garment workers themselves, for the secret of her courage is her faith in people. INIS H. WEED.

EDWARD J. WARD

OW shall we use politics as a bond instead of a wedge, something to get together over instead of something to divide about? How shall we make the common interest interesting? Where shall we develop the American democratic art, music, drama? Incidentally, what shall we do for young people to make their leisure, and our own, re-creative?

These questions—the questions of all of us the Social Center of America, whose membership, according to its constitution, is the population of the United States, and which regards its mission as "the promotion by

property that belongs to all of us," answers. And its answer is: "Make the public schoolhouses what they began to be back homethe full rounded Social Centers of Neighborhoods."

Counting the hours that the American schoolhouses stand idle as 61 per cent., and the investment as one billion dollars, the annual loss to the American citizens who have made the investment is thirty million.

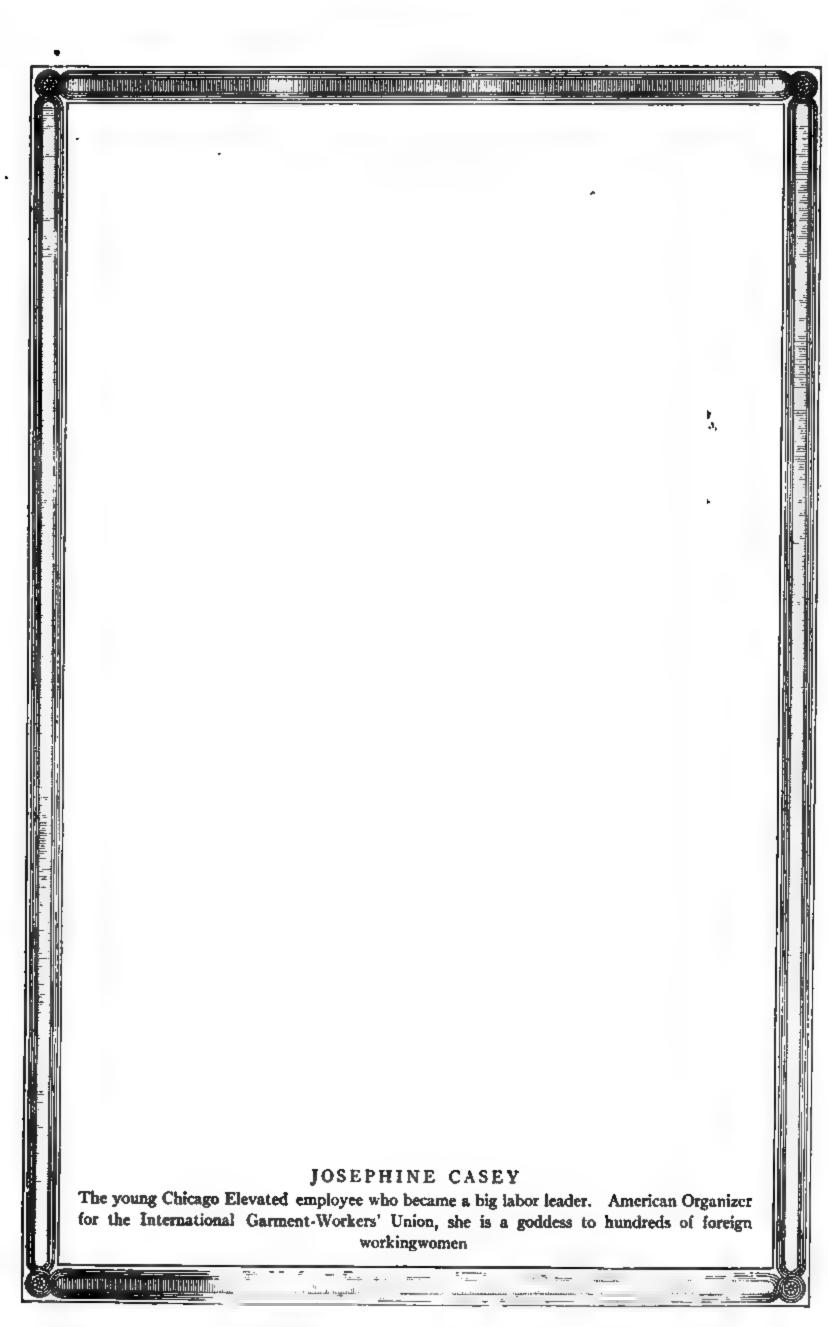
The Social Center idea has spread with splendid rapidity. At least one hundred American cities and towns have either begun social center work, or are preparing to take it up. In the centers, friendly and happy people are gathering night after night for better acquaintance—for music and motion pictures and dancing, and to talk about the common welfare of the community.

Wisconsin's legislature has passed a bill requiring school boards to open public schools for free discussion, on the demand of the people. This was after the state university had created a Bureau of Civic and Social Center Development, and had called as advisor Edward J. Ward, who organized the work in Rochester and originated the School Center idea.

Ward is an ex-minister and an ex-professor. The first "ex" came in this way. He was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Silver Creek, New York. The need of a common town clubhouse was evident, as it is in every community, and he opened the manse for this use. When the house became too small for the men who came there to talk things over, read, box, wrestle, play billiards and get acquainted, he persuaded his parishioners to propose forming a union church with the Methodists, so as to leave one building free for use as a social center. He staked his remaining in the town on the carrying out of this program, and the proposal was made. When it was rejected he said that he wished he might die—for a while, and postpone the rest of his life to the time when people would wake up to the need of a common human ground and roof of democracy and recreation and acquaintanceship in every neighborhood. It looked a long way off. And he accepted a position in the faculty of Hamilton College. But his radical views interfered with his usefulness there.

He was on his way home to Buffalo to break to his family the sad news that he wasn't any good when, by the merest chance, he stopped off at Rochester.

The Rochester School Board had in hand



an appropriation of five thousand dollars to pay the expense of beginning the wider use of the public school buildings and grounds, for a blind man could see that all that half-idle, conveniently located public property should be put to some larger use, and they were looking for a man to take charge.

Mr. Ward had been director of the toughest recreation field in Buffalo and president of the Directors' Association there, acting pastor of the Church of the Covenant in Washington, organizer of the Men's Club in Silver Creek; had seen eight years of football and other athletics; had won highest oratorical honors at college and thrown the champion heavyweight of Cornell. spoke of some of these experiences. Then he remembered. "I'd walk across the continent to work on that job," he said, "but I can't take it I'm black-listed." And he told why he was off the faculty at Hamilton.

That would be the end of the story if the president of the School Board hadn't been George M. Forbes. Dr. Forbes looked at Mr. Ward. Then he said: "You've had the training. You see the possibilities. addition to these qualifications we can get a man who is willing to sacrifice himself for what he believes, I think he is the man we want. If you'll prove that last statement as to why you're leaving Hamilton, I will favor your appointment by the Board."

That was how Mr. Ward became the hired man of all the people in the city, not simply the hired man, the minister of one variety of "the good people," the professor of a few selected youth, but the community hired man, on the job of serving folk in getting their money's worth in acquaintance and understanding, in wholesome recreation and the joy of democracy.

And at the end of two years the people's school buildings all over Rochester, some of them equipped with gymnasium, library, games, motion picture machines, were being used as common citizens' common council chambers, centers of neighborhood; and it was being demonstrated that people of all creeds, parties and incomes are just folks, and enjoy getting together as they used to in the little red schoolhouse back home. The Social Center.

It was at about this time that Governor Charles E. Hughes spoke at a citizens' banquet in Rochester and said of Mr. Ward's work:

"I am more interested in what you are doing and in what it stands for than in anything else in the world. You are buttressing the foundations of democracy."

That sounded well for the hired man, just as it did to have the president of the board describe his work as "the most important piece of social engineering in America today": and as it must have sounded to have one of the Rochester clergymen exclaim: "A Ward in every ward—the hope of civic democracy!" But there was a remark made by one of the Italian citizens on a "Musical Sunday Afternoon" at one of the centers which sounded even better. It was:

"This is the first place I have seen in America that is what I dreamed America would be when I was in Italy."

Perhaps the reason those immigrants, as well as the folk whose ancestors came over in earlier boats, liked Mr. Ward, was because of the novelty of having a hired man who regarded himself as a hired man. At any rate it is why the men in the Rochester City Hall were relieved when Mr. Ward went away from Rochester and wished that the idea he planted might die. They see that it is a dangerous, a revolutionary thing for people to get the notion that public officials are community hired men. What will become of the boss and his machine when people everywhere get that thought?

Mr. Ward is now on the same job in the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin, with a state instead of a city for a field—on the job of serving folks in getting their worth in acquaintance and understanding, in wholesome recreation and the joy of democracy. He is helping to express the Wisconsin idea.

Is it the Wisconsin idea? Isn't it the idea of America?

HARRIET TUBMAN

O one knows exactly when Harriet Ross was born, but it was on the eastern shore of Maryland and not much less than a hundred She knows that her mother's years ago. mother was brought in a slave-ship from Africa, that her mother was the daughter American institution had developed: the of a white man, an American, and her

> Harriet was not large but she was very strong. The most strenuous slave labor was demanded of her—summer and winter she drove oxcarts—she plowed—with her

father a full-blooded negro.

father she cut timber and drew heavy logs like a patient mule. About the year 1844 she was married to a freedman named Tubman. He proved unworthy and deserted her. She determined to try and escape from slavery and induced her two brothers to go with her. The three started together, but the brothers soon became frightened and turned back. Harriet went on, alone. All through the night she walked and ran-alone. When she reached a place of safety it was morning. She says: "I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person, now I was free—there was such a glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees and over the fields and I felt like I was in heaven!" Not one to enjoy heaven alone was that generous heart. Nineteen times did she return to the land of slavery; and each time brought away to Canada groups of men, women and children, her parents and brothers among them, about three hundred in all. A prize of \$40,-000 was offered for her capture, but Harriet was never caught. She delights to recall the fact that on all those long and perilous journeys on the "Underground Railroad," she never lost a passenger! Her belief that she was and is sustained and guided by "de sperit of de Lord"—is absolute. Governor Andrews of Massachusetts appointed her scout and nurse during the war. She is now receiving a pension.

One of the most important episodes in which Harriet took a leading part and proved the saving factor was Colonel Montgomerie's exploit on the Combahee River. General Hunter secured Harriet's assistance for the great undertaking. The plan was to send several gunboats and a few men up the river, in an attempt to collect the slaves living near the shores—and carry them down to Beaufort within the Union lines. It is worth a day's journey to hear Harriet herself describe the vivid scene—throngs of hesitating refugees, a motley crowd, men, women children, babies —("Peers like I nebber see so many twins in my life")—and pigs and chickens and such domestic necessities as could be "toted" along. The slave-drivers had used their whips in vain to get the poor refugees back to their quarters; and yet the blacks were almost as much in dread of the stranger soldiers. How to deal with this turbulent mass of humanity? The colonel realized the danger of delay, and calling Harriet to the upper deck, in a voice of command said: "Moses, you'll have to give 'em a song!" Then the power of the woman poured forth—Harriet lifted up a voice full of emotional fervor in verse after verse of prophetic promise. She improvised both words and melody:

Of all the whole creation in the East or in the West The glorious Yankee nation is the greatest and the best!

Come along! Come along! Don't be alarm, Uncle Sam's rich enough to give us all a farm!

Come along! Come along! Don't be a fool, Uncle Sam's rich enough to send us all to school! etc., etc.

As she chanted the refrain "Come along! Come along!" she raised her long arms with an imperious gesture impossible to resist. The crowd responded with shouts of "Glory! Glory!" The victory was won—about eight hundred souls eagerly scrambled on board the gunboats and were transported to freedom.

Among the many men of note who trusted and encouraged the intrepid little woman were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Thomas Garrett, William H. Seward. Emerson, Alcott, Dr. Howe and Gerrit Smith. Frederick Douglass wrote of her, "Excepting John Brown, I know no one who has encountered more perils and hardships to serve our enslaved people." John Brown said, "Mr. Phillips, I bring you one of the best and bravest persons on this continent, 'General Tubman,' as we call her." He also said, "She is the most of a man, naturally, that I ever met with." This war-time general now speaks with tender reverence—"John Brown, my dearest friend"—and she whom he called "the most of a man" is also more of a mother than most women. She founded and maintains a home for colored men and women. She "dwells in the midst of them, singing."

ANNE FITZHUGH MILLER.

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

OMETIME about 1903 a student of art and poetry went to New York to study under Henri and Chase. His coming had no other significance to the great city save that it added another unit to that group of young idealists who pour into the great art centers of the world. The boy's name was Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. He had been born about twenty-four years before in Springfield, Illinois, had gone to college at Hiram, Ohio, studied in the Art Institute of Chicago for three years, and was now at the end of the trail—New York.

He began to write verse and to illustrate it. But nobody wanted any verse. The magazines were overstocked. Nobody read poetry

Writers who succeeded were writing timely must learn to reverence beauty before it could articles, not verse. Neither did anyone hope to root itself in the soil. The love

want his strange, unusual illustrations. All about him were other boys, writers and poets and artists, who were meeting the same fate. The truer they were to their teaching, to their cult of beauty, the colder the world was to them. According to their natures they met the problem that confronted them. Those who could afford to do so, left America behind them and went to live in Paris or Munich where one could find "atmos-

phere." Others

surrendered. drew the pictures

the commercial

world would take,

wrote whatever

they thought

might be salable. Lindsay perforce was driven into business. He became a shipping clerk in a tube factory; a square peg in a round hole; Pegasus at the plow. While he was engaged in this hard and uncongenial labor he had time to ponder on the

that had no room in it for her youths' pictures, and plays and poems. He evolved the theory that the fault lay in the boys and the girls themselves for escaping as soon

any more, America was a commercial country. racy, he argued, therefore the common man

for art, in other words, must spread from the townships, instead of radiating from national centers as it did ' in Europe.

Then he did a strange and remarkable thing. He left New York with neither purse nor scrip, carried no baggage but a bundle of verse he had published at his own expense, and started forth in the world, the commercial world of America, a declared "Peddler of Dreams."

He walked through eight different states. Every day was a day of adventure and romance. Like St. Francis. he embraced poverty as his bride, and lacked for nothing. The country people, used to the itinerant preacher and commercial traveler, were not surprised when he knocked at their doors at nightfall, or before dinner, or supper, and asked for hospitality.

situation of a country as wide as his own, He represented himself only for what he was-a student, a poor man, rich only in dreams, a philospher preaching the gospel of beauty. The prosperous Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania received him; the lumber as they could to older and more hospitable camps took him in; the people in the oil Scountries to art. America was a democ-country, the people in the Blue Ridge region,

in the swamps of Florida, in the red hills of Georgia, everywhere they gave him shelter and listened to his message: which only asked of every man and every woman, whether they went far afield, or stayed close at home, to do their best to make their community beautiful and righteous.

Nobody laughed. Nobody sneered. Apparently they understood, for there was none among them so mean nor so degraded that had not eyes for beauty in some of her manifold forms, the flowers around the door, the rainbow in the sky, the dimpled child, the fiery horse, the mountains purpling in the twilight. They listened respectfully to the quaint young man, who might have stepped out of a novel of Locke's or Hewlett's, they gave him the best they had, and he gave them the best he had—his dreams. It was an exchange without money. "The root of evil" had been eradicated.

Then at last by the long trail of Daniel Boone, he came back to his native town and strove with pen and with tongue to encourage every boy and every girl in the villages of Illinois to make life more beautiful, more holy, in their little circle. He wrote some remarkable pamphlets of verse and prose and gave them away to whosoever asked, announcing that "they were as free as bread and butter in a hospitable house."

His poems and articles were reviewed in magazines and papers, the Art Institute of Chicago, where he had been an unknown student years before, sent for him to tell the classes of boys and girls his doctrine that offered the artist his own village for a goal instead of the exile's life of Paris.

His message for them was the same:

"Make your own hearths and your own community beautiful, look not for reward nor money nor honor. Let your incentive be only that joy in beauty that no adversity can take away, and that joy in the love of God which no crucifixion can end."

OCTAVIA ROBERTS.

THE MAN WITH THE HORSE'S NECK

By ALBERT HICKMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

HE Man with the Horse's Neck was what he was called on this side of My first informant the water. said that there was nothing peculiar in the alignment of his cervical vertebræ, but it was because of a drink he affected and claimed to like above all other drinks. It is a big teetotal drink, which the initiated know consists of a whole lemon peel cut in one unbroken spiral, with the end arched gracefully over the edge of the glass like the neck of a hackney stallion, a lump of ice, and ginger ale, quan. suff., with sometimes a dash of angostura. Why he never drank at all, in the accepted sense of that word, was somewhat of a mystery, for his scruples of one sort or another were not obtrusive.

His name was Andrew Fraser. He was a trusted officer of the Honourable the Hudson Bay Company, and to be that he had to be a very good man indeed. He had been stationed for a long while in the far North, at Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River. When I met him in Montreal he was away on considerable leave of absence. His striking characteristics were that he was a little man—his height was five-feet-four—that he had a large and brilliant red mustache, and that always while I saw him, except for two awful hours, he wore a most cheerful expression.

We met at an artillery ball in the Ladies' Ordinary of the Windsor Hotel. The charming wife of a famous colonel introduced me to the wife of a civilian-who-had-retired-from-and-forgotten-the-nature-of-his-business; who, in turn, introduced me to a friend of hers who was a stranger, who introduced me to Mr. Fraser. Being similarly bereft we went into supper together, with the stranger and the wife of the civilian-who-had-retired-and-forgotten-the-nature-of-his-business. The name of the lady was Mrs. James Allister Fitzgibbon and she had a bland and finished expression, for twenty-eight.

The stranger's name was no less than Constantine Godfrey Sebastian Gemmell, and I learned early that he was an architect, unmarried, and hailed from Toronto. He was very definite in his manner, so definite that his engineering friends called him the C. G. S. System, which means the Centimeter-Gramme-Second System. For the rest he was a big dark-brown man, clean-shaven, with a warm color under his skin. He walked quickly, like an athlete, and with a little swing.

In the middle of supper I said to Mr. Fraser: "You were the man who was mixed up with a murder here in the winter, aren't you?" Mr. Fraser spluttered ginger ale into his serviette. Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mr. Gemmell stopped talking and looked interested and we talked about tracking boats up the Athabasca, and the natural-gas well that has been burning for years at Pelican Rapids, until they composed themselves again. By the end of the supper Mr. Fraser and I had found many points of common interest.

Synchronously with the arrival of four leather-bound water ices, which the menu called méringues glacées, Mr. Gemmell took his fifth glass of champagne and became dis-

respectful to Montreal.

He arranged it all in a nice, logical sequence. He began with Montreal as a city. He first impressed us with its great wealth. Then he said that Sherbrooke Street, its Park Lane, was a dried-up river bed, and sometimes not very much dried-up either, and that it would be considered a disgrace in any prairie town he knew; that most of the other streets were worse; that the water system was no good; that the fire department was no good; and that therefore the municipal government was no good; that you could buy nothing good of any sort in Montreal at a fair price, and that when you had bought something bad at an unfair price you couldn't

get it sent home; and that the city council for the following Thursday night, and would and the retail merchants had adopted the we go with him. formula that procrastination was the secret of the elimination of undesirable things, and the people didn't know it. Here he turned aside to demonstrate that it all resulted from what he called "an absorption of the tendency to put up with anything without murmuring, which dominated the whole continent," and this, he proved, resulted from Protection.

Throughout this part of the lecture he had held up a lump of baked white-of-egg and vanilla ice-cream on a fork, and the ice-cream had melted and dripped through the tines. He paused to eat the husk. Afterwards he adverted to Montreal Society. which, he said, was the subject he had moved toward from the first. He had apparently been unfortunate, and I found later this was to be understood. He opened by quoting another man who said the reason Montreal's alert could not talk was that they were afraid to say anything for fear it would be something original, and that if it was original they were afraid it might not be the Proper Thing.

Here he became very bitter. He said that the Smart Set had been working toward the Proper Thing for years instead of being their own natural selves, which, for a Smart Set, was inconceivable; and that they were not quite sure what the Proper Thing was, so they had to be frightfully care-He said that at the opera or the theatre, between the acts, no one visited between boxes or stalls, that after the theatre no one went to restaurants to supper, but they all went home to their little beds, which was quite right and proper; that it was the only city of 340,000 in the world where there was practically no restaurant life at all; that a Greek boy, who blacked his (Gemmell's) boots, and came from Megalopolis, had said to him that in size Montreal was a city and in condition it was a country village—was he right? Mr. Gemmell said that he unquestionably was.

Mr. Gemmell finished with a general peroration to the effect that the trouble with the alert in all the towns on this side of the water was that they took themselves seriously. What a whale of a time they would have if they'd forget about their beastly money and mix up with the intelligent people and the others a bit, as they did in London. What a lot of nice people they'd meet; and what a lot of pretty girls. Personally he said that he yearned toward London—and irrelevantly, that he had Box D at His Majesty's

Mrs. James Allister Fitzgibbon had been silenced and Mr. Fraser was still sucking his horse's neck through two straws and smiling. We said we would go, though we could not see how it would help him as far as London was concerned. His reply was to the effect that it made no difference; that he found no one who thoroughly sympathized with him and that he was very lonely. (Here he almost wept. It was very pathetic.) However he said after a silence, we were the sort of people he had been longing for; bright, intelligent, sympathetic people, and we carried him back to the old, lost days, and cheered him up. It was very good of us to come.

After that ball I returned to the ordinary walks of life, which, as I was on a holiday, consisted, to a considerable extent, of riding in a motor between Senneville and the Windsor Hotel and dining at great length in the evening. Mr. Fraser, being also on a holiday. I saw frequently. Mr. Gemmell, being a man of business, I did not see until about eleven o'clock on Tuesday evening, two days before the Thursday of his theatre party. Even then it was only a fleeting glance. It was at the Corona. I was in the dining room and he was in the cloakroom that leads to the street. The lady on my right saw him first and said:

"What is that man trying to do?" I said I didn't know—and that he seemed to be a nice-looking man, too. She asked me if I knew him. I said "No—couldn't think who he could be." There are two glass doors between the cloakroom and the dining room, and a stout waiter was trying to keep them closed. On the other side, and visible to the minutest detail of his person, was Mr. Gem-He was flushed, not so much like a man in wine as a man in the full tide of victory. Upon the shelf, in the arch through which the coats are passed, he was seated on the boy who is supposed to be in charge of the cloakroom, and was engaged in patiently threading derby hats on his left arm—for in Montreal it is permitted to wear the derby hat in the evening. He was putting his fist softly through them and threading them on methodically, crown side out. I judged he had collected seven or eight. He was packing them close, to make room for more, and I could hear faintly the wailing of the boy, when something seemed to rise up from behind and he suddenly disappeared. I saw a young man start for the stairs leading to the gallery, and, listening carefully, heard some one begging the orchestra to play something loud, at once. Even above the sounds of one of Wagner's greatest efforts I could hear other sounds in the alley, but presently these died away and a waiter went past the window holding a handkerchief to his nose. That was all for that night.

oell.

lee:

! 🗟

175

37

ďĸ

άï.

ın'

ú

3.

ŀ

Le

Đ.

ċ

۲,

Later I was to learn that, after a certain stage, this interest in hats might be said to be Mr. Gemmell's only consistent feature. He preferred derby hats—new, if possible. I think he liked the crackling sound they make when you thread them on your arm. If derby hats were not obtainable he would take silk hats, but they never seemed to make him as happy. They are troublesome to handle and not in any way effective when you hit them. In an opera hat or a soft felt he showed no interest whatever.

The next day Mr. Fraser and I went out motoring together and on the way home we stopped at an inn called Thornhill. Outside the door waited another motor, palpitating, which we recognized as belonging to a freckled Canadian of Scottish extraction, named McGuffey; and inside were Mr. McGuffey and—Mr. Gemmell. Mr. McGuffey sat cautiously on the edge of the polished bar and Mr. Gemmell stood sternly before a machine that at first glance bore some resemblance to a grandfather's clock. As we entered Mr. Gemmell thoughtfully placed three twenty-five cent pieces in the three slots, pressing a spring slide and threw himself on the crank. The disc revolved at high speed, then stopped with a crash, with a needle pointing to a golden star. There was a brief and painful pause filled with distant mechanical sounds from the machine's interior and a fixed questioning look from Mr. Gemmell; then something seemed to give way and an avalanche of twenty-five-cent pieces poured out into a brass cup. Mr. Gemmell, smiling, bore these in two handfuls to the bar and counted There were at first thirty-eight, then precisely forty, which was correct. Then Mr. Gemmell greeted us and explained that the luck had turned and that he proposed beating that machine if it took all night.

He worked the handle fiercely, lavishing money on the slots in a way that I could see gave Mr. McGuffey real pain. Finally he paused—thirty-two dollars short, to get some change. I thought that the moment had arrived to ask if Mr. McGuffey remembered that he had left his engine running, and Mr. McGuffey bolted from the room, dragging Mr. Gemmell with him. When we went out

they had gone and there was a dust cloud on the evening air toward Montreal.

We followed and saw them once beyond St. Luc toll bar, bouncing carelessly eastward over the crest of the swells on Western Avenue. In town we stopped again at the Corona. Before the door, with engine at rest, which pointed to more permanence, was Mr. McGuffey's car, and inside a worried waiter came to say that in a private dining room, to which he would act as guide, were two gentlemen who wished to speak to me. We followed on, and in the private dining room, seated at a table, we found Mr. Mc-Guffey and Mr. Gemmell. In front of Mr. McGuffey was a deep glass containing Scotch whiskey and water, and in front of Mr. Gemmell were two shallow glasses on stems, each containing an olive and a toothpick and nothing else. Behind us entered another waiter bearing another deep glass containing Scotch whiskey and two other shallow glasses on stems, each containing an olive and a toothpick; but besides the olive and the toothpick they contained also a foul and debilitating drink called a Martini cocktail. These were set down in front of Mr. Gemmell and we were invited to stay to dinner.

I took off my coat and turned to hang it up. In that instant a shadow rose up before me, and my nice, new Henry Heath hat, for which I had paid five dollars in the open market, snapped across the room. Mr. Gemmell and I raced after it. I won by two feet and salved it, unhurt, under the serving table. A booted foot flicked past my ear as I put it on. Mr. Gemmell had reached the hat stage and smiled cheerfully.

"No, you don't!" I said. I unscrewed a hook from the hanger, and, standing on the piano, screwed it in just under the ceiling. On this I hung the hat. "Now you sit down!" Mr. Gemmell sat down and two waiters brought in caviare.

Then followed a gorgeous dinner that drew on the entire animal kingdom. The caviare introduced the ganoids; the reptiles furnished green turtle soup, and later, terrapin; from among the amphibians came the legs of frogs, and of fish there were trout from the Laurentian lakes, and haddock—with egg sauce—from Jones' Wharf, Halifax. Of the great phylum birds I recall two, quail on toast and green-winged teal. There may have been others. Then of mammals there were oxtongue and sweetbreads.

that he had left his engine running, and Mr. McGuffey plodded steadily forward Mr. McGuffey bolted from the room, dragging with whiskey and water, and, I remember, Mr. Gemmell with him. When we went out with a dressed lettuce leaf in his hair, put

in surreptitiously by Mr. Gemmell, who was room at the Windsor Hotel, where Mr. becoming very playful. Mr. Fraser ate undismayed under the eternal tinkle of everrenewed horse's necks brought in by a wonder-

ing waiter—and smiled.

In the midst of this feast, I saw Mr. Gemmell's eye glaze and his face take on a new expression. He seemed to be meditating on scenes that were far removed. He had Fraser to me, hardly forming the words with gone up to the great divide and with one more step there would be a prospect of great trouble to come. Mr. Fraser saw it at the same instant, and was prompted to make an effort. Whether any sort of effort would have been of any more use I have sometimes wondered. Probably not. In any case Mr. Fraser's star, or devil, prompted him to say jocularly that if Mr. Gemmell took one (1) more cocktail, he. Mr. Fraser, would depart and go home, as, if Mr. Gemmell proposed making a disgusting exhibition of himself he was not treating his guests nicely. Now this was the merest threat, for Mr. Fraser's sense of duty was so high that it would not have permitted him to go home under any conditions whatever. But it was enough for Mr. Gemmell. He had been humming like a spinning top with a small cluster of bananas in his right hand and his eyes on my distant hat, evidently making certain calculations. The humming ceased and he centered his eyes on Mr. Fraser's face.

"All right," he said briefly, "then go home!" and he laughed an unpleasant laugh.

"No, but-" said Mr. Fraser.

"Never mind, go home," said Mr. Gemmell, "and take a couple of horse's necks with v'!" Then immediately he ordered and drank three cocktails in succession, and in six minutes he became great as a king. He had been seeking a sacrifice and, behold, one was prepared. He became bitterly facetious and ragged Mr. Fraser through a half hour, while that person occasionally sucked through a straw and smiled, ragged him so that he forgot my hat and I was enabled to climb on the piano and put it on, beg to be excused—to send a telephone message—and slip away, and exchange it for a Christy that had been through the wars and that I was prepared to lose. I returned wearing the Christy carelessly with intent to deceive, but with a guilty conscience. Twice I saw Mr. Gemmell look toward it, and once he said, "Is that your hat?" I replied that it was, and for proof showed him the initials inside, at a distance. He seemed satisfied and bided his time.

It now appeared that the plan was as follows: We were to go to Mr. Gemmell's home—and in bed," then smiled on the table's

Gemmell, ever punctilious, was to dress, and we were to return to the Corona to supper. (This arrangement had been pushed on by Mr. Fraser, for several years diplomat among the Indians.) In the meantime Mr. Gemmell wished to have two more cocktails.

"So much the better," whispered Mr. "Then we'll get him down there, his lips. an' fill him up some more-he can't take much more—an' put him to bed." Very good! But there are no two men and no two women alike in the world. The two cocktails went their way, and the glasses with the olives and the toothpicks went behind the piano, where it sounded as if they broke. A waiter came in and presented a bill which bore also the cost of the two glasses, and was paid in notes of large denomination. The entertainment was taking on elements of regal magnificence. The waiter carried away five dollars as his share and closed the door deferentially.

Then Mr. Gemmell opened the window. The charge for the two glasses was a little thing, but it had grieved him and he said so. He threw out three large glasses and four small ones (he put on a glove, my glove, before touching those that had contained horse's necks), four coffee cups, with saucers to match, four liqueur glasses, four fruit plates, one cut glass and silver epergne, containing oranges, apples and bananas, a handful of fruit knives, four brass finger bowls, one porcelain combined ash-tray and match box, five chairs and the piano stool. They lay in the alley and he looked on them with satisfaction. Then he turned back to measure the window and the piano with his eye, but I managed to attract him away with my hat, and led on toward the exit. No, he said, he would not go out that way; he would go through the large dining room. (I could hear Mr. Fraser behind making promises to the management. Mr. McGuffey was following like a soldier, with his motor cap on his head.)

In the glittering light in the midst of the large dining room, Mr. Gemmell paused, and I moved on, trusting that the force of example might be sufficient. Not in the least.

At a flower garden of a table, surrounded by a large and dignified party, he stopped, pointing gracefully at the clock, which indicated seventeen minutes past nine, and addressed an astonished, marcelled dow-

"You," he said severely, "should be

outraged silence, and came out through the glass doors of the night before into my arms.

"Racy old body," he commented, "I'd like

to go back and talk to her again!"

After this Mr. Fraser arrived and Mr. Gemmell's brilliancy seemed to lapse. He got into his coat with the preliminary evolutions of a baseball pitcher, and reached tentatively for a whole row of hats. Mr. Fraser and I flanked him a moment too late, for he captured one. The cloak-room boy complained that it was his hat, and as Mr. Gemmell was grasping it so firmly that his fingers were through the rim, and refused to let it go, we had to promise reparation. We marched him out into the alley with Mr. McGuffey following silently and doggedly behind, and he appeared most obliging and cheerful, but beneath it all there seemed to be some little thing weighing on his mind.

We agreed to leave the cars where they were, and go down in one of Montreal's summer cabs, which is an advanced victoria. called a victorine. Mr. Gemmell said "Windsor Hotel," seated himself opposite Mr. Fraser, and then, after studying Mr. Fraser's face, recollected. It was Mr. Fraser's horse's necks and Mr. Fraser that he wished to speak

about. And he spoke.

Through Mackay Street into Dorchester, always jocular and with a displeasing sting in his voice, he called Mr. Fraser things that no breathing human being should stand. Mr. Fraser paid proper attention, and deferred and smiled. Mr. Gemmell said it would not have been so bad if Mr. Fraser had done anything else in the world; but to say that if he, Gemmell, took one more cocktail, he, Fraser, would leave the party—that was the last thing. And, then, on top of that, Mr. Fraser's eternal — damn — horse's necks! If Mr. Fraser would consent to apologize Mr. Gemmell might think of making it up. Mr. Fraser apologized at once. Mr. Gemmell was still not satisfied. If Mr. Fraser would apologize again and for everything Mr. Gemmell might feel better. Mr. Fraser apologized again and more lavishly. Would Mr. Fraser repeat the apologies? Mr. Fraser repeated the apologies. Mr. Gemmell grasped his hand and immediately let go as if stung. He asked if he might be permitted to revert again to the horse's neck. He had begun to inquire exhaustively as to where it was invented, when the wheel struck the curb in front of the Ladies' Entrance at the Windsor. and before he had recovered from his surprise we were out and he had paid the cabman. He led on to a remote room on the Stanley

Street side, Mr. McGuffey following close with head erect, and Mr. Fraser and I trailing behind. Mr. Fraser whispered to me:

"Do y' know this reminds me frightfully of that night in the winter, only then we went down that way," waving an arm in the direction where the Windsor Hall used to be. "I wonder if I'm going to be involved

in wrecking this hostelry again!"

Mr. Gemmell unlocked his door in a brisk, business-like fashion, flung it open so that it smote the wall, switched on the light, and stood for some moments holding the key, apparently pondering as to the best thing to do with it. In the end he tossed it into darkness through an open door and we heard it fall in a bath-tub.

I heard Mr. McGuffey say "Hm!" and turned. In front of us in a row on the floor. freshly iced, stood four wine coolers, and over their edges projected the necks of four quart bottles of champagne. As to how that wine reached there I have no theories at all, nor, I believe, has Mr. Gemmell. He is certain of one thing only—that it appeared ultimately in his bill. For the time being he regarded it with amazement. Then he advanced and grasped one bottle firmly by the neck. He said "Hm!" several times in different keys, and I could see that he was groping, till he brushed a hand across his eves and stretched it out, palm up, toward Mr. Fraser.

"You came from St. John a-riginally, didn't y'?" he said. Mr. Fraser, abashed, felt in a trousers pocket and placed a jackknife, with corkscrew attached, in the outstretched hand.

"An' drinks horse's necks, too!" Mr. Gemmell added bitterly. He studied a champagne glass for a moment, then threw it behind a radiator as unworthy, and drank from a tumbler he found on the wash-stand two tumblers full, at once. Then he said he wished to wrestle—with Mr. Fraser. He made a few preliminary movements. One of these was backward, toward me. My hat was smashed down over my eyes and he howled with glee. The next instant Mr. Fraser and he were rolling on the bed.

Locked together they rose up and went back again, partly on bedclothes, but chiefly on the bare springs, and they bounced as in a circus net. They worked down to the foot of the bed and over toward the wall, where projected a marble mantelpiece.

"You fellows look out," I said, "or you'll break your heads on the corner of that mantelpiece!" No one paid any atten-

tion to me, and immediately afterwards I could see that Mr. Gemmell's nose was being ground into inequalities of a woven wire mattress, and at once the general activity became much more marked. The wrestlers resolved themselves into a nebula. The nebula bounced and spun unevenly, like a big, woolly football, and out of it came a cravat, some other small articles of dress, some unconsidered words, and a foot. The foot rose like a flash of light and descended on the marble mantelpiece. The marble mantelpiece leaped from the wall and descended on the hearthstone, where it broke into a great many pieces and a little white dust. With it descended one expensive French traveling clock, bound in red Russia, two cut-glass eau-de-cologne bottles with silver tops (for Mr. Gemmell had beautiful things). one travelers' ink stand, open, with bottles containing black and red ink, and one statue of Venus de Milo, this last the property of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited.

Mr. Gemmell was so much pleased with the noise it all made that he sat up, and permitted Mr. Fraser to sit up as well. Mr. McGuffey had removed into a remote corner, where he was partly hidden by the edge of a bureau. This retiring tendency was noticed by Mr. Gemmell, who hurled a pillow at Mr. McGuffey's head. The pillow failed to hit Mr. McGuffey, but it did hit the electrolier and of the shades one only stayed up.

"All down but nine!" roared Mr. Gemmell.

"Set 'em up in the other alley!"

"You come an' wrestle with me!" he suggested. Mr. McGuffey could see Mr. Fraser searching for two buttons belonging to his coat, and said no, he would rather not.

"Then I'll go fetch you!" said Mr. Gemmell, and he went, over the foot of the bed. Mr. McGuffey opened fire with the icepitcher, and it broke against the wall. Then he turned to the bureau and began with an ebony-backed hand-glass. There followed several brushes and an assortment of articles in leather. Mr. Gemmell replied with the contents of a small bag, and for thirty joyful seconds the air was full of sponges, soap-boxes and knick-knacks, and the noise was something terrific; at the end of which time the bristle side of a silver-backed hair-brush struck him fairly in the mouth, and he paused.

Mr. Fraser and I looked at each other in trepidation, for up to the present we had done all we could to avoid real war. Now here is where the Psychological Study part

would come in: and it would have a most important bearing on things to come. Mr. Gemmell rubbed his upper lip, and retired, and sat down on the bed and said "Hmm!" This was all. Then he began with great deliberation and emphasis:

"'A fool there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!)"

Here he paused impressively.

"To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair'— Excuse me," he said to me, "but will you let me get at that trunk!" I climbed down, and he raised the lid and took out, I remember, one frock coat and waistcoat, five other suits, thirteen dress shirts, and many undergarments and small things that I do not remember at all, and piled them on the floor among the broken glass. From the bottom he brought up a framed copy of Kipling's Vampire, which he bore back to the bed. He studied it for some moments upside down; then turned it over, and began again:

"A fool there was and he made his prayer

(Even as you and I!)"

(Pause, looking at Mr. McGuffey, who seemed

wrapped in melancholy.)

""To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We called her the woman who did not care), But the fool he called her his lady fair"—"Don't!" said Mr. McGuffey, mournfully. ""(Even as you and I!)" Mr. Gemmell

persisted.
"'Oh, the years we waste and the tears we

waste"

(He was chanting it now) "And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent (Even as you and I!)" (Pause. Great

misery.)

"Honor and faith and a sure intent"—
"Don't!" wailed Mr. McGuffey, "'Stoo
true, 'stoo true. Don't!—I knew 'girl
once—" But Mr. Gemmell was proceeding,
and he finished it, and read it over again
with thunders of new emphasis and with
perfect enunciation (which was remarkable)
seven times by count. And at the seventh
repetition, Mr. McGuffey lay over on his
trunk and wept aloud.

After this there was a period of comparative quiet, except for Mr. Gemmell tramping round in the broken glass, and at the end he announced that he was about to dress, which he prepared to do in the ordinary way, by undressing first. Now, he said, he had changed his mind and wished to wrestle just once more. Mr. McGuffey was again the choice and this time was dragged, with tear-dimmed eyes, to the bed, and things went

slippery, and once, amid groans from Mr. was unwell, and he would like to come in McGuffey, he looked up to ask if the toe hold for a little while. When he arrived, spotless, was barred. We said it was and he said he but with burning eyes, his remorse was was sorry to hear that and would have to do profound. But he said that he had had three the best he could without it. We finally had Collinses and already his physical health to attract him away with my hat and Mr. was better. He did not want any sermons but Fraser's. He got both at last. While he was would we be good enough to tell him what he threading them on his bare arms, with had done during the evening of the day McGuffey's and two of his own, Mr. Fraser before—that is, if we happened to know. and I consulted and decided that as all He hoped that he had not destroyed any hats methods of killing him seemed ineffective we of ours. He could find no hats, nor traces of had better leave him and trust for the best. hats. (I have sometimes wondered whether Mr. McGuffey would come with us—he also he ate them.) wished to dress. We told Mr. Gemmell that Then we took turns in telling him, as far

we should expect him in due course at the Corona, and we left him waltzing among the wreckage.

Mr. Gemmell failed to arrive; at least, until the next afternoon. At ten o'clock in the morning I visited his room. The door was unlocked and I entered. Some agency had collected the six suits of clothes and the mattress and the bedclothes in a pile in the middle of the room, and on this pile he was sleeping uncomfortably, face downward, and with his feet higher than his head. He was clad in broadcloth and silk and satin and fine linen, with his opera hat near his head and his tie wonderfully tied. I put him to bed as properly as I could and came away.

In the afternoon Mr. Fraser was with me when a terrible voice through the tele-

back into chaos. Mr. Gemmell seemed very phone presaged his coming. He said he

[&]quot;Don't," wailed McGuffey: "'Stoo true, 'Stoo true"

as we could remember, just what he had done would do you any good if I did take a drink and that he was throwing himself away, and that he must have another Collins. the drinks he had drunk up to the time he began to forget, and we filled in the rest. And when we looked back and recalled him. moving through his various scenes, quite perfect, at least, in both speech and gait, we marveled. He took it modestly, ordering still another Collins—making five. Mr. Fraser protested.

"See here," he said, "this is the evening of

your theatre party!"

"That's why I'm taking 'em!" Mr. Gemmell Almost immediately he had a explained.

revulsion of feeling.

"Boys, I'm going down to destruction!" he said, holding his head between his hands. Now, neither he nor I, nor probably Mr. Fraser, dreamed that this was a prophecy to be early and notably fulfilled. Yet it was so.

With that fifth drink the revulsion passed and he showed some signs of cheerfulness. From that time onward through five hours Mr. Fraser and I toiled without ceasing and without thanks to limit him even a little.

His attitude in the box was beyond reproach. His attitude at supper was beyond reproach—until he remembered Mr. Fraser and Mr. Fraser's horse's necks and went back to them, to the exclusion of all other subjects. Some genial influence seemed to have combined his oratorical and his critical stages. He told most ingenious and amusing stories about Mr. Fraser and his horse's necks: he composed canticles and hymns about them, and sang them; he constructed limericks about them, and recited them beautifully, until he was really funny, and the two young ladies who had spent six years in Paris and Mrs. James Allister Fitzgibbon almost suffocated with laughter. All the time Mr. Fraser drank horse's necks and smiled and shared with me the honor of being an inconspicuous feature in the entertainment. (And still Mr. Fraser impressed me as being one of those men who dislike being laughed at by any sort of woman.)

Finally, when the ladies had been escorted to their homes, we returned to that supper room, dimly lighted with crimson-shaded candles. As we slid our chairs to one end of the table Mr. Fraser said, "Gemmell, you've talked a good deal about horse's necks in

and how he had done it, until he rocked with y'?" Mr. Gemmell replied that he to and fro and said he was a bestial ass didn't know that it would do him any good, but he felt sure it would do Mr. Fraser a great deal of good. Mr. Fraser in his turn This procured he gave us a catalogue of replied that he was not so sure about that, but he had been thinking it over and had come to the conclusion that it might do Mr. Gemmell more good than anything else in the world.

> In our short acquaintance the servant of the Great Company had always impressed me as a deliberative personage with a kindly tendency. Now it suddenly struck me that he was painfully altered. His voice had a new, dry, blighting quality, and his smile had departed as softly as stars under rising clouds. I think even Mr. Gemmell noted the change, for he seemed furtive and

uneasy.

In the meantime a waiter brought brandy, of which the servant of the Great Company took a drink such as I have only once seen given to man—and he had just been saved from drowning. Seven minutes later by the watch he took another, and six minutes after that a third, while Mr. Gemmell strove to keep pace, all the while throwing a mantle of untrammeled and critical speech over heaven and earth. Then Mr. Fraser became notably quiet: he seemed to be troubled. Near the end of the fifth brandy and water the area of depression spread. I had no particular wish to speak and Mr. Gemmell was visibly awed. grim silence softly settled down over that table. When this had become painful, Mr. Gemmell assumed an air of levity and addressed Mr. Fraser.

"What do you mean, anyhow, when y' said that your taking a drink would do me more good than anything in the world?" The man from Fort Simpson considered. Finally, with a fathomless manner, he said:

"Oh, noth' m'much!" and smiled fright-His speech was dissolving, which, after the uncanny perfection of Mr. Gemmell's was a relief. And he realized it, for his next effort was much slower and more careful.

"Yes, but," persisted Mr. Gemmell, "you must have meant something!" This seemed self-evident and the two looked at each other solemnly and nodded. Fraser spoke after long-sustained concentration and with terrible precision.

"I meant"—then he repeated it to get an unblemished start-"I meant thathe last thirty-six hours—d' y' think it tif I permit myshelf take somethin' dring

"Oh, lots o' ways!" said Mr. Fraser, com- tigated Society anew and skipped without

prehensively waving an arm broad and effort to Sewage. He said that Montreal in smiling once more. (So far as I know this winter would be fairly decent if they'd only was his last smile of any sort for that night.) shovel snow—but if they did shovel snow To Mr. Gemmell this reply was inadequate likely they'd dig it up, and that would spoil and unsatisfactory. Mr. Fraser fell in his everything again; in early spring it was a estimation. I could see that his slow-earned swamp—because they hadn't shoveled snow; awe was lessening. Above everything, he in late spring it dried up and left a kind of

patent dust—that they got from never cleaning the streets—which blew around and gave you tonsilitis; and in summer everything dried up-includin' the water-works-and gave vou typhoid." Mr. Gemmell rose in his place.

"Think of the greatest city in the greatest colony of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen being run like that!" he concluded. "Go up on the top of Mount Royal, an' gaze down on its cathedrals an' its marble palaces in their beds of verdure. an' the slow-moving St. Lawrence, an' the distant, purple hills, an'—think of it!"

"Yes," responded Mr. Fraser, taking a gulp of raw brandy that should have brought tears to the eyes of a bronze bust,

"Yesh—gwup on Moun' Royal!"

"An' think of it!" added Mr. Gemmell, after recovering from the interruption.

"Go-Wup on Moun' Roy'l!" repeated the servant of the Great Company with emphasis: "Go-Wup on Moun' Roy'l! Mon'real's a'right. I like Mon'real. Nice placsh! Shomer park 'n' everywhere 'sh nice plasch. Very, very fond Mon'real. Gwup -I mean come up Moun' Roy'l—now!"

"Come up Mount Royal—now!" repeated Mr. Gemmell dimly, "what for?" There was a steely glitter in the man from Fort Simpson's

blue eyes.

"Wha' for!" he replied with a soft, reminiscent fondness, "I don't know-I'll think'bout that. Maybe I'll drop y'down other side. I'll shee," he concluded in meditation.

"I'm not goin' up!" said Mr. Gemmell. The man from Fort Simpson eyed him sadly.

"Oh, yesh-you-are!" he said, "An' I'm goin' take y'. You git up 'n' gitcher hat n' coat on't once."

"I'm not going up the Mountain!" said Mr. Gemmell, endeavoring to be explicit. Mr. Fraser slowly arose and went around, navigating by the edge of the table. He brought Mr. Gemmell's coat.

"Thish arm!" he said. Mr. Gemmell put it on, protesting. His opera hat was

a small mark on the wall.

"You put hat on y'-shelf!" he instructed. Mr. Gemmell paused.

"You put—" he began again. Mr. Gemmell acquiesced.

It in some way recalled the night before, when he had been smitten on the mouth with the bristle side of the silver-backed brush.

"Now—come!" said Mr. Fraser.

"I'm not going up any moun—" The servant of the Great Company reached biceps. It was a large hand for a little man, forest that rose sheer toward heaven.

"Come on—will y'?" he said, and he passed out swiftly and unsteadily, dragging

Mr. Gemmell by the arm.

I was utterly forgotten and neglected. What, I wondered, in the name of all that was wonderful, was about to happen now. I found a waiter, explained, pulled on my coat, and followed. The office clock said twenty minutes to three and the night clerk said two gentlemen had gone out hurriedly. I passed into the June night. Guy Street was deserted and I stopped to listen. A cat bolted across the road; an alternating arc-lamp hummed; a night-hawk screamed overhead and dropped with a whir, and from far up toward Sherbrooke Street came the sound of rapid and uneven feet on a plank sidewalk. So in that direction I started in pursuit.

A hundred yards ahead I saw them, leaving the sidewalk as too cramped, cross Sherbrooke Street under the electric light and ramp on up

the hill. '

Mr. Fraser was still leading Mr. Gemmell by the arm, and they were moving with considerable speed, but with uncertain direction. I caught up only after some minutes' toil, and joined them without drawing comment of any sort. Occasionally there came a murmur from Mr. Gemmell that I deemed meant protest, and once when he lagged, to try to kick over one of three ashbarrels, Mr. Fraser gave rise to a sort of snarl,

and they proceeded again at once.

The silence was eased by the swishing of the tree tops in the soft night wind, and I felt a few drops of rain. The rain increased; not tentatively, but in a business-like way and at once. It ran inside of my patent leather shoes, and I felt it batter on my starched shirt front, and buttoned my coat. At last, as we turned sharp to the right into a road that rounded the corner of an overhanging brick house, Mr. Fraser said it was going to rain, and I read the name Cedar Avenue indistinctly in the dark. Also, the inhabitants of this part seemed to be putting in a sewer, and all the earth was in a state of upheaval. Several times I caught a glimpse of a ninefoot chasm, with water in the bottom.

The man from Fort Simpson, trained on candle ice and muskegs, swung through these intricacies like a planet in its orbit, leading the unfortunate Mr. Gemmell as he would a dog and leaving me to follow my own

precarious course.

But Mr. Fraser was trending across the across and his hand closed on Mr. Gemmell's road toward what appeared to be unbroken servant of the Great Company replied, "Come on-" and the rest was most dis-Then we struck into a sort of courteous. bridle path that climbed the mountain among second-growth birches. The birches dripped quantities of water, and the bridle path ascended and descended and coiled itself through that moist woodland as the trail of a serpent through wet grass. Besides, it was very muddy and very slippery. I heard Mr. Gemmell say that his dress suit was being spoiled, but Mr. Fraser only grunted and drove ahead. All this time we were going fast. At one place we stopped and were conducted to a fence.

"Tha's Wes'mount!" Mr. Fraser explained. waving his arm over the steamy sea of arc lights far below. "When I was here fifteen years ago-nothin' there 'tall-Come on, you-!" and Mr. Gemmell resumed his journey, speechless, for a Toronto architect has never learned to run with a dog-train seventy miles in a day, and Mr. Fraser had. This was becoming a personally conducted tour for both Mr. Gemmell and myself. We sweated along in the open rain and approached another towering wall of woodland, and in the face of that dim barrier we left the beaten road once more and followed, by touch alone, an obscure path along the crest of a high ridge.

As to clothes, I was long past caring; my curiosity was all that remained. Far along that path, with the road close below to the left, the servant of the Great Company paused where it was very dark. There was a short interval filled with a dull clinking of metal, another pause, a brief struggle, and then sounds as if some one were drowning. I groped my way forward to find that Mr. Fraser had placed one of the City of Montreal's riveted sheet-steel drinking fountains, had opened the tap and was holding Mr. Gemmell's six feet of length underneath, face up—as if the rain were not enough.

"Yo're too drunk to 'preciate what I'm goin' do t' y'," he was explaining, "but thish ought t' help y' a lot!" As I came up Mr. Gemmell broke away, coughing, and fled down the hill toward the road. The little man pursued with bad language and I stood listening to the crackling underbrush. Then it occurred to me that if I were to catch up in the black wilderness I had better move. At the bottom I could hear nothing but the dripping leaves in the moist darkness. The

could hear Mr. Gemmell complaining and expedition seemed to have vanished altoasking if he knew where he was going. The gether, and following the road I came out in a bed of cannas. In the center of the bed stood a post bearing three signs, and as I was utterly lost I climbed the post and read the. signs. One said "To the cemeteries." Probably not necessary yet, but it was well to have one convenient. Another said "To the city." Probably not, if Mr. Fraser could help it. The third said "To point of observation." This seemed to suit me, so I went.

> A little above me on my left appeared to be the mountain's summit. I moved forward by a road that no longer rose but swung gradually to the right till it trended downward a little and I came out, as I could see dimly, on a large, level, open space. Beyond the farthest edge of this space which was guarded by a dark railing, there welled up, milk-white through the steam out of the abyss, the lights of the city of Montreal. In the center of the space, in the driving rain, kneeled the ferocious Mr. Gemmell, and beside him, with a hand on the back of his neck, and rocking slightly, stood Mr. Fraser in the attitude of a man lost in thought.

> The servant of the Great Company turned to me and spoke without effect but with reproach in his voice.

> "Been waitin' for you!" he said. Then, after a pause in which he straightened up and put a restraining foot on Mr. Gemmell's shoulder, "Been wonderin' w'at 'sh bes' thing do-with-'m. Of coursh," he continued, widely, "can do lotsh' 'things-lotsh 'n lotsh things,—but most of 'em aren't bad-'nuff. Kill 'm too-quick—no s't'sfaction f'r th' work. Oh, well," he brushed the troublesome details away with a wave of his hand, "plenty time t' think 'bout that. Come on!" he said, addressing Mr. Gemmell, and Mr. Gemmell, dragged by the collar arose and stumbled forward. From the southeast, the guard rail, a balustrade in ornate stone, swept round in the arc of a circle past the breast of the city until it faced full to the westward.

> Mr. Fraser marched up to the balustrade near its eastern end, and looked over. Mr. Gemmell shrank back.

> "You scared?" he queried. "Come on!" and Mr. Gemmell plunged forward head first and was held on his stomach half over the cornice of the balustrade.

"Oh, Lord, don't!" he whimpered.

"Shut-tup!" growled Mr. Fraser, "an' don' mar my 'preciation of this beaut'ful scene." Thirty feet beneath the balustrade was the ground, dark and indistinct, dropping steeply down to steeper woods and the lesser wooded slopes, until the lights began, dazzling white arcs and glaring yellow incandescents swung in intricate curves and grouped into curious clusters like the stars of constellations seven hundred feet below. They stretched, thousands upon thousands of them, a great, glittering diamond and jargon mantle.

And high up in the dark sky above, the pitiless rain beat on the back of the neck of Mr. Constantine Godfrey Sebastian Gemmell.

Mr. Fraser sighed deeply, and from the slack of Mr. Gemmell's clothes released one hand with which to make a majestic gesture.

"Thish," he said, with evident emotion, sweeping the free arm across that whole glittering, steam-bathed sea, "ish th' magnif-'shent city you dared to malign, you giraffe-necked coyote. You!" He spoke with sonorous cadence, "In my great country"-his thumb indicated a stretch of the Mackenzie River two thousand miles behind his right shoulder—"th' fac' that you came from Ontario would be s'ficient. They would say 'He comes from-Ontario an' he carries copper centsh t' put in the c'lection,' an' they would pass by on the other side. Now, sir, will you 'pologize?" Mr. Gemmell gasped something to the effect that he would, for he was only then beginning to get his wind and the spirit had utterly gone out of him. He commenced to murmur, but I failed to catch the import. The man from Fort Simpson kneaded him into the stone cornice and roared, "No, not t' me: t' Mon'real!" The murmuring ceased in pain and began again. The roar was "Not that way, come off o' repeated: that, will y'!" Mr. Gemmell came.

The cornice of that balustrade is supported by twenty major columns, and over each, as a capital, rests a block of stone twenty by twenty-four inches. To one of the easternmost of these altars the servant of the Great Company dragged his captive.

"Git up!" he said. Mr. Gemmell hesitated and was lifted swiftly into place from behind and instructed to kneel.

"For Heaven's sake, look out!" he faltered.

"I don't mind a joke, y' know——"
"Thish 'sno joke!" said Mr. Fraser, briefly.
The prisoner knelt, facing a remote Maissonneuve and the oncoming dawn. Beneath him in front was sheer space. The up-flung glare showed his face, sober, scared, and sickly white, with the southeast rain beating full in his eyes. The man from Fort

Simpson moderated his voice down to a reassuring pitch.

"I've got hol' o' y'r feet, so y're a'right so long as y're good. Gimme y'r hat." It was passed back, and the servant of the Great Company spared a hand to collapse it and whirlit in the direction of the Angus shops.

"Should 'a' been soaked in kerosene an' set fire to so we could see it fall. Now—begin!" The apology commenced faintly. I could hope to give no reproduction of that scene. Commencing with the River St. Lawrence and Dominion Park, Mr. Gemmell apologized particularly to every institution I had heard of in that section of the city and many I had not. Then he was pulled down off his base by the feet, moved forward to the capital of the next pillar, and set up again, and the district overlooked by that pillar was gone through in detail as before; and so down the length of the balustrade. Mr. Fraser dictating in a powerful voice and the responses coming back to us softly as from a timid bridegroom.

I gathered that the Montreal City Council was a wise and beneficent body blessed with a beautiful judgment, and that the intelligence of the Fire Department stood unequaled in all the fair earth. The conductors of the street cars shone in efficiency, in knowledge and in great courtesy, and the loving-kindness and the generosity of the Allan Line to its patrons was as that of a mother to her children. The merchants were kind-hearted men who set store by little profits and gave of the world's best, and, as to time, their word was fulfilled as though it were an oath they held sacred above all other things. The streets were fair and cleanly ways, paved as with marble, and a soft-voiced police spent its time in conducting the aged and the infirm. (Here Mr. Gemmell was moved on to the next pillar.)

The man from Fort Simpson warmed to his work, and Mr. Gemmell, constantly instructed to speak louder, whooped into the gentle rain that the city water tasted like "the waters of a woodland spring" ("With a dead porcupine in it," said Mr. Fraser, sotto voce, to me) and that not in any country "might a man live in such—what?"

"'Maculate cleanl'ss-"

"—immaculate cleanliness, with such perfect—cuisine, on such inconsiderable expenditure, as in a McGill College Avenue boarding house—or any other Montreal apartment."

Rocking carelessly on the brink of the abyss with one casual hand holding down

Mr. Gemmell's feet, Mr. Fraser rumbled as he knelt in the new pool of water he was again: "If he knew how some o' these things visibly shivering. But the ornate rhetoric hurt me he wouldn' feel so bad as he duss." continued. At the fifth pillar the last effects of the exer- "Nowhere in the world is the con-

cise and of the various liquors had gone, and spicuous element of society more notably

metropolitan, holding its place more in virtue of its breadth, its intelligence, its culture, and its well-bred unobtrusiveness than in this great city"; was one of the periods, and there were others, more finished and stately, that I cannot recall.

Over the sixth and seventh and eighth pillars Mr. Gemmell was conducted with the same unwavering solemnity, growing evidently more chilled and miserable as he went, while the cold, deliberate dawn whitened up in the northeast till the rain and the city turned gray together. At the ninth pillar there were symptoms of his being unwell, and at the tenth he was violently ill. At the close of the paroxysm Mr. Fraser said: "Now proceed; get ahead-y' know. I haven't nicely started on you yet." What his plans as to the disposal of Mr. Gemmell's body might have been I never knew, for on the passage from the tenth to the eleventh pillar, Mr. Gemmell, in the flick of an eyelash, turned and fled across the open space toward the road by which we had come, leaving the servant of the Great Company with his overcoat. In less than one more second Mr. Fraser had gone also and the overcoat lay at my feet. When I saw them last, Mr. Gemmell had turned to the right into a path that led up the mountain, running like a frightened rabbit, and the man from Fort Simpson was gaining at every leap.

My duty was doubtless to follow after, but the speed looked trying and I felt that if I kept on their lower flank, between them and the city, and fresh, I could capture them when it became necessary.

Once, looking up through moose-wood and birch branches, I could see Mr. Fraser with what seemed to be a piece of dress coat in his hand, reaching across a sort of rock chimney at something I failed to make out on the other side. Immediately afterward there was a sound as if a heavy body were falling from a great distance through thousands of small branches, which ended in a thud in the soft moss not twenty feet from where I stood. At once some one, breathing heavily, broke past me downhill, hidden in the leaves, and in the same instant I saw into a solitary spruce tree and come down Indian fashion, facing the trunk open-armed, and with the branches sliding under his outfalling is quicker, and Mr. Gemmell was doubtless an end to be desired.

thrashing through the leaves fifty yards downhill. The man from Fort Simpson passed me with a growl, with a bit of cloth in one hand, and I said to myself: "Who am I that I should interfere with an instrument of Heaven."

They wound like the course of a running ostrich, but by sliding down steep paths I headed them once more almost on the edge of civilization. There, back to a tree, in the full dawn, stood Mr. Gemmell, in trousers and the rags of a shirt, and with terror in his eye, and Mr. Fraser, a red-headed devil in clinging evening dress and with an opera hat worn carefully on the back of his head, dancing about him with two handfuls of shredded clothes. As I appeared he made one more rush and the remnants of Mr. Gemmell's shirt came off as nearly in two halves as could be. The occasion needed rising to.

"See here, you chaps," I said, "come home.

It's daylight!" Mr. Fraser paused.

"Wha' for?" he said in an abstracted

"Come home for my sake, like a good

chap!" And slowly he softened.

"Yes, f'r your sake, I'll go home. You've been a faithful fr'en'. An' t'night, 's soon as it's dark, we'll start in on this coyote again, an' we'll kill 'm, won' we?"

"Yes," I said, "we'll kill him; but we'll

go home now!"

"Yes, we'll go home now." He turned to Mr. Gemmell.

"Go 'ome!" he roared, stamping his foot. Mr. Gemmell winced and looked about

him as a man preparing for flight.

"Oh, he'll come with us, too, so that we'll have him for to-night," I said. "Here, put on this overcoat." Mr. Gemmell hid his nakedness in that disreputable garment, and we moved off the ground, my arm in Mr. Fraser's and Mr. Gemmell following behind.

I saw them both in bed, and Mr. Fraser appeared at eight o'clock breakfast. Mr. Gemmell we did not see again for some days, and then only on the other side of the street. He was not coming in our direction.

Now this is quite irrelevant, but as Mr. Fraser cast himself through the air it contains the moral, without which no story is written, it may as well be noted. I know that from that night to this day Mr. Gemmell has gone to the white ribbon stretched legs. He was running when he extremity of drinking nothing whatever struck, but, though he arrived very quickly, of an overstimulating nature; which was

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FICKLE GODDESS

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE Author of "Septimus," "Simon the Jester," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

T may be remembered by those who have followed these inconclusive chronicles of the doings of my friend Aristide Pujol, that he had aged parents, browned and wrinkled children of the soil, who had passed all their days in the desolation of Aigues-Mortes, the little fortified, derelict city in the salt marshes of Provence. Although they regarded him with the same unimaginative wonder as a pair of alligators might regard an Argus butterfly, their undoubted but freakish progeny, and although Aristide soared high above their heads in all phases of thought and emotion, the mutual ties remained strong and perdurable. Scarcely a year passed without Aristide struggling somehow south to visit ses vieux, as he affectionately called them, and whenever Fortune shed a few smiles on him, one or two at least were mother. sure to find their way to Aigues-Mortes in the shape of, say, a silver-mounted umbrella for his father or a deuce of a Paris hat for the old lady's Sunday wear. Monsieur and Madame Pujol had a sacred museum of these unused objects—the pride of their lives. Aristide was entirely incomprehensible, but he was a good son. A bad son in France is rare.

But once Aristide nearly killed his old people outright. An envelope from him contained two large caressive slips of bluish paper, which when scrutinized with starting eyes turned out to be two one-thousand-franc notes. Mon Dieu! what had happened? Had of, making his fortune. He was staying at amazing rich. He could drink champagne

the Hôtel de l'Europe, where Queen Victoria (they had heard of Queen Victoria) had been contented to reside; he was a glittering figure in a splendid beau-monde, and if ses vieux would buy a few cakes and a bottle of vin cacheté with the enclosed trifle, to celebrate his prosperity, he would deem it the privilege of a devoted son. But Pujol senior, though wondering where the devil he had fished all that money from, did not waste it in profligate revelry. He took the eighty pounds to the bank and exchanged the perishable paper for one hundred solid golden louis which he carried home in a bag curiously bulging beneath his woolen jersey and secreted it with the savings of his long life in the mattress of the conjugal bed.

"If only he hadn't stolen it," sighed the

"What does it matter, since it is sewn up there all secure?" said the old man. "No one can find it."

The Provençal peasant is as hard-headed and practical as a Scottish miner, and if left alone by the fairies would produce no imaginative effect whatever upon his generation; but in his progeniture he is more preposterously afflicted with changelings than any of his fellows the world over—which, though ethnologically an entirely new proposition, accounts for a singular number of things and inter alia for my dragon-fly friend, Aristide Puiol.

Now, Aristide, be it said at the outset, had Aristide been robbing the Bank of France? not stolen the money. It (and a vast amount They stood paralyzed, and only recovered more) had been honestly come by. Arismotive force when a neighbor suggested their tide was in clover. For the first, and up reading the accompanying letter. It did not to now as I write, the only, time in his life explain things very clearly. He was in Aix- he realized the gorgeous visions of pallid les-Bains, a place which they had never heard years. He was leading the existence of the

-not your miserable tisane at five francs a mild-looking English woman of fifty, dressed quart—but real champagne, with year of in black, the other, her daughter, a beautiful vintage and gout Américain or gout Anglais marked on label, fabulously priced; he could dine lavishly at the Casino restaurants or at Nikola's, prince of restaurateurs, among the opulent and the fair; he could clothe himself in attractive raiment; he could step into a fiacre and bid the man drive and not care whither he went or what he paid; he could also distribute five-franc pieces to lame beggars. He scattered his money abroad with both hands, according to his expansive temperament; and why not, when he was drawing wealth out of an inexhaustible fount? The process was so simple, so sure. All you had to do was to believe in the cards on which you staked your money. If you knew you were going to win, you won. Nothing could be Bains. easier.

He had drifted into Aix-les-Bains from Geneva on the lamentable determination of a commission agency in the matter of some patent fuel, with a couple of louis in his pocket forlornly jingling the tale of his entire fortune. As this was before the days when you had to exhibit certificates of baptism. marriage, sanity and bank balance before of truth. being allowed to enter the baccarat rooms, Aristide paid his two francs and made a beeline for the tables. I am afraid Aristide was a gambler. He was never so happy as when taking chances; his whole life was a gamble, with Providence holding the bank. Before the night was over he had converted his two louis into fifty. The next day they became five hundred. By the end of a week his garments were wadded with bank notes whose value amounted to a sum so stupendous as to be beyond need of computation. He was a celebrity in the place and people nudged each other as he passed by. And Aristide passed by with a swagger, his head high and the end of his pointed beard sticking joyously up in

plenitude of his success, lounging in a wicker of his person to attract the notice of the onlooker—lilac silk socks, a white flannel suit with a zigzag black stripe, a violet tie secured by a sapphire and diamond pin, and a rakish Panama hat. On his knees lay the Matin; the fingers of his left hand held a fragrant Corona; his right hand was uplifted in a gesture, for he was talking. He was talking to a couple of ladies who sat near by, one a

girl of twenty-four. That Aristide should fly to feminine charms like moth to candle was a law of his being; that he should lie, with shriveled wings, at Miss Errington's feet was the obvious result. Her charms were of the winsome kind to which he was most susceptible. She had an oval face, a little mouth like crumpled rose petals (so Aristide himself described it), a complexion the mingling of ivory and peach blossom (Aristide again), a straight little nose, appealing eyes of the deepest blue veiled by sweeping lashes and fascinating fluffiness of dark hair over a pure brow. She had a graceful figure, and the slender foot below her white piqué skirt was at once the envy and admiration of Aix-les-

Aristide talked. The ladies listened, with obvious amusement. In the easy hotel way, he had fallen into their acquaintance. As the man of wealth, the careless player who took five-hundred-louis banks at the table with the five-louis minimum, and cleared out the punt, he felt it necessary to explain himself. I am afraid he deviated from the narrow path

"What perfect English you speak," Miss Errington remarked, when he had finished his harangue and had put the Corona between his lips. Her voice was a soft contralto.

"I have mixed much in English society, since I was a child," replied Aristide, in his grandest manner. "Fortune has made me know many of your county families and members of Parliament."

Miss Errington laughed. "Our M. P.'s are rather a mixed lot. Monsieur Pujol."

"To me an English Member of Parliament is a high-bred conservative. I do not recognize the others," said Aristide.

"Unfortunately we have to recognize them," said the elder lady with a smile.

"Not socially, Madame. They exist as We see him one August morning, in the mechanical factors of the legislative machine; but that is all." He swelled as if the blood of chair on the shady lawn of the Hôtel de the Montmorencys and the Colignys boiled l'Europe. He wore white buckskin shoes—I in his veins. "We do not ask them into our begin with these as they were the first point drawing-rooms. We do not allow them to marry our daughters. We only salute them with cold politeness when we pass them in the street."

"It's astonishing," said Miss Errington, "how strongly the aristocratic principle exists in republican France. Now, there's our friend, the Comte de Lussigny, for instance-

A frown momentarily darkened the cloud-

t

less brow of Aristide Pujol. He did not like of marriage had as yet not entered his head.

the Comte de Lussigny-

"With Monsieur de Lussigny," he interposed, "it is a matter of prejudice, not of principle."

"And with you?"

"The reasoned philosophy of a lifetime, Mademoiselle." answered Aristide. turned to Mrs. Errington.

"How long have you known Monsieur de

Lussigny, Madame?"

She looked at her daughter. "It was in Monte Carlo the winter before last, wasn't it, Betty? Since then we have met him frequently in England and Paris. We came across him, just lately, at Trouville. I think he's charming, don't you?"

"He's a great gambler," said Aristide.

Betty Errington laughed again. "But so are you. So is mamma. So am I, in my poor little wav."

"We gamble for amusement," said Aristide

loftily.

"I'm sure I don't," cried Miss Betty, with merry eyes - and she looked adorable -"when I put my despised five-franc piece down on the table I want desperately to win, and when the horrid croupier rakes it up I want to hit him—oh! I want to hit him hard."

"And when you win?"

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier

at all," said Miss Betty.

Her mother smiled indulgently and exchanged a glance with Aristide. This pleased him; there was an agreeable little touch of intimacy in it. It confirmed friendly relations with the mother. What were his designs as regards the daughter he did not know. They were not evil, certainly. For all his southern blood, Latin traditions and devil-may-care upbringing, Aristide, though perhaps not reaching our divinely set and therefore unique English standard of morality, was a decent soul; further, partly through his pedagogic sojourn among them, and partly through his childish adoration of the frank, fair-cheeked, northern goddesses talking the quick, clear speech, who passed him by when he was a hunted little devil of a chasseur in the Marseilles café, he had acquired a peculiarly imaginative reverence for English girls. reverence, indeed, extended to English ladies generally. Owing to the queer circumstances of his life they were the only women of a class above his own with whom he had associated on terms of equality. He had, then, no dishonorable designs as regards Miss Betty Errington. On the other hand, the thoughts

You see, a Frenchman and an Englishman or American, view marriage from entirely different angles. The Anglo-Saxon of honest instincts, attracted toward a pretty girl, at once thinks of the possibilities of marriage; if he finds them infinitely remote, he makes He romantic love to her in the solitude of his walks abroad or of his sleepless nights, and, in her presence, is as dumb and dismal as a freshly hooked trout. The equally honest Gaul doesn't do anything of the kind. The attraction in itself is a stimulus to adventure. He makes love to her, just because it is the nature of a lusty son of Adam to make love to a pretty daughter of Eve. He lives in the present. The rest doesn't matter. He leaves it to chance. Aristide made the most respectful love in the world to Betty Errington, because he could not help himself. "Tonnerre de Dieu!" he cried, when from my Britannic point of view I talked to him on the subject. "You English, whom I try to understand and can never understand, are so funny! It would have been insulting to Miss Betty Errington—tiens!—a purple hyacinth of spring—that was what she was—not to have made love to her. Love to a pretty woman is like a shower of rain to hyacinths. It passes, it goes. Another one comes. Qu'importe? But the shower is necessary—ah! sacré gredin, when will you comprehend?"

> All this to make as clear as an Englishman. in the confidence of a changeling child of Provence, can hope to do, the attitude of Aristide Pujol toward the sweet and innocent Betty Errington with her mouth like crumpled rose petals, her ivory and peachblossom complexion, her soft contralto voice, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, as per foregoing bald description, and as per what can, by imaginative effort, be pictured from the Pujolic hyperbole, by which I, the unimportant narrator of these chronicles, was dazzled

and overwhelmed.

"I'm afraid I don't think of the croupier

at all," said Betty.

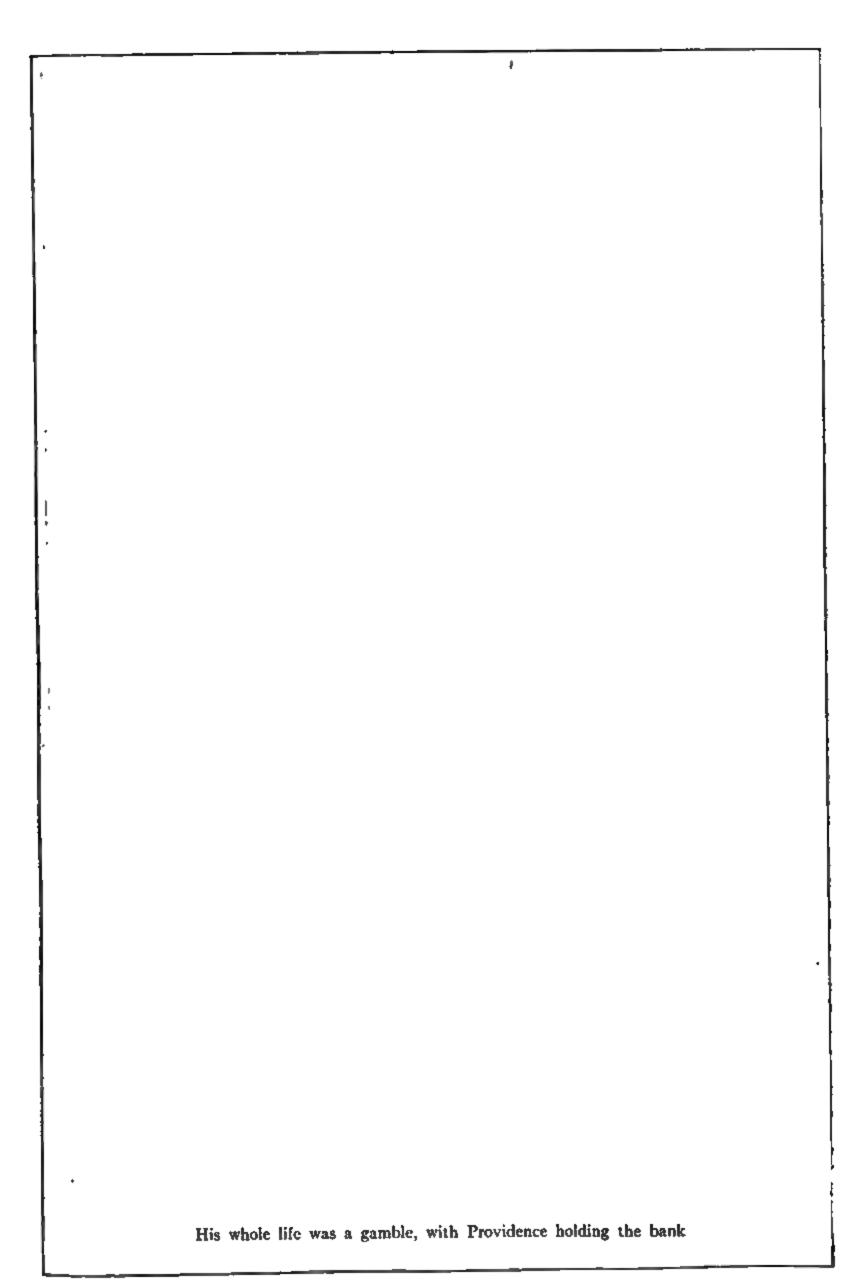
"Do you think of no one who brings you good fortune?" asked Aristide. He threw the Matin on the grass, and doubling himself up in his chair regarded her earnestly. "Last night you put five louis into my bank-

"And I won forty. I could have hugged

"Why didn't you? Ah!" His arms spread wide and high. "What I have lost!"

"Betty!" cried Mrs. Errington.

"Alas, Madame," said Aristide, "that is



the despair of our artificial civilization. It prohibits so much spontaneous expression of emotion."

"You'll forgive me, Monsieur Pujol," said Mrs. Errington dryly, "but I think our artificial civilization has its advantages."

"If you will forgive me, in your turn, Madame," said Aristide, "I see a doubtful

one advancing."

A man approached the group and with profuse gestures took off a straw hat which he thrust under his right arm, exposing an amazingly flat head on which the closely cropped hair stood brush-fashion upright. He had an insignificant pale face to which a specious individuality was given by a mustache with ends waxed up to the eyes and by a monocle with a tortoiseshell rim. He was dressed (his valet had misjudged things-and valets like the rest of us are fallible) in what was yesterday a fairly white flannel suit.

"Madame—Mademoiselle." He shook hands with charming grace. "Monsieur." He bowed stiffly. Aristide doffed his Panama hat with adequate ceremony. "May I be

permitted to join you?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur de Lussigny,"

said Mrs. Errington.

Monsieur de Lussigny brought up a chair and sat down.

"What time did you get to bed last night?" asked Betty Errington. She spoke excellently pure French, and so did her

"Soon after we parted, Mademoiselle, quite Errington, troubled. early for me but late for you. And you look this morning as if you had gone to bed at

sundown and got up at dawn.

Miss Betty's glance responsive to the compliment filled Aristide with wrath. right had the Comte de Lussigny, a fellow who consorted with Brazilian Rastaquoueres and perfumed Levantine nondescripts, to win such a glance from Betty Errington?

"If Mademoiselle can look so fresh," said he, "in the artificial atmosphere of Aix, what is there of adorable that she must not resemble in the innocence of her Somersetshire

home?"

"You cannot imagine it, Monsieur," said the Count; "but I have had the privilege to see it."

"I hope Monsieur Pujol will visit us also in our country home, when we get back," said Mrs. Errington with intent to pacificate. "It is modest, but it is old-world and has been in our family for hundreds of years."

"Ah, these old English homes!" said

Aristide.

"Would you care to hear about it?"

"I should," said he.

He drew his chair courteously a foot or less nearer that of the mild lady; Monsieur de Lussigny took instant advantage of the move to establish himself close to Miss Betty. Aristide turned one ear politely to Mrs. Errington's discourse, the other ragingly and impotently to the whispered conversation between the detached pair.

Presently a novel fell from the lady's lap. Aristide sprang to his feet and restored it. He remained standing. Mrs. Errington consulted a watch. It was nearing lunch time. She rose too. Aristide took her a pace or

two aside.

"My dear Mrs. Errington," said he, in English. "I do not wish to be indiscreetbut you come from your quiet home in Somerset and your beautiful daughter is so young and inexperienced, and I am a man of the world who has mingled in all the society of Europe—may I warn you against admitting the Comte de Lussigny too far into your intimacy?"

"Monsieur She turned an anxious face. Pujol, is there anything against the Count?"

Aristide executed the large and expressive

shrug of the Southerner.

"I play high at the tables for my amusement—I know the principal players, people of high standing. Among them Monsieur de Lussigny's reputation is not spotless."

"You alarm me very much," said Mrs.

"I only put you on your guard," said he. The others who had risen and followed, caught them up. At the entrance to the hotel the ladies left the men elaborately saluting. The latter, alone, looked at each

"Monsieur."

"Monsieur."

Each man raised his hat, turned on his heel and went his way. Aristide betook himself to the café on the Place Carnot, on the side of the square facing the white Etablissement des Bains, with the stern sense of having done his duty. It was monstrous that this English damask rose should fall a prey to so detestable a person as the Comte de Lussigny. He suspected him of disgraceful things. If only he had proof. Fortune, ever favoring him, stood at his elbow. She guided him straight to a table in the front row of the terrace where sat a black-haired, hard-featured though comely youth deep in thought, in front of an untouched glass of beer. At Aristide's approach he raised his head, smiled,

nodded and said: "Good morning, sir. Will

you join me?"

Aristide graciously accepted the invitation and sat down. The young man was another hotel acquaintance, one Eugene Miller of Atlanta, Georgia, a curious compound of shrewdness and simplicity, to whom Aristide had taken a fancy. He was twenty-eight and ran a colossal boot factory in partnership with another youth and had a consuming passion for stained-glass windows. From books he knew every square foot of old stained glass in Europe. But he had crossed the Atlantic for the first time only six weeks before, and having indulged his craving immoderately, had rested for a span at Aix-les-Bains to recover from æsthetic indigestion.

"I used rather to look down upon Europe as a place where people knew nothing at all," "We're sort of trained to think it's an extinct volcano, but it isn't. It's alive. My God! It's alive. It's Hell in the shape of a Limburger cheese. I wish the whole population of Atlanta, Georgia, would come over and just see. There's a lot to be learned. I thought I knew how to take care of myself, but this tortoiseshell-eyed Count taught me last night that I couldn't. He cleaned me out of twenty-five hundred dollars—

"How?" asked Aristide sharply.

"Ecarté."

Aristide brought his hand down with a bang on the table and uttered anathemas in to Eugene Miller; but the youth knew by instinct that they were useful, soul-destroying curses and he felt comforted.

"Ecarté! You played ecarté with Lussigny? But my dear young friend, do you know anything of ecarté?"

"Of course," said Miller. "I used to play it as a child with my sisters."

"Do you know the jeux de règle?"

"The what?"

"The formal laws of the game—the rules of discards-

"Never heard of them," said Eugene

"But they are as absolute as the Code Napoléon," cried Aristide. "You can't play without knowing them."

"Can't help it," said the young man.

"Eh bien, don't play ecarté any more."

"I must," said Miller.

"Comment?"

"I must. I've fixed it up to get my revenge this afternoon—in my sitting room at the hotel."

"But it's imbecile!"

The sweep of Aristide's arm produced prismatic chaos among a trayful of drinks which the waiter was bringing to a family party at the next table. "It's imbecile!" he cried, as soon as order was apologetically and pecuniarily restored. "You are a little mutton going to have its wool taken off."

"I've fixed it up," said Miller. "I've never gone back on an engagement yet in my own country and I'm not going to begin this side."

Aristide argued. He argued during the mechanical absorption of four glasses of vermouth-cassis—after which prodigious quantity of black currant syrup he rose and took the Gadarene youth to Nikola's, where he continued the argument during déjeuner. Eugene Miller's sole concession was that Aristide should be present at the encounter and backing his hand should have the power (given by the rules of the French game) to guide his play. Aristide agreed and crammed his young friend with the jeux de règle and pâté de foie gras.

The Count looked rather black when he found Aristide Pujol in Miller's sitting room. He could not, however, refuse him admittance to the game. The three sat down, Aristide by Miller's side, so that he could overlook the hand and indicate by pointing the cards that it was advisable to play. The game began. Fortune favored Mr. Eugene Miller. The Count's brow grew blacker.

"You are bringing your own luck to our French and Provençal entirely unintelligible friend, Monsieur Pujol," said he, dealing the

"He needs it," said Aristide.

"Le roi," said the Count turning up the

king.

The Count won the vole, or all five tricks, and swept the stakes toward him. Then fortune quickly and firmly deserted Mr. Miller. The Count, besides being an amazingly fine player, held amazingly fine hands. The pile of folded notes in front of him rose higher and higher. Aristide tugged at his beard in agitation. Suddenly, as the Count dealt a King as trump card, he sprang to his feet knocking over the chair behind him.

"You cheat, Monsieur! You cheat!"

"Monsieur!" cried the outraged dealer.

"What has he done?"

"He has been palming kings and neutralizing the cut. I've been watching. Now I catch him!" cried Aristide in great excitement. "Ah, sale voleur! Maintenant je vous tiens!"

"Monsieur," said the Comte de Lussigny with dignity, stuffing his winnings into his jacket pocket. "You insult me. It is an infamy. Two of my friends will call upon you."

"And Monsieur Miller and I will kick butthem over Mont Revard, Monsieur." M

"You cannot treat gens d'honneur in such a way, Monsieur." He turned to Miller, and said haughtily in his imperfect English, "Did you see the cheat, you?"

"I can't say that I did," replied the young man. "On the other hand that torchlight procession of kings doesn't seem exactly

natural."

"But you did not see anything! Bon!"

"But I saw. Isn't that enough, hein?" shouted Aristide brandishing his fingers in the Count's face. "You come here and think there's nothing easier than to cheat young foreigners who don't know the rules of ecarté. You come here and think you can carry off rich young English misses. Ah, sale escroc! You never thought you would have to reckon with me, Aristide Pujol. You call yourself the Comte de Lussigny. Bah! I know you—" he didn't, but that doesn't matter-"your dossier is in the hands of the Prefect of Police. I am going to get that dossier. Monsieur Lépine is my intimate friend. Every autumn we shoot together. Aha! You send me your two galley-birds and see what I do to them."

The Comte de Lussigny twirled the tips of his mustache almost to his forehead and

caught up his hat.

"My friends shall be officers in the uniform of the French Army," he said, by the door.

"And mine shall be two gendarmes," retorted Aristide. "Nom de Dieu!" he cried, after the other had left the room. "We let him take the money!"

"That's of no consequence. He didn't get away with much anyway," said young Miller. "But he would have if you hadn't been here. If ever I can do you a return service, just

ask."

Aristide went out to look for the Erringtons. But they were not to be found. It was only late in the afternoon that he met Mrs. Errington in the hall of the hotel. He dragged her into a corner and in his impulsive fashion told her everything. She listened white-faced, in great distress.

"My daughter's engaged to him. I've only

just learned," she faltered.

"Engaged? Sacré bleu! Ah, le goujat!"—for the second he was desperately, furiously, jealously in love with Betty Errington. "Ah, le sale type! Voyons! This engagement must be broken off. At once! You are her mother."

"She will hear of nothing against him."
"You will tell her this. It will be a blow;

but-----'

Mrs. Errington twisted a handkerchief between helpless fingers. "Betty is infatuated. She won't believe it." She regarded him piteously. "Oh, Monsieur Pujol, what can I do? You see she has an independent fortune and is over twenty-one. I am powerless."

"I will meet his two friends," exclaimed Aristide magnificently—"and I will kill him.

Voila!"

"Oh, a duel? No! How awful!" cried the

mild lady, horror-stricken.

He thrust his cane dramatically through a sheet of a newspaper, which he had caught up from a table. "I will run him through the body like that"—Aristide had never handled a foil in his life—"and when he is dead, your beautiful daughter will thank me for having saved her from such an execrable fellow."

"But you mustn't fight. It would be too

dreadful. Is there no other way?"

"You must consult first with your daugh-

ter," said Aristide.

He dined in the hotel with Eugene Miller. Neither the Erringtons nor the Comte de Lussigny were anywhere to be seen. After dinner, however, he found the elder lady waiting for him in the hall. They walked out into the quiet of the garden. She had been too upset to dine, she explained, having had a terrible scene with Betty. Nothing but absolute proofs of her lover's iniquity would satisfy her. The world was full of slanderous tongues, the noblest and purest did not escape. For herself, she had never been comfortable with the Comte de Lussigny. She had noticed too that he had always avoided the best French people in hotels. She would give anything to save her daughter. She wept.

"And the unhappy girl has written him

compromising letters," she lamented.

"They must be got back."

"But how? Oh, Monsieur Pujol, do you think he would take money for them?"

"A scoundrel like that would take money for his dead mother's shroud," said Aristide.

"A thousand pounds?"

She looked very haggard and helpless beneath the dim blue arc-lights. Aristide's heart went out to her. He knew her type—the sweet gentlewoman of rural England who comes abroad to give her pretty daughter a sight of life, ingenuously confident that foreign watering-places are as innocent as her own sequestered village.

"That is much money, chere Madame," said

Aristide.

"I am fairly well off," said Mrs. Errington. Aristide reflected. At the offer of a smaller sum the Count would possibly bluff. But to a Knight of Industry, as he knew the Count to be, a certain thousand pounds would be a great temptation. And after all to a wealthy Englishwoman what was a thousand pounds?

"Madame," said he, "if you offer him a thousand pounds for the letters, and a written confession that he is not the Comte de Lussigny, but a common adventurer, I stake my

reputation that he will accept."

They walked along for a few moments in silence; the opera had begun at the adjoining Villa des Fleurs and the strains floated through the still August air. After a while she halted and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"Monsieur Pujol, I have never been faced with such a thing before. Will you undertake for me this delicate and difficult busi-

ness?"

"Madame," said he, "my whole life is at the service of yourself and your most ex-

quisite daughter."

She pressed his hand. "Thank God, I've got a friend in this dreadful place," she said brokenly. "Let me go in." And when they reached the lounge, she said, "Wait for me here."

She entered the lift. Aristide waited. Presently the lift descended and she emerged

with a slip of paper in her hand.

"Here is a bearer cheque, Monsieur Pujol, for a thousand pounds. Get the letters and the confession if you can, and a mother's

blessing will go with you."

She left him and went upstairs again in the lift. Aristide athirst with love, living drama and unholy hatred of the Comte de Lussigny, cocked his black, soft-felt evening hat at an engaging angle on his head and swaggered into the Villa des Fleurs. As he passed the plebeian crowd round the petits-chevaux table -these were the days of little horses and not the modern equivalent of la boule—he threw a louis on the square marked 5, waited for the croupier to push him his winnings, seven louis and his stake, on the little white horse, and walked into the baccarat room. A bank was being called for thirty louis at the end table.

"Quarante," said Aristide.

"Ajugé à quarante louis," cried the croupier

no one bidding higher.

Aristide took the banker's seat and put down his forty louis. Looking round the long table he saw the Comte de Lussigny sitting in the punt. The two men glared at each other defiantly. Some one went "banco."

Aristide won. The fact of his holding the bank attracted a crowd round the table. The regular game began. Aristide won, lost, won again. Now it must be explained, without going into the details of the game, that the hand against the bank is played by the members of the punt in turn.

Suddenly, before dealing the cards, Aristide asked, "A qui la main?"

"C'est à Monsieur," said the croupier, in-

dicating Lussigny.

"Il y a une suite," said Aristide, signifying, as was his right, that he would retire from the bank with his winnings. "The face of that

gentleman does not please me."

There was a hush at the humming table. The Count grew dead white and looked at his finger-nails. Aristide superbly gathered up his notes and gold, and tossing a couple of louis to the croupiers, left the table, followed by all eyes. It was one of the thrilling moments of Aristide's life. He had taken the stage, commanded the situation. He had publicly offered the Comte de Lussigny the most deadly insult and the Comte de Lussigny sat down beneath it like a lamb. He swaggered slowly through the crowded room, twirling his mustache, and went into the cool of the moonlit deserted garden beyond where he waited gleefully. He had a Puckish knowledge of human nature. After a decent interval, and during the absorbing interest of the newly constituted bank, the Comte de Lussigny slipped unnoticed from the table and went in search of Aristide. He found him smoking a large corona and lounging in one wicker chair with his feet on another, beside a very large whiskey and soda.

"Ah, it's you," said he without moving.

"Yes, Monsieur," said the Count furiously. "I haven't yet had the pleasure of kicking your friends over Mont Revard," said Aris-

"Look here, mon petit, this has got to

finish," cried the Count.

"Parfaitement. I should like nothing better than to finish. But let us finish like wellbred people," said Aristide insolently. don't want the whole Casino as witnesses. You'll find a chair over there. Bring it up."

He was enjoying himself immensely. The Count glared at him, turned and banged a chair over by the side of the table.

"Why do you insult me like this?"

"Because," said Aristide, "I've talked by telephone this evening with my good friend Monsieur Lépine, Prefect of Police of Paris."

"You lie!" said the Count.

"Vous verrez. In the meantime, perhaps

my English habits.

"No," said the Count emphatically.

"You permit me then?" He drank a great draught. "You are wrong. It helps to give one the phlègme britannique. Eh bien, let us talk."

He talked. He put before the Count the situation of the beautiful Miss Errington. He conducted the scene like the friend of the family whose astuteness he had admired as a boy in the melodramas that found their way to Marseilles.

"Look," said he at last, having vainly offered from one hundred to eight hundred pounds for poor Betty Errington's compromising letters. "Look-" He drew the cheque from his note-case. "Here are twenty-five thousand francs. The signature is that of the charming Madame Errington herself. The letters, and a little signed word, 'Mademoiselle, I am a just a little word. chevalier d'industrie. I have a wife and five children. I am not worthy of you. I give you back your promise.' Just that. twenty-five thousand francs, mon ami."

"Never in life!" exclaimed the Count rising. "You continue to insult me."

Aristide for the first time abandoned his lazy and indolent attitude and jumped to his feet.

"And I'll continue to insult you, canaille that you are, all through that room," he cried, with a swift-flung gesture toward the brilliant doorway. "You are dealing with Aristide Pujol. Will you never understand? The letters and a confession for twenty-five thousand francs."

"Jamais de la vie," said the Count, and

he melted swiftly away.

Aristide caught him by the collar as he stood on the covered terrace, a foot or two from the threshold of the gaming-room.

"I swear to you, I'll make a scandal that

you won't survive."

The Count stopped and pushed Aristide's

"I admit nothing," said he. "But you are a gambler and so am I. I will play you for those documents against twenty-five thousand francs."

"Eh?" said Aristide, staggered for the

moment.

The Comte de Lussigny repeated his proposition.

"Bon," said Aristide. "Tres bon. C'est entendu. C'est fait."

play beggar-my-neighbor for his soul, Aris- let us play. The best of three games?"

we might have a little conversation. Will tide would have agreed; especially after the you have a whiskey and soda? It is one of large whiskey and soda and the Cordon Rouge and the Napoleon brandy which Eugene Miller had insisted on his drinking at dinner.

> "I have a large room at the hotel," said he. "I will join you," said the Count. "Monsieur," he took off his hat very politely. "Go first. I will be there in three minutes."

> Aristide trod on air during the ten minutes' walk to the Hôtel de l'Europe. At the bureau he ordered a couple of packs of cards and a supply of drinks and went to his palatial room on the ground floor. In a few moments the Comte de Lussigny appeared. Aristide offered him a two francs corona which was graciously accepted. Then he tore the wrapping off one of the packs of cards and shuffled.

> "Monsieur," said he, still shuffling. should like to deal two hands at ecarté. It signifies nothing. It is an experiment. Will you cut?"

"Volontiers," said the Count.

Aristide took up the pack, dealt three cards to the Count, three cards to himself, two cards to the Count, two to himself and turned up the King of Hearts as the eleventh card.

"Monsieur," said he, "expose your hand

and I will expose mine."

Both men threw their hands face uppermost on the table. Aristide's was full of trumps, the Count's of valueless cards.

He looked at his adversary with his roguish, triumphant smile. The Count looked at him darkly.

"The ordinary card player does not know how to deal like that," he said with sinister

significance.

"But I am not ordinary in anything, my dear sir," laughed Aristide, in his large "If I were, do you think I boastfulness. would have agreed to your absurd proposal? Voyons, I only wanted to show you that in dealing cards I am your equal. Now, the —" The Count threw a small letters packet on the table. "You will permit me? I do not wish to read them. I verify only. Good," said he. "And the confession?"

"What you like," said the Count, coldly. Aristide scribbled a few lines devastating to the character of a Hyrcanean tiger and handed the paper and fountain pen to the

"Will you sign?"

The Count glanced at the words and signed. "Voilà," said Aristide, laying Mrs. Erring-If Beelzebub had arisen and offered to ton's cheque beside the documents. "Now ready money. The cheque will take five days to negotiate, and if I lose, I shall evidently have to leave Aix to-morrow morning."

"That's reasonable," said Aristide.

He drew out his fat note-case and counted twenty-five one-thousand-franc notes onto the table. And then began the most exciting game of cards he had ever played. In the first place he was playing with another person's money for a fantastic stake, a girl's honor and happiness. Secondly, he was pitted against a master of ecarté. And, thirdly, he knew that his adversary would cheat if he could and that his adversary suspected him of fraudulent designs. So as they played, each man craning his head forward, looked at the other man's fingers with fierce intensity.

Aristide lost the first game. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. In the second game, he won the vole in one hand. third and final game began. They played slowly, carefully, with keen quick eyes. Their breathing came hard. The Count's lips, parted beneath his uptwisted mustache, showed his teeth like a cat's. Aristide lost sense of all outer things in the thrill of the encounter. They snarled the stereotyped phrases necessary for the conduct of the game. At last the points stood at four for Aristide and three for his adversary. It was Aristide's deal. Before turning up the eleventh card he paused for the fraction of a second. If it was the King, he had won. He flicked it neatly face upward. It was not the King.

"J'en donne."

"Non. Le roi."

The Count played and marked the King. Aristide had no trumps. The game was lost.

He sat back white, while the Count, smiling

gathered up the bank-notes.

"And now, Monsieur Pujol," said he impudently. "I am willing to sell you this

rubbish for the cheque."

Aristide jumped to his feet. "Never!" he cried. Madness seized him. Regardless of the fact that he had nothing like another thousand pounds left wherewith to repay Mrs. Errington if he lost, he shouted: "I will play again for it. Not ecarté. One cut of the cards. Ace lowest."

"All right," said the Count.

"Begin, you."

Aristide watched his hand like a cat, as he cut. He cut an eight. Aristide gave a little gasp of joy and cut quickly. He held up a

"Good," said the Count. "But you will short as he saw the Count about to pounce on excuse me, Monsieur, if I claim to play for the documents and the cheque. He made a swift movement and grabbed them first, the other man's hand on his.

"Canaille!"

He dashed his free hand into the adventurer's face. The man staggered back. Aristide pocketed the precious papers. Count scowled at him for an undecided second, and then bolted from the room.

"Whew!" said Aristide, sinking into his chair and wiping his face. "That was a nar-

row escape.'

He looked at his watch. It was only ten o'clock. It had seemed as if his game with Lussigny had lasted for hours. He could not go to bed and stood confronted with anticlimax. After a while he went in search of Eugene Miller, and having found him in solitary meditation on stained glass windows in dim-lit grounds of the Villa, sat down by his side and for the rest of the evening poured his peculiar knowledge of Europe into the listening ear of the young man from Atlanta.

On the following morning, as soon as he was dressed, he learned from the concierge that the Comte de Lussigny had left for Paris

by the early train.

"Good," said Aristide.

A little later Mrs. Errington met him in the lounge and accompanied him to the lawn where they had sat the day before.

"I have no words to thank you, Monsieur Pujol," she said with tears in her eyes. "I have heard how you shamed him at the tables. It was brave of you."

"It was nothing." He shrugged his shoulders as if he were in the habit of doing deeds like that every day of his life. "And your exquisite daughter, Madame?"

"Poor Betty! She is prostrate. She says she will never hold up her head again. Her

heart is broken."

"It is young and will be mended," said Aristide.

She smiled sadly. "It will be a question of time. But she is grateful to you, Monsieur. Pujol. She realizes from what a terrible fate you have saved her." She sighed. There was a brief silence.

"After this," she continued, "a further stay in Aix would be too painful. We have decided to take the Savoy express this evening and get back to our quiet home in Somerset.

"Ah, Madame," said Aristide earnestly. "And shall I not have the pleasure of seeing

the charming Miss Betty again?"

"You will come and stay with us in Sep-Knave and laughed aloud. Then he stopped tember? Let me see. The fifteenth. Why not fix a date? You have my address? No? Will you write it down?" she dictated: "Wrotesly Manor, Burnholme, Somerset. There I'll try to show you how grateful I am."

She extended her hand. He bowed over it and kissed it in his French way and departed

a very happy man.

The Erringtons left that evening. Aristide waylaid them as they were entering the hotel omnibus, with a preposterous bouquet of flowers which he presented to Betty, whose pretty face was hidden by a motor veil. He bowed, laid his hand on his heart and said: "Adieu, mademoiselle."

"No," she said in a low voice, but most graciously, "Au revoir, Monsieur Pujol."

For the next few days Aix seemed to be tame and colorless. In an inexplicable fashion, too, it had become unprofitable. Aristide no longer knew that he was going to win; and he did not win. He lost considerably. So much so that on the morning when he was to draw the cash for the cheque, at the Credit Lyonnais, he had only fifty pounds and some odd silver left. Aristide looking at the remainder rather ruefully made a great resolution. He would gamble no more. Already he was richer than he had ever been in his life. He would leave Aix. Tiens! why should he not go to his good friends the Bocardons at Nimes, bringing with him a gold chain for Bocardon and a pair of earrings for the adorable Zette? Then he would look about him. He would use the thousand pounds as a stepping-stone to legitimate fortune. Then he would visit the Erringtons in England, and if the beautiful Miss Betty smiled on him why, after all, sacre bleu, he was an honest marked "Not known. No account." man, without a feather on his conscience.

So, jauntily swinging his cane, he marched did you get this?" into the office of the Credit Lyonnais, went into the inner room and explained his business.

"Ah, your cheque, Monsieur, that we were to collect. I am sorry. It has come back from the London bankers."

"How come back?"

"It has not been honored. See, Monsieur. 'Not known. No account.'" The cashier pointed to the grim words across the cheque. "Comprends pas," faltered Aristide.

the cheque has no account at this bank.'

Aristide took the cheque and looked at it in a dazed way.

"Then I do not get my twenty-five thousand francs?"

"Evidently not," said the cashier.

did it mean? His thousand pounds could not be lost. It was impossible. There was some mistake. It was an evil dream. heavy weight on the top of his head, he went out of the Credit Lyonnais and mechanically crossed the little street separating the Bank from the café on the Place Carnot. There he sat stupidly and wondered. The waiter hovered in front of him. "Monsieur désire?" Aristide waved him away absently. Yes, it was some mistake. Mrs. Errington in her agitation must have used the wrong cheque book. But even rich English people do not carry about with them a circulating library assortment of cheque books. It was incomprehensible—and meanwhile, his thousand pounds. . . .

The little square blazed before him in the August sunshine. Opposite flashed the white mass of the Etablissement des Bains. There was the old Roman Arch of Titus, gray and venerable. There were the trees of the gardens in riotous greenery. There on the right, marking eleven o'clock on its black face, was the clock of the Comptoir National. It was Aix; familiar Aix; not a land of dreams. And there coming rapidly across from the Comptoir National was the well-knit figure of the young man from Atlanta.

"Nom de Dieu," murmured Aristide. "Nom de Dieu de nom de Dieu!"

Eugene Miller, in a fine frenzy, threw himself into a chair beside Aristide.

"See here. Can you understand this?" He thrust into his hand a pink strip of paper. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds, made payable to Eugene Miller, Esquire, signed by Mary Errington, and

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" cried Aristide. "How

"How did I get it? I cashed it for her the day she went away. She said urgent affairs summoned her from Aix—no time to wire for funds—wanted to pay her hotel bill -and she gave me the address of her old English home in Somerset and invited me to come there in September. Fifteenth of September. Said that you were coming. And now I've got a bum cheque. I guess I can't wander about this country alone. I need "It means that the person who gave you blinkers and harness and a man with a whip."

> He went on indignantly. Aristide composed his face into an expression of parental interest; but within him there was shivering and sickening upheaval. He saw it all, the whole mocking drama. . . .

He, Aristide Pujol, was the most sweetly, Aristide stood for a while stunned. What the most completely swindled man in France.

The Comte de Lussigny, the mild and gentle Mrs. Errington and the beautiful Betty were in league together and had exquisitely plotted. They had conspired, as soon as he had accused the Count of cheating. The rascal must have gone straight to them from Miller's room. No wonder that Lussigny, when insulted at the tables, had sat like a tame rabbit and had sought him in the garden. No wonder he had accepted the accusation of adventurer. No wonder he had refused to play for the cheque which he knew to be valueless. But why, thought Aristide, did he not at once consent to sell the papers on the stipulation that he should be paid in notes? Aristide found an answer, He wanted to get everything for nothing, afraid of the use that Aristide might make of a damning confession, and also relying for success on his manipulation of the cards. Finally he had desired to get hold of a dangerous cheque. In that he had been foiled. But the trio had got away with his thousand pounds, his wonderful thousand pounds. He reflected, still keeping an attentive eye on young Eugene Miller and interjecting a sympathetic word, that after he had paid his hotel bill, he would be as poor on quitting Aix-les-Bains as he was when he entered it. Sic transit. . . . As it was in the beginning with Aristide Pujol, is-now and ever

"But I have my clothes—such clothes as I've never had in my life," thought Aristide. "And a diamond and sapphire tie-pin and a gold watch, and all sorts of other things. Tron de l'air, I'm still rich."

"I don't care a cent for the hundred pounds," the young man went on. factory turns out seven hundred and sixty seven million pairs of boots per annum." (Aristide, not I, is responsible for the statistics.) "But I have a feeling that in this hoary country I'm just a little toddling child. And I hate it. I do, sir. I want a nurse to take me round."

Aristide flashed the lightning of his wit upon the young man from Atlanta, Georgia. happy.

"You do, my dear young friend. I'll be your nurse, at a weekly salary—say a hundred francs-it doesn't matter. We will not quarrel." Eugene Miller was startled. "Yes." said Aristide, with a convincing flourish, "I'll clear robbers and sirens and harpies from your path. I'll show you things in Europe—from Tromsö to Cap Spartivento that you never dreamed of. I'll lead you to every stained-glass window in the world. I know them all."

"I particularly want to see them in the

church of St. Sebald in Nuremberg."

"I know them like my pocket," said Aristide. "I will take you there. We start to-day."

"But, Mr. Pujol," said the somewhat be-wildered Georgian. "I thought you were a man of fortune."

"I am more than a man. I am a soldier. I am a soldier of fortune. The fickle goddess has for the moment deserted me. But I am loyal. I have for all worldly goods, two hundred and fifty dollars, with which I shall honorably pay my hotel bill. I say I am a soldier of fortune. But," he slapped his chest, "I am the only honorable one on the continent of Europe."

The young man fixed upon him the hard blue eyes, not of the enthusiast for stainedglass windows, but of the senior partner in the boot factory of Atlanta, Georgia.

"I believe you," said he. "It's a deal.

Shake."

"And now," said Aristide, after having shaken hands, "come and lunch with me at Nikola's for the last time."

He rose, stretched out both arms in a wide gesture and smiled with his irresistible Ancient Mariner's eyes at the young man.

"We lunch. We eat ambrosia. Then we go out together and see the wonderful world through the glass-blood of saints and martyrs and apostles, and the good Father Abraham and Louis Ouatorze. Viens, mon cher ami. It is the dream of my life."

Practically penniless and absolutely disillusioned, the amazing man was radiantly



UNDERNEATH THE HIGH-CUT VEST

An Emma McChesney Story

By EDNA FERBER

Author of "Dawn O'Hara," "Buttered Side Down"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

TE all carry with us into the onenight-stand country called Sleepland, a practical working nightmare that we use again and again, no matter how varied the theme or setting of our dream-drama. Your surgeon, tossing uneasily on his bed, sees himself cutting to remove an appendix, only to discover that that unpopular portion of his patient's anatomy already bobs in alcoholic glee in a bottle on the top shelf of the laboratory of a more alert professional brother. Your civil engineer constructs imaginary bridges which slump and fall as quickly as they are completed. Your stage favorite, in the throes of a post-lobster nightmare, has a horrid vision of herself "resting" in January. But when he who sells goods on the road groans and tosses in the clutches of a dreadful dream, it is, strangely enough, never of canceled orders, maniacal train schedules, lumpy mattresses, or vilely cooked food. These everyday things he accepts with a philosopher's cheerfulness. No—his nightmare is always a vision of himself, sick on the road, at a country hotel in the middle of a Spring season.

On the third day that she looked with more than ordinary indifference upon hotel and dining-car food, Mrs. Emma McChesney, representing the T. A. Buck Featherloom Petticoat Company, wondered if, perhaps, she did not need a bottle of bitter tonic. On the fifth day she noticed that there were chills chasing up and down her spine, and back and forth from legs to shoulder-blades when other people were wiping their chins and foreheads with bedraggled-looking handkerchiefs, and demanding to know how long this heat was going to last, anyway. On the sixth day she lost all interest in T. A. Buck's Featherloom.

petticoats. And then she knew that something was seriously wrong. On the seventh day, when the blonde and nasal waitress approached her in the dining room of the little hotel at Glen Rock, Minnesota, Emma McChesney's mind somehow failed to grasp the meaning of the all too obvious string of questions which were put to her—questions ending in the inevitable "Tea, coffee 'r milk?" At that juncture Emma McChesney had looked up into the girl's face in a puzzled, uncomprehending way, had passed one hand dazedly over her hot forehead, and replied, with great earnestness:

"Yours of the twelfth at hand and contents noted . . . the greatest little skirt on the market . . . he's going to be a son to be proud of, God bless him . . . want to

leave a call for seven sharp---"

The lank waitress's face took on an added blankness. One of the two traveling men at the same table started to laugh, but the other put out his hand quickly, rose, and said, "Shut up, you blamed fool! Can't you see the lady's sick?" And started in the direction of her chair.

Even then there came into Emma Mc-Chesney's ordinarily well-ordered, alert mind the uncomfortable thought that she was talking nonsense. She made a last effort to order her brain into its usual sane clearness, failed, and saw the coarse white table-cloth rising swiftly and slantingly to meet her head.

forth from legs to shoulder-blades when other people were wiping their chins and foreheads with bedraggled-looking handkerchiefs, and demanding to know how long this heat was going to last, anyway. On the sixth day she lost all interest in T. A. Buck's Featherloom It speaks well for Emma McChesney's balance that when she found herself in bed, two strange women, and one strange man, and an all-too-familiar bell-boy in the room, she did not say, "Where am I? What lost all interest in T. A. Buck's Featherloom



"SHUT UP YOU BLAMED FOOL—CAN'T

the amazingly and unbelievably handsome young man bending over her with a stethoscope was a doctor; that the plump, bleached blonde in the white shirtwaist was the hotel housekeeper; that the lank ditto was a waitress; and that the expression on the face of each was that of apprehension, tinged with a pleasurable excitement. So she sat up, dislodging the stethoscope, and ignor-

ing the purpose of the thermometer which had reposed under her tongue.

"Look here!" she said, addressing the doctor in a high, queer voice. "I can't be sick, young man. Haven't time. Not just now. Put it off until August and I'll be as sick as you like. Why, man, this is the middle of June, and I'm due in Minneapolis now."
"Lie down, please," said the handsome

JAMES MONTGOWERY FLAGS

YOU SEE THE LADY'S SICK?"

young doctor, "and don't dare remove this thermometer again until I tell you to. This can't be put off until August. You're sick right now."

Mrs. McChesney shut her lips over the little glass tube, and watched the young doctor's impassive face (it takes them no time to learn that trick) and, woman-wise, jumped to her own conclusion.

"How sick?" she demanded, the thermometer read.

"Oh, it won't be so bad," said the very young doctor, with a professionally cheerful smile.

Emma McChesney sat up in bed with a jerk. "You mean—sick! Not ill, or grippy, or run down, but sick! Trained nurse sick! Hospital sick! Doctor-twice-a-day sick! Table-by-the-bedside-with-bottles-on-it sick!"

"Well-a-" hesitated the doctor, and then took shelter behind a bristling hedge of Latin phrases. Emma McChesney hurdled

it at a leap.

"Never mind," she said. "I know." She looked at the faces of those four strangers. Sympathy—real, human sympathy—was uppermost in each. She smiled a faint and friendly little smile at the group. And at that the housekeeper began tucking in the covers at the foot of the bed, and the lank waitress walked to the window and pulled down the shade, and the bell-boy muttered something about ice-water. The doctor hair?" patted her wrist lightly and reassuringly.

"You're all awfully good," said Emma Mc-Chesney, her eyes glowing with something other than fever. "I've something to say. It's just this. If I'm going to be sick I'd precatching. No hospital. Don't ask me why. I don't know. We people on the road are all alike. Wire T. A. Buck, Junior, of the Featherloom Petticoat Company, New York. You'll find plenty of clean nightgowns in the left-hand tray of my trunk, covered with white tissue paper. Get a nurse that doesn't sniffle, or talk about the palace she nursed in last, where they treated her like a queen and waited on her hand and foot. For goodness' sake put my switch where nothing will happen to it, and if I die and they run my picture in the Dry Goods Review under the caption, 'Veteran Traveling Saleswoman Succumbs at Glen Rock,' I'll haunt the editor." She paused a moment.

"Everything will be all right," said the "You'll think housekeeper, soothingly. you're right at home, it'll be so comfortable.

Was there anything else, now?"

"Yes," said Emma McChesney. "The most important of all. My son, Jock Mc-Chesney, is fishing up in the Canadian woods. A telegram may not reach him for three weeks. They're shifting about from camp to camp. Try to get him, but don't scare him too much. You'll find the address under J. in my address book in my handbag. Poor kid. Perhaps it's just as well he doesn't know."

Perhaps it was. At any rate it was true that had the tribe of McChesney been as the leaves of the trees, and had it held a family reunion in Emma McChesney's little hotel bedroom it would have mattered not at all to her. For she was sick-doctor-three-times-aday -trained -nurse -bottles -by -the -bedside-

side on the lumpy hotel pillow, or lying terribly silent and inert against the gray-white of the bed linen. She never quite knew how narrowly she escaped that picture in the Dry Goods Review.

Then one day the fever began to recede. slowly, whence fevers come, and the indefinable air of suspense and repression that lingers about a sick-room at such a crisis began to lift imperceptibly. There came a time when Emma McChesney asked in a weak but sane voice:

"Did Jock come? Did they cut off my

"Not yet, dear," the nurse had answered to the first, "but we'll hear in a day or so, I'm sure." And, "Your lovely hair! Well, not if I know it!" to the second.

The spirit of small-town kindliness took fer to be sick right here, unless it's something Emma McChesney in its arms. The dingy little hotel room glowed with flowers. The story of the sick woman fighting there alone in the terrors of delirium had gone up and down about the town. Housewives with a fine contempt for hotel soups sent broths of chicken and beef. The local members of the U. C. T. sent roses enough to tax every vase and wash-pitcher that the hotel could muster, and asked their wives to call at the hotel and see what they could do. The wives came, obediently, but with suspicion and distrust in their eyes, and remained to pat Emma Mc-Chesney's arm, ask to read aloud to her, and to indulge generally in that process known as "cheering her up." Every traveling man who stopped at the little hotel on his way to Minneapolis added to the heaped-up offerings at Emma McChesney's shrine. Books and magazines assumed the proportions of a library. One could see the hand of T. A. Buck, Junior, in the cases of mineral water, quarts of wine, cunning cordials and tiny bottles of liqueur that stood in convivial rows on the closet shelf and floor. There came letters, too, and telegrams with such phrases as "let nothing be left undone" and "spare no expense" under T. A. Buck, Junior's signature.

So Emma McChesney climbed the long, weary hill of illness and pain, reached the top, panting and almost spent, rested there, and began the easy descent on the other side that led to recovery and strength. But something was lacking. That sunny optimism that had been Emma McChesney's most valuable asset was absent. The blue eyes had lost their brave laughter. A despondent sick, her head, with its bright hair rumpled droop lingered in the corners of the mouth and dry with the fever, tossing from side to that had been such a rare mixture of firmness

Meyers, her keenest competitor, and representative of the Strauss Sans-silk Skirt Company, failed to awaken in her the proper spirit of antagonism. Fat Ed Meyers sent a bunch of violets that devastated the violet beds at the local greenhouse. Emma Mc-Chesney regarded them listlessly when the nurse lifted them out of their tissue wrappings. But the name-card brought a tiny smile to her lips.

"He says he'd like to see you, if you feel able," said Miss Haney, the nurse, when she

came up from dinner.

Emma McChesney thought a minute. "Better tell him it's catching," she said.

"He knows it isn't," returned Miss Haney. "But if you don't want him, why-

"Tell him to come up," interrupted Emma

McChesney, suddenly.

A faint gleam of the old humor lighted up her face when Fat Ed Meyers painfully tiptoed in, brown derby in hand, his red face properly doleful, brown shoes squeaking. His figure loomed mountainous in a light-brown summer suit.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" he began, heavily humorous. "Couldn't you find anything better to do in the middle of the season? Say, on the square, girlie, I'm dead sorry. Hard luck, by gosh! Young T. A. himself went out with a line in your territory, didn't he? I didn't think that guy had it in him, darned if I did."

"It was sweet of you to send all those violets, Mr. Meyers. I hope you're not disappointed that they couldn't have been worked in the form of a pillow, with 'At Rest' done

in white curlycues."

"Mrs. McChesney!" Ed Meyers' round face expressed righteous reproof, pain, and surprise. "You and I may have had a word, now and then, and I will say that you dealt me a couple of low-down tricks on the road, but that's all in the game. I never held it up against you. Say, nobody ever admired you or appreciated you more than I did-

"Look out!" said Emma McChesney. "You're speaking in the past tense. Please

don't. It makes me nervous."

Ed Meyers laughed, uncomfortably, and glanced yearningly toward the door. He seemed at loss to account for something he failed to find in the manner and conversation of Mrs. McChesney.

"Son here with you, I suppose," he asked, cheerily, sure that he was on safe ground at last.

and tenderness. Even the advent of Fat Ed little room became very still. In a panic Ed Mevers looked helplessly from the white face. with its hollow cheeks and closed eyelids to the nurse who sat at the window. That discreet damsel put her finger swiftly to her lips, and shook her head. Ed Meyers rose, hastily, his face a shade redder than usual.

> "Well, I guess b gotta be running along. I'm tickled to death to find you looking so fat and sassy. I got an idea you were just stalling for a rest, that's all. Say, Mrs. Mc-Chesney, there's a swell little dame in the house named Riordon. She's on the road. too. I don't know what her line is, but she's a friendly kid, with a bunch of talk. A woman always likes to have another woman fussin' around when she's sick. I told her about you, and how I'd bet you'd be crazy to get a chance to talk shop and Featherlooms again. I guess you ain't lost your interest in Featherlooms, eh, what?"

> Emma McChesney's face indicated not the faintest knowledge of Featherloom petticoats. Ed Meyers stared, aghast. And as he stared there came a little knock at the door—a series of staccato raps, with feminine knuckles back of them. The nurse went to the door, disapproval on her face. At the turning of the knob there bounced into the room a vision in an Alice-blue suit, plumes to match, pearl earrings, elaborate coiffure of reddish-gold and a complexion that showed an unbelievable trust in the credulity of mankind.

> "How-do, dearie!" exclaimed the vision. "You poor kid, you! I heard you was sick, and I says, 'I'm going up to cheer her up if I have to miss my train out to do it.' Say, I was laid up two years ago in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and believe me, I'll never forget it. I don't know how sick I was, but I don't even want to remember how lonesome I was. I just clung to the chamber-maid like she was my own sister. If your nurse wants to go out for an airing I'll sit with you. Glad to."

> "That's a grand little idea," agreed Ed Meyers. "I told 'em you'd brighten things up. Well, I'll be going. You'll be as good as new in a week, Mrs. McChesney, don't you worry. So long." And he closed the door after himself with apparent relief.

> Miss Haney, the nurse, was already preparing to go out. It was her regular hour for exercise. Mrs. McChesney watched her go

with a sinking heart.

"Now!" said Miss Riordon, comfortably, "we girls can have a real, old-fashioned talk. A nurse isn't human. The one I had in Idaho Emma McChesney closed her eyes. The Falls was strictly prophylactic, and antiseptic, and she certainly could give the swell the cover of the case, rose, and started toward alcohol rubs, but you can't get chummy with a human disinfectant. Your line's skirts, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Land, I've heard an awful lot about you. The boys on the road certainly speak something grand of you. I'm really jealous. Say, I'd love to show you some of my samples for this season. They're just great. I'll just run down the hall to my room---"

She was gone. Emma McChesney shut her eyes, wearily. Her nerves were twitching. Her thoughts were far, far away from samples and sample cases. So he had turned out to be his worthless father's son after all. He must have got some news of her by now. And he ignored it. He was content to amuse himself up there in the Canadian woods, while his mother-

Miss Riordon, flushed, and panting a little, burst into the room again, sample case in hand.

"Lordy, that's heavy! It's a wonder I haven't killed myself before now, wrestling with those blamed things."

Mrs. McChesney sat up on one elbow as Miss Riordon tugged at the sample-case cover. Then she leaned forward, interested in spite of herself at sight of the pile of sheer, white, exquisitely embroidered and lacy garments that lay disclosed as the cover fell back.

"Oh, lingerie! That's an ideal line for a woman. Let's see the yoke in that first nightgown. It's a really wonderful design."

Miss Riordon laughed and shook out the "Nightfolds of the topmost garment. gown!" she said, and laughed again. "Take another look."

"Why, what—" began Emma McChesney. "Shrouds!" announced Miss Riordon com-

"Shrouds!" shrieked Mrs. McChesney, and her elbow gave way. She fell back on the pillow.

"Beautiful, ain't they?" Miss Riordon twirled the white garment in her hand. "They're the very newest thing. You'll notice they're made up slightly hobble, with a French back, and high waist-line in the front. Last season kimono sleeves was all the go, but they're not used this season. This one's-

"Take them away!" screamed Emma Mc-"Take them away! Chesney hysterically. Take them away!" And buried her face in her trembling white hands.

Miss Riordon stared. Then she slammed down at his mother.

the door. But before she reached it, and while the sick woman's sobs were still sounding hysterically the door flew open to admit a tall, slim, miraculously well-dressed young man. The next instant Emma McChesney's lace nightgown was crushed against the top of a correctly high-cut vest, and her tears coursed, unmolested, down the folds of an exquisitely shaded lavender silk necktie.

"Jock!" cried .Emma McChesney; and then, "Oh, my son, my son, my beautiful

boy!" like a woman in a play.

Jock was holding her tight, and patting her shoulder, and pressing his healthy, glowing cheek close to hers that was so gaunt and

"I got seven wires, all at the same time. They'd been chasing me for days, up there in the woods. I thought I'd never get here."

And at that a wonderful thing happened to Emma McChesney. She lifted her face, and showed dimples where lines had been, smiles where tears had coursed, a glow where there had been a gravish pallor. She leaned back a bit to survey this son of hers.

"Ugh! how black you are!" It was the old Emma McChesney that spoke. "You young devil, you're actually growing a mustache! There's something hard in your lefthand vest pocket. If it's your fountain pen you'd better rescue it, because I'm going to

hug you again."

But Jock McChesney was not smiling. He glanced around the stuffy little hotel room. It looked stuffier and drearier than ever in contrast with his radiant youth, his glowing freshness, his outdoor tan, his immaculate attire. He looked at the astonished Miss Riordon. At his gaze that lady muttered something, and fled, sample case banging at her knees. At the look in his eyes his mother hastened, woman-wise, to reassure him.

"It wasn't so bad, Jock. Now that you're here, it's all right. Jock, I didn't realize just what you meant to me until you didn't come.

I didn't realize--"

Jock sat down at the edge of the bed, and slid one arm under his mother's head. There was a grim line about his mouth.

"And I've been fishing," he said. "I've been sprawling under a tree in front of a darned fool stream and wondering whether to fry 'em for lunch now, or to put my hat over my eyes and fall asleep."

His mother reached up and patted his shoulder. But the line around Jock's jaw did not soften. He turned his head to gaze

At his gaze that lady fled, sample cases banging at her knees

"Two of those telegrams, and one letter, were from T. A. Buck, Junior," he said. "He met me at Detroit. I never thought I'd stand from a total stranger what I stood from him."

"Why, what do you mean?" Alarm, dis-

may, astonishment were in her eyes.

"He said things. And he meant 'em. He showed me, in a perfectly well-bred, cleancut, and most convincing way just what a miserable, selfish, low-down, worthless young hound I am."

"He --dared!---

"You bet he dared. And then some. And I hadn't an argument to come back with. I don't know just where he got all his information from, but it was straight."

He got up, strode to the window, and came back to the bed. Both hands thrust deep in his pockets, he announced his life plans,

thus:

"I'm eighteen years old. And I look twenty-three, and act twenty-five -when I'm with twenty-five-year-olds. I've been as much help and comfort to you as a pet alligator. You've always said that I was to go to college, and I've sort of trained myself to believe I was. Well, I'm not. I want to get

to jump in now. This minute. I've started out to be a first-class slob, with you keeping me in pocket money, and clothes, and the Lord knows what all. Why, I——"

"Jock McChesney," said that young man's bewildered mother, "just what did T. A.

Buck, Junior, say to you anyway?"

"Plenty. Enough to make me see things. I used to think that I wanted to get into one of the professions. Professions! You talk about the romance of a civil engineer's life! Why, to be a successful business man these days you've got to be a buccaneer, and a diplomat, and a detective, and a clairvoyant, and an expert mathematician, and a wizard. Business—just plain everyday business—is the gamiest, chanciest, most thrilling line there is to-day, and I'm for it. Let the other guy hang out his shingle and wait for 'em. I'm going out and get mine."

"Any particular line, or just planning to corner the business market generally?" came a cool, not too amused voice from the bed.

"Advertising," replied Jock "Magazine advertising, to start with. I met a fellow up in the woods—named O'Rourke. He was a star football man at Yale. He's bucking the advertising line now for the into business, with a capital B. And I want Mastodon Magazine. He's crazy about it, to get into it now—not four years from now.'

He stopped abruptly. Emma McChesnev regarded him, eves glowing. Then she gave a happy little laugh, reached for her kimono at the foot of the bed, and prepared to kick off the bedclothes.

"Just run into the hall a second, son," she

announced. "I'm going to get up."

"Up! No you're not!" shouted Jock, making a rush at her. Then, in the exuberance of his splendid young strength, he picked her up, swathed snugly in a roll of sheeting and light blanket, carried her to the big chair by the window, and seated himself, with his surprised and laughing mother in his arms.

But Mrs. McChesney was serious again in a moment. She lay with her head against her boy's breast for a while. Then she spoke

what was in her sane, far-seeing mind.

"Jock, if I've ever wished you were a girl, I take it all back now. I'd rather have heard what you just said than any piece of unbelievable good fortune in the world. bless you for it, dear. But, Jock, you're going to college. No-wait a minute. You'll have a chance to prove the things you just said by getting through in three years instead of the usual four. If you're in earnest you can do it. I want my boy to start into this business war equipped with every means of defense. You called it a game. It's more than that it's a battle. Compared to the successful business man of to-day the Revolutionary Minute Men were as keen and alert as the Seven Sleepers. I know that there are more non-college men driving street-cars than there are college men. But that doesn't influence me. You could get a job now. Not much of a position, perhaps, but something self-respecting and fairly well-paying. It would teach you many things. You might get a knowledge of human nature that no college could give you. But there's something - poise - self-confidence - assurance—that nothing but college can give you. You will find yourself in those three years.

and says it's the greatest game ever. I want After you finish college you'll have difficulty in fitting into your proper niche, perhaps, and you'll want to curse the day on which you heeded my advice. It'll look as though you had simply wasted those three precious years. But in five or six years after, when your character has jelled, and you've hit your pace, you'll bless me for it. As for a knowledge of humanity, and of business tricks—well, your mother is fairly familiar with the busy marts of trade. If you want to learn folks you can spend your summers selling Featherlooms with me."

"But, mother, you don't understand just

why-

"Yes, dear 'un, I do. After all, remember you're only eighteen. You'll probably spend part of your time rushing around at class proms with a red ribbon in your coat lapel to show you're on the floor committee. And you'll be girl-fussing, too. But you'd be attracted to girls, in or out of college, and I'd rather, just now, that it would be some pretty, nice-thinking college girl in a white sweater and a blue serge skirt, whose worst thought was wondering if you could be cajoled into taking her to the Freshman-Sophomore basketball game, than some redlipped, black-jet-earringed siren gazing at you across the table in some basement café. And, goodness knows, Jock, you wear your clothes so beautifully that even the haberdashers' salesmen eye you with respect. I've seen 'em. That's one course you needn't take at college."

Jock sat silent, his face grave with thought. "But when I'm earning money—real money —it's off the road for you," he said, at last. "I don't want this to sound like a scene from

East Lynne, but mother——"

"Um-m-m-ye-ee-es," assented Emma McChesney, with no alarming enthusiasm. "Jock dear, carry me back to bed again, will you? And then open the closet door and pull out that big sample case to the side of my The newest Fall Featherlooms are in it, and somehow, I've just a whimsy notion that I'd like to look 'em over."

AMBE MININGS ATTACK





FANS

Motto: May the best team win; But ours is the best

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN OEYEN

OW! Wow!! Great eye, Eddie! Make him put it across! Bust a fence! You can do it! Wow! Wow!! Wow!!! ROBBER! All right. Tough luck, Eddie. Two and two. Make her be over. Home run, Eddie, old scout. Break the gate. Wow! Wow!! Wo---."

The red-faced, apoplectic young man in the front row made a trumpet of his hands and yelled until the veins in his neck turned purple. In the middle of the final "Wow" he collapsed, looked disgusted and turning to

"What do they keep that hunk of cheese for? He can't hit. Never could. Striking out in a pinch like that!"

The fan, howling encouragement or bawling abuse at the ball players is the spirit of the town. Just how great an influence this spirit exerts upon the playing strength of the team representing the town or city is impossible of calculation, but it is certain that it is part of the national game. He and his fellows exert almost as much influence upon the team as does luck, and this spirit is so inextricably mixed with the element of luck that it is impossible to determine cause and effect. There are cities in which the loyalty of the fans has waned and turned to gibes, and in these cities no player does well. There are crowds that remain loyal in victory and in defeat. These inspire the players to give their best efforts to win. Ball players will tell ball is the most serious pleasure ever inyou that teams invariably play better with vented.

friendly crowds applauding. The fan invariably will respond that he would be loyal provided the club would win games enough to justify loyalty. The players accuse the fans, the fans accuse the players and both are in a measure right. The majority of patrons will "root" when the home team is winning. Any team will play better ball and win oftener if the patrons are loyal. The fan, voicing the spirit of the town, is a power for victory or defeat.

Conditions in different cities comprising the circuits of the major leagues assert a powerful influence over their teams. Players will tell you they would rather play for the Chicago White Sox or for the New York Giants than for any other teams. They will assert that twenty Cobbs could not win a pennant for Cincinnati under conditions which the management is now striving to change. The fanatical loyalty of the White Sox rooter and the Giant patron, the angry abuse of players by the annually disappointed Cincinnati public, the sarcasm and raillery of Washington crowds, trained for years to expect nothing but defeat, have an immense effect upon the players and teams. They make or mar players, and weak men win for one type while brilliant ones fail and lose for the other.

The baseball fan is an unique American species and the most rabid of all enthusiasts. Compared with him the golf fan, the bridge fan, even the bowling fan are mild. Base-

The baseball fan is a unique

American species

Probably the most blindly loyal crowd in the world is that which follows the fortunes of the Chicago American league team, and to one who is disinterested the Chicago situation is acutely funny. The White Sox park is located on the South side of the city; the Cubs' on the west, and the city is divided into two great armed camps. In 1896 when these two teams, winners of the championships in their own leagues, met to contest for the Worlds' championship, it was the loyalty of the South Side crowd beyond doubt that won for the team. That fall the Chicago Tribune's composing room was about equally divided between the followers of the two teams and so bitter was the feeling that the foreman was compelled to separate them and send them to different sides of the building to maintain peace. It was civil war all over Chicago.

It is a magnificent crowd, wonderful in its spirit and in its intense loyalty. There are few things that shake an opponent like the incessant: "Get a hit," "Get a hit," which is the war song of the Sox rooters when they scent victory.

One of the most dramatic displays of loyaity I ever saw 1907 when the and displaced pionship, came season. They high hopes, and Sunday, and a team marched (

seventeen thousand men and women stood silent and uncovered for a moment then

by such loyalty won even during years when it seemed much weaker than its opponents.

I have heard opposing players declare they the grinding "rooting" of the Chicago South Side fans. The only duplicate I know is the rasping, nerve-racking, long Yale yell.

Not all players are frank enough to admit that the rooting has any effect. Indeed it is a common pose to pretend that they do not even hear. But they do. Even among themselves they pretend they do not care; but once in a while they tell their inner feelings.

the fan. I have seen men break and go all to pieces, rave and swear and abuse everyone after suffering a cruel grilling by a crowd.

Walter Wilmot, one of Anson's famous old Chicago players came to a game on the old grounds fifteen years after retiring. looked across toward the left field and said:

"There's some of them out there now I'd like to choke."

Yet the roar of the crowd does not break them as quickly as does some sharp thrust of sarcasm or biting wit from an individual. Perhaps that shaft is only the last straw, but when a player is in a nervous collapse he usually rages at some individual who said something to him. Josh Reilly, one of the merriest, happiest players I ever knew, "blew up" one day and had to be restrained from assaulting three or four thousand men in the bleachers.

"Did you hear what he said?" demanded Reilly as the other players tried to restrain

"What did he say?" inquired someone.

"He said: 'Reilly, you're a disgrace to the Irish," and then he raged again.

> One of the quickest things I ever heard was a remark from a hington fan pset Frank Isan, completely. s bald as a conand usually he lastered tightly shield himself es of crowds.

Inis time ne tried to steal second and made a desperate, diving slide around and

broke into applause that swept the stands. under the baseman only to be called out. It is small wonder that a team backed always. He was so enraged that he ran at the umpire, grasped his arm, argued and raved and finally in sheer anger, jerked off his cap, hurled it onto the ground and jumped upon it. His would rather face anything in the game than bald head glistened in the sunlight and the crowd roared. Then, above the roar came a

"Put on that cap. They pinched Mary Garden here for less than that."

Possibly more trying than any concerted rooting is the incessant nagging to which players on the Polo Grounds, New York, are subjected. The one great bit of rejoicing among the National league players last year They know that half the men who quit the when they saw the wonderful Brush stadium major leagues are driven out by the voice of was that the crowd could not make itself

heard on the field as it did in the old stands. The Polo Grounds crowd is odd. Somehow fans who occupy box seats either are not as rabid as those in the cheaper seats or they are on their good behavior, and a fringe of box seats is an effective shield for players. Strangely enough the crowds on the New York American league park, although quite

as noisy, are much fairer, than the crowds talking: at the Polo Grounds. "Oh.

One would think that visiting players would like to play on grounds where the home team is unpopular through defeat or other causes, but they do not. They rather resent the home crowd abusing the home men. In Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Washington, during most of the season, the crowds are bitterly sarcastic toward the home teams, although the Brooklyn crowds are decent except on Saturdays. St. Louis affords a queer study When the Browns are at of the crowds. home the crowds are ugly and vent their temper upon the players, yet half a dozen blocks away, on the rival park, there assembles a crowd wilder and more frantically in favor of the home team and more unreasoning in partisanship than almost any in the Just where this feeling arises is country. hard to discover. The crowd is violent in temper when the team is winning, worse when it is losing. Perhaps long years of bitter defeat have caused it.

In Boston and Philadelphia, on both major league parks, the home players and visitors are almost upon equal terms, and the spectators applied good plays irrespective of the players. They see baseball under the best conditions, with both teams encouraged and giving their best efforts to the work. Pittsburg is bad because of the gambling that has become almost part of the game in the Smoky City. The temper of the crowd is ugly and the losing element is in evidence no matter

whether the home club wins or loses. Detroit is a loyal, rather violent crowd, tamed now because the fans have learned to endure victory as well as defeat. The crowds were mad with enthusiasm the first year Detroit won and have since tamed down. One of the queer things in that city is the baiting of George Mullin, the veteran pitcher. Mullin is a jolly, quick-witted joker and years ago he began talking back to the bleachers. He was warned that the bleacherites would put him out of the business, but persisted. Every afternoon he would walk down in front of the bleachers and engage in a verbal skirmish with the crowd trying to hold his own at rough repartee with hundreds. He abused the crowd, laughed at them, accused them of "quitting" and enjoyed it. 'If he had taken it seriously the result might have been different, but after a time it became part of the game and now the spectators in the bleachers would not be satisfied if Mullin forgot to start a skirmish. Last summer, going out on a car in Detroit, three young fellows were

"Oh, I've got a peach of a get-back at him to-day," said one and, at the urgent request of the others he drew out a card and read what he was going to say to Mullin if he came near their seats.

These odd little customs of crowds grow up in every city. On the old Kansas City grounds in the early nineties it was the custom for the spectators in the right field bleachers to arise en masse at the start of the seventh inning, climb over the low barrier onto the field and march across the field in solid front to where the umpire stood, surround him and interrogate him as to why he decided a certain play a certain way. No violence was offered the umpire. The regular umpires usually took off their caps, listened attentively and good-naturedly and explained. If the umpire's retort was bright the crowd would give three cheers for him and race back to get the seats they had left, or better ones. One day an umpire, afterward quite famous, was sent to Kansas City to arbitrate a series and it happened he never had heard of the custom. He was umpiring a nearly perfect game and, at the opening of the seventh inning, he was startled at seeing the entire right field crowd advancing. He held his ground until the leaders were past first base, then turned and fled, raced for the high stone wall back of left field, scaled it, climbed the fence and jumped into the race track. Those who tell the story add that he alighted in the track and ran second in a

field of twelve two-year-olds that were turning into the stretch when he was at the fifth furlong pole.

Customs grow and spread. The custom of "stretching" at the start of the seventh inning has become almost universal and almost as much a part of the ceremony as is the tea interval at cricket. There are variations. In some cities the fans stand and vawn widely. "stretching" before resuming their seats. In others everyone takes out a handkerchief and brushes hat and clothes until the flapping of handkerchiefs makes an astonishing amount of commotion. The custom is based on the superstition that seven is lucky. You may prove it by figures, if you so desire, although I believe the cause and effect are reversed. The fact is a larger percentage of baseball games are won and lost in the seventh than in any other inning. I examined 860 scores last winter to study this phenomenon, and discovered that 184—over a fifth, were decided in the seventh inning; an abnormal number. But a further study of the figures convinced me that the superstition is responsible for the "luck" rather than the other way round. For the home team won in 151 out of the 184 games, proving, to my satisfaction at least, that the rooting of the crowd does affect visiting players. It is evident that the custom of rooting wildly for the break to come in the seventh inning has the effect of shaking the nerve and confidence of the opposing teams and from a study of those 184 scores it looked as if the effect was principally upon the pitcher.

It is not the great crowds that attend the crucial games that exert the strongest influence over players. True there is a natural nervousness among all the players when a tremendous throng gathers to see them, as in World's Series games; but the ones that help the home team, or damage it, are the crowd of from six to ten thousand, stirred up by the "regulars" who, day after day and season after season, incite those around them. There are thousands of these regulars, selfappointed claques or cheer masters and some of them feel as if they are doing as much to help the team to victory as if they were out there on the mound pitching. The large crowds usually are the fairest and most sportsmanlike, for in these great gatherings the rabid and partisan fan is lost and his utterances are smothered. These crowds police themselves and the players feel safe and assured of fair play, and, after the first nervousness passes, they play their best.

Without a leader it is just noise and turmoil. but with one recognized leader it can do much. A few years ago a number of Chicago men attempted to carry out a theory that the crowd needed leaders and the result was one of the most dangerous experiments ever attempted. The White Sox Rooters organized, a band of men far above average intelligence, who laid daily plans for inciting crowds and stirring up enthusiasm. The Board of Trade Rooters operated at both Chicago parks. being organized primarily to attack McGraw and the Giants. They wrote and circulated songs, invented ingenious methods of harassing a worthy foe, and to force undeserved victory upon the home teams. The idea spread rapidly. "Rooters' Clubs" were organized in many cities and towns to help the home teams. For a few weeks it looked as if the new movement would seriously endanger the national game. The crowds grew more and more violent. Then, suddenly and without warning almost, the wildest efforts of the cheer masters fell flat-in Chicago at least. The harder the leaders of the Rooters worked the more apathetic the crowds became. It was an interesting phenomenon and I set out to discover the reason. The first bleacherite I met solved the problem:

"Dem guys aint on de square," he said. "Usuns out in de bleachers don't want to rob nobody."

There was the solution. No matter how partisan a baseball fan may become, or how wild in his desire to see the home team win, deep down he wants fair play, and, after a time, he will insist upon it. The rooters' clubs died.

Baseball is the melting pot at a boil, the most democratic sport in the world and, in stand and bleachers all are equal during a hard game. I used to weary of watching games from the press box and go out to the bleachers to mingle with the fans. If you want to get a high idea of the love of fair play that is basic in baseball, sit out there. They'll stand for anything up to manslaughter if it is sportsmanlike, but let any trace of cheating creep in and see how quickly they turn. They know the game, too, those fellows who broil in the sun in the cheap seats, much better than the average grand stand attendant, and they welcome anyone. I was much amused at a game in Boston last summer. The professor of physics at a great university, a man who looked like a street car conductor, a Roman Catholic priest and a woman of A baseball crowd is much like a mob. Puritan-appearance were arguing excitedly

and almost screaming at each other after an exciting play. At Washington the Cabinet, Supreme Court and Senate touch elbows with department clerks and discuss plays with porters and bartenders. Yes, and Presidents and Vice-presidents have stripped to shirt sleeves and drunk pop with the multitudes in the stands.

The disease is virulent and strikes all classes. One of the best fans I know is a waiter in a Chicago restaurant. He is a solemn-looking fellow with the air and carriage of an English butler. One evening I dropped in for dinner in a bad temper. I had been compiling averages and upon returning from the game, I discovered that the mass of figures embracing days of work, had been left in the press box at the park. I told the waiter my hard luck story and he was sympathetic.

"Perhaps mine would serve," he suggested.
Out of curiosity I asked to see his figures.
He went to the kitchen and returned with
the most complete and accurate set of averages of all the major league players I ever saw
—and he had kept them posted up to the
minute.

There are hundreds of these figure fans who keep the most elaborate sets of books, recording everything, diagramming it, and cross-indexing every day. I think they do it to pester poor reporters. I have even received a dozen protesting letters in a day because, perhaps, I made a mistake of a couple of points on someone's batting average.

There are few of the noted fans now, chiefly because the papers seldom mention them. Perhaps they exist. In the old days almost every club had one or two such followers. Probably the best known was "Hi Hi". This was General Dixwell, of Boston, who for many years followed the fortunes of the famous old Boston club. He is wealthy, intellectual and a cultured gentleman who became completely absorbed in baseball. He followed the team wherever it went and became a familiar figure all over the country. He occupied a front seat in the stands, kept a careful score and studied the game with a seriousness that was appalling. He maintained a deep silence during almost all the game but when a really great play was made he emitted two sharp, staccato barks: "Hi! Hi!" and then dropped to silence again. His war cry gave him his name. He quit attending baseball games years ago, but still continues his deep interest in the sport, and in his apartments he keeps a wonderful set of books showing the averages and performances of players for many baseball generations.

"Well, Well," was another character who was named because of his cry, which followed just after a big outburst of applause on the part of the crowd. The moment the applause subsided his "Well, well, well," would boom over the field and never failed to start the cheering again. There is a Chicago lawyer who for years occupied the same seat back of third base and who almost drove some of the players to despair by his incessant scathing remarks.

St. Louis, in the days of Chris von der Ahe had a character, a German, who was one of the pests of baseball. The stand in those days was separated from the playing field by a race track and an iron picket fence. By the second inning the German fan usually had climbed out of the stand into the track and by the third he was holding to the pickets with both hands, his neck thrust between them, howling at the umpire or players, usually the umpire. One day Clements was catching and Tim Hurst, the inimitable, was umpiring. The German fan had grown unbearable. Finally Hurst said to Clements:

"Jim, I have a nice new ball in me pocket. Tell me whin he isn't looking."

Clements glanced back and said: "He isn't looking now, Tim."

"If I had hit him," said Tim later, "I would have kilt him. As it was I drove wan of thim iron spikes into his neck."

Cincinnati probably has developed more of the "wild-eyed" variety of fan than any other town, but the characters are unlike those of Boston, for instance. The conditions down there made for that kind of fanatic. The bar was under the stand, and that part of the structure was shut off from the field only by a low wire barrier. The rabid ones gathered there, beer mugs in hand and occasionally a shower of glasses enlivened proceedings.

The Cincinnati situation shows plainly the change that has come to pass in the last dozen years, a change that has been compelled by the fans themselves. A dozen years ago the bar was deemed a necessary adjunct at the majority of parks, and the combined intoxication of drink and excitement aggravated the troubles of the players and umpires. With the drying up of these springs of trouble a rapid change in the character of the crowds came to pass. The regulars became fairer, and the better element, which had been driven away through the bar influence, came in larger numbers.

The fans still are an immense power but their force is waning. They still can make or break a ball club. In time, however, the real "fan," the fair, sport-loving follower of the views as most of them are they are very game, will outnumber the violent partisan for the simple reason that the more the fans study the game, the clearer they must see that the fairer they are, and the more liberal their encouragement of both teams, the more likely they are to see a brilliant, hard-fought game. And that is what they want.

that the men they are addressing have the capacity to feel and to suffer. Many a thoughtless, barbed jest has wrecked the career of some ball player. It took the players a long time to discover the fact that their popularity and their safety from abuse lies in presenting a good-naturedappearance, no matter what happens, and in answering questions when possible.

If you go through league after league, team by team, you will find that the most popular player, in nine cases out of ten, is some outfielder. He probably is not the best player, but he has the most devoted following, because he keeps on friendly

him. In fact, almost every outfielder has Leave it to him." his own regular patrons, who attend games and seek seats as near to him as possible, and who defend him against all comers. To them he is the best in the world, a "Greater than Cobb," nor do they forget him; the player who finally displaces an idol has a hard time. I have known them to follow a player around the field when he was shifted from one to another position and to battle for him with the retainers of the other fielder who dared criticize him.

Biased, prejudiced and distorted in their human and very lovable in their blind devotion to the game and in their unreasoning hatred. And a word of warning: try to argue with a real, dyed-in-the-wool, thirty-second-degree fan. In the first place the chances are he is right, but even if he is wrong there isn't a chance to win The average crowd is cruel, because it is the argument. Years ago I climbed onto a thoughtless. Few of the fans who hurl abuse street car returning from a game and as and criticism at the players stop to think the car passed the bleacher entrance a red-



faced, perspiring man, still apoplectic from howling and exhorting the team, crowded into the seat and without a moment of hesitancy demanded to know what I thought of a certain play. I replied as best I could and he flew into a passion and after telling me in detail what he thought of my opinion, and expressing his belief that I didn't know anything, he dragged forth a roll of bills and wanted to bet he was right. I make it a point never to wager anything on baseball, but I thought to teach him a lesson and accepted his offer inquiring: "Who will we leave the decision to?"

"To Fullerton," he declared. "He knows

terms with the men and boys who sit behind more than any of the others and he was there.

Instead of replying I drew out a card and handed it to him. For a moment I thought I had won the argument. Then he sneered:

"So you're Fullerton, are you? Say. I always thought you knew something about baseball. This finishes me, you're the rottenest I ever heard. You're getting money under false pretenses. Why don't you go out on the lots and learn the game?"

So what's the use?

WOMAN

and Her Raiment

By IDA M. TARBELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

incering is that bidding them pursuit. beautiful. comes out, as does doll. Nature is tell-

"In many cases it becomes the business of her life"

work in the world is to be. It stays with her to the end, its flame often flickering long after her arms have ceased their desire to cradle a child. Scorn it, ridicule it, deny it, it is a way to advertise our equality! nature's will, and as such must be obeyed, and in the obeying should be honored.

women from strings of shells to modern clothes, like every other human instinct, has its distortions. It is in the failure to see the relative importance of things, to keep the proportions, that human beings lose control of their endowment. Give an instinct an inch, and it invariably takes its ell! The instinct for clothes, from which we have learned so much in our climb from savagery, has more than once had the upper hand of us. dangerous to the prosperity and the seriousness of people has its tyranny been, that laws have again and again been passed to check it; punishments have been devised to frighten off men from indulging it; whole classes have been put into dull and formless costumes to crucify it.

Man gradually and in the main has conquered his passion for ornament. To-day, in the leading nations of the world, he clothes rather than arrays himself. Woman has not harnessed the instinct. She still allows it to drive her and often to her own grave prejudice. Even in a Democracy like our own, woman has not been able to master

NE of the this problem of clothes. In fact, Democracy most dom- has complicated the problem seriously.

Under the old régime costumes had been impulses worked out for the various classes. They in men and women were adapted both to the purse and to the They were fitting—that is, silk to make themselves was not worn in huts or homespun in palaces; In the slippers were for carriages and sabots for normal girl-child it streets. The garments of a class were founded on good sound principles on the whole-but her craving for a they marked class. Democracy destroyed class. The proscribed costume went into the pot with proscribed positions. Under De-mocracy we can cook in silk petticoats and go to the White House in a cap and apron, if we will. And we often will, that being

Class costumes destroyed, the principles back of them, that is, fitness, adapta-But this instinct, which has led men and tion, propriety, responsibility were forgotten. The old instinct for ornament broke loose. Its tyranny was strengthened by the eternal desire of the individual to prove himself superior to his fellows. Wealth is the generally accepted standard of measurement of value in this country to-day and there is no way in which the average man can show wealth so clearly as in encouraging his women folk to array themselves. Thus we have the anomaly in a Democracy of a primitive instinct let loose, and the adoption of discarded aristocratic devices for proving you are better than your neighbor, at least in the one revered particular of having more money to spend!

> The complication of the woman's life by this domination of clothes is extremely serious. In many cases it becomes not one of the sides of her business but the business of her life. Such undue proportion has the matter taken in the American Woman's life under Democracy that one is sometimes inclined to wonder if it is not the real "woman question." Certainly in numbers of cases it is the rock upon which a family's happiness splits. The point

is not at all that women should not occupy themselves seriously with dress, that they should not look on it as an art, as legitimate as any other. The difficulty comes in not mastering the art, in the entirely disproportionate amount of attention which is given to the subject, in the disregard of sound principles.

The economic side of the matter presses hard on the whole country. It is not too much to say that the chief economic concern of a great body of women is how to get money to dress, not as they should, but as they want to. It is to get money for clothes that drives many, though of course not the majority, of girls into shops, factories and offices. It is because they are using all they earn on themselves that they are able to make the brave showing that they do. Many a girl is misjudged by the well-meaning observer or investigator because of this fact—"She could never dress like that on \$6, \$8, or \$15 a week and support herself," they tell you. She does not support herself. She works for clothes and clothes alone. Moreover the girl who has the pluck to do hard regular work that she may dress better has interest enough to work at night to make her earnings go farther. No one who has been thrown much with office girls but knows case after case of girls who with the aid of some older member of the family cut and make their gowns, plan and trim their hats. Moreover, this relieving the family budget of dressing the girl is a boon to fathers and mothers.

It is hard on industry, however, for the wage-earner who can afford to take \$6 or \$8, helps pull down the wages of other thousands who support not only themselves but others.

Moreover, to put in one's days in hard labor simply to dress well, for that is the amount of it, is demoralizing. It is this emphasis in the matter which impels a reckless girl sometimes, to sell herself for money to buy clothes. "I wanted the money," I heard a girl arrested for her first street soliciting, tell the judge. "Had you no home?" "Yes." "A good home?" "Yes." "For what did you want money?" "Clothes."

"Gee, but I felt as if I would give anything for one of them willow plumes," a pretty sixteen-year-old girl told the police matron who had rescued her after leaving home with a man, because he promised her silk gowns and hats with feathers.

This ugly preoccupation with dress does not begin with the bottom of society. It exists there because it exists at the top and filters down. In each successive layer there are women to whom dress is as much of a vice women of even great wealth buy so lavishly. Yet good round sums even if they are small in comparison are spent by many women in their European outings. They will bring from six to twelve gowns which will average

as it was for the poor little girls I quote above. It is a vice curiously parallel to that of gambling among men. Women of great wealth not infrequently spend princely allowances and then run accounts which come into the courts by their inability or unwillingness to pay them. It is curious comment on women in a Democracy that it should be possible to mention them in the same breath with Josephine, Empress of the French. Napoleon at the beginning of the Empire allowed Josephine \$72,000 a year for her toilet, later he made it \$90,000. But there was never a year she did not far outstrip the allowance. Masson declares that on an average she spent \$220,000 a year and the itemized accounts of articles in her wardrobe give authority for the amount.

Josephine's case is of course exceptional in history. She was an untrained woman, generous and pleasure-loving, utterly without a sense of responsibility. She had all the instincts and habits of a demi-mondaine, moreover she had been thrust into a position where she was expected to live up to great traditions of magnificence. Her passion for ornament had every temptation and excuse, for it was constantly excited by the hoards of greedy tradesmen and of no less greedy ladies-inwaiting who hung about her urging her to buy and give. It is hard to believe that Josephine's case could be even remotely suggested in our Democracy; yet one woman in American society bought last summer in Europe a half-dozen night gowns for which she paid a thousand dollars apiece. There are women who will start on a journey with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pairs of shoes. There are others who bring back from Europe forty or fifty new gowns for a season! What can one think of a bill of \$500 for stockings in one season, of \$20,000 for a season's gowns, coats and hats from one shop and as much more in the aggregate for the same articles in the same period from other shops; this showing was made in a recent divorce suit.

What can one think of duties of over \$30,000 paid on personal articles by one woman who yearly brings back similar quantities of jewelery and clothes. This \$30,000 in duty meant an expenditure of probably about \$100,000. It included over \$1200 for hats, over \$3,000 for corsets and lingerie. This was undoubtedly exceptional; that is, few women of even great wealth buy so lavishly. Yet good round sums even if they are small in comparison are spent by many women in their European outings. They will bring from six to twelve gowns which will average

"They are bravely ornamented but never properly clothed"

at least \$150 apiece, and an occasional woman will have a half-dozen averaging from \$450 to \$500 apiece. One might say that eight to twelve hats costing \$25 to \$50 apiece, was a fair average, though \$800 to \$1200 worth is not so rare as to cause a panic at the customs house.

The comparative amounts which men and women spend affords an interesting comment on the relative importance which men and women attach to clothes. In one case of which I happen to know Mr. A. brought in \$840 worth of wearing apparel: Mrs. A. nearly \$10,000 worth, of which \$7,000 was for gowns. A man may have eight to ten suits of pajamas which cost him \$10.00 apiece, a dozen or two waistcoats, a dozen or two shirts, a few dozen handkerchiefs and gloves, a dozen or so ties, eight or ten suits of clothes, but from \$500 to \$1,000 will cover his wardrobe; his wife will often spend as much for hats alone as he does for an entire outfit!

The difficulty in these great expenditures is that they set a pace. To many women of wealth they are no doubt revolting. They recognize that there are only two classes of women who can justify them—the actress and the demi-mondaine. Yet insensibly many of these women yield to the pressure or temptation. The influence is subtile, often unconscious, and for this reason spreads the more widely. Women all over the country find that the pressure is to spend more for clothes each year. The standard

changes. Occasions multiply. Fantasies entice. Before she knows it her clothes are costing her a disproportionate summore than she can afford if her budget is kept balanced.

This does not apply to one class, it creeps steadily down to the very poor. Investigators of small household budgets lay it down as a rule that as the income increases the percentage spent for clothing increases more rapidly than for any other item. It is true in the professional classes and especially burdensome there; for the income is unusually small but the social demand great

small but the social demand great.

There are certain industrial and ethical results from this preoccupation with clothes which should not be overlooked, particularly the indifference to quality which it has engendered. The very heart of the question of clothes of the American woman is imitation. That is, we are not engaged in an effort to work out individuality. We are not engaged in an effort to find costumes which by their expression of the taste and the spirit of this people can be fixed upon as appropriate American costumes, something of our own. From top to bottom we are copying. The woman of wealth goes to Paris and Vienna for the real masterpieces in a season's wardrobe. The great dressmakers and milliners go to the same cities for their models. Those who cannot go abroad to seek inspiration and ideas copy those who have gone or the fashion plates they import. The French or Viennese

"Fashion's open attempt to make the walking suit useless . . . has in the main failed"

to 23rd St., from 23rd St. to 14th St., from 14th St. to Grand and Canal. Each move sees it reproduced in materials a little less elegant and durable, its colors a trifle vulgarized, its ornaments cheapened, its laces poorer. By the time it reaches Houston St. the \$400 gown in brocaded velvet from the best looms in Europe has become a cotton velvet from Lawrence or Fall River, decorated with mercerized lace and glass ornaments from Rhode Island! A travesty—and yet a recognizable travesty. The East Side hovers over it as Fifth Avenue has done over the original. The very shop window, where it is displayed, is dressed and painted and lighted in imitation of the uptown shop. The same process goes on inland. This same gown will travel its downward path from New York westward, until the Grand St. creation arrives in some cheap and gay mining or factory town. From start to finish it is imitation, and on this imitation vast industries are built!—imitations of silk, of velvet, of lace, of jewels.

These imitations, cheap as they are, are a far greater extravagance, for their buyers, than the original model was for its buyer, for the latter came from that class where money does not count—while the former is of a class where every penny counts. The pity of it is that the young girls, who put all that they earn into elaborate lingerie at seventy-nine cents a set (the original model the victim's personal budget is clear—the

mode, started on upper Fifth Avenue, spreads probably sold at \$50.00 or \$100.00) into openwork hose at twenty-five cents a pair (the original \$10.00 a pair), into willow plumes at \$1.19 (the original sold at \$50.00), never have a durable or suitable garment. bravely ornamented, but never properly clothed. Moreover, they are brave but for a day. Their purchases have no goodness in them, they tear, grow rusty, fall to pieces with the first few wearings, and the poor little victims are shabby and bedraggled often before they have paid for their belongings, for many of these things are bought on the installment plan, particularly hats and gowns. Under these circumstances, it is little wonder that one hears, often and often among their class, the bitter cry, "Gee, but it's hell to be poor!"—that one finds so often assigned by a girl as the cause of her downfall, the natural reason-"Wanted to dress like other girls"-"Wanted pretty clothes."

> This habit of buying poor imitations does not end in the girl's life with her clothes. When she marries she carries it into her home. Decorations, not furnishings, is the keynote of all she touches. It is she who is the best patron of the elaborate and monstrous cheap furniture, rugs, draperies, crockery, bric-abrac, which fill the shops of the cheaper quarters of the great cities, and usually all quarters of the newer inland towns.

> Has all this no relation to national prosperity—to the cost of living? The effect on

ie tyranny dress exers over women in this erican Democracy is old enough theme"

effect it has on the family budget, which it fitness, and quality strong, sure and good dominates, is clear. In both cases nothing of permanent value is acquired. The good linen undergarments, the "all wool" gown, the broadcloth cape or coat, those standard garments which the thrifty once acquired and cherished, only awaken the mirth of the pretty little spendthrift on \$8.00 a week. Solid pieces of furniture such as often dignify even the huts of European peasants and are passed down from mother to daughter for generations—are objects of contempt by the younger generation here. Even the daughters of good old New England farmers are found to-day glad to exchange mahogany for quartered oak and English pewter for pressed glass and stamped crockery. True, another generation may come in and buy it all back at fabulous prices, but the waste of it!

This production of shoddy cloth, cotton laces, cheap furniture, what is it but waste! Waste of labor and material! Time and money and strength which might have been turned to producing things of permanent values, have been spent in things which have no goodness in them, things which because of their lack of integrity and soundness must be forever duplicated, instead of freeing industry to go ahead producing other good and permanent things.

What it all amounts to is that the instinct for ornament has gotten the upper hand of

enough effectually to impose themselves. There is no national taste in dress; there is only admirable skill in adapting fashions made in other countries. There is no national sense of restraint and proportion. It is pretty generally agreed that getting all you can is entirely justifiable. There is no national sense of quality; even the rich to-day in this country, wear imitation laces. The effect of all this is a bewildering restlessness in costume—a sheep-like willingness to follow to the extreme the grotesque and the fantastic. The very general adoption of the ugly and meaningless fashions of the last few years—peach-basket hats—hobble-skirts ---slippers for the street -is a case in point. From every side this is bad-defeating its own purpose—corrupting national taste and wasting national substance.

Moreover, the false standard it sets up socially is intolerable. It sounds fantastic to say that whole bodies of women place their chief reliance for social advancement on dress, but it is true. They are, or are not, as they are gowned! The worst of this fantasy is not only that it forces too much attention from useful women but that it gives such poise and assurance to the ignorant and useless! If you look like the women of a set, you are as "good" as they, is the democratic standard of many a young woman. If for any reason a great body of American women. We have she is not able to produce this effect, she failed so far to develop standards of taste, shrinks from contact, whatever her talent

ep-like willingnes w to the extrem seque and the fan tastic"

or charm! And she is often not altogether wrong in thinking she will not be welcome if her dress is not that of the circle to which she aspires. Many a woman indifferently gowned has been made to feel her difference from the elegant she found herself among. If she is sure of herself and has a sense of humor, this may be an amusing experience. To many, however, it is an embittering one!

Now these observations are not presented as discoveries! They were true, at least, as far back as the Greeks. In fact, there is nothing in the so-called woman's movement, which in its essence did not exist then. The stream of human aspirations, with its stretches of wisdom and of folly, has flowed steadily through the ages, and on its troubled surface men and women have always struggled together as they are struggling to-day. These little comments simply seem to the writer worth making because for the moment the truths behind them are not getting as much attention as they deserve. Certainly the tyranny dress exercises over the woman in this American Democracy is an old enough theme. Indeed, it has always formed a part of her program of emancipation. Out of her revolt against its absurdities, has come the most definite development in American costume which we have had, and that is the sensible street costume, which in spite of efforts to distort and displace it, a woman still may wear without differentiating herself from her fellows.

The short skirt and jacket, the shirt-waist and stout boots a woman is allowed to-day, are among the many good things which the Woman's Rights movement of the 40's and 50's helped secure for us. When those able leaders made their attack on man, demanding that the world in which he moved be opened to them, they were quick enough to see that if they succeeded in their undertaking they would be hampered by their clothes. They revolted! True, they did not voice this revolt in their historic list of "injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman." They did not say: "He has compelled her to hamper herself with skirts and stays, to decorate her head with rats and puffs, to paint her face with poisonous compounds, to walk the street in footwear which is neither suitable nor comfortable!"

This statement, however, would have had the same quality of truth as several which were included in the "List of Grievances"; the same as the declaration: "He has compelled her to submit to laws in the formation of which she has had no voice or: "He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her."

Dress reformers were admitted to the ranks of the agitators. The initial revolt was thoroughgoing. They discarded the corset, discarded it when it was still improper to speak the word! They cut off their hair, cut it off in a day when every woman owned a

their hair, and adopted bloomers!

was launched and worn. It became the subject of platform oratory and had its organ. Why is it not worn to-day? No woman who has ever masqueraded in man's dress or donned it for climbing will ever forget the freedom of it. Yet the only woman in the Christian world who ever wore it at once naturally and with that touch of coquetry which is necessary to carry it off, as far as this writer's personal observation goes, was Madame Dieulafoy, and Madame Dieulafoy was protected by the French government and an exclusive circle.

Bloomers proved too much for even the courage of dear Miss Anthony. For two years she wore them, and then with tears and lamentations resigned them. In that resignation Miss Anthony paid tribute, unconsciously no doubt, to something deeper than she ever grasped in the woman question. Her valiant soul met its master in her own nature, but she did not recognize it. abandoned her convenient and becoming costume because of prejudice, she said. What other prejudice ever dismayed her! She thrived on fighting them; she met her woman's soul, and did not know it!

But from the experiments and blunders and travail of some of these noble and early militants over the dress question, has come, as I have said, our present useful, and probably permanent type of street suit. In this particular the American woman has achieved a genuine democratization of her clothes. The experience of the last two years fashion's open attempt to make the walking suit useless by tightening the skirts, and bizarre by elaborate decorations, has in the main failed. Here, then, is a standard established, and established on one of the great principles of sensible clothing, and that is fitness. It shows that the true attack on the tyranny and corruption of clothes lies in the establishment of principles.

These principles are briefly:

The fitness of dress depends upon the oc-

The beauty of dress depends upon line and color.

The ethics of dress depends upon quality and the relation of cost to one's means.

In time we may get into the heads of all women, rich and poor, that an open-work stocking and low shoe for winter street-wear, are as unfit as they all concede a trailing skirt to be. In time we may even hope to train

They discarded the corset, cut off the eye until it recognizes the difference between a beautiful and a grotesque form, be-The story of the bloomer is piquant. It tween a flowing and a jagged line. In time we may restore the sense of quality, which our grandmother certainly had, and which almost every European peasant brings with her to this country.

These principles are teachable things. Let her once grasp them and the vagaries of style will become as distasteful as poor drawing does to one whose eye has learned what is correct, as lying is to one who has cultivated the taste for the truth.

Martha Berry tells of an illuminating experience in her school of Southern mountain girls. She had taken great pains to teach them correct standards and principles of dress. She had been careful to see that simplicity and quality and fitness were all that they saw in the dress of their teachers. Then one day they had visitors, fashionable visitors, in hobble-skirts and strange hats and jingling with many orna-They were good and interesting ments. women, and they talked sympathetically and well to the girls. Miss Berry was crushed. "What will the girls think of my teachings?" she asked herself. "They will believe I do not know." But that night one of her assistants said to her, "I have just overheard the girls discussing our visitors. They liked them so much, but they are saying that it is such a pity that they could not have had you to teach them how to dress."

As a method of education instruction in the principles of dress is admirable for a girl. Through it she can be made to grasp the truth which women so generally suspect to-day, that is, the importance of the common and universal things of life; the fact that all these every-day processes are the expressions of the great underlying truths of life. A girl can be taught, too, through this matter of dress, as directly perhaps as through anything that concerns her, the importance of studying human follies! Follies grow out of powerful human instincts, ineradicable ele-They would not ments of human nature. exist if there were not at the bottom of them some impulse of nature, right and beautiful and essential. The folly of woman's dress lies not in her instinct to make herself beautiful, it lies in her ignorance of the principles of beauty, of the intimate and essential connection between utility and beauty. It lies in the pitiful assumption that she can achieve her end by imitation, that she can be the thing she envies if she look like that thing.

The matter of dress is the more important.

475

because bound up with it is a whole grist of social and economic problems. It is part and parcel of the problem of the cost of living, of woman's wages, of wasteful industries, of the social evil itself. It is a woman's most direct weapon against industrial abuses, her all-powerful weapon as a consumer. At the time of the Lawrence strike, Miss Vida Scudder, of Wellesley College, is reported to have said in a talk to a group of women citizens in Lawrence:

"I speak for thousands besides myself when I say that I would rather never again wear a thread of woolen than know my garments had been woven at the cost of such misery as I have seen and known, past the shadow of a doubt, to have existed in this town."

Miss Scudder might have been more emphatic and still have been entirely within the limit of plain obligation, she might have said: "I will never again wear a thread of woolen woven at the cost of such misery as exists in this town." Women will not be doing their duty, as citizens in this country, until they recognize fully the obligations laid upon them by their control of consumption.

The very heart of the question of the dress the thing for which we talk and schemis, then, economic and social. It is one of so proves that our dreams are not vain!

those great every-day matters on which the moral and physical well-being of society rests. One of those matters, which, rightly understood, fill the every-day life with big meanings, show it related to every great movement for the betterment of man.

Like all of the great interests in the Business of Being a Woman, it is primarily an individual problem, and every woman who solves it for herself, that is, arrives at what may be called a sound mode of dress, makes a real contribution to society. There is a tendency to overlook the value of the individual solution of the problems of life, and yet, the successful individual solution is perhaps the most genuine and fundamental contribution a man or woman can make. The end of living is a life—fair, sound, sweet, complete. The vast machinery of life to which we give so much attention, our governments and societies, our politics and wrangling, is nothing in itself. It is only a series of contrivances to insure the chance to grow a life. He who proves that he can conquer his conditions, can adjust himself to the machinery in which he finds himself, he is the most genuine of social servants. He realizes the thing for which we talk and scheme and



MARRIAGE

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards."

—From a Private Letter.

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

Synopsis:—Marjorie Pope breaks her engagement with Will Magnet and elopes with Trafford, a young scientist. Upon their return to London, Marjorie furnishes their house, revealing her mania for spending, and becoming so extravagant as to reduce Trafford's slender capital. All disagreements, however, are swept away by the arrival of their little daughter. Trafford abandons part of his research in order to help out their increasing expenses. Then comes a period of disillusionment, and things become strained between them. So they take a walking trip in Switzerland in order to talk things over and simplify their lives. But all their high thoughts are drowned in the luxurious splendor of a visit to the villa of Lee, Solomonson's brother-in-law. There Marjorie reveals her craving for material beauty and luxury. So Trafford renounces his lofty spirit of research, and carries his chemical secrets into business with Solomonson. He is greatly successful, and he and Marjorie live in splendor; she revels in having a beautiful house and surrounding herself with brilliant people. Trafford all of a sudden finds life empty. He tries in vain to return to his research. The distractions of London will not let him think. He hears that Marjorie is planning new political and social positions for them, and feels an imperative need to go away—to some bleak, cold land—and think. Labrador! At first he plans to go alone, but his mother persuades him that it will be wrong not to take Marjorie. Late at night he breaks it to Marjorie.

VIII

HEN in five minutes' time he came back into her room she was still upon her hearthrug before the fire, with her necklace in her hand, the red reflections of the flames glowing and winking in her jewels and in her eyes. He came and sat again in her chair.

"I have been ranting," he said. "I feel I've been—eloquent. You make me feel like an actor-manager—in a play by Capes. . . . You are the most difficult person for me to talk to in all the world—because you mean so much to me."

She moved impulsively and checked herself and crouched away from him. "I musn't touch your hand," she whispered.

"I want to explain."

"You've got to explain."

"I've got quite a definite plan. . . . But a sort of terror seized me. It was like—shyness."

"I know. I knew you had a plan."

"You see . . . I mean to go to Labrador."
He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands extended, explanatory. He wanted intensely that she should understand and agree, and his desire made him clumsy, now slow and awkward, now glibly

and unsatisfyingly eloquent. But she comprehended his quality better than he knew. They were to go away to Labrador, this snowy desert of which she had scarcely heard, to camp in the very heart of the wilderness, two hundred miles or more from any human habitation.

"But how long?" she asked abruptly.

"The better part of a year."

"And we are to talk?"

"Yes," he said, "talk and think ourselves together—oh!—the old phrases carry it all—find God. . . ."

"It is what I dreamt of, Rag, years ago."

"Will you come," he cried, "out of all this?"

She leaned across the hearthrug and seized and kissed his hand. . . .

Then with one of those swift changes of hers she was in revolt. "But Rag," she exclaimed, "this is dreaming. We are not free. There are the children! Rag! We cannot leave the children!"

"We can," he said. "We must."

"But my dear-our duty!"

"Is it a mother's duty always to keep with her children? They will be looked after, their lives are organized, there is my mother close at hand. . . . What is the good of having children at all—unless their world is to be better than our world? . . . What are we doing to save them from the same pathos as this—to which we have come? give them food and health and pictures and lessons, that's all very well while they are just little children; but we've got no religion to give them, no aim, no sense of a general purpose. What is the good of bread and health—and no worship? . . . What can we say to them when they ask us why we brought them into the world? We happened -you happened. What are we to tell them when they demand the purpose of all this training, all these lessons? When they ask what we are preparing them for? Just that you too may have children! Is that any answer? Marjorie, it's common sense to try this over—to make this last supreme effort just as it will be common sense to separate if we can't get the puzzle solved together."

"Separate!"

"Separate. Why not? We can afford it. Of course, we shall separate."

"But Rag—separate!"

He faced her protest squarely. "Life is not worth living," he said, "unless it has more to hold it together than ours has now. If we cannot escape together, then—I will go alone."...

IX

They parted that night resolved to go to Labrador together, with the broad outline of their subsequent journey already drawn. Each lay awake far into the small hours thinking of this purpose and of each other with a strange sense of renewed association. Each woke to a morning of sunshine heavyeyed. Each found that overnight decision remote and incredible. It was like something in a book or a play that had moved them very deeply. They came down to breakfast, and helped themselves after the wonted fashion of several years. Trafford had two notes in his correspondence which threw a new light upon the reconstruction of the Norton-Batsford company in which he was interested; he formed a definite conclusion upon the situation and went quite normally to his study and the telephone to act upon that.

Then with the Norton-Batsford business settled, he sat at his desk and mused. His

apathy passed.

But his sense of futility and hopeless oppression had vanished. He walked along the corridor and down the great staircase.

He found himself jostling through the shopping crowd on the sunny side of Regent Street. He felt now that he looked over these swarming preoccupied heads at distant things. He and Marjorie were going out of it all, going clean out of it all. They were going to escape from society and shopping and petty engagements and incessant triviality—as a bird flies up out of weeds.

X

But Marjorie fluctuated more than he did. There were times when the expedition for which he was now preparing rapidly and methodically seemed to her the most adventurously beautiful thing that had ever come to her, and times when it seemed the maddest and most hopeless of eccentricities. There were times when she had devastating premonitions of filth, hunger, strain and fatigue, damp and cold, when her whole being recoiled from the project, when she could even think of staying secure in London and letting him go alone. She developed complicated anxieties for the children; she found reasons for further inquiries, for delay. "Why not," she suggested, "wait a year?"

"No," he said, "I won't. I mean we are

to do this, and do it now."

"This is something final," she said.

"It is final."

through her head, as she sat crouched together looking up at his rather gaunt, very intent face, the speech of another woman echoing to her across a vast space of years: "Whither thou goest I will go-"

"In Labrador," he said. . . .

CHAPTER THE THIRD—THE PIL-GRIMAGE TO LONELY HUT

Ι

MARJORIE was surprised to find how easy it was at last to part from her children and

go with Trafford.

"I am not sorry," she said, "not a bit sorry—but I am fearfully afraid. I shall dream they are ill. . . . Apart from that it's strange how you grip me—and they don't. "

In the train to Liverpool she watched Trafford with the queer feeling which comes to all husbands and wives at times that that other partner is indeed an undiscovered stranger, just beginning to show perplexing traits,—

full of inconceivable possibilities.

For some reason his tearing her up by the roots in this fashion had fascinated her imagination. She felt a strange new wonder at him that had in it just a pleasant flavor of fear. All her feelings struck her now as being incorrect as well as unexpected; not only had life become suddenly full of novelty but she was producing novel responses. She felt that she ought to be resentful for herself and tragically sorry for her home and children. She felt this departure ought to have the quality of an immense sacrifice, a desperate and heroic undertaking for Trafford's sake. Instead she could detect little beyond an adventurous exhilaration when presently she walked the deck of the steamer that was to take her to St. John's. She had visited her cabin, seen her luggage stowed away, and now she surveyed the Mersey and its shipping with a renewed freshness of outlook. She was reminded of the day, now nearly nine years ago, when she had crossed the sea for the first time—to Italy. Then too Trafford had seemed a being of infinitely wonderful possibilities. . . . What were the children doing?—that ought to have been her preoccupation. She didn't know; she didn't care! Trafford came and stood beside her. pointed out this and that upon the landing stage, no longer heavily sullen, but alert, interested, almost gay. . . .

Marjorie had never had a long sea voyage

She found an old familiar phrasing running before; for the first time in her life she saw all the world, through a succession of days, as a circle of endless blue waters, with the stars and planets and sun and moon rising sharply from its rim. Until one has had a voyage no one really understands that old Earth is a watery globe. . . . They ran into thirty hours of storm, which subsided, and then came a slow time among icebergs, and a hooting dreary passage through fog. The first three icebergs were marvels, the rest bores; a passing collier out of its course and pitching heavily, a lonely black and dirty ship with a manner almost derelict, filled their thoughts for half a day. Their minds were in a state of tedious inactivity, eager for such small interests and only capable of such small interests. There was no hurry to talk, they agreed, no hurry at all, until they were settled away ahead there among the snows. "There we shall have plenty of time for everything."

They were going, Trafford said, in search of God, but it was far more like two children

starting out upon a holiday.

There was trouble and procrastination about the Indian half-breed guides that Trafford had arranged should meet them at St. John's, and it was three weeks from their reaching Newfoundland before they got themselves and their guides and equipment and general stores aboard the boat for Port Dupre. Thence he had planned they should go in the Gibson schooner to Manivikovik. the Marconi station at the mouth of the Green River, and thence past the new pulp mills up river to the wilderness. There were delays and a few trivial, troublesome complications in carrying out this scheme, but at last a day came when Trafford could wave good-by to the seven people and eleven dogs which constituted the population of Peter Hammond's, that last rude outpost of civilization twenty miles above the pulp mill, and turn his face in good earnest toward the wilderness.

Neither he nor Marjorie looked back at the headland for a last glimpse of the little settlement they were leaving. Each stared ahead over the broad smooth sweep of water, broken by one transverse bar of foaming shallows, and scanned the low tree-clad hills beyond that drew together at last in the distant gorge out of which the river came. morning was warm and full of the promise of a hot noon, so that the veils they wore against the assaults of sand flies and mosquitoes were already a little inconvenient. It seemed incredible in this morning glow that the wooded slopes along the shore of the lake were the border of a land in which nearly half the inhabitants die of starvation. The deep laden canoes swept almost noiselessly through the water with a rhythmic alternation of rush and pause as the dripping paddle drove and returned. Altogether there were four long canoes and five Indian bling up the trail with the last two canoes.

breeds in their party, and when they came to pass through shallows both Marjorie and Trafford took a paddle.

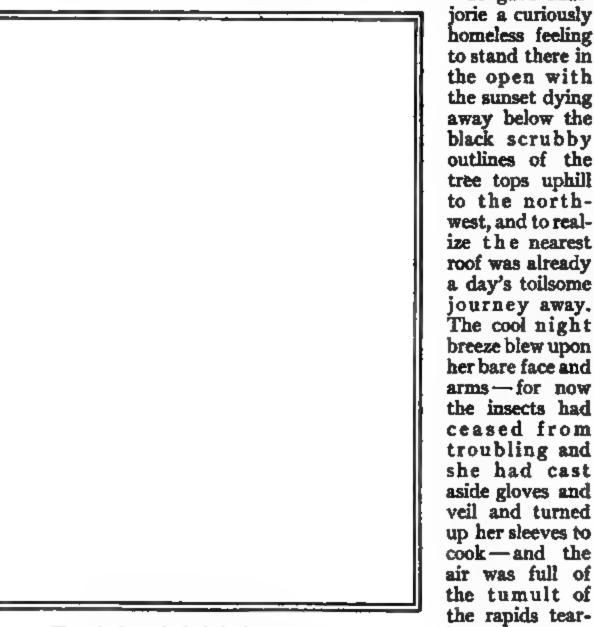
She had had to put aside her veil to eat, and presently she felt the vividly painful stabs of the black-fly and discovered blood upon her face. A bigger fly, the size and something of the appearance of a small wasp, with an evil buzz, also assailed her and Trafford. It was a bad corner for flies; the breeds even were slapping their wrists and swearing under the torment, and every-

one was glad to

embark and push on up the winding gorge. They crossed the river, ran the canoes into an eddy under the shelter of a big stone and began to unload. They had reached their first portage.

The rest of the first day was spent in packing and lugging first the cargoes and then the canoes up through thickets and over boulders and across stretches of reindeer moss for the better part of two miles to a camping ground about halfway up the rapids. Marjorie and Trafford tried to help with the carrying, but this evidently shocked and distressed the men too much, so they desisted and set to work cutting wood and gathering moss for tired to talk very much. There was no moon

the fires and bedding of the camp. When the iron stove was brought up the man who carried it showed them how to put it up on stakes and start a fire in it, and then Trafford went to the river to get water and Marjorie made a kind of flour cake in the frying pan in the manner an American woman from the wilderness had once shown her, and boiled water for tea. The twilight had deepened to night while the men were still stum-It gave Mar-



They had reached their first portage

homeless feeling to stand there in the open with the sunset dying away below the black scrubby outlines of the tree tops uphili to the northwest, and to realize the nearest roof was already a day's toilsome journey away. The cool night breeze blew upon her bare face and arms - for now the insects had ceased from troubling and she had cast aside gloves and veil and turned up her sleeves to cook — and the air was full of the tumult of the rapids tearing seaward over the rocks below.

It was queer, she thought, how much of the wrappings of civilization had slipped from them already. Every day of the journey from London had released them or deprived them—she hardly knew which—of a multitude of petty comforts and easy accessibili-The afternoon toil uphill intensified ties. the effect of having clambered up out of things—to this loneliness, this twilight openness, this simplicity.

The men ate apart at a fire they had made for themselves, and after Trafford and Marjorie had supped on damper, bacon and tea, he smoked. They were both too healthily

had been hot and sultry at midday grew keen and penetrating, and after she had made him tell her the names of constellations she had forgotten, she suddenly perceived the wisdom of the tent, went into it—it was sweet and wonderful with sprigs of the Labrador teashrub—undressed and had hardly rolled herself up into a cocoon of blankets before she was fast asleep.

She was awakened by a blaze of sunshine pouring into the tent, a smell of fried bacon and Trafford's voice telling her to get up. "They've gone on with the first loads," he said. "Get up, wrap yourself in a blanket, and come bathe in the river. It's as cold as ice."

She blinked at him. "Aren't you stiff?" she asked.

"I was stiffer before I bathed," he said. She took the tin he offered her. weren't to see china cups again for a year.) "It's a woman's work getting tea," she said

as she drank.

"You can't be a squaw all at once," said Trafford.

Ш

After Marjorie had taken her dip, dried roughly behind a bush, twisted her hair into a pigtail and coiled it under her hat, she amused herself and Trafford as they clambered up through rocks and willows to the tent again by cataloguing her apparatus of bath and toilette at Sussex Square and tracing just when and how she had parted from each item on the way to this place.

"But I say!" she cried, with a sudden sharp note of dismay, "we haven't soap. This is our last cake almost. I never thought of soap."

"Nor I," said Trafford.

He spoke again presently. "We don't turn back for soap," he said.

Marjorie. "Still—I didn't count on a soapless winter."

"I'll manage something," said Trafford, a little doubtfully. "Trust a chemist."

Day followed day of toilsome and often tedious travel; they fought rapids; they waited while the men stumbled up long portages under vast loads, going and returning; they camped and discussed difficulties and alternatives. The flies sustained an unrelenting persecution, until faces were scarred in spite of veils and smoke fires, until wrists and necks were swollen and the blood in a

but a frosty brilliance of stars, the air which fever. As they got higher and higher toward the central plateau, the midday heat increased and the nights grew colder, until they would find themselves toiling, wet with perspiration, over rocks that sheltered a fringe of ice beneath their shadows. first fatigues and lassitudes, the shrinking from cold water, the ache of muscular effort. gave place to a tougher and tougher endurance; skin seemed to have lost half its capacity for pain without losing a tithe of its discrimination, muscles attained a steely resilience; they were getting seasoned. don't feel philosophical," said Trafford, "but I feel well."

"We're getting out of things."

"Suppose we are getting out of our prob-

One day as they paddled across a mile-long pool, they saw three bears prowling in single file high up on the hillside. "Look," said the man and pointed with his paddle at the big soft furry black shapes, magnified and startling in the clear air. All the canoes rippled to a stop, the men, first still, whispered softly. One passed a gun to Trafford, who hesitated and looked at Marjorie.

The air of tranquil assurance about these three huge loafing monsters had a queer effect on Marjorie's mind. They made her feel that they were at home and that she was an intruder. She had never in her life seen any big wild animals except in a menagerie. She had developed a sort of unconscious belief that all big wild animals were in menageries nowadays, and this spectacle of beasts released and free startled her. There was never a bar between these creatures, she felt, and her sleeping self. They might, she thought, do any desperate thing to feeble men and women who came their way.

"Shall I take a shot?" asked Trafford.

"No," said Marjorie, pervaded by the desire for mutual toleration. "Let them be."

The big brutes disappeared in a gully, "We don't turn back for anything," said reappeared, came out against the sky line one by one and vanished.

> "Too long a shot," said Trafford, handing back the gun. .

> Their journey lasted altogether a month. Never once did they come upon any human beings save themselves, though in one place they passed the poles—for the most part overthrown-of an old Indian encampment. But this desolation was by no means lifeless. They saw great quantities of water-birds, geese, divers arctic partridges and the like; they became familiar with the banshee cry of the loon. They lived very largely on geese

Then for a time about a and partridges. string of lakes, the country was alive with migrating deer going south, and the men found traces of a wolf. They killed six caribou, and stayed to skin and cut them up and dry the meat to replace the bacon they had consumed; caught, fried and ate great quantities of trout, and became accustomed to the mysterious dance of the Northern lights as the sunset afterglow faded.

And at last it seemed fit to Trafford to halt and choose his winter quarters. He chose a place on the side of a low razorbacked, rocky, mountain ridge, about fifty feet above the river—which had now dwindled to a thirty-foot stream. His site was near a tributary rivulet that gave convenient water, in a kind of lap that sheltered between two rocky knees, each bearing thickets of willow and balsam. Not a dozen miles away from them now they reckoned was the Height of Land, the low watershed between the waters that flow to the Atlantic and those that run to Hudson Bay. North and northeast of them the country rose to a line of low crests, with here and there a yellowing patch of last year's snow, and across the valley were slopes covered in places by woods of stunted pine. It had an empty spaciousness of effect: the one continually living thing seemed to be the Green River, hurrying headlong, noisily, perpetually, in an eternal flight from this high desolation. Birds were rare here, and the insects that buzzed and shrilled and tormented among the rocks and willows in the gorge came but sparingly up the slopes to them.

"Here presently," said Trafford, "we shall be in peace."

"It is very lonely," said Marjorie.

"The nearer to God."

"Think! Not one of these hills has ever had a name."

"Well?"

"It might be in some other planet."

"Oh—we'll christen them. That shall be Marjorie Ridge and that Rag Valley. This space shall be—oh! Bayswater! we've done with it this place and every feature of it will be as familiar as Sussex Square. More so,—for half the houses there would be stranger to us, if we could see inside them, than anything in this wilderness. . . . As familiar, say—as your drawing-room. That's staring at the narrow little berth he was better."

Marjorie made no answer, but her eyes went from the reindeer moss and scrub and thickets of the foreground to the low rocky ridges that bounded the view north and east of them. The scattered boulders, the tangles of wood, the barren upper slopes, the dustsoiled survivals of the winter's snowfall, all contributed to an effect at once carelessly desert and hopelessly untidy. She looked westward and her memory was full of interminable streaming rapids, wastes of icestriated rocks, tiresome struggles through woods and wild, wide stretches of tundra and tarn, trackless and treeless, infinitely desolate. It seemed to her that the sea coast was but a step from London and ten thousand miles away from her.

IV

The men had engaged to build the framework of hut and store shed before returning, and to this under Trafford's direction they now set themselves. They were all halfbreeds, mingling Indian with Scottish or French blood, sober and experienced men. Three were named Mackenzie, two brothers and a cousin, and another, Raymond Noyes, was a relation and acquaintance of that George Elson who was with Wallace and Leonidas Hubbard, and afterwards guided Mrs. Hubbard in her crossing of Labrador. The fifth was a boy of eighteen named Lean, They were all familiar with the idea of summer travel in this country; quite a number, a score or so that is to say, of adventurous people, including three or four women, had ventured far in the wake of the Hubbards into these great wildernesses during the decade that followed that first tragic experiment. But that anyone not of Indian or Esquimau blood should propose to face out the Labrador winter was a new thing to They were really very skeptical at the outset whether these two highly civilized looking people would ever get up to the Height of Land at all, and it was still with manifest incredulity that they set about the building of the hut and the construction of the sleeping bunks for which they had brought up planking. A stream of speculative talk had flowed along beside Marjorie and Trafford ever since they had entered the Green River; and it didn't so much come to an end as get cut off at last by the necessity of their departure.

Noyes would stand, holding a hammer and fixing together.

"You'll not sleep in this," he said.

"I will," replied Marjorie. "You'll come back with us."

"Not me."

"There'll be wolves come and howl."

"Let 'em."

"They'll come right up to the door here. Winter makes 'em hidjus bold.''

Marjorie shrugged her

shoulders.

"It's that cold I've known a man have his nose froze while he lay in bed," said Noyes.

"Up here?"

"Down the coast. But they say it's 'most as cold up here. Many's the man it's starved and froze." . . .

A sort of propagandist enthusiasm grew up in the men. They felt it incumbent upon them to persuade the Traffords to return. They reasoned with them rather as one does with wilful children. They tried to remind them of the delights and securities of the world they were deserting. Noves drew fancy pictures of the pleasures of London by way of contrast to the bitter days before them. "You've got everything there, everything. Suppose you feel a bit ill, you go out, and every block there's a drug store got everything—all the new rem'dies—p'raps twenty, thirty sorts of rem'dy. Lit up, nice. And chaps in collars—like gentlemen. Or you but these ain't Catholics. See?" feel a bit dull, out you go into the streets and there's people. Why! when I was in New York I used to spend hours looking at the people. Hours. And everything lit up too. Sky signs! Readin' everywhere. You can spend hours and hours in New York—

"London," said Marjorie.

"Well, London-just going about and reading the things they stick up. Every blamed sort of thing. Or you say, let's go somewhere. Let's go out and be a bit lively. See? Up you get on a car and there you are! Great big restaurants, blazing with lights, and you can't think of a thing to eat they haven't got. Waiters all round you, dressed tremendous, fair asking you to have more. Or you say, let's go to a theatre. Very likely," said Noyes, letting his imagination soar, "you order up one of those automobillies."

"By telephone," helped Trafford.

"By telephone," confirmed Noves. "When I was in New York there was a telephone in each room in the hotel. Each room. I didn't use it ever, except once when they didn't answer,—but there it was. I know about telephones all right." . . .

Why had they come here? None of the men was clear about that. Marjorie and Trafford would overhear them discussing this question at their fire night after night; they seemed to talk of nothing else. They indulged in the boldest hypotheses, even in the theory that Trafford knew of deposits of diamonds and gold, and would trust no one but his wife with the secret. They seemed also attracted by the idea that our two young people had "done something." Lean,

with memories of some tattered six-penny novel that had drifted into his hands from England, had even some notion of an elopement, of a pursuing husband or a vindictive wife. He was young and romantic, but it seemed incredible he should suggest that Marjorie was a royal princess. Yet there were moments when his manner betrayed a more than personal respect. . . .

One night after a hard day's portage Mackenzie was inspired by a brilliant idea. "They got no children," he said, in a hoarse, exceptionally audible whisper. "It worries them. Them as is Catholics goes pilgrimages,

"I can't stand that," said Marjorie. "It touches my pride. I've stood a good deal. Mr. Mackenzie! . . . Mr. . . . Mackenzie."

The voice at the men's fire stopped and a black head turned round. "What is it, Mrs. Trafford?" asked Mackenzie.

She held up four fingers. "Four!" she said.

"Eh?"

"Three sons and a daughter," said Marjorie.

Mackenzie did not take it in until his younger brother had repeated her words. "And you come from them to this! . . . Sir, what have you come for?"

"We want to be here," shouted Trafford to their listening pause. Their silence was

incredulous.

"We wanted to be alone together. There was too much—over there—too much every-

thing."

Mackenzie, in silhouette against the fire, shook his head entirely dissatisfied. could not understand how there could be too much of anything. It was beyond a trapper's philosophy.

"Come back with us, sir," said Noyes.

"You'll weary of it." . . .

the end. "I don't care to leave ye," he said, and made a sort of byword of it that served when there was nothing else to say.

He made it almost his last words. turned back for another hand clasp as the others under their light returning packs went filing down the hill.

"I don't care to leave ye," he said.

"Good luck!" said Trafford.

"You'll need it," said Noyes and looked at Marjorie very gravely and intently before he turned about and marched off after his fellows.

Both Marjorie and Trafford felt a queer emotion, a sense of loss and desertion, a swelling in the throat, as that file of men receded over the rocky slopes, went down into a dip, reappeared presently small and remote cresting another spur, going on toward the little wood that hid the head of the rapids. They halted for a moment on the edge of the wood and looked back, then turned again one by one and melted stride by stride into the trees. Noves was the last to go. He stood, in an attitude that spoke so plainly as words, "I don't care to leave ye." Something white waved and flickered; he had whipped out the letters they had given him for England, and he was waving them. Then as if by an effort he set himself to follow the others, and the two still watchers on the height above saw him no more.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH—LONELY HUT

Ι

MARJORIE and Trafford walked slowly back to the hut. "There is much to do, before the weather breaks," he said, ending a thoughtful silence. "Then we can sit inside there and talk about the things we need to talk about."

He added awkwardly: "Since we started. there has been so much to hold the attention. I remember a mood—an immense despair. I feel it's still somewhere at the back of things, waiting to be dealt with. It's our essential fact. But meanwhile we've been busy, looking at fresh things."

He paused. "Now it will be different per-

For nearly four weeks, indeed, they were occupied very closely, and crept into their bunks at night as tired as wholesome animals who drop to sleep. At any time the weather might break; already there had been two of the hut, and all day long with a sort of

Noyes clung to the idea of dissuasion to overcast days and a frowning conference of clouds in the north. When at last storms began they knew there would be nothing for it but to keep in the hut until the world

froze up.

There was much to do to the hut. absence of anything but stunted and impoverished timber and the limitation of time, had forbidden a log hut, and their home was really only a double framework, rammed tight between inner and outer frame with a mixture of earth and boughs and twigs of willow, pine, and balsam. The floor was hammered earth carpeted with balsam twigs and a caribou skin. Outside and within wall and roof were faced with coarse canvas-that was Trafford's idea—and their bunks occupied two sides of the hut. Heating was done by the sheet-iron stove they had brought with them, and the smoke was carried out to the roof by a thin sheet-iron pipe which had come up outside a roll of canvas. They had made the roof with about the pitch of a Swiss chalet, and it was covered with nailed waterproofed canvas, held down by a number of big lumps of stone. Much of the canvasing still remained to do when the men went down, and then the Traffords used every scrap of packing paper and newspaper that had come up with them and was not needed for lining the bunks in covering any crack or joint in the canvas wall.

Two decadent luxuries, a rubber bath and two rubber hot-water bottles, hung behind the door. They were almost the only luxuries. Kettles and pans and some provisions stood on a shelf over the stove; there was also a sort of recess cupboard in the opposite corner, reserve clothes were in canvas trunks under the bunks. They kept their immediate supply of wood under the eaves just outside the door, and there was a big can of water between stove and door. When the winter came they would have to bring in ice from the stream.

This was their home. The tent that had sheltered Marjorie on the way up was erected close to this hut to serve as a rude scullery and outhouse, and they also made a long, roughly thatched roof with a canvas cover, supported on stakes, to shelter the rest of the stores. The stuff in tins and cases and jars they left on the ground under this; the rest—the flour, candles, bacon, dried caribou beef, and so forth, they hung, as they hoped, out of the reach of any prowling beast. And finally and most important was the wood pile. This they accumulated to the north and east antlike perseverance Trafford added to it from the thickets below. Once or twice, howwent shooting, and one day he got five geese that they spent a day upon, plucking, cleaning,

empty cans, letting the fat float and solidify on the top to preserve this addition to their provision until the advent of the frost rendered all other preservatives unnecessary. They also tried to catch trout down in the river below, but though they saw many fish the catch was less than a dozen.

It was a discovery to both of them to find how companionable these occupations were, how much more side by side they could be amateurishly cleaning out a goose and disputing about its cooking, than they had ever contrived to be in Sussex Square.

with disarticulated goose. "But we didn't ours if we put in a little brandy?" . . . come here to picnic. All this is eating us up. I have a memory of some immense, tragic ригроse-

"That tin's boiling!" screamed Marjorie sharply.

He resumed his thread after an active in-

"We'll keep the wolf from the door," he said. "Don't talk of wolves!" said Marjorie.

"Is it only when men have driven away the wolf from the door—oh, altogether away -that they find despair in the sky? I wonder"What?" asked Marjorie in his pause.

"I wonder if there is nothing really in life ever, tempted by the appearance of birds, he but this, the food hunt and the love hunt. Is life just all hunger and need, and are we left with nothing—nothing at all—when boiling, and putting up in all their store of these things are done? . . . We're infer-

nally uncomfortable here."

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Marjoric.

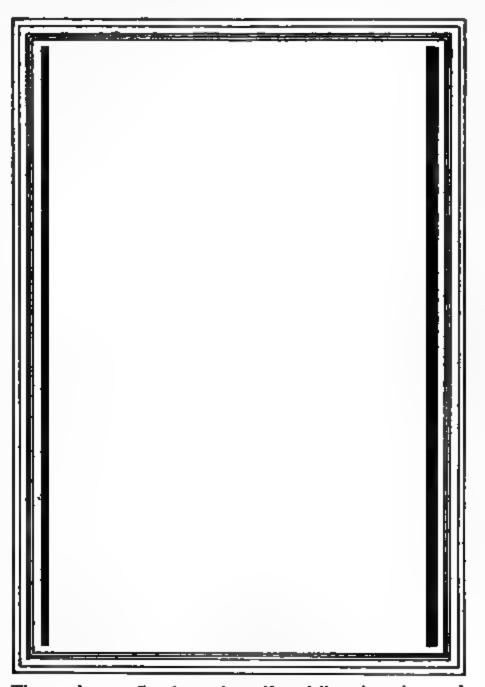
"Think of your carpets at home! Think of the great, warm, beautiful house that wasn't big enough! And yet here we're happy."

"We are happy," said Marjorie, struck by the thought. "Only— "Yes."

"I'm afraid. And I long for the children. And the wind nips."

"It may be those are good things for us. No! This is just a lark as yet, Marjorie. It's still fresh and full of distrac-The distions. comforts are amusing. Pres-

"These things are so infernally interest- ently we'll get used to it. Then we'll talk out ing," said Trafford, surveying the row of mis- —what we have to talk out. . . . I say, cellaneous cans upon the stove he had packed wouldn't it keep and improve this goose of



Then as by an effort he set himself to follow the others and the two still watchers saw him no more

П

The weather broke at last. One might say it smashed itself over their heads. There came an afternoon darkness swift and sudden. a wild gale and an icy sleet that gave place in the night to snow, so that Trafford looked out next morning to see a maddening chaos of small white flakes, incredibly swift, against something that was neither darkness nor light. Even with the door but partly ajar a cruelty of cold put its claw within, set everything that was movable swaving and clattering, and made Marjorie hasten shuddering to heap fresh logs upon the fire. Once or twice Trafford went out to inspect tent and roof and store-shed; several times wrapped to the nose he battled his way for fresh wood. and for the rest of the blizzard they kept to the hut. It was slumberously stuffy, but comfortingly full of flavors of tobacco and food. There were two days of intermission and a day of gusts and icy sleet again, turning with one extraordinary clap of thunder to a wild downpour of dancing lumps of ice, and then a night when it seemed all Labrador, earth and sky together, was in hysterical protest against inconceivable wrongs.

And then the break was over; the annual freezing-up was accomplished, winter had established itself, the snowfall moderated and ceased, and an icebound world shone white and sunlit under a cloudless sky.

Ш

Through all that time they got no further with the great discussion for which they had faced that solitude. They attempted beginnings.

"Where had we got to when we left England?" tried Marjorie. "You couldn't work, you couldn't rest—you hated our

life."

"Yes, I know. I had a violent hatred of the lives we were leading. I thought—we had to get away. To think. . . . But things don't leave us alone here."

He covered his face with his hands.
"Why did we come here?" he asked.
"You wanted—to get out of things."

"Yes. But with you. . . . Have we, after all, got out of things at all? I said coming up, perhaps we were leaving our own problem behind. In exchange for other problems—old problems men have had before. We've got nearer necessity; that's all. Things press on us just as much. There's nothing more fundamental in wild nature, nothing profounder—only something earlier. One doesn't get out of life by going here or there. . . But I wanted to get you away—from all the things that had such a hold on you. . . When one lies awake at nights, then one seems to get down into things." . . .

He went to the door, opened it, and stood looking out. Against a wan daylight the snow was falling noiselessly and steadily.

"Everything goes on," he said. ". . . Relentlessly." . . .

IV

That was as far as they had got when the storms ceased and they came out again into an air inexpressibly fresh and sharp and sweet, and into a world blindingly clean and golden white under the rays of the morning sun.

"We will build a big fire out here," said Marjorie; "make a great pile. There is no reason at all why we shouldn't live outside all through the day in such weather as this."

ν

One morning Trafford found the footmarks of some catlike creature in the snow near the bushes where he was accustomed to cut firewood; they led away very plainly up the hill, and after breakfast he took his knife and rifle and snowshoes and went after the lynx—for that he decided the animal must be. There was no urgent reason why he should want to kill a lynx, unless perhaps that killing it made the store-shed a trifle safer, but it was the first trail of any living thing for many days; it promised excitement; some primordial instinct perhaps urged him.

The morning was a little overcast, and very cold between the gleams of wintry sunshine. "Good-by, dear wife!" he said, and then as she remembered afterwards came back a dozen yards to kiss her. "I'll not be long," he said. "The beast's prowling, and if it doesn't get the wind of me I ought to find it in an hour." He hesitated for a moment. "I'll not be long," he repeated. And she had an instant's wonder whether he hid from her the same dread of loneliness that she concealed. Or perhaps he only knew her secret. Up among the tumbled rocks he turned, and she was still watching him. "Good-by!" he cried and waved, and the willow thickets closed about him.

She forced herself to the petty duties of the day, made up the fire from the pile he had left for her, set water to boil, put the hut in order, brought out sheets and blankets to air and set herself to wash up. She wished she had been able to go with him. The sky cleared presently, and the low December sun lit all the world about her, but it left her spirit desolate.

She did not expect him to return until midday, and she sat herself down on a log before the fire to darn a pair of socks as well as she could. For a time this unusual occupation held her attention, and then her hands became slow and at last inactive, and she fell

into a reverie. She thought at first of her clever women, unoccupied women. She felt children and what they might be doing; in she wouldn't have minded—much—if it made England across there to the east it would be him happy. . . . It was so wonderful he about five hours later, four o'clock in the loved her still. . . . It wasn't that he lacked

afternoon, and the children would be coming home through the warm muggy London sunshine with Fräulein Otto to tea. She wondered if they had the proper clothes, if they were well; were they perhaps quarreling or being naughty or skylarking gaily across the park. Of course Fraulein Otto was all right, quite to be trusted, absolutely trustworthy, and their grandmother would watch for a flushed face or an irrational petulance or any of the little signs that herald trouble with a more

than a mother's instinctive alertness. need to worry about the children, no need out behind these thoughts; it was so queer to think that she was in almost the same latitude as the busy bright traffic of the autumn season in Kensington Gore; that away there in ten thousand cleverly furnished being set out for the rustling advent of smart callers and the quick-leaping gossip. And there would be all sorts of cakes and little things; for a while her mind ran on cakes and little things, and she thought in particular whether it wasn't time to begin cooking. . . . Not yet. What was it she had been thinking about? Ah! the Solomonsons and the Capeses and the Bernards and the Carmels and the Lees. Would they talk of her and Trafford? It would be strange to go back to it all. Would they go back to it all? She found herself thinking intently of Trafford.

What a fine human being he was! And how touchingly human! The thought of his moments of irritation, his baffled silences filled her with a wild passion of tenderness. She had disappointed him; all that life failed to satisfy him. Dear master of her life! what was it he needed? She too wasn't satisfied with life, but while she had been able to assuage herself with a perpetual series of petty excitements, theatres, new books and new people, meetings, movements, dinners, shows, he had grown to an immense discontent. He had most of the things men sought, wealth, respect, love, children. . . . So many men might have blunted their heartache with— There were pretty women, howl of a wolf. adventures.

occupation; on the whole he overworked. His business interests were big and wide. Ought he to go into politics? Why was it that the researches that had held him once, could hold him now no more? That was the real pity of it. Was she to blame for that? She couldn't state a case against herself, and yet she felt she was to blame. She had taken him away from those things, forced him to make money. . . .

She sat chin on hand staring into the fire, the sock

No forgotten on her knee.

She could not weigh justice between herself whatever. . . . The world of London opened and him. If he was unhappy it was her fault. She knew that with a woman's irrational simplicity of conviction; if he was unhappy, it was no excuse that she had not known, had been misled, had a right to her own instincts and purposes. She had got to make him drawing-rooms the ringing tea things were happy. But what was she to do, what was there for her to do? . . .

> Only he could work out his own salvation, and until he had light, all she could do was to stand by him, help him, cease to irritate him, watch, wait. Anyhow she could at least mend his socks as well as possible, so that the threads would not chafe him. . . .

She flashed to her feet. What was that?

It seemed to her she had heard the sound of a shot, and a quick brief wake of echoes. She looked across the icy waste of the river, and then up the tangled slopes of the mountain. Her heart was beating very fast. It must have been up there, and no doubt he had killed his beast. Some shadow of doubt she would not admit crossed that obvious suggestion.

This wilderness was making her as nervously responsive as a creature of the wild.

Came a second shot; this time there was no doubt of it. Then the desolate silence closed about her again.

She stood for a long time staring at the shrubby slopes that rose to the barren rock wilderness of the purple mountain crest. She sighed deeply at last, and set herself to make up the fire and prepare for the midday meal. Once far away across the river she heard the

Time seemed to pass very slowly that day. She found herself going repeatedly to the space between the day tent and the sleeping hut from which she could see the stunted wood that had swallowed him up, and after what seemed a long hour her watch told her it was still only half-past twelve. And the fourth or fifth time that she went to look out she was set a-tremble again by the sound of a third shot. And then at regular intervals out of that distant brown purple jumble of thickets against the snow came two more shots. "Something has happened," she said, "something has happened," and stood rigid. Then she became active, seized the rifle that was always at hand when she was alone, fired into the sky and stood listening.

Prompt came an answering shot.

"He wants me," said Marjorie. "Something... Perhaps he has killed something too big to bring!"

She was for starting at once, and then remembered this was not the way of the wil-

derness.

She thought and moved very rapidly. Her mind catalogued possible requirements, rifle, hunting knife, the oilskin bag with matches and some chunks of dry paper, the rucksac—and he would be hungry. She took a saucepan and a huge chunk of cheese and biscuit. Then a brandy flask is sometimes handy—one never knows. Though nothing was wrong of course. Needles and stout thread, and some cord. Snowshoes. A

waterproof cloak would be easily carried. Her light hatchet for wood. She cast about to see if there was anything else. She had almost forgotten cartridges—and a revolver. Nothing more. She kicked a stray brand or so into the fire, put on some more wood, damped the fire with an armful of snow to make it last longer, and set out toward the willows into which he had vanished.

There was a rustling and snapping of branches as she pushed her way through the bushes, a little stir that died insensibly into quiet again; and then the camping place

became very still. . . .

Scarcely a sound occurred except for the little shuddering and stirring of the fire and the reluctant infrequent drip from the icicles along the sunny edge of the log hut roof. About one o'clock the amber sunshine fadeu out altogether, a veil of clouds thickened and became grayly ominous, and a little after two the first flakes of a snowstorm fell hissing into the fire. A wind rose and drove the multiplying snowflakes in whirls and eddies before it. The icicles ceased to drip, but one or two broke and fell with a weak tinkling. A deep soughing, a shuddering groaning of trees and shrubs, came ever and again out of the ravine and the powdery snow blew like puffs of smoke from the branches.

ng By four the fire was out, and the snow was ut piling high in the darkling twilight against A tent and hut. . . .

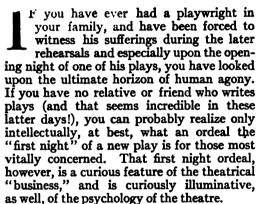


THE THEATRE



WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS



Every parent knows the sympathetic straining of attention when his boy or girl is on the school platform making a public appearance. He suffers tortures for the child if there is a moment's hesitation of memory. He feels in every fiber that a part of himself is on trial before the world, even though his head smilingly tells him the event is not really of epoch-making importance. Well/the playwright on the first night of his play sees his brain child on trial before the world. He is now powerless to aid. He has done all he The child is speaking for itself. He suffers all the agonies of a parent, with no consolation from his head, for probably his fame and fortune hinge upon the verdict. And like the author, the actors and the mansystems.

I remember attending the first performance of A. E. Thomas' delicious comedy, "Her Husband's Wife," which was produced by Henry Miller, at Philadelphia. Miller did not himself act in it, however, till some weeks later. The company had been the terrific suddenness of the verdict which

F you have ever had a playwright in rehearsing hard for several days, and though the nervous tension of a first performance out of town is always less than of the New York premier (chiefly because the verdict of the audience is not felt to be final). Mr. Thomas. the author, met me with a drawn, white face, looking as if he had been through a clothes wringer, and Mr. Miller was smoking innumerable cigars utterly without appreciation. When the performance began, the author sneaked into one corner of the gallery, and the producer into another. Between acts they wandered restlessly up and down the lobby. There being no professional applauders present, as in New York, to cloud the verdict, it was evident that the audience genuinely liked the piece, and at the close Mr. Thomas and Mr. Miller were transformed beings.

"I sat up there in the gallery," the actor said, "and every speech from the stage regis-

tered in the pit of my stomach!"

Now Mr. Miller, of course, was not only the manager, who stood to lose \$20,000 on the failure of the piece, or make an indefinite amount on its success; but he was also the stage director, who had rehearsed every line and situation, and whose interest was not only financial but artistic. The chances are Henry Miller would, in his heart, rather do a fine thing than make a fortune, wherein he is a true artist, and as vitally concerned in ager have often much at stake, and but little the plays he produces as the authors of them. less wrenching goes on within their nervous He is an exceptional manager, no doubt. But it is easy to see that even the most commercial of managers may well find a first night an ordeal, when a fortune is to be made or lost in the space of three hours traffic on the stage.

It is the dramatic brevity of the trial,



makes play production so nerve racking a profession. The author of a book, and his publisher, may wait a year before the verdict of success or failure is final. "The Honorable Peter Stirling" began to sell a year after publication, way out on the Pacific coast. and the sales came in a great back tide across the continent. Moreover, the author of a book has at least the comfort of knowing that just what he wrote is in the hands of his readers. Neither is he present at the verdict. There is no public trial. The painter of a picture sends it to various galleries, and seldom expects to sell it at once, unless it was painted to order. He, too, has the comfort of showing exactly what he wished to show. And in neither case, moreover, is the capital invested anything like that sunk in a new play.

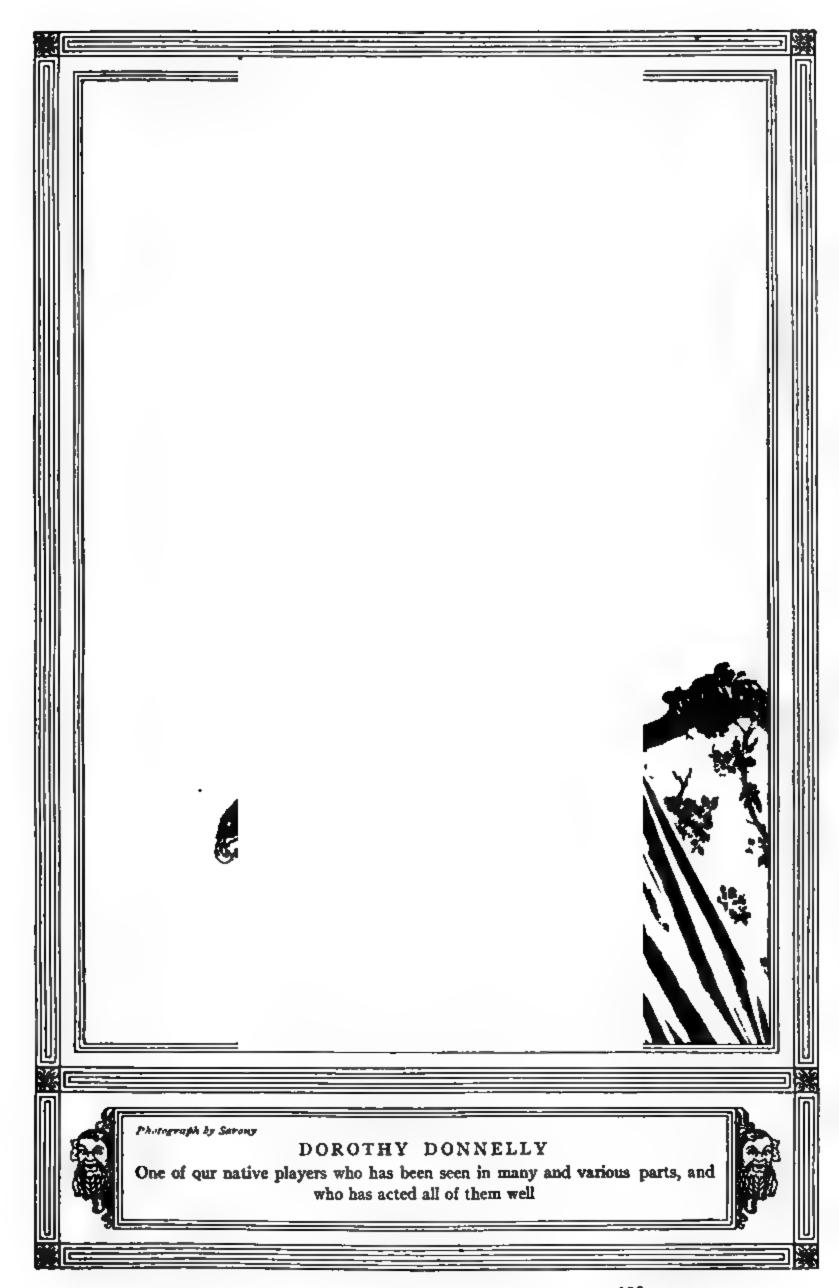
But the producer of a play expends close on \$20,000 before the piece is exhibited, if it is an ordinary drama, and much more if it is a spectacular play or opera. "The Garden of Allah" cost nearly \$100,000. And he expends it on what no human ingenuity. good taste, dramatic sense, foresight, has yet been able to make anything but a gambling chance. That is, the shrewdest, wisest manager or actor alive cannot tell with certainty whether the public will like the play or not. Then producer and author alike, on the first night, have to stand utterly helpless and watch this play, which means so much to each of them, presented to the public by the highly sensitive actors, who are also keyed by excitement and unsteady as to nerves, while they know that the verdict of this first audience will, in all human probability, mean their fate, if it be in Chicago or New York. One evening—and it is all over. A reputa-tion is made, fame is won, a fortune is assured—or the reverse. No wonder the theatrical manager regards Wall Street as child's play!

It is no doubt true that some dramas, unfavorably received at first, have become "The Rivals" was a failure. successful. Sheridan withdrew it, rewrote it (chiefly with a blue pencil) and it became a classic. "The Great Divide," produced in the Middle West by Miss Anglin and Henry Miller, was coolly received till it reached New York, where it became the talk of the town in a single night, and then went back triumphantly through the country. But, after all, that is only another way of saying that in America the New York (and of late years the Chicago)

of those cities is a nervous strain of the first magnitude, for seldom enough is the first night verdict reversed. A thousand or more people in a theatre are merged into an identity which closely enough resembles any other thousand people gathered in the same place for the same purpose, to make their verdict That is why the dramatic critics, so often reviled by the managers and authors. and heaped with scorn, are yet read with such avidity the next morning. They give what the managers and authors feel to be conscious expression to the emotions of this mob unit before the drama.

Most authors are human, and most of them, like the managers, wish to see their plays financial successes. But, unless the manager be also artist, like Henry Miller, it is generally the author, at a first night, who suffers most, because it is his brain child speaking its little piece from the stage, and in his mingled pride and agony and apprehension, he usually loses all financial considerations and suffers helplessly in his deepest sense—his sense of Self. I saw Avery Hopwood, co-author of "Seven Days," white as the sheeted dead, pacing back and forth, back and forth, when that play opened in New York, trying to dine on his knuckles. Thompson Buchanan, author of "A Woman's Way," "The Cub," and other plays, says that nothing in this world is quite comparable to waiting on that first night for the first laugh from the audience. If it comes at the place intended, a great joy fills the author's bosom, and he mutters, "Well, these 1200 frosty-faces are human, after all!" Mr. Buchanan also testifies, as do all dramatic authors, to the utter helplessness, the vain straining, of the poor dramatist when his work is finally put before the public by others, and he can only sit in the audience and watch. He wants to leap on the stage and move a piece of furniture; he suffers agony when an actor forgets a line or makes a false inflection; he detects place after place where he could have improved the play, if he had only known; he sees players he thought excellent coldly received by the audience. Too late! The verdict must be now or never.

On the opening night of Channing Pollock's play, "Such a Little Queen," a waste basket which should have been on the stage in the last act was forgotten by the property man. Mr. Pollock, who was present, instantly saw the omission. Nobody else did, naturally, and as it was not a serious omission, no harm was done whatever. Yet, from the moment verdict on a play, almost invariably means Mr. Pollock detected that slip, he was in ts success or failure, and an opening in either mortal agony, he says. He felt his play was



doomed. He cursed the property man, he manager wishes thus to cloud the verdict, cursed his fate, he cursed the waste basket. His child had appeared to speak her piece with a button off her dress!

Not all authors can be induced to attend the first nights of their plays. Others cannot be kept away. Augustus Thomas, an old stager, used to success, is usually on hand in New York to make a curtain speech. Mr. Thomas makes even better speeches than he writes plays! His younger namesake, A. E. Thomas, on the other hand, creeps up into the top balcony, whence he witnessed "The Rainbow." The late William Vaughn Moody saw "The Great Divide" from the same elevation. Austin Strong attended a performance of "Il Trovatore" at the Opera House the night his "Toy Maker of Nuremberg" was produced in New York. When Gals-Theatre last spring, Mr. Galsworthy was said to be walking in Central Park. At any rate, he was not at the theatre. It is a rather play is a success or a failure. Many authors shrink from that ordeal, as well as from the success. ordeal of seeing their brain children judged. Mrs. Deland saw the stage version of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" from a box, and was summoned to the stage. Now, Mrs. Deland is a woman of great experience on the platform, and of fine, dignified presence, yet few who were present that night will forget her awkward, bewildered aspect, as, pale, without makeup in the pitiless glare of the footlights, she had to exhibit herself. Edward Sheldon, the boyish author of "Salvation Nell" and "The Boss," when he is called for, is precipitated upon the stage from behind, grabs the proscenium arch for support, bobs his cherubic countenance like a startled robin, and then backs out of sight. There should really be a law that no dramatists except Augustus Thomas and George Ade be allowed to make curtain speeches, and none other except Belasco be compelled to come before the footlights. The footlights hold no additional agony for Mr. Belasco!

We do not have in America the brutal but frank English custom of "booing" at the first night of a poor play. We do not even hiss. We, if disinterested, merely fail to become enthusiastic. But at our first nights, especially in New York, a large proportion of the audience is not disinterested. There are that managers ought to be able to pick plays always several hundred friends of the manager present, and they are supposed to pay for the privilege in applause. Just why the it is. Something of this is true—but still

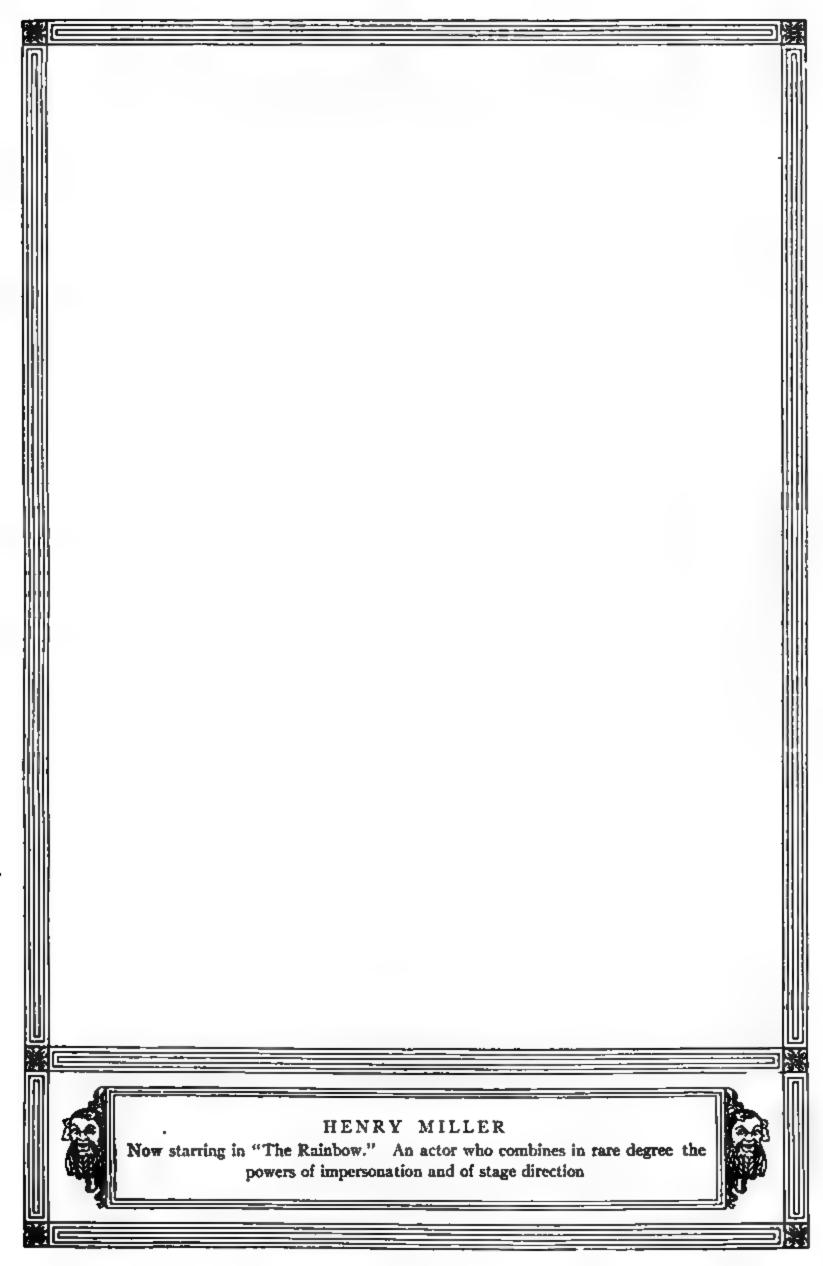
to make it more difficult to tell whether the play has succeeded or not, is hard to tell. Probably he thinks that the applause in some subtle way will influence the mood of the rest of the audience, including the critics. It never does, however. The experienced reviewer, by some mysterious sixth sense he has developed, can almost invariably tell spontaneous applause from the other kind, and he seldom has any doubt of the success or failure of a play, even when his critical verdict has to go directly against the popular verdict. The less experienced theatre goer, however, may often be deceived by the general air of friendly encouragement at a first night, by the applause and loud cries of "Author! author!

Daniel Frohman, indeed, old hand as a worthy's "The Pigeon" opened The Little manager though he is, tells how once he was deceived himself, at the first night of a play he had produced. He was called to the stage, greeted with loud applause, and, caught up silly and cruel custom in New York to drag by the atmosphere of friendliness, he thanked an author before the curtain, whether the audience for their appreciation and congratulated the author and actors on their

> "When I got back to my family in the box," he says, "they looked at me in horror, and asked why I made such a speech when the play was obviously a dismal failure."

> The theatre door man is an important person on first nights, because as he passes out return checks between acts he hears the comments of the audience. His ears are wide open on such occasions, and, mingling with the crowd in the lobby, are other attachés of the theatre, all seeking to overhear the comments, and all rushing to report to the manager. Not long ago the last act of a play in New York was entirely changed after the opening night solely because the women in the audience, as they left the house, were nearly all complaining of the tragic finish. When a piece hangs in the balance between success and failure, when "tinkering" can perhaps turn the scale, these frank comments overheard in the lobby are of great importance to author and manager. In other cases, they are a barometer of success or failure, though the ultimate test, of course, is the subtle attitude of the audience in the auditorium, its spontaneous enthusiasm, or its coldness and signs of boredom.

> There is, perhaps, a general impression with greater wisdom than they show; that the gambling element ought to be less than



the gambling element can never be eliminated. What manager of sense would not pick any play by Barrie, Pinero, or Galsworthy, as a good play? Yet plays by each man have failed in America, for no conceivable, certainly no predictable, reason. Other plays which violated all the so-called rules of dramatic construction have possessed an unexpected element of humor or charm which has carried them to success, to the surprise of everybody. Still others have seemed stupid in rehearsal, only to prove lively in produc-The present writer will never forget the dress rehearsal of George Ade's "College Widow," which at its first performance was greeted with howls of laughter and for a full season thereafter took in from \$12,000 to \$16,000 a week over the box office till. The manager sat gloomily in one corner of the darkened auditorium. The author sat still more gloomily in another. The actors spoke their speeches as if they resented having to utter such doleful stuff. An air of depression hung over everything, a perfect fog of gloom. At the funniest situations, nobody laughed. The play seemed doomed to failure. Yet it was the hit of the year, when presented before an audience! Conversely, the present writer sat at a dress rehearsal of one of Henry Arthur Jones' plays and was deeply moved, once, indeed, to tears. On the following evening he sat at the performance and was utterly unmoved, except by wonder at the old-fashioned triteness of the situations. How can you explain this? You cannot explain it. It remains a mystery of the strange psychology of the theatre; and therefore the production of plays must always remain a gamble, and first nights a terrific nervous ordeal.

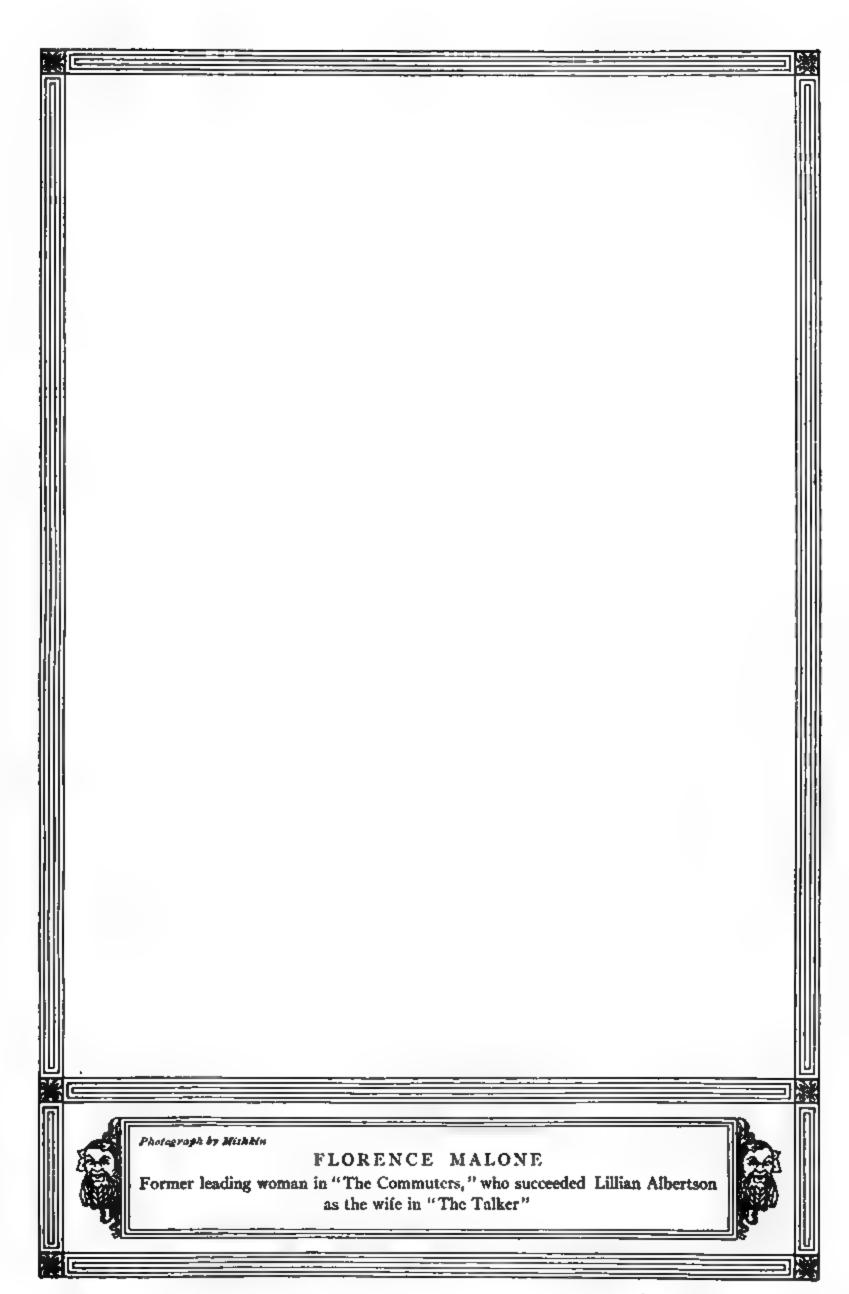
For the actor, too, the first performance is an ordeal, but in a little different way. Unless he is the star and part owner of the play, he has nothing at stake financially except his temporary employment. Moreover, his selfish interest is merely in his own part, not in the whole drama. He may, personally, make as much of a "hit" in a failure as a success. But, of course, he goes before his first audience in a new part with a degree of nervousness depending upon his temperament, and most players never, as long as they remain in harness, lose their terror of a first night in New York—nor, paradoxically, their joy in it.

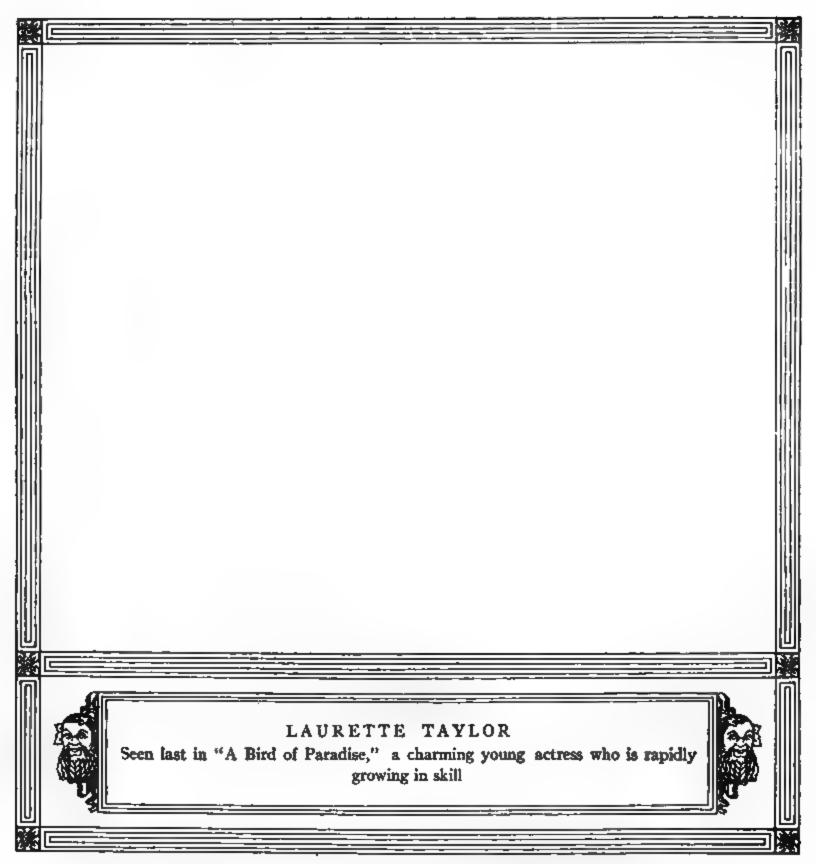
"There is something electric in the atmosphere," says that sturdy veteran, George "Bunty Pulls the Strings" brought to jaded Fawcett, "and though I have never lost my very well-founded dread of forgetting my lines on a first night, the moment the orchestra begins to play I begin to scent battle like a promise of possible adventure.

war horse, and am impatient to get on the stage. Some actors know at rehearsal exactly how they are going to play a part, and play it as well the first night as ever. I don't. I have to try out my effects on an actual audience. This makes the first performances more uncertain—even if I were sure of my memory under the nervous strain. But it also gives an added zest of experiment."

The nervous excitement and uncertainty of first nights communicate themselves to every person connected with the theatre. The suffering author, the worrying manager, the tense, fidgety, nervous actors, create a mood which affects the scene shifters, the musicians, the property man, the wardrobe mistress No matter how carefully conducted the rehea 3 have been, something is sure to go vrca "behind" on an opening night. Indeed, the mood seems almost communicated to inanimate things; among the superstitious people of the stage it is quite believed to be. The curtain is so excited that it sticks, the calciums are so nervous that they splutter. Stage folk who are naturally of an irritable, nervous disposition may well dread such ordeals. Undoubtedly it was this nervous strain of theatrical life which caused the death of Richard Mansfield.

But there is compensation. What pleasure is quite equal to that of being present at a new production, when an unknown dramatist or actor swims full orbed into our ken? Something new has been created under our eyes, and that is the most wonderful thing in the world. What would we not give to have been present at the first performance of "Hamlet," or at David Garrick's dramatic début, or at the premiere of "Don Giovanni"? When we read how Verdi would not rehearse "La Donna". e mobile" with the orchestra till the afternoon preceding the first production of "Rigoletto," for fear the tune would leak out, we can fancy the thrill of rapture which swept over the Italian audience when that aria first smote their ears. Many people can remember the night when "Pinafore" was first heard, and Gilbert and Sullivan burst on a delighted world. Memory still lingers, too, of one evening in the old Union Square Theatre in the early '80's, when an unknown young actor named Richard Mansfield, in "The Parisian Romance," astonished the town. Only last winter the first performance of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" brought to jaded New Yorkers the glow of discovery. wonder we go to first nights with ever fresh





about the theatre. That is the reason why we love it. You discover a new book alone in your library. You discover a new play or a great actor in company with at least a thousand of your fellows. You enter a gay and gilded playhouse, in evening dress, with lights and merriment about. You are put in holiday mood at once. The play is made known to you from a stage, brilliantly illuminated, by living actors, who add the charm of their personalities and art to the art of the dramatist. There is appeal to the eye as

Oddly enough, there is something theatrical well as the ear. There is often music. It is all on a large scale, it is a public affair, it is preëminently social. If the great play comes, if the great acting comes, your delight is shared by a thousand; you communicate your enthusiasm to them, they to you. You are all caught up, as one man, into the glow and the excitement. Nothing is quite comparable to it. It is compensation enough for all the nervous strain authors, actors, and producers have undergone. And it is one of the fine things about the theatre that they think so



TILL HE GETS HIM A WIFE

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ILLUSTRATIONS SHABELITZ

ERTHA," Mr. Martin's letter had run, "I am delighted with the news. We certainly have a great deal to be thankful for: Phoebe married to a man whom we trust and love and now Ernest getting engaged to the nicest kind of girl. Give her my love and tell her how much I admire her, its own. and how glad I am that we are going to have her for a daughter."

"Do you know what Ernest always talks about, Mrs. Martin, when we're alone?" Sylvia asked.

Mrs. Martin's lips drew together in what was palpably an effort to smile. But she looked straight into the happy eyes of the girl who had just announced her engagement to Ernest. "I haven't any idea, I'm sure," she said.

"You!" Sylvia said, gently triumphant. "Always you—nothing but you." She paused for an imperceptible instant. her earnestness brought no answering gleam into Mrs. Martin's eyes. Mrs. Martin continued to hold her faint smile; it looked as if it had petrified on her face. "I guess you've no idea how Ernest adores you," Sylvia went on, still softly enthusiastic. "He says that when he was a little boy he thought you were the most beautiful woman in the world. He never knew that any woman could be as beautiful as you until he went to the circus. He says that you've always had the most wonderful control over the whole family. He doesn't remember, he says, that you ever punished him or scolded him; but he would no more have thought of disobeying you than -than-" Sylvia's speech was full of hesitancies which always ended in endearing little futilities of phrase, gentle compromises of emotion with expression. "Than anything," she finally brought out. "Ernest says he disobeyed his father lots of times openly and on the quiet—but he never disobeyed you once. He says it never entered his head that he could. He told me that the was asking presently. "And how many

comparing the men's mothers with you and he never found one that wasn't an-anan also-ran." Sylvia hesitated a long time before she took this verbal plunge into her lover's slang.

Mrs. Martin's mechanical smile still held

"Ernest says-" Sylvia started on.

"Everything's ready, Sylvia," Mrs. Parker called from the other side of the room where, while she prepared the tea, she had been talking with Cousin Debbie.

The sisters busied themselves with the Cousin Debbie started one of her cheerful, chirping monologues. But Mrs. Martin, now that there was no necessity of talking or listening, relaxed for an instant. Every line of her figure sagged. Her face fell into incipient old-age masses. sionally her dull eyes went to Sylvia's face, to Marian's, back to Sylvia's.

There was a strong family resemblance between the girls, although they were differing blonde types. Mrs. Parker was more flaxen than Sylvia, taller, thicker, a little bovine. Everything about her was big and A thick crown of smooth hair tranguil. coiled above her broad placid brow; large meditative gray eyes shone beneath it. Her mouth, even, was ample and quiet. Maternity had left its traces on her figure; and at the temples her hair had frosted a little. Superficially, she was a more impressive figure than Sylvia. Yet Sylvia would always shine like a light in shaded places. Now, for instance, she showed in an extra thinness and whiteness the fatigues of her long year of teaching. But perhaps she had never seemed more ethereal. It was as if her happiness were an interior flame which glowed in a pale silver light through her delicate skin, and flooded in a deep blue radiance into her soft eyes. It seemed actually to lick the air in the pale gold tendrils of her filmy hair.

"Will you have lemon or cream?" Sylvia first year he was in Princeton, he was always lumps?" Marian was adding. And, "Oh, how good that tastes!" Cousin Debbie was married. I calculated that folks would surely commenting. Debbie did not relax. Even her cup and darting hither and von.

It was a modest establishment—the little half-house which was the Parker home and Sylvia's. It showed in every detail the brave fight which the Gordon girls had made against poverty. The pictures and bric-a-brac, few but rigorously good; the furniture, simple and carefully correct; the bare floor, the quiet paper—all these things did their best to offset the effect of the gilded mouldings and the carved and mirrored mantels. Everything was exquisitely neat, and yet a first glance showed that the children played all over the house. A family of dolls huddled together on the couch. A tiny tin engine had brought a line of cars to rest within the enclosure of the gas-log fireplace. The sisters reflected all this exquisite care and order. It was easy to guess that no hired fingers had produced the unlined, unfolded laundering—delicate as blown glass—of their simple shirtwaist gowns. There was an extra touch of holiday in the daffodils which lifted, Japanese fashion, out of broad shallow dishes.

Mrs. Martin put her cup down after a while and fumbled in her muff. "Mr. Martin wanted me to tell you, Sylvia, that unless you preferred something else he would like to give you for an engagement gift a cedar chest like the one he gave Phoebe.

Sylvia's smile made a flash of lightning whiter than her face. "Oh, that is so like Mr. Martin," she said. "What a dear thing to do! I should love a cedar chest more than—more than—anything I can think of. I—I—couldn't have had one otherwise."

scrupulously. "I brought my gift out today." She handed the little package to

Sylvia. "Oh, what fun it is being engaged!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Like Christmas all the time." Her tiny fingers picked carefully at the bow which tied the box and, as if the instinct of order were ever with her, she rolled up the ribbon and smoothed out the tissuepaper covering before she opened the package. "Oh, spoons!" she exclaimed in a delighted tone. "And just the pattern I love!

How did you know it, Mrs. Martin?"
"Ernie told me," Mrs. Martin answered. commonplace present—bromidic, she called for it." it. But I never have forgotten the experience Mr. Martin and I had when we got Marian asked.

give us spoons. And I didn't buy any. as she drank, the sharp glances of her But everybody gave us forks, and so when bright brown little eyes were leaping over we got back from our honeymoon, we had to use tin kitchen spoons on the table until I could get into Boston and buy some. And in these days when you need so many

> "I think it was lovely of you," Sylvia said. "And I do thank you." She made a little impulsive movement toward Mrs. Mar-But she checked it halfway—perhaps

she could not have said why.

"Mr. Martin will be at home Friday night," Mrs. Martin went on with the mechanical fidelity, to what was palpably a cut-and-dried recital, of a graphophone to its record. "And then we're both coming over to see you. I didn't want to wait so long myself." Mrs. Martin was not telling the exact truth here, What she should have said was: "I saw that Ernie did not want me to wait so long." She paused an instant and visibly cast about in her mind to see if her lesson were said. "Oh," she caught herself up. "And then Mr. Martin and I would like you to visit us in your spring vacation. Phoebe wants you to come right to her, as soon as you've been to us. I guess you'll have to make up your mind to spend the rest of the spring in May-

"Oh, I shall just love that," Sylvia said.

"How kind you all are to me."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Martin. now we must be going. Debbie is taking the six train to North Campion. It was so nice that she could come with me."

The sisters murmured gentle echoes of this sentiment.

"And remember, Sylvia," Mrs. Martin "It was his own idea," Mrs. Martin added went on, "Phoebe and I want to help you all we can with your sewing. Bring along as much as you can."

> "I guess it won't be so very much, Mrs. Martin," Sylvia said bravely. "You see-I'm—I'm—I'm going to have a very modest trousseau."

"It's much better that way," Mrs. Martin came to her rescue. "It's foolish getting so much, especially when styles change so. Why, Phoebe told me only yesterday that she's got some table linen she's never used yet, and now she never will because it's so out-of-date. I told her to give it to me." Mrs. Martin emitted a spark of her char-"Phoebe thought that spoons were a kind of acteristic asteism. "I'd be very grateful

"And how is little Bertha-Elizabeth?"

"OH, SPOONSI" SHE EXCLAIMED IN A DELIGHTED TONE. "AND JUST THE PATTERN I LOVE!"

tin's dead eyes. "Oh, very well, thank you. she's never sick. Now we must go." Mrs. Martin shook hands with Marian. She leaned forward and touched Sylvia's cheek ever would?" Debbie exclaimed in a shocked with her lips.

"What do you think of her, Marian?" Sylvia asked eagerly after their guests had

"Oh, she's a lovely woman," Marian said heartily. "I can see what kind of mother she's been. She's just lived for her children. We don't have that kind nowadays. I don't think she looks very well though. She seems

sort of-well, listless."

"I didn't notice," Sylvia said. "But she is lovely. She's always been so kind to me. And you should hear the things Ernest says about her." Sylvia stopped talking suddenly and peered anxiously about. "I think the house looked pretty, don't you, Marian? I hope the dust hasn't rolled up under the furniture the way it does." Her brow puckered. "Somehow I felt sad all the time she was here. I guess it was because I kept thinking of mother and how she would have enjoyed all this. If she had only lived a few years longer! Somehow, Marian, it seems to me that I never missed her so much as in the last few days."

"Well now, those girls are as neat as wax, I tell you," Debbie said, as soon as they were out of earshot. "I couldn't see a speck of dust anywhere. The mop-boards was as clean as a whistle and you could have et your dinner off the floor anywhere. Mrs. Parker's a pleasant woman, isn't she? And Sylvia'll be real pretty when she fills out a little. But she's the last girl in the world that I'd have expected Ernest Martin to pick out—I must say. I thought he'd choose somebody terribly stylish. Didn't you think a little while ago that he was kinder sweet on that Florence Marsh?"

"Yes, I did hope—I—I—mean—for a

while it looked as if he was."

"Well." Debbie said judicially, "I should be mighty glad it had turned out this way if he was my son. Florence Marsh is a nice girl, but my grief!—she's awful homely. My land! What queer things do come about! Who'd have thought that when Phoebe came home from Marblehead that time so crazy about a girl that was waiting on table at the didn't have a drop of sleep in her—jounced hotel there that—

"Debbie!" Mrs. Martin said peremptorily, "I don't want that you should say one word

A transient gleam flickered in Mrs. Mar- in North Campion about Sylvia's waiting on table. That's all past and forgotten and She's a quiet little thing, you know. But there's no reason why anybody should know anything about it."

"Well, Bertha Brooks! Do you suppose I

But Mr. Martin came home unexpectedly that very night. "Well," he said, after he had kissed his wife, "this is news about Ernest, isn't it? I finished that business right up and came home. I had to. I hadn't the remotest suspicion of anything of the sort. Did you see it coming? Or was it a surprise to you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Martin admitted tonelessly, "it was a surprise to me." She gave a quick, furtive look at her husband. "What do you think about Ernie's being married so young,

Edward?"

"Oh, I'm as tickled as Punch," Mr. Martin said heartily. "I believe in young marriages, mother—for men. I think a man ought to have the responsibility of a family just as soon as he's able to support one. And Ernest has worked like a beaver for two years. Sylvia's such a fine girl, too, and such a plucky one. Lord, how she's worked! My heart used to ache for her when she'd start right in teaching in the summer school the moment her college year had ended. There's real stuff in Sylvia."

"Yes, she's a heroine," Mrs. Martin agreed.

"I've always said that."

Mr. Martin kept on. "I'm glad you went right over there, mother, without waiting for me to get home. It isn't as if Sylvia had a father and mother. But those two girls all alone like that— We can call together to-morrow, can't we?"

"Yes, if you like. Wasn't your train late,

Edward?"

"No. I stopped to see the baby."

"Was she awake at this hour?"

"Yes. Delia said she'd slept right through the whole afternoon." Mr. Martin's tired, cinder-lined face lighted up. "Knew me the moment she saw me. Began doing that pattycake business without my saying a word to her. Delia says she's begun to talk—and she put her through some little tricks. Well, I suppose it's what you women call talking. But I'd hate to have my life depend on the accuracy with which I translated it. up and down in my lap until she tired me all out. I got her quieted down gradually and she fell asleep in my arms. Phoebe hadn't got in yet, but I left word for her to come up this evening. I suppose Phoebe's delighted about the engagement."

"She hasn't talked about anything else since," Mrs. Martin replied. "Nor Tug. Tug

seems very fond of Sylvia."

"Well, Sylvia shows her pluck in being willing to start married life on so little. It isn't as if Ernest could offer his wife what Tug offered Phoebe."

Mrs. Martin bristled. "I don't know what more a man could have to offer a woman than

Ernie's got."

"Well—what I mean is—Ernest and Syl-

via will have to count the pennies. Phoebe thinks she economizes, but Sylvia's really got to do it."

Mrs. Martin remained sil**e**nt—h er lips held in tight parallel lines.

"And her courage!" Mr. Martin went on. "Why just think of the strength of mind it meant to take a job as waitress in order to get through college."

"Edward!" The word exploded from Mrs.

Martin's

ciose lips.

"She didn't have a drop of sleep in her,—jounced up and down in my lap until she tired me all out"

Mr. Martin looked at her in surprise. "Ed- to talk while you were gone? and she's just as likely as not to have forgotten it."

think it's anything to be ashamed of?"

if Ernest has children, he wouldn't like them to know that their mother had waited on table."

"Well—but—why—I—" Mr. Martin actually stuttered in his bewilderment. "Good Lord! If I were Ernest, I'd be proud to have my children know it. But of course I won't make any reference to it, if you think I'd better not. I remember how it shocked your people to find out that I'd worked in a machine shop for a while. I never could get the hang of this social game as you women play it. What makes anybody somebody, and what makes him *nobody*, is beyond me.

> "It's only." Mrs. Martin said almost inaudibly, "that I'm thinking of Ernie's children."

And then a silence fell between them, a silence so deep that it lasted until the whole room waked up to Phoebe's brilliant, forthright presence.

And Phoebe was say-

ing:

"Oh, Father Martin, how glad I am to see you! I've missed you terribly. And what do you think of your granddaughter learning

I hear ward, I do wish that you wouldn't refer to that you and she had a great gab-fest this Sylvia's having been a waitress. Nobody afternoon. And think of Ern Martin's beknows it in Maywood but Mrs. Warburton, ing engaged! Why, it seems only yesterday that I was working you for a football suit for him. And to Sylvia of all people! "But-but-Bertha-! You surely don't Isn't it the luckiest thing that mother and I saved Ern from Pauline Marr that time? Mrs. Martin's eyes dropped. "No," she Little I wotted the service I was doing my said with a slight hesitation. "But perhaps best friend. I'm perfectly dippy about the Svlvia, you know. She's the only person on earth that's ever bossed me. But I've always taken anything from Sylvia. I've written her a letter every day since she announced the engagement. I've just this moment finished one in which I told her if she didn't housekeep for Ern better than she waited on table in Marblehead, I'd break up the match. Oh, father, wasn't she a fierce waitress! She could never remember the order and then she never added the check up right. But everybody was daffy over her. There's something so angelically darling about Sylvia."

And Tug was saying: "Hullo, dad! Isn't that a great kid we've got up to the house? Talking in seven different unknown languages at twenty months. I'm afraid the scientists will get on and want to experiment with her. Oh, sure! Sylvia's been my candidate from the start. bean on that girl, let me tell you. Easy to

look at too."

Last of all, Ernest had joined them—an Ernest whose eyes shone with a new joy, whose movements seemed to throw off electric sparks of triumph.

And Ernest was saying:

"Thanks, father! You betchu! Oh. Lord. Phoebe, what a question! I don't know when it began—the first time I saw her, I guess. And her grit taking that job as waitress when she was going through college! Considerable conch, believe me! Sure, I admit it. I've got the worst case on record. I nearly stopped in the rush hour in the subway yesterday to tell the ticket chopper all about it. That's all right, Tug. You can't bring the blush of modesty to this damask cheek. I glory in my shame. I'm going to have an electric sign put out in front of the house—ME FOR SYLVIA—in eight-foot letters."

And last of all, Mrs. Martin herself was

saying:

"Edward, I guess I'll have the florist come up to-morrow and lay out a plot of ground for me. I've always thought that sometime I'd have a rose garden like Aunt Mary's. I sort of feel as if it would do me good to work out-of-doors this spring."

This was the first day of the three months which came between the announcement of Ernest's engagement and Ernest's wedding.

It was a strange three months for Mrs. Martin. Nothing in it was as it had ever been before. Ernest lived in the house exactly as he had lived ever since his boyhood,

whole thing. I've always been crazy about than the sunbeams which made their daily round of the windows. He might have been a disembodied spirit—the spirit of happiness. He spent every evening with Sylvia. When he came down to breakfast in the morning, his eyes still sparkled with what of her was left over from the night before. When he came home to dinner at night, his eyes glowed with the anticipation of her. Ernest whistled and sang more than ever before in his life; but he talked less.

His intimacy with his mother seemed to be utterly suspended. Before his engagement was announced, he used to make to Mrs. Martin's room the instant he got into the house, no matter what the hour. However deep Mrs. Martin's sleep, his step outside her door always waked her. They would talk for a few moments before Ernest went to bed. Now he walked straight to his room—as if present experience were so magic. so precious, so sacred that he could not share it with mortal being. Sometimes, without warning, Ernest would throw his arms about his mother and treat her to a monster hug. Mrs. Martin never returned his embrace. although she always submitted patiently. But often in the midst of it, Ernest's arms would fall away, his eyes would grow absent.

"My goodness! I never saw two people so much in love as Ern Martin and Sylvia Gordon," Phoebe exclaimed again and again. "Mother, there's something positively pathetic about their absorption in each other. I bet I know the answer too. Sylvia's never had a real home since her mother died. She's been pushed from pillar to post and from post back to pillar again—until now the idea that she's going to have a place of her own seems like a fairy tale come true. She told me the other day that ever since she's been earning her own money, she's bought things with the idea of having a home some time. Why, mother, she's got the darlingest collection of ivory elephants—tiny—but no two the same size. And she's got several beautiful, foreign photographs, exquisitely framed. And the loveliest Wedgwood tea set—she bought it piece by piece—and a lot of Chinese and Japanese things that she's picked up here and there that are so different from anything you see in anybody else's house. She said she always thought she was destined to be an old maid; but she intended to have a home of her own just the same, and the moment she could afford it, she was going to adopt two children. Let me tell you, Mother Martin, there won't be a place in but he was no more a part of the family life this town so individual, so original, and so

quaint. But what I can't understand is Ern Martin's going so wild about domesticity. It isn't as if he hadn't always had a good home. How do you account for it, mother?"

Mrs. Martin replied that she had not

thought of the matter.

Superficially, Mrs. Martin seemed occupied. The rose garden proved an ambitious affair. And she insisted on doing all the work in it herself. Early and late she spaded, weeded, snipped and watered. The long hours in the open air tanned her prematurely. This partially concealed the fact that she was steadily growing thinner.

And all the while things were happening—it was as if Event were in collusion with Time—which brought the wedding day nearer and

nearer.

The first thing was Mr. and Mrs. Martin's joint call on Sylvia. This time, Mrs. Martin remained silent; it was Mr. Martin who did all the talking. And Sylvia sat, her deep eyes fixed on Mr. Martin's face, her cheeks pink with happiness and her delicate lips curved into a happy smile.

The next thing was Phoebe's and Tug's engagement call—conducted, on Phoebe's part, with so much mock grandeur that Sylvia laughed without ceasing all the time she

staved

The next thing was Sylvia's visit. came in her spring vacation, and lasted a week. Then there was nothing all day long but talk of marriage; the air was saturated with it. Early in the morning, Phoebe would arrive, wheeling a perambulator in which little Bertha-Elizabeth, sucking a fat clandestine thumb, lay concealed under a mountain of sewing materials. Or else, Phoebe insisted on bearing Mrs. Martin and Sylvia away to her house for lunch. At dinner, Ernest asked questions that had to do only with the day's progress. Immediately afterwards, in order to correct the confining effect of her teaching, he took Sylvia for a long auto ride. When they came back, Phoebe and Tug were always there. The marriage talk immediately started up again.

Sylvia shone with the same strange preoccupied happiness which distinguished Ernest. Her eyes seemed not to see what their gaze fell upon, unless it happened to be Ernest; then their dreams melted to an angelic tenderness. At no time a talker, Sylvia seemed more quiet than ever. But when Ernest drew her out about their housekeeping plans, her eyes flitted instinctively from Mrs. Martin's dead face and came to rest on Mr.

Martin's look of smiling sympathy. Those two had many long talks together.

From the Martin house, Sylvia went to Phoebe. But it was as if she had left a little golden shadow of herself in her lover's family. Ernest became more somnambulistic than ever. He arose a half hour earlier in the morning that he might go into Boston on the same train with her. He breakfasted with his eyes on the clock. That was the last his mother saw of him for the day. He dined every night at Phoebe's.

By this time, Mrs. Martin's rose bushes

were in luxuriant leaf.

The next thing was the selection of their home. Ernest and Sylvia looked at everything in Maywood before they decided on the tiny apartment which balanced perfectly between their income and their desire. Mr. Martin had announced that he would furnish their dining room as a wedding gift. Sylvia and Ernest began to make the rounds of the dealers in antiques. "You never saw anything like Sylvia, mother," Phoebe said. "She's drawn a plan of every room in her apartment with the exact measurements written on them. You'd think she was working out a puzzle. She knows exactly where she's going to put every piece of furniture, every picture and every bit of bric-a-brac.' The quartette—Sylvia, Phoebe, Ernest, Tug, —spent all their evenings in the barn now, scraping and polishing Ernest's share of Aunt Mary's beautiful mahogany.

"Ern Martin," Phoebe crowed over her brother again and again, "I guess you're pretty glad now that I didn't grab off all the family loot that time you told me to—just before I was married. Maybe you think I wasn't tempted to take you at your word. But I guess my guardian angel whispered to me that Sylvia was going to be your wife."

Now, indeed, the family talk had enlarged its scope. When it did not turn on furniture or the rest of the household equipment, it

went to the wedding itself.

"Well, mother," Phoebe announced one morning, "I've made up my mind what we're going to wear. I'm going to have a canary-colored satin with a sort of coat of a very delicate black lace picked out with gold thread. And I've thought out the most wonderful scheme for you—gray chiffon cloth—a dark gray—and yet not too dark—deeper than a pearl anyway—trimmed with lace dyed a light gray. A girdle of silver and royal purple. Do you think you'd like that?"

Mrs. Martin said she thought she would. The next thing was that Mrs. Martin and Phoebe were actually buying the materials these gowns were being fitted—they had come home—Sylvia's invitations were out there were only a few days more.

Mrs. Martin's rose bushes were all in bud. And then Ernest's wedding day came.

In the middle of the morning, Phoeberadiantly handsome in her canary-and-blackand-gold-came to dress Mrs. Martin. "Why. mother." she exclaimed as she helped her out of her morning gown, "how thin you are! I hadn't noticed it. What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Martin said languidly. "I guess it's just the spring feeling. Perhaps I've worked too hard in the garden.'

"That wouldn't have caused it." A real alarm obscured the brightness of Phoebe's face. "Though you have worked hard. And just think of your cutting every single blossom to send to Sylvia. If that wasn't just like It's all this excitement that's worn you out. I guess I haven't been taking very good care of you, mother. Well. I'll stop this right here or I'll know the reason why. To-morrow, I'll march you straight up to Dr. Bush. He's got a tonic—Tug took it last spring. It tastes like a mixture of gasoline and quicklime. But it certainly does build you up.'

The little living It was a home wedding. room in the Parker house was almost embowered in the roses which Mrs. Martin had There were not more than a double score of guests, and these mainly Martin and Brooks kin. The Gordon girls produced a single relative—a step-aunt had come out of an Old Ladies' Home and who was touchingly grateful for her holiday. Sylvia's other friends were a group of college girls who contributed a real note of gaiety to the occasion. Mr. Parker—long, lean, shyly humorous-gave Sylvia away; and Marian in rose pink, her face a blur of tears, was matronof-honor. Sylvia wore a white crêpe-de-chine gown, delicately simple, the one dressmaker product of her wedding outfit. She carried a loose bunch of some of Mrs. Martin's A fillet made from their tiniwhite roses. est buds encircled her hair. The wedding ceremony was performed where the noon sunlight streamed into the room. It shone through the transparent edges of Sylvia's gown and through the aureole of hair that had pulled away from the rosebuds. She seemed like an apparition. Ernest looked like a marble bust of himself.

The affair did not last very long. By a quarter after twelve, the ceremony was over. Phoebe said one day. "Your eyes are

By one, they were eating the delicious salads. ices and cakes which Sylvia and Marian had prepared themselves. By two, Ernest was kissing his mother good-by-and kissing her with his eyes on Sylvia. By three, the Martin family—minus Ernest—was back in Maywood.

And then days passed of which, afterwards. Mrs. Martin never had any clear recollection.

One afternoon, Mrs. Martin was bending over the weakling of her rose flock. Suddenly an arm came about her from above, lifted her upright, swirled her around.

"Oh, mother!" Ernest said. That was all But he kept repeating the word over and over, as if he had lost a precious formula and found it again. As for Mrs. Martin, she said nothing. She dropped her head onto her son's shoulder. It stayed there for a long time.

"Where's Sylvia?" Mrs. Martin asked presently, wiping her eyes.

"She's at the apartment. We've just got in and she was terribly tired and dusty. We're coming up together this evening. But I couldn't wait until then to see you. Don't let's go in now, mother. Stay out here and talk."

Ernest came again that evening as he had promised. Sylvia looked rested and happy. She was full of talk about their honeymoon, the wedding presents that had arrived during their absence, the wonder of their perfect dining room. After a while, Ernest proposed that his mother take a walk with him. They left Mr. Martin and Sylvia talking. Presently Phoebe and Tug came. Later, the whole family walked back with "the newlyweds"—as Phoebe now called them.

Ernest and Sylvia came to dinner at the Martin house the next night. Immediately after they arose from the table Ernest took his mother for a long stroll in the garden. The next night, Ernest and Sylvia dined with Phoebe and Tug; but on their way home, Ernest stopped for a good-night talk with Mrs. Martin. The next night, they went to the Parkers'. But at ten o'clock, they were back in the Martin house and Ernest was saying: "Come out in the garden with me, mother, I've got something to tell you." It was the same the next night and the next and many nights after that.

"Mother Martin, you're looking great nowadays. That tonic is a perfect marvel,"



ERNEST'S RETURN

bright and you've grown as plump. have you noticed, mother, how quiet Sylvia is? I've been down to Sylvia's three afternoons in succession now, and she doesn't seem to show half the enthusiasm about her home that she had before she was married. If I make a suggestion about something, I mean, on which she's asked my advice, she says, 'Perhaps that would be a good idea!' and changes the subject. And she's begun a lot of things that she shows no interest in finishing. Have you noticed it, mother?"

"Why, no," Mrs. Martin said slowly. "But now you speak of it, she has seemed

rather quiet lately."

That afternoon, while Mrs. Martin was working in her garden, a shadow fell across her path. It was Sylvia. "Mother," Sylvia said without preliminary greeting, "I want to have a talk with you—alone. Before Ernest gets home."

"Why, what is it, Sylvia?" Mrs. Martin asked. For Sylvia's face looked as if it had

been cast in lead.

"I've felt for a long time that I'd got to tell somebody," Sylvia went on in a dull voice, "but at first, I didn't know who to go to. Of course my first thought was Marian. But it seemed to me that, as long as it was something which concerned Ernest, I had no business to tell her. I worked it out that the only thing was to come to you."

"My dear—my dear—what is it?" Mrs.

Martin asked in a terrified voice.

"It's—it's—it's—I guess I've failed as a wife. I see that I haven't made Ernest. down on the altar of her happiness burned happy and I don't believe I ever can. I up and burst into radiant flame. thought I could, because I was so crazy to have a home of my own. I was very sure that I could make it attractive. But I can't. I've failed.'

"Failed! What do you mean, Sylvia?"

"He doesn't like our home. He doesn't want to stay in it. He isn't happy there. Every night, the instant we've eaten our dinner, he says, 'Now let's go up and see mother.' He's homesick. I know that. The moment he gets here, he takes you off into the garden alone for a talk. I'm afraid if we didn't live in the same town where we

But could see you every day, he couldn't stand it. He's very unhappy. I guess he's sorry he got married."

> Mrs. Martin seized Sylvia's arm. via." she said—and she shook the girl a little-"do you know what Ernest talks about all the time when he's alone with me?"

Sylvia shook her head.

"You," Mrs. Martin said. "You-all the time you—nothing but you. How good you are, how beautiful and how clever. How he never could have believed that an inexperienced girl could start right in and run a house so well. How delicious the breakfasts are! How dainty the table is set! What wonderful dinners you get up, and what variety, and how economical! And how there are always flowers about even if they're only field flowers. And how he's never seen you untidy yet. In the morning, you might be going to a party you look so pretty and sweet—especially in those little caps and morning-jackets you sometimes wear to breakfast. And how he's being neater than he ever was in his life, so's to keep the house looking pretty when callers come. And how you're never cross! And if he can ever make up his mind to give up one moment of you, he's going to invite all the Princeton men about Boston by squads to meet you. And how proud he was when you came into the office the other day. He said he guessed all the men there envied him a wife like you. And as for Mr. Martin and me--"

As Mrs. Martin talked, she saw Sylvia's face fill with a rose-pink tide, her eyes with an azure flood, as the light which had died

"Edward." Mrs. Martin said that night as they went to bed, "somehow it seems to me, I never was so happy in my life as I am now. I had a long talk with Sylvia to-day and I told her how much we all loved and admired her. I think we've got a good deal to be thankful for— Phoebe married to such a nice man and with the dearest baby in the world—and now Ernest getting such a treasure as Sylvia. When I think of the kind of a girl he might have picked out—oh, Edward, I guess I'd better spend the rest of my life trying to be grateful enough!"

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP

"The Irresponsible Woman and (especially) the Friendless Child"

VHE best word has been said, at last, on the everlasting woman question. Ida Tar-bell said it in her article on the "Irre-

sponsible Woman." In all the restlessness and dissatisfaction of modern life among women nobody has grasped the situation so comprehensively, or offered a solution that would so nearly solve our problems, —if the women who need it most would only try There is nothing like a child to bring out the highest and best in the woman. Many women have in the past, and still do, marry for the sake of having children. God has implanted something within the normal woman's heart that makes it impossible for her to reach the heights of her being until she becomes a mother. It is the fashion in some quarters to scoff at this notion nowadays, and many women act as if it were an insult to tell them of it. But it is just as true as it

For one reason or another, many of us do not marry. What then? Business, the professions, the colleges all offer us a substitute; but do they really answer the whole purpose? Can they really fill out and round our lives into that symmetry of character that we owe to ourselves and to the world?

No. Success never yet completely satisfied the hungry heart. Fame never yet made up for an otherwise empty life. And Miss Tarbell's proposition that a complete absorption in the welfare and development of some young person is the best thing that can happen to the "irresponsible" (or any other) woman, ought to be shouted from the housetops and cried from every marketplace in the world.

How do I know? I have tried it. Twelve years ago I came across a friendless little girl. Bright, loving, lovable, high-minded, dainty in spite of squalid surroundings, she would inevitably have gone to the dogs had not the great Father brought us together. Working hard in my profession, I was lonely beyond words, and facing a life that, however successful from a worldly point of view, must tend to narrow and harden my nature, I do not know which needed the other most. I took her home with me and two years later I adopted her. I have never been sorry for a single moment. What she has been to me I could never put into words. What I may have been to her I will leave for her to try

to tell some time in the future. But now, in her twentieth year, she is not only a most attractive and promising young woman, but the greatest possible comfort and *heart-stay* of my life.

There were plenty of doubtful people when I took that most unusual step,—an unmarried

woman adopting a child.

"How do you know that she will turn out to be a good woman?" asked a woman of me in those early days.

"Madam, how do you know that your daughter will turn out good?" I could not help replying.
"I don't," she sighed. And she didn't, any more than I; but as I used to tell them sometimes: "At any rate, if she doesn't turn out well, and some hereditary tendency crops out that is too much for her, I shall never have to ask myself

if I am responsible for that."

It is not an easy thing to bring up a girl in the way she should go, so to make as sure as one may that when she is old enough she will not depart from it. There were many struggles with temper fits and untruthfulness and other faults. Once I remember a two hours' siege over a fifty-cent piece that had disappeared from the housekeeper's table. That was at the very first. I have come out of these battles of will physically faint and trembling and so exhausted that I could scarcely stand up. But always the right had triumphed, and in the end certain traits, undesirable and common to most children, were vanquished. I know of no young woman who has herself better in hand, mentally and morally, than this one to-day. Yes, it took something out of me; but it also put something in. There is no way to develop growth in one's own soul like trying to do it for the child who needs training and depends on you for both precept and example. And when people say to me, "How much you have done for that child!" I answer, "No more, if as much, as she has done for me." And I am glad to say there are women who understand what I mean.

I am sure Miss Tarbell does. And when she advocates this sort of thing for the irresponsible

woman, I cannot help seconding her.

"Oh, but a child is such a responsibility!" people say. "I would like to adopt one, too, but I am afraid of the responsibility." Well, what did God give us minds and strength of character for if He did not mean us to take responsibility upon ourselves? And if I could only make the average woman realize what it means to have just this sort of responsibility—the most blessed thing on earth. I have known women to take a little

child home because she was pretty or had a sweet smile or lovely curls. By and by, when the little faults that are common to all children (and were to us once) show out, they get tired. "Oh, I had to give her up. She told lies" I have heard them say. Well, in Heaven's name, why not teach the little thing better? How will she ever cease to tell lies if no one helps her to a knowledge of the beauty of absolute truthfulness?

And, although it is not always easy or pleasant, it is astonishing how many cobwebs get brushed away from one's own soul in the process.

"Of course you knew all about her antecedents?" they used to say, too. "Of course you would not take a child of whose parents you know nothing." And when I told them that was just what I did, their pitying eyes and tightly compressed lips showed what their estimate of my

judgment or my foolhardiness was.

But that wasn't the way I looked at it. Here was a helpless, motherless, hungry little soul crying out to me for help. What right had I to leave her in darkness and misery because I did not know her mother? Because her father's name was unknown (except as it did happen to appear on the city marriage records the year before she was born)? If there is a child, boy or girl, needing help, and a woman who has the opportunity to give it, let her accept the duty and be thankful. For it is only another way of casting your bread upon the waters. And if it does not return to you "after many days," in the way you feel now it ought to, rest assured you will gain immeasurably in what cannot be measured,—breadth of soul, upliftment of heart, and God's great mercy.

I had to get my little girl through the help of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. When the formalities had all been gone through with and I was about to leave the office, the good woman who was at the head of the Society ex-

tended her hand and said:

"Well, Miss W., God bless you! If every childless woman would do what you are doing, and become responsible for just one of these children, there would be no further need of a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to children." H. M. W.

What About the Irresponsible Man?

HAVE read with great interest the article by Miss Ida Tarbell on "The Irresponsible Woman and the Friendless Child" (AMERICAN MAGAZINE for May). Miss Tarbell has pointed out clearly and succinctly what I have long felt to be one of the great weaknesses of American society—the non-productiveness of a large number of American women.

It seems to me that the American husband and father is partially to blame for this. In the days of our grandmothers, or at least our great-grandmothers, women found in their homes occupation that was inevitable at that time, and while the men were busy in their occupations to support their families their wives were just as surely doing their part in the home, in the bearing of children,

in taking care of their children themselves, in many cases doing all the rest of the housework or assisted only by a helper, doing practically all of

the sewing, etc., etc.

With the changes that have come in the industrial world and with larger incomes it has seemed to be the idea of most well-to-do men that their wives and daughters are to have everything done for them by hired servants or dressmakers, and with the hours of leisure left them, they are to amuse themselves and to "rest as much as possible." The average prosperous man never seems happier than when he thinks that his wife is taking a nap. If this is all that we are fit for, we are certainly not worth anything to the community, and after we have brought our children into the world and have handed them over to "experienced nurses" we might better step out to make room for the next generation of productive women.

All that Miss Tarbell says of these irresponsible women seems to me to be deplorably true, but it also seems to me that there is a strikingly weak point in an otherwise strong argument. When she asks the question, "What were the women doing in the Middle West town of 30,000 people which supported 80 saloons," and then takes the stand that women do not need the ballot.

In the States where women are included in the electorate it has been proved that the very large majority vote on the right side of all moral questions, and if these seemingly and probably irresponsible women who built churches and had literary and sewing and bridge clubs in this small Western town had had it in their power to vote against the saloons, I feel sure that they would have eliminated them, or at least limited the number, and how else could they express their feelings effectively? They had their temperance organization—a large one—so it is plain to see how they felt; but what good did it do?

The men of this town to whom Miss Tarbell appealed to know "what the women were doing" answered her in a way to show that they expected nothing of the women except idleness and self-amusement and inefficient mild effort, yet as voters they had allowed the saloons to flourish.

What were the men doing in this town? They were the only men who had it directly in their power'to protect the youth of their town by voting out the saloons. As the home and the youth of the land are the normal interest of the normal woman, and even though there are many irresponsible women who appear to ignore it and who do ignore it except in their own small circumscribed lives, my belief in inherent womanhood is such that I am sure that the women of this town (who could not all have been irresponsible, but who were "doing just what women do everywhere, no better, no worse") would have, if they could have, changed the character of their town more efficiently than their husbands and fathers did, and just for the reason that as a sex women are more interested in the protection of the home and of children than men are.

ALBERTINE FLERSHEM VALENTINE.

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

FRITTEN a long time before the conventions this piece will contain no prophecy of the political outcome. The writer is among the few who are brave enough to confess that they cannot predict in the early summer what will happen in the autumn. Or perhaps it is not the courage of lack of conviction but a

Election Surprises

sharp recollection of past surprises in politics that holds him back. Hayes' election, if you can call it an election, was a shock to the prophets. Hancock seemed to be fairly on the way to-

ward success until a chance phrase laid bare the barrenness of the general's theories of political economy. And if Blaine's wits had not gone wool-gathering for five minutes but had grasped the meaning behind the cheap rhetorical flourish of the bigoted parson from Buffalo, the most popular public man of his day would surely have been chosen president. On such small matters hangs the balance in an election in which 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 voters are concerned.

But if we do not dare to discuss the future we can with some assurance deal with the present and at the moment of writing there is no subject that more urgently invites discussion than the declension of Mr. Taft. He may be nominated (although that now seems only barely possible) through the force of the organized political machinery. He

Taft's Decline may even be elected (although that seems impossible) through the superior equipment of his party and the customary disjointed condition of the Democratic party. But even if he is

nominated and elected there will be no question that he has suffered more in the public

they did about Buchanan or Johnson. There is a sort of killing kindness mingled in the unfriendly comment. But when one considers what was thought and said of him four years ago and what is thought and said of

him now, the decline is enormous.

What is to blame for this curious shrinkage in his position? No one can say he has been a "bad" president. There have been no "bad" presidents in the sense that we would call, for examples, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Castlereagh, Metternich and M. Briand bad public ministers. But he has not been even a mischievous president. The chief blot on his administration was the Ballinger case and in this matter it must be argued for him that his hand was forced by a struggle between two factions that were moved by entirely opposite views on the Government's conservation policy. The antedating of the Glavis letter, it is true, has a queer look, although we should hardly go as far as the ex-President and say that if it had happened in a business transaction it might deserve the attention of the district attorney. It is only charitable to assume that it was due to a confused recollection of oral and written conversations. But outside of this Mr. Taft's challenge to his adversary to place his finger on some wrong act of the administration, is fairly unanswerable. His reciprocity bill, if poorly executed, was well conceived. The idea behind the appointment of the tariff commission was honest even if it was too highly academic in its character to be of any service in this fierce struggle. The attacks on the trusts were sufficiently severe to gratify not only popular patriotism but popular envy of the rich, but they, of course, were directed by the expert hand of a lawyer trained in corporation practice in New York. It was no fault of his that these assaults were almost all practically nullified by the action of the estimation than any man who has held the United States courts. His cabinet appointpresidential office in many years. We don't ments were not thrilling but with the excepmean to say that people feel about him as tion of Ballinger they aroused no hostile comment. We do not remember the names of all the learned gentlemen whom he called to the Supreme Court but at least one of them was a lawyer who had rendered great service to the country and the others no doubt bore excellent parochial reputations. In short it is hard to blame him on any particular point.

Then why is it that toward its close Mr. Taft, if he has no enemies, has few friends and those of a dubious loyalty, and why, after en-

Great Expectations

tering office with such splendid promise, the general opinion in placing him among the presidents will consign him to the respectable companionship of Tyler, Polk, Fillmore and Pierce? The an-

swer must be that he was too highly recommended for the place. If no more had been expected of him than was expected of Harrison he would have caused no disappointment. He has fallen further than anyone else because he had further to fall. The political leaders and writers who placed this well-meaning man of middling capacity at a giddy height of statesmanship are responsible for the terrific nature of his tumble.

We must blame Mr. Roosevelt first and most of all. The harm he has done Mr. Taft in the last six months is as nothing compared with what he did during the year before the nomination in 1908. Mr. Roosevelt was and is one of the most dangerous advance agents that any man could have. He promises too much. He attributes to his supporters or allies for the time, virtues and powers that are beyond all reason. All others must stand on their merits, and he is frank to admit that their merits are few in number and not noteworthy in character. But in describing those with whom he is associated he uses only adjectives in the superlative degree.

His first choice for a successor was, as everyone knows, Mr. Root, but when it became apparent that this sinewy-minded statesman,

Warmedover Adjectives for all his ability, could not be nominated, it seemed strange to those who thought they knew something of the comparative intellectual strength of the two men, to see the President turn to Mr.

Taft, and heating anew the adjectives of much warmth which he had employed about his Secretary of State, apply them to his Secretary of War. To these observers there seemed to be no more likeness between the two men mentally than there is physically. Whatever opinion one may have about Mr.

Root's extraordinary mediæval conception of the relation of government to the people, his instinctive reaction against the forward movements of democracy, his apparent belief that the law stopped short in the cultivated court of the Lord Chief Justice Coke, the compactness and vigor of his mental processes are indisputable.

His relation with the President was always that of an independent, if prudent and tactful adviser, while Mr. Taft on the other hand always impressed people with the notion that he considered his principal business to be to find logical reasons for the conclusions which his chief had arrived at without consulting anyone. He was always in agreement with Mr. Roosevelt. Possibly this was why Mr. Roosevelt thought so well of his intelligence. At any rate, critics were at first silenced and then convinced by the vehemence of the President's eulogy. It was as if he said: "You think I'm great but you ought to know Taft."

Mr. Taft, who had never appeared publicly in these rôles, was pictured as the pious friend, the fearless executive, the unexampled administrator, the far-seeing lawmaker.

He was this, he was that, he was everything wonderful. In his capacity as advance agent the President went out and "billed" the country extravagantly for his protégé. He put up six-sheet posters everywhere approuncing the

The Circus

everywhere announcing the coming of his "unparalleled attraction." He "worked" the press for notices of his prodigy. He inflamed the public with the expectation that one of the marvels of the world was about to appear before them. Then he went on his way and the attraction followed.

It turned out to be a one-ring circus. The great political equestrian was discovered riding a hobby-horse. The dazzling constitutional interpreter would not jump through a hoop half a foot higher than the constitutional constructions of a justice of the peace of Cuyahoga County. The fearless lion tamer entered the cage armed with a red-hot poker and a brace of pistols and when the mangy old Protection lion groaned

old Protection lion groaned rather than roared, he scuttled out as fast as he could, locked the cage and announced that the only way to tame the ferocious beast was to investigate his necessities

and in the meantime to give him more to eat!

There was nothing essentially wrong about

Taming the Lion

the show. It was a moral entertainment. But to the imaginations heated by the brilliant posters it was terribly dull. And what a cloud of political thimble-riggers, shell-men and three-card-monte men it attracted! How they insisted that it was the greatest show on earth! How they still insist on it while casting wistful glances toward the railway station for some other more popular show to which they can attach themselves.

Several years before the convention of 1908 Mr. Roosevelt organized the Taft boom, and

for the purpose of advancing it he created the Taft myth of almost superhuman sagacity, courage, learning, loyalty and patriotism. No doubt he believed everything he said at

The Taft Myth

the time. He pressed everyone he met into this service, and no President has ever made it a point to meet so many men of various achievements. We do not hesitate to discuss his personality. Nobody does. Although he is still one of the liveliest of living men the world insists on treating him as if he had been dead ten thousand years, debating his probable habitat, his ways of acquiring food, his mental dispositions, his means of providing for his young, and so forth. Thousands of persons are trying to "reassemble" him and show us the "real Theodore Roosevelt." That none of the reproductions is complete is no fault of these paleontologists but is due to the fact seldom encountered by investigators that the subject is still alive and changing. But certain things we know about him, and one of them is that no man of our time has enjoyed a wider or more thoughtful range of interests, no one has found out more accurately what other men know, and of no one could it be more truthfully said that nothing human is foreign to him.

With this characteristic in mind it is easy to see why he has been the center of most amus-

An Amusing Gathering ing gatherings of men who had nothing in common with each other except his understanding and admiration of their achievements. In this period he would be found surrounded by cabinet officers,

Supreme Court justices, generals, senators, ambassadors, champion tennis players, Bad Bill, the bowie-knife expert from the Rio Grande; Prof. Blabb, who had just returned from England where he read his paper on the "Conscious Cerebrations of the Oyster" before the Royal Society; Herschell Parallax,

who discovered life on the rings of Saturn before he cleaned his telescope; Osric Gilfeather, the author of an essay on "The Decay of the Artichoke in Modern Times," and many other worthies.

On each of them Mr. Roosevelt impressed the glories of Mr. Taft—with the most amazing results. Everybody talks. There are no exceptions. Statesmen, lawyers, judges may be relied upon, soon or late, to tell all they know about other people. Although they may be restrained by scruples or conventions from attaching the facts to the name of any individual. A secret is something that nobody even suspects. And of all people professional writers are most prone to loquacity.

It is, in fact, a considerable part of their trade. Talking is the light exercise by which they keep in condition for the more serious use of their powers of expression in writing. Imagine then the aforesaid Gilfeather meeting the President at the time when the Taft myth was in process of creation.

The President—"Ah, Mr. Gilfeather, I am delighted to see you. It is a real pleasure. I can't tell you how much happiness and instruction I have got out of your essay. It is immense. By George, it is. I was particularly struck by the paragraph in the second chapter on page thirty-six where you speak of the disastrous effect of egg-plant on Hamilcar's army. It is true, every word of it. I wouldn't change a syllable. I think you will find a reference to it in the third volume of Scipio's letters to his aunt. I will try to find it for you and send it to you. In the meantime I want you to meet Secretary Taft. must tell you that I regard Taft as the greatest administrator produced by this country in one hundred years. And bear in mind what I say: he will be the next President of this country.

"Mr. Secretary, let me introduce Mr. Gilfeather, whose extraordinary essay on the artichoke I read to you last night. I hope your headache is better. Come this way, Mr. Gilfeather. I have placed you at the table between two most interesting men. On your left is Colonel Guff, who has been in the Congo Free State for twenty years and has written a most delightful book on the habits of the hippopotamus. On your right will be the Patagonian minister, a most entertaining character. I have learned enough of his language to be able to talk with him. I observe a curious likeness between the Patagonian language and the Senegambian. Both seem to derive all their names of objects from the vegetable

kingdom. For example, 'head' in Senegambia, where coconut palms abound, is 'cocoa'. while in Patagonia, where the natives are devoted to primitive agriculture, it is 'bean.' Curious, is it not? I am extremely anxious to cultivate good relations with the Patagonians for I intend next year to fortify Tierra del Fuego, thus permitting us to keep our navy always in the Pacific. I must leave you now. but don't forget what I told you about Mr. Taft. And by the way, if the Patagonian minister talks too much kick him on the shin. It is the etiquette of his country."

No wonder when Mr. Gilfeather got back to Hicksville he formed the "Market Gardeners' Ruskin Society" into a Taft club.

Spreading the News

The impulse started at the White House spread with incredible rapidity through the country. The legend of this one man's extraordinary efficiency and brilliancy became a fixed belief with millions of

few months before. The country was over- would regard as obsolete.

run with volunteer press agents telling of the wonders of his mind and the charm of his character. Everybody knows what followed. The disappointment at the performance was equal to the extravagance of the It was as if a constellation had promises. been predicted and a pinwheel produced which emitted only enough fire to burn the manager's fingers and make him cross.

The administration which was to be bold and generous proved to be inert except only when it was petulant. The rigid conservatives who expected at least another Cleveland were nagged and irritated, but not injured, by the policies of the administration. The millions of men who have felt the forward impulse of democracy which has appeared last in this home of democracy and who had looked eagerly to the President for a sagacious and orderly American interpretation of the movement, soon discovered that he was utterly out of sympathy with them and entertained a conception of social and industrial progress men who had hardly given him a thought a which the Procurator of the Holy Synod

MORTAL HEART THE

B, JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

BOUT me all the flickering loveliness Of life, with love and death irradiate, Tortures my heart continually to create Some proof thereof out of her own excess; Lest there be left out of her deep distress No dream to justify my desolate And beauty-haunted hours, my love and hate, And all my spirit trembles to express.

Sorrow alone is bearable through this, That I may sing its beauty as it is, And joy that is not uttered is not joy: The utter doom of things is not to be borne; Can I not shout my ringing defiance of scorn Once, ere the fates deflower me and destroy?



In the Juvenile Court

BY DOROTHEA MOORE

So very like the flower—the weed— So very like the flower. Indeed I'm wondering what God would say If I should throw the weed away.

This hard defiant pallid girl— Offensiveness in every curl Of her rough hair. O my dull eyes, Can you be reason hers are wise?

And when I bend beside the bed Where my girl lies so sheltered, How may I touch that tender face, Forgetting these—who need such grace?



THE HELPING HAND

THEAMERICAN

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

"So they drew on towards the house (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house. -Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

CHICAGO AND BALTIMORE

With the Political Scene Shifters

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

downward and eloquence grows backward," a complaint uttered more than 300 years ago, will be cheerfully applied to modern political oratory by all who are forced to listen—for we must imagine duress in such cases—to the

The Decline of Campaign Oratory

characters that was funnier crowds would have listened than most of the speeches he had to listen to while report-

ing the conventions in June.

The reason for the decline seems plain enough. Always in this country the lawyers held almost a monopoly of public speaking. Their practice at the bar kept them in constant training for their occasional appearances on the platform. Nowadays the best lawyers go seldom to court. They stay close these were not of the first order or anything law and ingenuity in reasoning that would be have saddened the heart of old Mr. Gassaway

OW things daily fall, wits grow as well as counsel. They have altogether neglected the art of addressing the crowd and have neither the time nor the inclination for the physical training which all great orators have found essential to the production of their calculated effects.

They would do fairly well in a small gathattempts of the campaign ering, but would be helpless before the mobs speaker to wheedle his audi- at Baltimore and Chicago. We say "mobs"

George Ade never because of their numbers, but wrote a speech for one of his we have no doubt these attentively to anyone who interested them, if only he could make himself heard. But with the exception of Mr.

Good Voices and Brains Seldom Go Together

Bryan, the speakers who had voices good enough to be heard had nothing to say, and the speakers who had anything to say worth

listening to had no voices to say it.

There were a few rattling debates, but in their offices, applying knowledge of the like it. And the nominating speeches must thrown away on the average judge, to the Davis from West Virginia, who can remember building up and safeguarding of large busi- Webster, Sumner, Lincoln, Douglas and a ness undertakings in which they are partners—score of others of almost equal eminence.

"Air you the con-spicuous Democrat who voted for Cannon?"

The loss of the art by first-rate men was made perfectly apparent by the size of the advocates put forward to answer Mr. Bryan on the opening day of the Baltimore conven-Those who had been in other conventions and knew how Tammany Hall used to fight when cornered expected to see some rough-and-tumble debater like Tom Grady hustle to the platform and pour out a flood of invective against the tormentor, which would have mightily pleased the galleries who were out for a good time and didn't much care who paid for it. But poor Tom's dead these two years. No Grady, ready and fierce, loud of speech and truculent of demeanor came forward to speak for the "organization," but a Congressman from Brooklyn who held the audience for no more than a minute. Then he commenced a sen-

Texas Downs Brooklyn

t,

tence: "A conspicuous Democrat"—and paused for an instant. Up jumped a lean delegate from the Panhandle of Texas, with a voice that had had some practice in quelling bunches of locoed

steers, and, pointing a finger at the speaker cried: "Air you the con-spicuous Democrat

a great shout of joy. The Brooklyn Congressman lost his head completely. He turned white with rage, shook his fist at the Texas man, danced around the platform, supplicated the police to protect him and otherwise acted like a man whose regularity had been punctured at the heart. His voice was overwhelmed by the roar of the galleries rocking in merriment. The madder he grew the louder they howled, which is a way the galleries have. Every time they quieted down a little the avenging voice from Texas rose again: "Answer me. Air you the conspicuous Democrat who voted for Cannon?" And away they went again. After the unfortunate orator had given them a painful but most enjoyable five minutes exhibition of gymnastics, he left the stage with his speech still unspoken.

"I knew," said a Tammany man afterward, "that Fitzy was gone when he turned pale. A man by that name oughtn't to get white when he's mad."

Another defender of the principles of democracy was a young person from California, who by virtue of his many excellences, is an officer of an organization known as the Order of Eagles. He was the happy poswho voted for Cannon?" The gallery gave sessor of a voice that could be heard for halfa-mile at sea. Because of the extraordinary noise issuing from him, this champion caught the attention of the crowd and held it while he was saying everything of any interest he had to say, which was not long. Unfortu-

The Tragedy of Not Stopping nately for him, having concluded his speech, he fell a victim to a common and fatal disease of convention orators. He couldn't stop. He couldn't back off the stage. His oratorical legs got crossed

and refused to carry him out of danger. No crowd is as quick or as merciless as a convention audience in detecting the approach of such a predicament and hastening it. A great wave of gayety swept over the house. The orator seemed perfectly amazed at the sudden change in the temper of the convention. A second before they were applauding him. Now they were laughing at him. The sweat began to roll down his cheeks and melt his collar to a pulp. He raised his hands in prayer to the crowd. He implored them to be silent while he assured them of the glories of California and his own loyalty to the democracy. They only laughed the more.

Eventually, finding that his voice was lost in the tumult, he inflated his cheeks and tried to shoot out his speech, word by word, like the cork in a pop-gun. This device almost broke up the convention in a delirium of happiness. In the end he retreated unheard. picture of this miserable man will not soon pass from memory, as "rising, falling, hoping, despairing," he was swept from the stage. He took the platform a number of times afterward, for these bad speakers are dauntless, but every time he appeared he was welcomed with such shrieks of gaycty that not even the chairman ever knew what were the vast thoughts he sought to deliver.

Yet Mr. Bryan received a most attentive hearing the same day, except for interruptions organized by Tammany men in the galleries. And the crowd listened approvingly to a frenzied speech from a Southwestern statesman who introduced an entirely new gesture. With his left hand outstretched he made wild clutches at his shoulder

with his right hand thumb. It turned out that this was no mere affectation to emphasize his rhetoric, but that his "galluses" were slipping. He remarked to a fellow

Gailuses and Tragedy

delegate as he came down from the platform:

"I durn near lost my pants."

The speaking at Chicago was no better. It really was worse. But the interruptions were less numerous for the very good reason that the crowd was thoroughly scared by the

police. Never since the Haymarket riot have so many members of this fine body of constabulary been gathered together in one place. In spite of the disclaimers published in the papers it is im-

Chicago Police Nominated Taft

possible to get rid of the impression that the Chicago police force dominated the convention and nominated Mr. Taft for President.

The Southwestern Statesman who durn near lost his pants

They were in the galleries; they patrolled the aisles and mingled with the delegates, scrutinizing them with the familiar official expression they wear when elbowing through a crowd of hoodlums and trying to "spot" those who are "liable to start something"; in the passageways there were scores of them, actually, and this is no exaggeration, crouched along the walls ready to spring with club and pistol in hand upon this historical deliberative assemblage at a word from the local manager, a Taft man instructed for Roosevelt but in no sense burdened by this obligation.

The writer did not see the incident himself but he was told that when the combative leader of the delegation from the principal Republican State of the Union rose to make a point of order a German policeman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Sid dowun." "What's that?" the leader demanded. "Sid dowun," said the policeman. And he sat down! It was amusing to watch, but we couldn't help thinking of the times past when a convention was a little imperium in imperio, which made its own laws and enforced its own order and would have resisted as sacrilege the intrusion of the local police upon its deliberations. And we couldn't help wondering what would have happened to that policeman if Philander Knox had been the delegate so threatened.

The reason given for this outpouring of the civic soldiery was that predictions of armed conflict on the floor of the convention had

Not as
Disorderly as
a Meeting
of Methodist
Ministers

been circulated for many days. It was rumored that Murray Crane had asked to have the delegates searched for revolvers at the doors. Many well-informed men who are usually calm in

exciting circumstances, feared bloodshed. One very prominent person told the writer that he expected twenty or thirty men would be killed before the convention adjourned. After Mr. Victor Rosewater had been instructed in his duties as acting chairman of the national committee by the delectable three, William Barnes, Jr., Murray Crane and Boies Penrose and had rehearsed his decision on the right of the national committee to seat the Taft delegates (which was prepared for him) until he was almost letter perfect, and was about to retire to his sleepless couch, the Senator from Pennsylvania genially said to him: "Victor, as soon as you've made that decision jump off the platform, for someone is going to take a shot at you, sure."

The effect of this kindly counsel upon young Mr. Rosewater was not soothing. Yet he made the decision. There is no doubt about that. It is in the official record, written down by the official reporters the night before. But no one heard him make it. The actual, physical disposition of the decision is unknown. The impression of those who sat in front of the chairman and watched the play of his throat muscles was that he swallowed it.

As you know, nothing happened that would have ruffled a convention of dentists. We have seen greater disturbances in a meeting of Methodist ministers. And it was perfectly clear to those who looked attentively at the delegates as they trooped to their seats, that nothing could happen. Distinctly they were not a "fighting bunch." As well expect a riot at the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Home for Decayed Gentlewomen as from this gathering of middle-aged or old, well-dressed lawyers, bankers, journalists, merchants, federal employees and politicians. Their fighting days were over, if they had ever existed. It was perfectly apparent that they had gathered to do what they were told, in a respectable way, and then go home to their families to tell them all about it, and a little more, and pin their delegates' badges with the other trophies over the mantel-piece in the parlor. The Hon. Bat. Masterson, a connoisseur in these matters, anticipated the dull peace that brooded over the convention. "There will be no fighting," he said. "I knew there wouldn't be when Frank Heney didn't swing on that Florida Cracker who attacked him before the committee on credentials. Fighting rhetoric," continued Mr. Masterson reflectively, "must be interlarded with a punch or two to be really effective."

Perhaps it is pretty late in the day to discuss these conventions, but we may offer as an excuse for gabbling on about them that

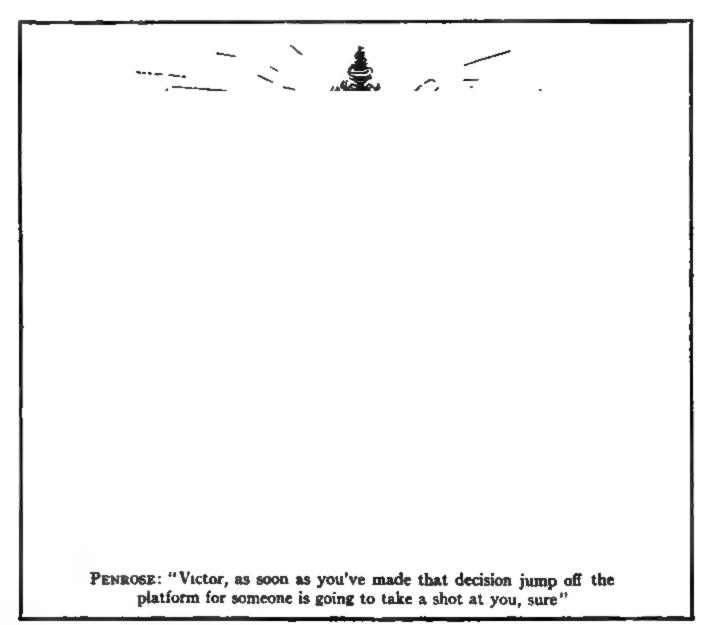
they are likely to be the most far-reaching in their effects of any held since the war, that they may be the last of their kind, that they were the very essence of the two parties, and that a spectator

The Ability of Root

saw in them, but infinitely more clearly marked in the first than in the second, the separation of groups and the commencement of new parties.

The two most striking figures in the conventions, the only striking figures in either convention, were Senator Root in the one,

and Mr. Bryan, in the other. Mr. Root is He has a poor voice and his manner is the not a popular man, but he is by so far the manner of a writer of briefs. Yet he ruled ablest man in the old Republican party to-day this difficult convention with the least imthat it seems a slur on our reputation as a aginable effort and with an appearance of nation which worships efficiency, that Mr. fairness that left no plausible ground for Taft should be nominated for President while complaint to the angriest of his enemies. no leader of the party would have the hardi- Large gatherings of reasonable men are quick hood to suggest Mr. Root for that office. to detect the indefinable thing called force He is suffering a common penalty for a lack of character in those who appear before of fastidiousness as to his clients. No man them. They require no expression of this who commenced his career as a lawyer by quality but acknowledge it at once even defending Tweed and ended it as counsel for when it is not spoken, and will attend a quiet "the interests" in New York could live long man who possesses it when they would riot



public service to gain the Presidency. But of a bull. that is neither here nor there.

It is as a commanding figure in the convention that Mr. Root is the subject of the present discussion. His bitterest enemy could not withhold praise from him for his conduct as presiding officer over a gathering interrupting the speaker. If whose passions were none the less violent because they were kept down. A national interrupted person was a convention pays little attention to big reputations and would as soon laugh down an when he had lost his position empty speaker with a great name as it would an unknown and foolish ambition. Mr. Root ity." It was really thrilling to see the

enough or perform a sufficiently unselfish in the presence of a weak man with the voice

Very few people heard what Mr. Root had to say; but everybody listened to him. Only once did he put his power into words and that was when one of the dele-

gates near the stage began we remember correctly the worthless ex-Senator who,

His Power Over the Delegates

stayed in Washington in a "private capacis by no means commanding in appearance. thin, unimpressive-looking chairman move swiftly to the front of the rostrum, contemptuously thrust the speaker aside and leaning over shake his eyeglass at the offender as he said: "If the delegate sitting near the aisle doesn't cease interrupting he will be put out of this convention, delegate or no delegate." The man fairly cowered and "covered up" as though he expected the chairman to jump down and hit him. "By Gosh," said one delegate, "he looked forty-six feet high." Mr. Roosevelt used to say: "Elihu is seven-eighths lawyer and one-eighth man." The percentage of lawyer was greatly reduced at Chicago.

Since the convention, certain newspapers have gratified their wish on this subject by announcing that Mr. Bryan has "been eliminated." Strange are the sayings of partisanship! Far from being "eliminated," Mr. Bryan was stronger when the convention ad-

The Most Formidable Figures in Either Convention journed than he has been at any time in recent years. From the very first moment he towered over his enemies, was their superior in boldness, in

force of character and in political finesse, dominated the situation from first to last and was altogether the most formidable figure and the most undeniable conqueror who has been seen in any convention of either party for twenty years, if ever. If this is elimination it is what every ambitious man in the world is striving for. The writer of this article suspects that Mr. Bryan went to Baltimore convinced that the convention would be in the hands of his enemies, the "reactionaries," and that he had made up his mind to put them into such an attitude toward him that he could "bolt" with dignity and join in the making of a new party. It is not conceivable that he expected to gain the nomination for himself, for on June 23 this seemed entirely out of the question. How otherwise than on the supposition now advanced can we account for the fact that he held no conferences, did not attempt to make friends, or to smooth over differences, but from the very beginning flung challenge and insult not only at his opponents but at many of his old supporters who wished to conciliate him. He declared war from the very moment he entered the city of Baltimore. His first utterance was a defiance of the supposed rulers of the convention. When some of them attempted to

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"The two most striking figures in the conventions, the Root in the one, and

confer with him he bluntly told them that he regarded the very existence of the New York delegation as proof of the corruption of the convention. "I do not consider," he said on Monday, "that the New York delegation has any right to sit in a Democratic convention. If I had my way I would move their expulsion from the floor."

On Tuesday he projected his fight on the temporary chairmanship, when he was beaten by a majority so small that it gave comfort

only to the more thoughtless of his opponents. The others it awakened to the knowledge that they must try to win him back to good humor. They proposed to make him chairman of the committee

Brysa s Furious Fighter

on resolutions and practically allow him to write the platform. A committee of Greeks—that is three Senators—drove up to his hotel bearing the gift. When they got there his room was empty. Five minutes before he had left for the convention hall to notify the other members of the resolutions committee that he would not accept the chairmanship. In the committee meeting his first act was to propose and put through a resolution providing for the nominations before the

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

only striking figures in either convention, were Senator Mr. Bryan in the other"

adoption of the platform, a proceeding hitherto unknown and utterly contrary to the accepted order. This move bewildered his enemies. They could not understand what his purpose was, and it is not clear at this moment unless he was determined to see how much they would stand before putting him Back in the convention hall he flung himself into the fight with furious recklessness. He denounced by name as corruptors of the party three rich men, two of whom sat as delegates. He forced the convention to indorse a resolution naming them. The New York men tried to turn the thing into a joke by voting for the resolution, the two gentlemen assailed joining in their own condemnation, but it was a pretty sickly jest. Anyone could see that Bryan could have forced the resolution through whether New York wanted it or not. Finally, to make a proper climax of insolence, he declared in effect that he would not permit any candidate to receive the nomination through the help of the New York delegation. He had his way. After practically annulled.

and speeches in defiance of all parliamentary rules, the bitter personalities so unusual with him,

all indicated a wellcalculated purpose to irritate his enemies to a point where they could not control themselves. If he had

Cool and Good Natured Between His Assaults

been angry at any time another construction could have been put on his actions. But, although he simulated intense feeling while on the platform, he was cool, smiling and good-natured between these outbreaks, chatted gaily with his friends and after one terrific assault which nearly raised the roof of the hall, slipped away without waiting for a rejoinder, to write his little piece for the papers!

But if he had planned as we guess he did, he overshot the mark. Like the soldier in the story, his horse ran away with him and carried him clear through the enemy's lines. The terrific energy and spirit of command which he put into his attack not only routed his opponents but drove the halfhearted into the camp of his friends. Before he knew it he was captain and

controlled the situation.

People in the East so often ask the question, What is the secret of Bryan's power? that they should be answered. It is not a secret at all. In the West and

Southwest, thousands upon thousands of radical Democrats look upon him as their friend and protector. They have been brought in close contact with him, they think

The Secret of Bryan's Power

they know him and they believe in him. Delegates to the convention from these parts of the country are fully aware of this and they trembled at the thought of what might happen to their political prospects if they should display openly the hatred which most of the Democratic leaders feel for him and so challenge him into entering their districts in revenge. Bryan has everything that makes a successful popular leader. He has that same force of character that is so conspicuous in Root, but in his case it is augmented by other natural gifts and by great histrionic attainments. the first day the vote of New York State was. He is blessed with one of the finest imaginable voices for public speaking, much readi-His conduct throughout, his scornful de- ness in debate and unexampled boldness. meanor, as, striding across the floor and But he has not been content with these gifts. mounting the platform he made his motions. He has practiced all the arts and devices of

oratory, studied effects, learned his audiences him until it was too late to counteract the until he has become unequaled among American public men in gaining the attention and holding the interest of a crowd for his arguments. But behind all these accomplishments, which a dishonest man might possess in an equal degree with an honest man, as accounting for the almost religious character of the Bryan worship in the West, is the unassailable honesty of Bryan's public and private life. He may not be a very wise man. His political mistakes have shown an abysmal ignorance of modern industrial and economic conditions. He calls himself a radical, but he is no more radical than Taft. as his cheerful concurrence in the flabby Baltimore platform shows. But no one has successfully questioned his good faith toward those who follow him. And when he is attacked he can always answer: "Look at my enemies."

The confusion in the New York delegation in the face of Bryan's attack was one of the most amusing features of this very amusing convention. New York has always been assailed in Democratic conventions and has always fought back, right or wrong, whether outnumbered or not. It has never fought better than when encountering heavy odds. On paper it looked like a delegation that could give a good account of itself on the platform. Mr. Murphy had chosen his delegates from the very flower of the New York Democracy. Among them were a former candidate for President, a former candidate for Governor, the junior United States Senator, an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court, who might have been Senator if he wished the place, the fighting ex-Lieutenant Governor who has been a conspicuous figure in a score of conventions, the rising hope of the young corporation lawyers of the big town, the builder of the Hudson tunnels, and the present Governor of the State. With the exception of the last named, who

What the Governor of New York Heard

was a most melancholy object wandering around the hotel corridors looking for scraps of information, with no one speaking to him except the elevator boy who told him to "Step Lively," this

was a coterie from which something spectacular might have been expected. Yet they permitted Bryan to flay them alive, to insult them to their faces, practically to tell them that they were paid by Ryan, Morgan and Belmont, to nullify completely their power in the convention, without answering

effect of his speeches. They did not hear the scorching with equanimity. They were as angry a lot of dignified lawyers and capitalists as you would be likely to meet anywhere. They writhed under the lash. They encouraged each other to go on the platform and answer their enemy. At noon they promised that the reply would come in the afternoon; in the afternoon they planned to hurl back the insults at the evening session; at night they breathed fiery threats of what would happen on the morrow.

But it was not until they had been mauled for a week that Mr. Stanchfield, unable to bear the insults any longer, delivered a sharp retort that would have been more useful

on the first than on the sixth day of the convention. They stormed in their own councils but they did nothing in the hall. The truth is that almost too much successful prudence was represented

Preparing to Answer Bryan

in the delegation. There were no young lions ready to make a spring and pounce upon the chance of renown by defending the honor of New York. These able and surve leaders of the bar, accustomed to the quiet ways of down-town offices and the Court of Appeals, had no taste for casting their hard-earned reputations into the noisy arena. They raged in private; but when they got into action those behind cried "Forward!" and those in front cried "Back!" The consequence was that when they left the convention they were sore in every bone. They could claim no share in the results of the week's work. They had not helped to nominate the candidate. If they had supported Gov. Wilson he would not have been nominated. And worst of all they had borne insult such as had never before been thrown in the faces of a New York delegation, and they had not fought back. The best they could do to show their feeling was to cheer "Hal" Flood's fierce reply for which, besides their applause. Mr. Flood received a smile of grateful acknowledgment from a bland gentleman who sat as one-half a delegate from the State of Virginia and answered in the rollcall to the name of Thomas F. Ryan. No wonder they felt, as one of their delegates expressed it on leaving the hall: "The New York delegation is the laughing-stock of the nation." It was. It is. "But why didn't you answer him?" the writer asked. "What chance would I have with this mob?" he

MURPHY: "All right, you go and answer him"

would a sagacious legal adviser of the very rich have against this Terrible Man?"

Some of the delegates were disposed to blame Mr. Murphy, who had "suggested"

A Good Look at Boss Murphy early in the one-sided fight that it might be better not to answer Bryan, but to "let him kill himself." The suggestion was excellent; but unfortunately Mr. Bryan refused to kill himself. He

preferred to kill the New York delegation. It was easier. As for Mr. Murphy he bore himself with most admirable calm and at times even seemed to enjoy the sorrows of his dignified staff. When an earnest delegate approached him and said: "Really, Chief, this is too bad, someone must answer this man," he said cheerfully: "All right, you go and answer him." Mr. Murphy had two big rooms all to himself in the back of the Armory. There he sat and meditated when he was not cheerily announcing him in his ambition. Not that New York having responded to the that he cared whether they call of liberty and by polling its delegation did or not but they did. having discovered that the vote stood 83 for arranged by the Tammany leader and his Clark and 7 for Wilson, would now cast advisers was to "keep Underwood under

said. What he meant was: "What chance were permitted by the sentries at the door to obtrude themselves upon his serene privacy. He did not look either pleased or displeased when they came in. He did not bow, or smile, or frown or turn away. He did not notice them. They usually said something like this, after sidling up to him: "Chief, don't you think it is about time we went to Wilson (or Underwood or Marshall or Harmon or Foss or Jim Ham Lewis)? He would carry New York state by 400,000." To which the great man made no reply but called out over his shoulder: "Dan, you know that fourth hole. a putt for a three there last Sunday."

> Mr. Murphy went to Baltimore with the intention of nominating Congressman Underwood. It is a matter of no consequence,

but is printed here merely to keep the record straight that 80 of the 90 other delegates from New York genuinely sympathized with

Underwood Was Tammany's Choice

The strategy 90 votes for Clark. Persons of great worth cover till the right moment came." They knew that every man of money in the con- Indiana or for Mr. Cleveland to take vention and nearly all the Democratic references after he had been President. or Congressmen and Senators were for the for Judge Parker, when he had been a floor leader of the House, no matter how much they pretended to be for some one else. The plan was to kill off Harmon, Wilson and Clark, and when this was done to swing the willing delegates into line for Underwood. It was not Mr. Murphy's fault that the ruthless Bryan, uninvited, went on to Baltimore and made a terrible "We are mess of this wonderful strategy. not for Clark," explained one of the inconspicuous but influential members of the New York crowd. "What chance would that old Missouri selling plater with his houn' dog song have of carrying New York State? We are giving him this vote as a complimentary return for the support his people gave us on the temporary chairmanship. We wouldn't be doing it if we knew it would nominate him." "But why aren't you for Wilson? Isn't he the strongest candidate?" "Of course, he is. He would sweep the State by 200,000. But the trouble is that when he had done it he would wipe our organization off the map." It was interesting throughout the convention to observe the relations of the powerful men in the convention, the great lawyers, the rich men, with Mr. Bryan.

What Was Behind

To his face it was always: "Well, Mr. Bryan, it's a thoroughly open Democratic convention, isn't it? You Bryan's Back? certainly have stirred us up, but it is better to have our

fights out in the open and be done with them than to go home nursing sores." But when they mentioned him in private, it was most often in the term which "The Virginian" said never should be used except when accompanied by a smile. These great men put their heads together hour after hour and day after day, planning to reply to his attacks. What should their champion say when he took the platform to quell this arrogant demagogue? There must be some weak point in the armor of a man who had been in public life for thirty years. Strange to say, they could think of nothing worse to fling in his teeth than his "undignified conduct" in reporting the two conventions and his scandalous acquirement of a "fortune" by lecturing and writing! It was shocking in the eyes of these gentlemen that "a man who had been honored by the Democracy" should condescend to sit on the press platform. It was not wrong for Convention left a far pleasanter impression

candidate, to earn his living in the profession of which he is a leader, but that Mr. Bryan, having been thrice honored by his party, should condescend to the calling at which he has worked since he left Congress was horrible beyond words. At this point prudence suggested to the "leaders," especially those from the South, that this might be thin ice to skate on in the presence of four or five hundred peevish members of the press. But on the point of Bryan's accumulation of money there was no difference of opinion. It was a scandal and must be denounced. Ideas of the extent of the scandal varied with the various notions of what constitutes a fortune. Southern bankers and lawvers put it at about a million. Their more prosperous brethren from the North could not call a million scandalous and they estimated the Bryan pile at five millions. "And every cent of it made out of the Democratic party. He has capitalized the notoriety we have given him." If rumors of these conferences reached Mr. Bryan they must have made him pensive, for he is said to entertain a respect for the dignity of a dollar that would meet the approval of Mr. Rockefeller. It never occurred to these conspirators that to save even a miserable million dollars from the proceeds of lecturing and writing would be impossible. We know little about Mr. Bryan's stock lecture except that it is said to appeal to the kind of intelligence that adored the late Ian MacLaren. No doubt he is well paid for his platform appearances. No doubt he is over-paid for his writings. We admire Mr. Bryan as a public character and as a first-class fighting man, but we feel bound to say that if we were advising any young man who wished to cultivate an English style, we should most certainly advise him to give no part of his days or his nights to the volumes of Bryan.

The truth is that Mr. Bryan, by very hard work with pen and tongue, by saving and luckily investing, has gathered together about two hundred thousand dollars. The writer personally regards

How Ryan Must be Shocked at Bryan's **Fortune**

this as a scandalous fortune, but he cannot understand why it should be so regarded by Mr. T. F. Ryan.

Still, taking it as a whole, the Baltimore Mr. Harrison to plead in the Courts of on the unprejudiced spectator than the

The Free and Independent Colored Delegates enroute to the convention half

Cleaner at Baltimore Than at Chicago

was supposed to be at Chicago, by delegates who were actually bought and paid for before they voted. More-

over, it was a free convention in which the leaders generally acted for what they considered to be the best interests of the party, colored as their views might be by their own selfishness; and in the end, by unbought votes, the strongest candidate was nominated. But at Chicago it was different. The exertions of the leaders were all directed toward the nomination of a candidate whom, privately, they despair of electing. And never in all the history of American conventions have so many stories been current of direct and unabashed bribery succeeding in its purpose. Money has been used before at conventions.

There is an old story about the late Mr. Alger's attempt to be nominated in 1888. A negro delegate went up to a white leader

one that preceded it. There may have and asked: "Boss, who is this yer man we're been many men at Baltimore who were s'posed to vote for?" "You blamed fool, there solely for "business look at the signature on your check," said reasons" but the balance of the white man. But the money put out power was not held, as it in this unsuccessful bid for the nomination was small change compared with the sums which were generally thought to be at the disposal of certain members of the coterie which controlled the Republican Convention of 1912. The money placed among the overseers of the Southern vote, according to the accepted report, was enough to run the Presidential campaigns of both parties thirty years ago when we were a simpler people. The Taft managers took no chances on the ne-

gro delegates getting away Negro from them and encountering Delegates temptation from the Roose- Well Watched velt people. Usually, the negro delegates are promi-

nent figures at ante-convention gatherings. They like to display themselves in public, strutting around the hotel corridors with their breasts covered with badges. But at Chicago it was almost impossible to find a

negro delegate on the Monday night pre- ment" uttered its first peep. Far from ceding the opening of the convention. They being softened by the altruism of the were actually under lock and key. One reformers, the stony-hearted organization bunch of fourteen was held in a Pullman car men went to Chicago and Baltimore with of the opening day in time to vote for Mr. Root for temporary chairman. Others were detained in rooms at the hotels until their leaders marched them to the convention hall. "What will you do if they try to break away in the convention?" a Taft leader was asked. "They won't dare to," he said. "The police would throw them out." The anti-Roosevelt Northern delegates—there were no Taft delegates except Charles P. Taft—could not be shaken. The anti-Roosevelt Southern delegates could not be approached. The final vote was known almost exactly on the Sunday before the opening and it never changed. Consequently after the first two days the convention sank to a low level of dullness and finally went out like a squib with the renomination of Vice-President Sherman against his will because Senator Root felt he could no longer hold the yawning delegates, now sick of their mean and sordid job.

Both conventions must have been disappointing to the reformers who gathered

The World Moves Slowly

to witness the triumph of those principles of political progress which so many people have been talking about for the last ten years. Think of the millions of tons of white paper that

have been stained, the millions of pens splintered, the millions of gallons of ink spilled, the millions of fervid words poured out and wonder at the smallness of the effect on practical politics. Not a prominent leader has been converted. The "old guard" stands unashamed exactly where it stood twenty years ago. Leaders like Crane, Root and Parker hold precisely the same views they held before the "new move-

in Ohio and only rushed up on the morning no thought of appeasing the crusaders but bent on nominating candidates absolutely "reactionary" in type. They succeeded in one place. It was only through the extraordinary political facility of Mr. Bryan that they failed in the other. But there again it was but partly a failure, for they managed to evolve a platform entirely suited to their mediæval tastes. It is only fair to some of them to say that they fol-lowed unselfish theories of what is best for the country. It is not unfair to the others to suppose that they are against the new movement because they and reform cannot flourish at the same time. For them to compromise would be foolish. They are wise to fight.

Without making too much of a mouthful of this interesting subject, we cannot leave

off without mentioning the lobbyists. They almost darkened the skies at both Baltimore and Chicago. It was pefectly plain that these ingenious agents of "large business interests" are not

The Saviors of the Republic's Business

alarmed at the march of "progress" but look upon the agitation as a helpful thing for their business. They were present in large numbers in private councils, and at public meetings. Armed with cards and badges entitling them to go anywhere they circulated among the delegates. They came on the lofty mission of preserving the republic. Some of them wished it preserved in cotton, some in wool, some in sugar, and some in alcohol. Exactly the same band that operated at Chicago marched down to Baltimore the next week.

At the end, when the tickets had been completed, the one question asked the outsider by the leaders was: "How do you think Roosevelt will run?"



To them the world was as young as ever

THE ROMANCE OF MR. BOWLES

By G. W. OGDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

R. BOWLES admired her exceed- and his intellectual forehead. Mr. Bowles ingly, with the calm, dignified admiration of a man of balance and due regard for the Rules. A man cannot handle books every day for twenty years without looking inside of some of them, and in browsings between whiles through such a period a man is bound to pick up a good deal of philosophy, even from the most miscellaneous books ever gathered upon a shelf. So Mr. Bowles was not the man to dash off precipitately into any affair of the heart, being a deep reader and a great philosopher indeed.

Mr. Bowles' back had given out at fortynine. As Mr. Bowles never had heard of any mechanical contrivance to take its place, and the back's failure having cut off his principal source of revenue, Mr. Bowles, journeyman bricklayer, was obliged to go to the County acquaintance with books, his introduction and churches, from primpy, iron-faced, prim

became librarian of the home, a position requiring brains in a place where brains are supposed never to be found, for captains of industry, politicians and public benefactors do not go to the County Home. Owing to its requirements, and out of respect to brains, the county court allowed a salary of fifty dollars a year to go with the office of librarian. And it was there, among his tumbled fragments of knowledge, that Mr. Bowles met her. We shall come to her after a little while. if you will be patient.

The books over which Mr. Bowles presided had been assembled through various channels, the subjects represented in them ranging from the Arabian Nights to Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. They had come to the home through sporadic activity following the visits of sentimental ladies; It was there that he made his from collections made in Sunday schools having been due to the state of his back, daughters ridding themselves of dead-andgone old mothers' trash; by means of au- It may not have been much of a poem, but it thors unable to induce the free and independent public to buy their works; through wills, gifts, and gimlet generosity in general. There were bibles which had pillowed the heads of good old ladies when they died; broken sets of historical and fictional works; volumes of poetry, generations of magazines. There were many little hand bibles left by old ladies and old gentlemen who had lived in the County Home upon their promise when the hope and the comfort of all the world had been withdrawn; many "Pilgrim's Progresses," whose owners had progressed beyond County Homes and man's glum charity, leaving no other earthly benefaction.

And Mr. Bowles had read them all, Mr. Bowles could rummage around in his memory any day and hand you out a fragment of some world-wide treatise on the science of government, which came to a sheer face, like a wall across the way. His mind was full of unfinished romances and histories of nations which hung suspended, awaiting the arrival of some volume which would bridge out the span. He had taken things deliberately, he had absorbed his fragments philosophically, and he was a man of poise, who could wait. So, you see, it will bear repeating that Mr. Bowles was not the man to dash off precipitately into any affair of the heart.

As Mr. Bowles computed it, she had been there about five years. At first her reading had been confined almost exclusively to religious works, but gradually Mr. Bowles noted her mind become tranquil and resigned. He knew that when she took up poetry, and when a lady took up poetry, Mr. Bowles felt at liberty to offer suggestions and make recommendations. The attachment began when Mr. Bowles found pages turned down at certain poems in books returned by her. He reciprocated by turning down pages at poems in books given out to her. In that way they led up, through Religion and Friendship, to Love.

Mr. Bowles knew that he never should forget the afternoon she returned a book in which she met his first advances. She placed it on the table near his hand, her eyes veiled as coyly as any maiden's by her bashful lashes, blushing like a peony, hurrying away before he could more than give her good day. Even philosophy could not keep his heart at its regular measure when he opened the book at the turned-down page. Hearts are the business of the subconscious man. Mr. Bowles knew that from his medical reading, and love is—love. The poem was "I Love You."

settled things for Mr. Bowles.

When he saw her next day he looked at her quite frankly and said: "Will you walk with me Sunday across the meadow as far as the old apple orchard? I think it's going to be a fine day. I have consulted the Rules: I assure you it is permitted by the Rules."

What a sweet, placid voice she had, thought Mr. Bowles, and what a smile. "I'll go," she said.

So Mr. Bowles' romance, growing through five quiet years, was coming along. Was it, he pondered, destined to be concluded ever. or was it to break in the most interesting point to remain forever incomplete, like so many he had begun in books?

Under the apple trees on Sunday was pleasant, although they were old apple trees, blighted by neglect, riven by winds; pleasant enough for even younger hearts, with only a cow looking on, and that indifferently. To them the world was as young as ever, for that is one of the deceits the world is able to carry off on the best of us as we grow old. Mr. Bowles stroked her hand.

"My back gave out on me when I was forty-nine," said he; "I've been here twenty vears."

"You know when I came. That was a vear after he died."

"You used to read the Lamentations of Jeremiah a good deal at that time," he re-"The Book always used to open flected. there."

"It seemed to speak of desolation and sorrow like my own. After they put me in charge of the wardrobe I didn't fret so much. Then in time it didn't seem so friendless. after I knew you-dear."

The horizon held his eyes a long time, her hand lying between his two. "I wonder," said he, "I wonder-"

"Yes, Henry?"

He came back from his dream, wherever it had led him, an infinite sadness in his voice. "The best love stories I've ever started to read I've never finished, because the second book, or the third book, isn't in my library. I wonder—I wonder-

She pressed his hand gently. "You won-

"If this one is to stop here, or go on to the

"There can be but one end, Henry, forpaupers!"

"We don't need to be—that," said he, a little proudly. "But we can't marry, not here, it's against the Rules."

tilt to it, as if in challenge of her own statement, as if in defiance of all the rules of all the county homes in all this world of Christian kindness.

"I'm only sixty-nine," answered he, "and you're younger, younger by a good many years."

"By seven years, only seven years, Henry,

He looked at her, a great, daring hope kindling in his face. "Will you do it?" he whispered, looking around him furtively. "Have you got the courage to do it?"

"What?" she breathed, her heart leaping like two-and-twenty, "what, Henry. dear?"

He put his hand to his lips, trumpet-wise. "Run away, run "Sh-h-h," he whispered.

away and get-married!"

"And what—" the bitterness of regret was there, the resentment of poverty-"would become of us then! Love is meant for the free and the young, only the free and the young and the strong, not for beggars like you and me."

"Sh-h-h! I'm not a beggar, not by a long shot. I've saved for twenty years most of the salary I get as librarian. I've got six hundred dollars laid away, we can start up a little business in the city, we can be independent."

"We can have our own home, and a little kitchen, where I can make nice things for you, Henry; do you mean that we can have our own home and be free?"

Six hundred dollars "Why, of course. represents a very neat bit of capital. With capital a man can do most anything; without

it, nothing."

"And I've got a little that I had when I came here; I think it's about fifty dollars," said she. "Add that to your capital, it will help some. Oh, to be free, and to have a kitchen, and to have somebody to love one, and to love!"

"Keep your little bit," said he, largely, "I've got enough for both of us. In my young days I was a pretty sharp financier; I used to drive a mighty neat bargain. Now, there's peanuts; I've always had faith in peanuts." His eyes were glowing, his cheeks red, he pictured his castles with free sweeps of the hands. "In peanuts I believe our fortune rests. I believe we can make money out of peanuts.'

"And popcorn," she quavered.

good a financier as I am." And the board, her."

"Besides, we're too old," said she, a little the superintendent, the inmates of the County House, as well as the great, genial, charitable, disinterested world on the outside, would have yielded the point without

> "I know you're a great man," said she. "I know you'll succeed at whatever you undertake."

> "Peanuts are lighter than books," he glowingly reflected; "it don't require much of a back for them. If I'd 'a' had the capital twenty years ago I'd 'a' gone in for peanuts, and I'd 'a' been worth a million now.

"Time enough for that," she encouraged,

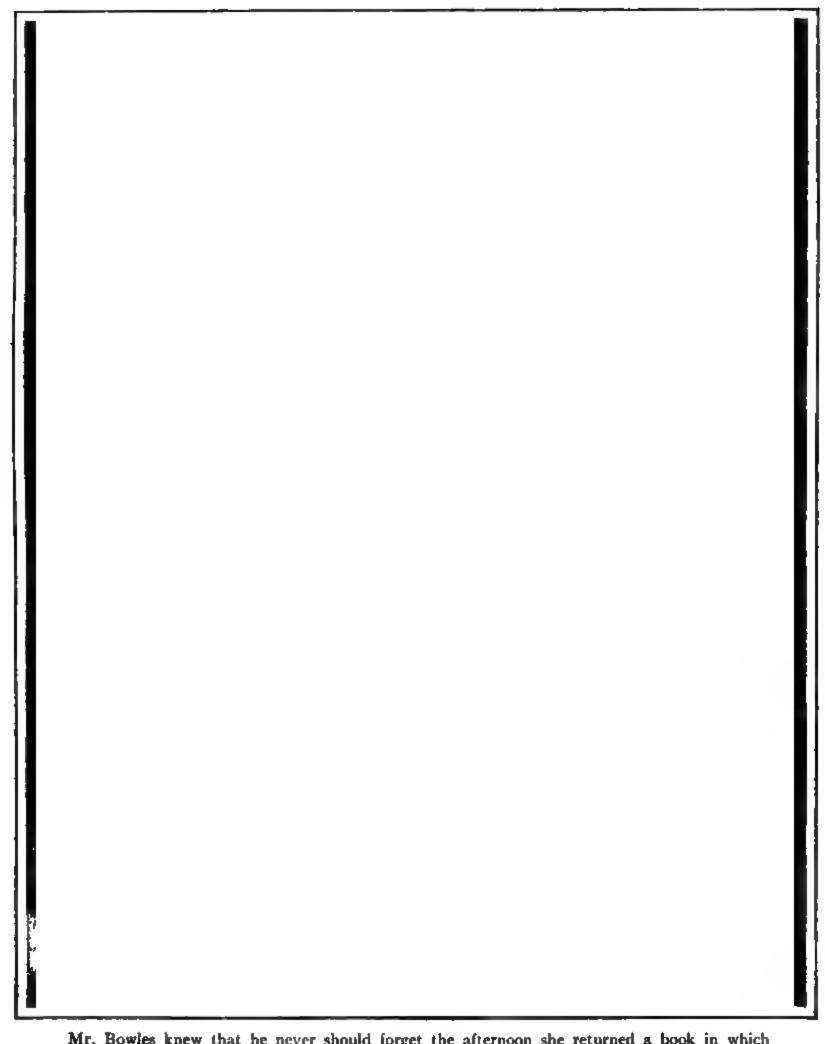
"you'll make it yet."

Mr. Bowles measured the distance from horizon to sun. "The Rules are strict," said he, "we must be getting back. And if you will meet me at the gate in the morning at ten, we will take a car for the city and be made one. We will bid farewell forever to this place, and leave our prayers for those that remain behind us."

She skipped a little, girlishly, and hummed a tune as they went back through the meadow. And the evening sun was low, stepping down the ladder of the west. It mocked them, weaving long, dancing shadows ahead of them, grotesque as their old dreams.

That night Mr. Bowles lingered a long time among his books after the hour prescribed by the Rules for him to be in bed. He took them all down, one by one, and looked over their familiar faces with many a tender caress of the palm, many a deeprooted sigh. Mr. Bowles was not the first man-nor will he be the last-who found it hard to break the comfortable comradeship with books he had known for twenty years. Mr. Bowles stood them solemnly back in their places—Napoleon there at the right, where he looked so impressive in his gilt and black leather, the broken set of Guizot snuggling against him. Then the first and only volume of Don Quixote, and alongside of him a book by an eminent preacher on infant damnation.

"Not that I've got much use for you," said Mr. Bowles, "outside of your binding, which is very neat." But there was a pang in each of the books of poetry through which the quaint courtship had grown. He fondled them, as a father might caress the heads of his little boys in bidding them good night, placing them, with misty eyes, each in its accustomed spot. "If it wasn't for her I wouldn't leave you," he said. "But the "Just so, right you are. Why, you're as County Home is no place for a lady like



Mr. Bowles knew that he never should forget the afternoon she returned a book in which she met his first advances

 \mathbf{H}

CONSIDERING everything, from the standpoint of a financier, Mr. Bowles believed the peanut store a bargain. Besides the fixtures and candy jars there was a soda fountain as in the rear of the store, where a man and his grand as a Venetian palace, and a cozy bow wife could live in luxury and ease. All that

window for showing things off. Counting the lease for a year, the good will that went with it, and the location, which was the best that money could buy, it was a gift, said the man. Look, said he, at the two commodious rooms was wanting was a stock, and unless the man had lost his gift of reading humanity, Mr. Bowles knew what that represented. Peanuts and soda water were like dipping up the air and selling it, so far as cost was concerned. So there he was, right fitted out, snug as a chimney corner on a winter night.

So, the man having other business, and Mr. Bowles feeling, in the light of that fact, that he was taking advantage of nobody, and doing no man an injustice which might later arise and accuse him in the days of his prosperity, paid the bottom price the man made him, out of consideration, said the man, with great frankness, of one business man dealing with another. When Mr. Bowles had put some bits of furniture into the two commodious rooms in the rear and stocked the bow window, candy jars, soda fountain and peanut bin, he had twenty-one dollars left. It might have looked like a narrow margin to anybody but a financier.

"This is the situation, my dear," explained Mr. Bowles, while the sweet old lady sat in a new rocker in the kitchen, smiling in full contentment, "this is the way the man outlined it, as one business man to another."

"He was an observant man, a very deep and observant man," said she, patting his

hand with a pretty little caress.

"He said that fully two thousand people, men, women and children, not counting the infants in arms, pass this place every day. Two thousand people, therefore, will see our display and signs. Experience tells us that one person in twenty wants peanuts or popcorn or soda water when he sees it displayed. Very well. One out of twenty, which is a very conservative estimate, indeed, gives us one hundred customers a day. Say that each spends five cents. That gives us one hundred five-cent pieces daily, or the total sum of five dollars. By studying the needs of the public our trade can be at least doubled. It will not be long until we have our original investment returned and money in the bank. I think, perhaps, I'd better arrange with a bank to-morrow to handle our account."

The first day's business did not come up to the figures Mr. Bowles had made. That, he reasoned, cheerfully, was not to be expected. It might take a week, even, to familiarize the public with the new management. Even in peanuts a clientèle must be established. The days passed, and the two thousand, more or less, marshaled by unimpressed, with peanut appetite under full control. Few were the coins which found their way into Mr. Bowles' till.

Anxiety became the portion of Mr. Bowles. Unless a financier could turn his capital, bankruptcy must overtake him, soon or late. Mr. Bowles knew that, even before he went to the County Home.

At the beginning of the third week Mr. Bowles received a visit from a straw-colored, lank man one morning very early. Mr. Bowles thought, when he came, that he did not appear promising for peanuts. The man stopped in the very door, looked around inquiringly, approached and said; "Huh, changed hands, I see?"

"The former owner has been gone above two weeks," replied Mr. Bowles; "I bought him out"

"That so?" said the straw-colored man, giving his eyebrows a little lift. "Then I suppose you know your rent's due to-

day."

Mr. Bowles explained that he had bought a year's lease from the former occupant. The straw-colored man became interested. He asked how much Mr. Bowles had paid, and if he had the lease. Mr. Bowles named the amount, but said he hadn't the lease, as the seller had assured him it was a verbal transaction between himself and the landlord. "He said I'd have no more rent to pay for one year," declared Mr. Bowles.

"Well, that's where he was off," calmly said the visitor, drawing a receipt book from his pocket. "That man was a rascal; he trimmed you, and he trimmed you proper. Now, I'm the owner of this building, and I tell you that man never had no lease. He didn't pay his rent without a row every time it came due. The rent is due to-day, and you'll have to dig up, that's all there is about it."

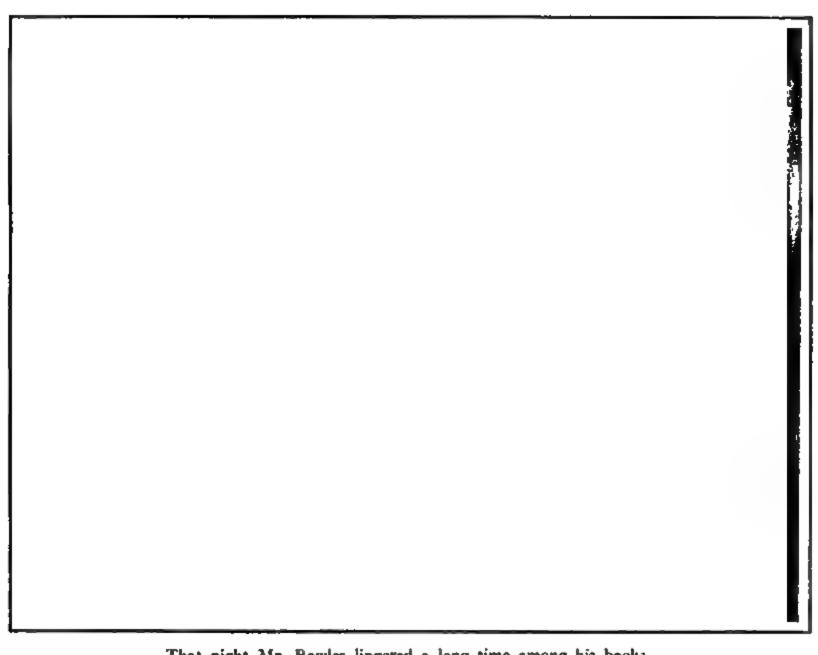
"How much is it?" faintly asked Mr. Bowles.

"Twenty dollars, always payable strictly in advance."

A few days previous to the landlord's visit a city license inspector had demanded fifteen dollars of Mr. Bowles. A deposit for water had been required of him, likewise a deposit for gas. Mr. Bowles hadn't twenty dollars in the world. He told the owner so.

"You poor old ginny," said the man, "that feller certainly trimmed you, and trimmed you proper. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you a couple of weeks to raise the rent. I don't want to be hard on you."

So there they were, those two old innocents, on the margin of the world's cruel mill. They were afraid of the world, those two, so long sequestered from it. They sat in the



That night Mr. Bowles lingered a long time among his books

kitchen on the new chairs and shuddered at its grizzly terror. Mr. Bowles was sick at heart. Here his great venture, the greatest of his life, lay blasted through a man's dishonesty and deceit. The world, argued Mr. Bowles, did not change, the laws of its continuity were immutable. But there was a screw loose somewhere. Mr. Bowles did not realize that the world had slipped past him while he was cloistered in the County Home, and so he said there must be something wrong.

If it hadn't been necessary for them to buy food they could have saved enough out of the gross sales in two weeks to pay the rent. But they could no more find a suitable substitute for eating than Mr. Bowles could find for a back, when his own gave out on him at forty-nine. Day by day drew them nearer the point where the unknown lay, each night bringing with it a new load of terror and melancholy reflections. Mr. Bowles thought, as he handled the few dull coins each day left in his till, that the money carried with it a depression of its own. Nickel and copper do not meet a man with the hopeful smile of silver or the confident flash of gold. They come to a man telling of poverty and small Bowles felt that they were big enough at

ways, and they go out from him to continue repeating the unhappy story, to the sad world's end.

The straw-colored man came back promptly at the end of two weeks, with his receipt book sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat. He reviled Mr. Bowles, he called him a dead-beat and a thief. "If you don't hand me that rent by to-morrow morning at nine o'clock I'll run an attachment on everything you've got," he threatened, slamming the door behind him so viciously as to make the peanuts in the bow window come tumbling down in impotent avalanches and knock their heads against the glass.

Miracles having ceased, Mr. Bowles did not have the money at nine o'clock next day, so within three hours of that time a fat-legged constable came with a writ of attachment and seized upon soda fountain, peanuts, candy jars, and even the furniture in the two commodious rooms. And the glamour was gone out of the great plan, the peace was gone out of the rocking chairs beside the kitchen fire, and if the rooms were not so very commodious, after the dream was done, Mr.

darkened the earth.

"Let us remain until evening," pleaded Mr. Bowles, his frail arm about his poor wife's waist. "When we stumble out into the world, let it be night."

"You don't look The constable yielded. to me like a man that'd sneak the stuff away,

you poor old gink," said he.

They were alone in the wreckage of their peanut castle. Mr. Bowles placed his hands upon her shoulders, looking sadly into her eyes. "I have come to the end of the story," said he. "Better for you, oh, better for you, my love, if I had never begun it!"

She clung to him, sobbing. And the day was gray around them; rain streaked the "No, no," she said, "this window panes.

cannot be the end!"

In a little while Mr. Bowles placed her tenderly in a chair. "No," said he, his voice sounding to him far away, "perhaps it is tion betwee not, perhaps I am wrong. Wait here for me the Rules." a little while, I'll not be long."

It was not more than half an hour thereafter that Henry Bowles, holding his hat in his hand, appeared before the county court as he had done when his back gave out at forty-nine, asking admission to the County Home for himself and for his wife.

"So," said the presiding judge, "you are the man who ran away with that silly old woman and married her?"

"Don't censure her, sir; I alone am to

blame," quavered Mr. Bowles.

"And you couldn't make it go, hey? Open your mouth!" The command came so quickly that Mr. Bowles was caught off his dignity, at least off that little strip of his original holding which the world had left to him. He obeyed. "No, you've got 'em yet," commented the judge, "but I'll bet you a new hat that you wouldn't have had one of them left in your jaws by to-morrow morning if you'd been at large that long."

The judge laughed. His associates on the bench smiled in sickly fashion, and some of the people in the court room snickered, but, taken for what it was worth, the sally fell lation of their sad-ending dream. flatly. There didn't appear to be much of a joke, somehow, in the pitiful romance of Mr. Bowles. The judge took up his pen to make the desired order. "We'll have to admit you, I suppose," said he; "but you don't deserve it. A man that don't know anything more about the world than you do ought to keep out of it when he's safe."

"Yes, sir," meekly admitted Mr. Bowles. Mr. Bowles found the constable in the Bowles.

least to contain the heaviest sorrow that ever peanut shop when he returned, his old wife weeping in her place beside the kitchen stove. He lifted her with tender concern, drying the

tears upon her withered cheeks.

"Don't cry, dear," he pleaded, "it breaks my heart—the last piece of my heart, dear, to see you cry." He moved about, gathering her wraps, placing her shawl around her thin shoulders, her black bonnet upon her white, neat hair. "I've done for you the best I could, my poor, poor love," said he. "and now we're going back."

She lifted her face quickly, a little soft light upon it, like the glimmer of sun out of the clouds in the evening of a long, gray day.

"Back, Henry?"

"To the County Home," said he.

She smiled. "It's a refuge from this dishonest world," said she.

"We cannot go back as man and wife," he sadly explained. "At the gate that relation between us ends. That is according to

"But they cannot take Love away from

us," she murmured.

"We can see each other daily, as before, for they have given me back my old place in the library, and you are to have yours in the wardrobe. We can take up our reading and carry it on as we used to in the old days, long ago."

"The dear calm days, long ago," said she. "When are we going back, dear Henry?"

"This evening—now," he answered, placing on his hat. She laughed, almost gladly, such a lifting of fear gave ease to her timid old heart.

"We shall be happier there," said she.

"Safer, at least," said Mr. Bowles, out of the bitterness of his heart.

They stood a moment, looking around the little rooms in which the child of their union, poor little, sickly, unnourished Hope, had been born and had died. In the corners the shadows of afternoon were gathering; outside the slow rain ran down the window in dragging rivulets, like painful tears upon old cheeks; and there around them was the deso-

"And so the story ends," said Mr. Bowles. "How much better for you, my poor, dear heart, if I never had opened the book at all!"

"No, no Henry," said she stoutly, a consoling hand upon his arm, "we still have Love left between us, dear—the greedy world at least has left us that. Come, let us go, for it will soon be night."

"Aye, soon it will be night," said Mr.

LION OR YOUR LIFE

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE Author of "My First Lion," "Lions," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

difficult to write. There is no question that a cool man, using good judgment as to just what he can or cannot do, should be able to cope with lion situations. The modern rifle is capable of stopping the beast, provided the bullet goes to the right spot. The right spot is large enough to be easy to hit, if the shooter keeps cool. Our definition of a cool man must comprise the elements of steady nerves under super-excitement, the ability to think quickly and clearly, and the mildly strategic quality of being able to make the best use of awkward circumstances. Such a man, barring sheer accidents, should be able to hunt lions with absolute certainty for just as long as he does not get careless, slipshod, or overconfident. Accidents—real accidents, not merely unexpected happenings—are hardly to be counted. They can occur in your own house.

But to the man not temperamentally qualified, lion shooting is dangerous enough. The lion, when he takes the offensive, intends to get his antagonist. Having made up his accidents built. During my stay in Africa mind to that, he charges home, generally at great speed. The realization that it is the lions, and a number of others mauled. man's life or the beast's is disconcerting. Also the charging lion is a spectacle much more awe-inspiring in reality than the most followed either foolishness or loss of nerve. vivid imagination can predict. He looks very large, very determined, and has uttered from identically the same circumstances any certain rumbling, blood-curdling threats as to what he is going to do about it. It suddenly seems most undesirable to allow that lion to come any closer—not even an inch! A hasty, nervous shot misses-

An unwounded lion, charging from a distance, is said to start rather slowly, and to increase his pace only as he closes. Personally I have never been charged by an unwounded beast; but I can testify that the head in the dark wounded animal comes very fast. Cunninghame puts the rate at about seven seconds to case to prevent bad results. the hundred yards. Certainly I should say

S to the dangers of lion hunting it is would have little chance for a second shot, provided he missed the first. A hit seemed, in my experience, to check the animal, by sheer force of impact, long enough to permit me to throw in another cartridge. A lioness thus took four frontal bullets starting at about sixty vards. An initial miss would probably have permitted her to close.

> Here, as can be seen, is a great source of danger to a flurried or nervous beginner. He does not want that lion to get an inch nearer; he fires at too long a range; misses, and is killed or mauled before he can reload. This happened precisely so to two young friends of MacMillan. They were armed with double rifles, let them off hastily as the beast started at them from two hundred yards, and never got another chance. If they had possessed the experience to have waited until the lion had come within fifty yards they would have had the almost certainty of four barrels at close range. Though I have seen a lion missed clean well inside those limits.

> From such performances are so-called lion I heard of six white men being killed by far as possible I tried to determine the facts of each case. In every instance the trouble I believe I should be quite safe in saying that of the good lion men-Tarleton, Lord Delamere, the Hills and others-would have extricated themselves unharmed.

> This does not mean that accidents may not happen. Rifles jam—but generally because of flurried manipulation!—one may unexpectedly meet the lion at too close quarters; a foot may slip, or a cartridge prove defective. So may one fall downstairs, or bump one's Sufficient forethought and alertness and readiness would go far in either

The wounded beast, of course, offers the that a man charged from fifty yards or so most interesting problem to the lion hunter.

is more apt to take cover. Then one must summon all his good sense and nerve to get it out. No rules can be given for this; nor am I trying to write a text book for lion hunters. Any good lion hunter knows a lot more about it than I do. But always a man must keep in mind three things: that a lion can hide in cover so short that it seems to the novice as though a jack rabbit would find scant concealment there; that he charges like lightning; and that he can spring about fifteen This spring, coming unexpectedly from an unseen beast, is about impossible to avoid. Sheer luck may land a fatal shot: but even then the lion will probably do his damage before he dies. The rush from a short distance a good quick shot ought to be able to cope with.

Therefore, the wise hunter assures himself of at least twenty feet—preferably more—of neutral zone all about him. No matter how long it takes, he determines absolutely that the lion is not within that distance. The rest is alertness and quickness.

As I have said, the amount of cover necessary to conceal a lion is astonishingly small. He can flatten himself out surprisingly; and his tawny color blends so well with the brown grasses that he is practically invisible. A practised man does not, of course, look for lions at all. He is after unusual small patches; especially the black ear tips or the black of the mane. Once guessed at, it is interesting to see how quickly the hitherto unsuspected animal sketches itself out in the cover.

I should, before passing on to another aspect of the matter, mention the dangerous poisons carried by the lion's claws. Often men have died from the most trivial surface wounds. The grooves of the claws carry putrifying meat from the kills. Every sensible man in a lion country carries a small syringe, and either permanganate or carbolic. And those mild little remedies he uses full strength!

The great and overwhelming advantage is, of course, with the hunter. He possesses as deadly a weapon; and that weapon will kill at a distance. This is proper, I think. There are more lions than hunters; and, from our point of view, the man is more important than the beast. The game is not too hazard-By that I mean that, barring sheer accident, a man is sure to come out all right, provided he does accurately the right thing. In other words, it is a dangerous game of skill; but it does not possess the blind danger of a in an inferior game. My personal opinion is

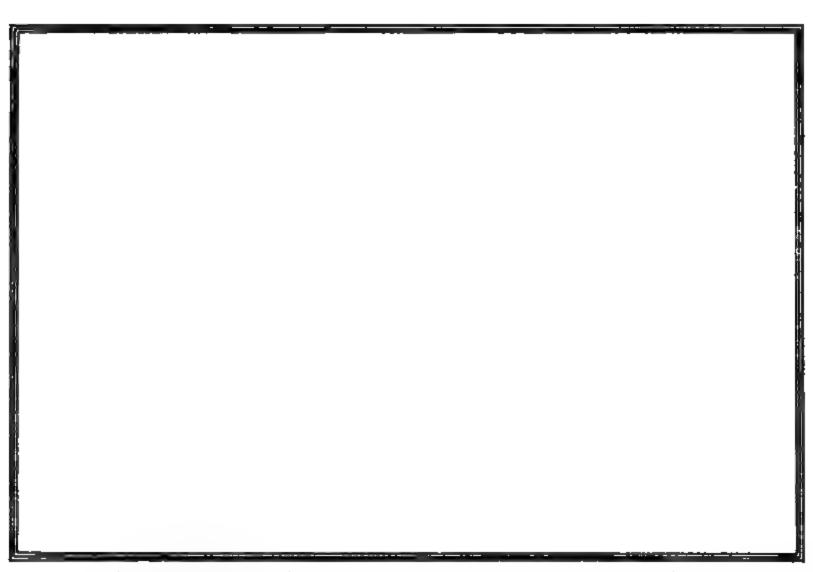
If it sees the hunter, it is likely to charge him forest in a hurricane, say. Furthermore, it is at once. If hit while making off, however, it a game that no man need play unless he wants to. In the lion country he may go about his business—daytime business—as though he were home at the farm.

> Such being the case, may I be pardoned for intruding one of my own small ethical ideas at this point, with the full realization that it depends upon an entirely personal point of view? As far as my own case goes, I consider it poor sportsmanship ever to refuse a lion a chance merely because the advantages are not all in my favor. After all, lion hunting is on a different plane from ordinary shooting; it is a challenge to war, a deliberate seeking for mortal combat. Is it not just a little shameful to pot old felis leo-at long range. in the open, near his kill and wherever we have him at an advantage—nine times; and then to back out because that advantage is for once not so marked? I have so often heard the phrase, "I let him (or them) alone. It was not good enough," meaning that the game looked a little risky.

> Do not misunderstand. I am not advising that you bull ahead into the long grass; or that alone you open fire on a half-dozen lions in easy range. Kind Providence endowed you with strategy; and certainly you should never go in where there is no show for you to use your weapon effectively. But occasionally the odds will be against you: and you will be called upon to take more or less of a chance. I do not think it is quite square to quit playing merely because for once your opponent has been dealt the better cards. If there are too many of them, see if you cannot maneuver them; if the grass is long, try every means in your power to get them out. Stay with them. If finally you fail, you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that circumstances alone have defeated you. If you do not like that sort of a game, stay out of it entirely.

> The surest way to get a lion is to kill a zebra, cut holes in him, fill the holes with strychnine, and come back next morning. This method is absolutely safe.

> The next safest way is to follow the quarry with a pack of specially trained dogs. The lion is so busy and nervous over those dogs that you can walk up and shoot him in the ear. This method has the excitement of riding and following; the joy of a grand and noisy row; and the fun of seeing a good dog fight. The same effect can be got chasing wart hog, hyenas, jackals—or jack-rabbits. The objection is that it wastes a noble beast



These rocky kopjes, or buttes, in the open plains are favorite haunts of lions

that no man is justified in following with dogs any large animal that can be captured with reasonable certainty without them. The sport of coursing is another matter; but that is quite the same in essence whatever the size of the quarry. If you want to kill a lion or so quite safely, and at the same time enjoy a giorious and exciting gallop with lots of accompanying row, by all means follow the sport with hounds. But having killed one or two by that method, quit. Do not go on and clean up the country. You can do it. Poison and hounds are the sure methods of finding any lions there may be about; and after the first few, one is about as justifiable as the other. If you want the undoubtedly great joy of cross-country pursuit, send your hounds in after less noble game.

The third safe method of killing a lion is nocturnal. You lay out a kill beneath a tree, and climb the tree. Or better, you hitch out a pig or donkey as live bait. When the lion comes to this free lunch, you try to see him; and, if you succeed in that, you try to shoot him. It is not easy to shoot at night; nor is it easy to see in the dark. Furthermore, lions only occasionally bother to come to bait. You may roost up that tree many nights before you get a chance. Once up, you have to stay up; for it is most decidedly not safe to go home after dark. The tropical night in

the highlands is quite chilly. Branches seem to be quite as cramping and abrasive under the equator as in the temperate zones. Still it is one method.

Another is to lay out a kill and visit it in the early morning. There is more to this, for you are afoot, must generally search out your beast in near-by cover, and can easily find any amount of excitement in the process.

The fourth way is to ride the lion. hunter sees his quarry returning home across the plains, perhaps; or jumps it from some small bushy ravine. At once he spurs his horse in pursuit. The lion will run but a short distance before coming to a stop, for he is not particularly long either of wind or of patience. From this stand he almost invariably charges. The astute hunter, still mounted, turns and flees. When the lion gets tired of chasing, which he does in a very short time, the hunter faces about. At last the lion sits down in the grass, waiting for the game to develop. This is the time for the hunter to dismount and to take his shot. Ouite likely he must now stand a charge afoot, and drop his beast before it gets to him.

This is real fun. It has many elements of

safety, and many of danger.

To begin with, the hunter at this game generally has companions to back him; often he employs mounted Somalis to round the

mounted man—who can easily escape ignoring the hunter afoot. As the game is largely played in the open, the movements of the beast are easily followed.

On the other hand, there is room for mis-The hunter, for example, should never take. follow directly in the rear of his lion, but rather at a parallel course off the beast's flank. Then, if the lion stops suddenly, the man does not overrun before he can check his mount. He should never dismount nearer than a hundred and fifty yards from the embayed animal; and should never try to get off while the lion is moving in his direction. Then, too, a hard gallop is not conducive to the best of shooting. It is difficult to hold the front bead steady; and it is still more difficult to remember to wait, once the lion charges, until he has come near enough for a sure shot. A neglect in the inevitable excitement of the moment to remember these and a dozen other small matters may quite possibly cause trouble.

Two or three men together can make this one of the most exciting mounted games on earth; with enough of the give and take of real danger and battle to make it worth while. The hunter, however, who employs a dozen Somalis to ride the beast to a standstill, after which he goes to the front, has eliminated much of the thrill. Nor need that man's stay-at-home family feel any excessive uneasiness over Father Killing Lions in Africa.

The method that interested me more than another is one exceedingly difficult to follow except under favorable circumstances. I refer to tracking them down afoot. This requires that your gunbearer should be an expert trailer; for, outside the fact that following a soft-padded animal over all sorts of ground is a very difficult thing to do, the hunter should be free to spy ahead. It is necessary also to possess much patience and to endure under many disappointments. But, on the other hand, there is in this sport a continuous keen thrill to be enjoyed in no other; and he who single-handed tracks down title of shikari—the Hunter.

And the last method of all is to trust to the God of Chance. The secret of success is to be always ready to take instant advantage of what the moment offers.

An occasional hunting story is good in itself; and the following will also serve to illustrate what I have just been saying.

We were after that prize, the Greater Kudu.

lion up and get it to stand. The charging and in his pursuit had penetrated into some lion is quite apt to make for the conspicuous very rough country. Our hunting for the time being was over a broad bench, perhaps four or five miles wide, below a range of mountains. The bench itself broke down in sheer cliffs some fifteen hundred feet; but one did not appreciate that fact unless he stood fairly on the edge of the precipice. To all intents and purposes we were on a rolling grassy plain, with low hills and cliffs, and a most beautiful little stream running down it beneath fine trees.

Up to now our hunting had gained us little besides information—that Kudu had occasionally visited the region, that they had not been there for a month, and that the direction of their departure had been obscure. So we worked our way down the stream, trying out the possibilities. Of other game there seemed to be a fair supply,—impalla, hartebeeste, zebra, eland, buffalo, wart hog, singsing and giraffe we had seen. I had secured a wonderful eland and a very fine impalla, and we had had a gorgeous close-quarters fight with a cheetah.* Now C. had gone out, a three weeks' journey, carrying to medical attendance a porter injured in the cheetah fracas. Billy and I were continuing the hunt alone.

We had marched two hours, and were pitching camp under a single tree near the edge of the bench. After seeing everything well under way, I took the Springfield and crossed the stream, which here ran in a deep cañon. My object was to see if I could get a sing-sing that had bounded away at our approach. I did not bother to take a gunbearer, because I did not expect to be gone five minutes.

The canon proved unexpectedly deep and rough, and the stream up to my waist. When I had gained the top, I found grass growing patchily from six inches to two feet high; and small, scrubby trees from four to ten feet tall, spaced regularly, but very scattered. These little trees hardly formed cover, but their aggregation at sufficient distance limited the view.

The sing-sing had evidently found his way and kills his lion thus has well earned the over the edge of the bench. I turned to go back to camp. A duiker—a small grass antelope—broke from a little patch of the taller grass; rushed, head-down and headlong after their fashion, suddenly changed his mind, and dashed back again. I stepped forward to see why he had changed his mind—and ran into two lions!

^{*} This animal quite disproved the assertion that cheetahs never assume the aggressive. He charged repeatedly.

staring at me with expressionless yellow eyes. to pull trigger. I stared back. The Springfield is a good little to shoot lions with it, but my real "lion gun" with which I had done best work was the 405 of a bad hit. She thrashed around, and made

Winchester. The Springfield is too light for such game. Also there were two lions. very close. Also I was quite alone.

As the game stood, it hardly looked like my move; so I held still and waited. Presently one yawned; they looked at each other, turned quite leisurely, and began to move away at a walk.

This was a disferent matter. If I had fired while the two were facing me, I should probably have had them both to deal with. But now that their tails were turned toward me, I should very likely have to do with only the one; at the crack of the rifle the other would run the way he was beaded. So I took a careful bead at the lioness and let drive.

The lioness that charged in the tall grass

My aim was to wound on the rump. She whirled like a to throw another cartridge in the barrel.

head and charged. She was thoroughly protecting them as well as I could, but there

They were about thirty yards away; and angry and came very fast. I had just enough sat there on their haunches, side by side, time to steady the gold bead on her chest and

At the shot, to my great relief, she turned gun, and three times before I had been forced bottom up, and I saw her tail for an instant above the grass—an almost sure indication

> a tremendous hullabaloo of snarls and growls. I backed out slowly, my rifle ready. It was no place for me, for the grass was over knee high.

Once at a safe distance I blazed a tree with my hunting knife and departed for camp, well pleased to be out of it. At camp I ate lunch and had a smoke: then with Memba Sasa and Mavrouki returned to the scene of trouble. I had now the 405 Winchester, a light and handy weapon delivering a tremendous blow.

We found the place readily enough. My lioness had recovered from the first shock and had gone. I was very glad I had gone first.

The trail was not very plain, but? it could be followed a foot or so at a time, with many faults and

cripple the pelvic bone; but unfortunately, casts back. I walked a yard to one side just as I fired, the beast wriggled lithely while the men followed the spoor. Owing sidewise to pass around a tuft of grass, so to the abundance of cover it was very nervthe bullet inflicted merely a slight flesh ous work; for the beast might be almost anywhere, and would certainly charge. flash, and as she raised her head high to lo- tried to keep a neutral zone around ourselves cate me, I had time to wish that the Spring- by tossing stones ahead of and on both sides field hit a trifle harder blow. Also I had time of our line of advance. My own position was not bad, for I had the rifle ready in my hand; The moment she saw me she dropped her but the men were in danger. Of course I was was always a chance that the lioness might spring on them in such a manner that I would be unable to use my weapon. Once I suggested that as the work was dangerous, they could quit if they wanted to.

"Hapana!" they both refused indignantly. We had proceeded thus for half a mile when to our relief, right ahead of us, sounded the commanding, rumbling half-roar, half-growl of the lion at bay.

Instantly Memba Sasa and Mavrouki dropped back to me. We all peered ahead. One of the boys made her out first, crouched under a bush thirty-two yards away. Even as I raised the rifle she saw us and charged. I caught her in the chest before she had come ten feet. The heavy bullet stopped her dead. Then she recovered and started forward slowly, very weak, but game to the last. Another shot finished her.

The remarkable point of this incident was the action of the little Springfield bullet. Evidently the very high velocity of this bullet from its shock to the nervous system had delivered a paralyzing blow sufficient to knock out the lioness for the time being. Its damage to tissue, however, was slight. Inasmuch as the initial shock did not cause immediate death, the lioness recovered sufficiently to be able, two hours later, to take the offensive. This point is of the greatest interest to the student of ballistics; but it is curious even to the ordinary reader.

That is a very typical example of finding lions by sheer chance. Generally a man is out looking for the smallest kind of game when he runs up against them. Now happened to follow an equally typical example of tracking.

The next day after the killing of the lioness Memba Sasa, Kongoni and I dropped off the bench and hunted Greater Kudu on a series of terraces fifteen hundred feet below. All we found were two rhino, some sing-sing, a herd of impalla and a tremendous thirst. In the meantime Mavrouki had, under orders, scouted the foothills of the mountain range at the back. He reported none but old tracks of Kudu, but said he had seen eight lions not far from our encounter of the day before.

Therefore, as soon next morning as we could see plainly, we again crossed the cañon and the waist-deep stream. I had with me all three of the gun-men; and in addition two of the most courageous porters to help with the tracking and the looking.

About eight o'clock we found the first fresh

most fascinating of games,—trailing over difficult ground. In this we could all take part, for the tracks were some hours old, and the cover scanty. Very rarely could we make out more than three successive marks. Then we had to spy carefully for the slightest indication of direction. Kongoni in especial was wonderful at this, and time and again picked up a broken grass blade or the minutest inchfraction of disturbed earth. We moved slowly, in long hesitations and castings about. and in swift little dashes forward of a few feet; and often we went astray on false scents, only to return finally to the last certain spot. In this manner we crossed the little plain with the scattered shrub trees and arrived at the edge of the low bluff above the stream bottom.

This bottom was well wooded along the immediate bank of the stream itself, fringed with low thick brush, and in the open spaces grown to the edges with high, green, coarse

As soon as we had managed to follow without fault to this grass, our difficulties of trailing were at an end. The lions' heavy bodies had made distinct paths through the tangle. These paths went forward sinuously, sometimes separating one from the other, sometimes intertwining, sometimes combining into one for a short distance. We could not determine accurately the number of beasts that had made them.

"They have gone to drink water," said Memba Sasa.

We slipped along the twisting paths, alert for indications; came to the edge of the thicket, stooped through the fringe, and descended to the stream under the tall trees. The soft earth at the water's edge was covered with tracks, thickly, overlaid one over the other. The boys felt of the earth, examined, even smelled; and came to the conclusion that the beasts must have watered about five o'clock. If so, they might be ten miles away or as many rods.

We had difficulty in determining just where the party left this place, until finally Kongoni caught sight of suspicious indications over the The lions had crossed the stream. We did likewise, followed the trail out of the thicket, into the grass, below the little cliffs parallel to the stream, back into the thicket, across the river once more, up the other side, in the thicket for a quarter mile, then out into the grass on that side, and so on. They were evidently wandering, rather idly, up the genpad mark plainly outlined in an isolated piece eral course of the stream. Certainly, unlike of soft earth. Immediately we began that most cats, they did not mind getting their

The lion we followed-with seven others-for six hours and a half through the river bottom

feet wet, for they crossed the stream four By keeping just in their rear we might be able times.

At last the twining paths in the shoulderhigh grass fanned out separately. counted.

"You were right, Mavrouki," said I,

"there were eight."

At the end of each path was a beaten-down little space where evidently the beasts had been lying down. With an exclamation the three gun-bearers darted forward to investigate. The lairs were still warm! Their occupants had evidently made off only at our approach!

Not five minutes later we were halted by a low warning growl right ahead. We stopped. The boys squatted on their heels close to me

and we consulted in whispers.

Of course it would be sheer madness to attack eight lions in grass so high we could not see five feet in front of us. That went without saying. On the other hand, Mayrouki swore that he had yesterday seen no small cubs with the band, and our examination of the tracks made in soft earth seemed to bear him out. The chances were, therefore, that unless themselves attacked or too close pressed, the lions would not attack us.

to urge them gently along until they should enter more open cover. Then we could see.

Therefore we gave the owner of that growl about five minutes to forget it, and then advanced very cautiously. We soon found where the objector had halted; and plainly read by the indications where he had stood for a moment or so, and then moved on. We

slipped along after. For five hours we hung at the heels of that band of lions, moving very slowly, perfectly willing to halt whenever they told us to; and going forward again only when we became convinced that they too had gone on. Except for the first half hour, we were never more than twenty or thirty yards from the nearest lion; and often much closer. Three or four times I saw slowly gliding yellow bodies just ahead of me; but in the circumstances it would have been sheer stark lunacy to have fired. Probably six or eight times-I did not count --we were commanded to stop —and we did stop.

It was very exciting work, but the men never faltered. Of course I went first, in case one of the beasts had the toothache or otherwise did not play up to our calculations on

good nature. One or the other of the gunbearers was always just behind me. Only once was any comment made. Kongoni looked very closely into my face.

"There are very many lions," he remarked

doubtfully.

"Very many lions," I agreed, as though as-

senting to a mere statement of fact.

Although I am convinced there was no real danger, as long as we stuck to our plan of campaign, nevertheless it was quite interesting to be for so long a period so near these great brutes. They led us for a mile or so along the course of the stream, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. Several times they emerged into better cover, and even into the open; but always ducked back into the thick again before we ourselves had followed their trail to the clear.

At noon we were halted by the usual growl just as we had reached the edge of the river. So we sat down on the banks and had lunch.

Finally our chance came. The trail led us, for the dozenth time, from the high grass into the thicket along the river. We ducked our heads to enter. Memba Sasa, next my shoulder, snapped his fingers violently. Following the direction of the brown arm that shot over my shoulder, I strained my eyes into the dimness of the thicket. At first I could see nothing at all, but at length a slight motion drew my eye. Then I made out the silhouette of a lion's head, facing us steadily. One of the rear guard had again turned to halt us, but this time where he and his surroundings could be seen.

Luckily I always use a gold bead front sight, and even in the dimness of the tree-shaded thicket, it showed up well. The beast was only forty yards away, so I fired at his head. He rolled over without a sound.

We took the usual great precautions in determining the genuineness of his demise; then fair with a noble beast is concerned, carried him into the open. Strangely enough as well toss a coin to see which you the bullet had gone so cleanly into his left eye —your pack or a strychnine bottle.

that it had not even broken the edge of the eyelid; so that when skinned he did not show a mark. He was a very decent maned lion, three feet four inches at the shoulder, and nine feet long as he lay. We found that he had indeed been the rear guard; and that the rest, on the other side of the thicket, had made off at the shot. So in spite of the apparent danger of the situation, our calculations had worked out perfectly. Also we had enjoyed a half-day's sport of an intensity quite impossible to be extracted from any other method of following the lion.

In trying to guess how any particular lions may act, however, you will find yourself often at fault. The lion is a very intelligent and crafty beast; and addicted to tricks. If you follow a lion to a small hill, it is well to go around that hill on the side opposite to that taken by your quarry. You are quite likely to meet him; for he is clever enough thus to try to get in your rear. He will lie until you have actually passed him before breaking off. He will circle ahead, then back to confuse the trail. And when you catch sight of him in the distance, you would never suspect that he knew of your presence at all. He saunters slowly, apparently aimlessly along; pausing often, evidently too bored to take any interest in life. You wait quite breathlessly for him to pass behind cover. Then you are going to make a very rapid advance, and catch his leisurely retreat. But the moment old leo does pass behind the cover, his appearance of idle stroller vanishes. In a dozen bounds he is gone.

That is what makes lion hunting delightful. There are some regions, very near settlements, where it is perhaps justifiable to poison these beasts. If you are a true sportsman you will confine your hound-hunting to those districts. Elsewhere, as far as playing fair with a noble beast is concerned, you may as well toss a coin to see which you shall take—your pack or a strychnine bottle.

JOE F. SULLIVAN

"OR myself I am going to use three essentials to success. Faith, Prayer, and Perseverance. They never fail you if you are in the right, and you are already a failure if you are in the wrong."

This is the nutshell philosophy of Honorable Joe F. Sullivan, just twenty-one years of age, and recently elected mayor of Imboden, Arkansas.

The election of the youngest mayor of the United States was a most exciting one, and more votes were polled for the boy candidate than in any previous contest in Imboden.

Mayor Sullivan assumed office on May 6th, 1012, just after his twenty-first birthday. His campaign was conducted while he was still several months under age. But his youth was by no means his only handicap, as he's a cripple. At the age of four he was stricken with paralysis which deprived him of the use of one arm and both legs. Since that time, in all these years, he has never taken a step. His only way of getting about is by driving a tricycle or a team of trained Angora goats, which have been to him for the last five years what feet are to those who walk.

Five years ago Joe decided upon journalism as his life work, and after frequent disappointments finally made good. He is now correspondent from his city for numerous papers, editor of the Imboden Gazette, and a writer of short stories.

Like a good many other newspaper men, when he entered the field of journalism he became quickly interested in politics, and it was not long before his articles in his paper on the political situation in his own town attracted attention. But nobody imagined that the youthful Joe was a suitor for public office. He kept that to himself until he was ready and then quietly one day he started out and drove his goat cart down the main street, stopping here and there at the various business houses to tell their proprietors and clerks that he was a candidate for Mayor, and that he desired their votes.

To attract attention something original must be done, and Joe quickly devised a plan of campaign. His first move was to appoint twelve pretty schoolgirls less than sixteen years of age with whom he had attended school and whom he had known all his life, as his campaign managers. The girls took up Joe's cause with a vigor and energy which surprised everyone. He was their hero bold.

On a bright winter day, all unannounced, they started out from the office of the Imboden Gazette laden with armfuls of posters which they tacked up on trees, telegraph poles, and wherever vacant space of prominence could be found. These posters requested the citizens to "vote for Joe Sullivan as Mayor." Next the girls distributed circulars to passers-by in the streets announcing that on that evening Joe would address the voters at the Town Hall. Everybody was cordially invited to be present, especially the ladies. His opponents also were urged to be present.

When the night arrived the City Hall was crowded to overflowing with persons eager, through curiosity, to hear what Joe had to say. He held the crowd for an hour. The tide was changed. The voters were convinced that he was not joking. He was a real candidate for Mayor. Two prominent and aged business men were announced as his opponents. The boy editor, however, went right

ahead with his campaign, and when election day came he and his girl campaign managers were still busy. When the polls closed that night "the boy with the billy goats" had defeated all opponents. Moreover, he had received more votes than the two other candidates combined.

Thus was Imboden placed on the map as the only city in the world with a legally elected mayor under twenty-one years of age. A schoolmate of Joe's, also only twenty-one years of age, was elected city treasurer, and every candidate in any office who opposed the youthful Sullivan was defeated.

About six years ago Joe was left fatherless and destitute with a widowed mother to take care of. His first realization was that he would have to have an education in order to cope with the adversities and afflictions which surrounded him. No sooner was this conclusion arrived at than he settled down to hard and constant study in his little home. winter he worked at his books and in the spring he conceived the idea of buying and training a goat team to convey him to and from the school the following winter. He paid his last five-dollar bill for these animals but his plan proved practical, and in the fall he again entered school. Although five years behind in his class he burned the midnight oil during the cold months and the following spring he finished the term leader in his class and winner of a gold medal.

During vacation he became agent for a daily paper, and for a coffee house, and thus earned a few dollars. The second year in school he graduated from the grammar grade, winning another medal and a diploma of merit from the State superintendent for writing a composition in the State contest in which more than three hundred pupils over the State participated. The following term he entered high school. About this time an inspiration seized him to write and he began sending articles to metropolitan papers. At first he met with disappointment but he kept right ahead and finally won the appointment as correspondent of several dailies; thus his career as journalist was finally established. Next he became assistant editor of the Imboden Gazette, then owner.

Now he is able to give his aged mother some of the small luxuries as well as the necessities of life and to deposit a few dollars in a savings bank with which he expects to pay his way through college, when his term as mayor expires next spring.

E. LESLIE GILLIAMS.

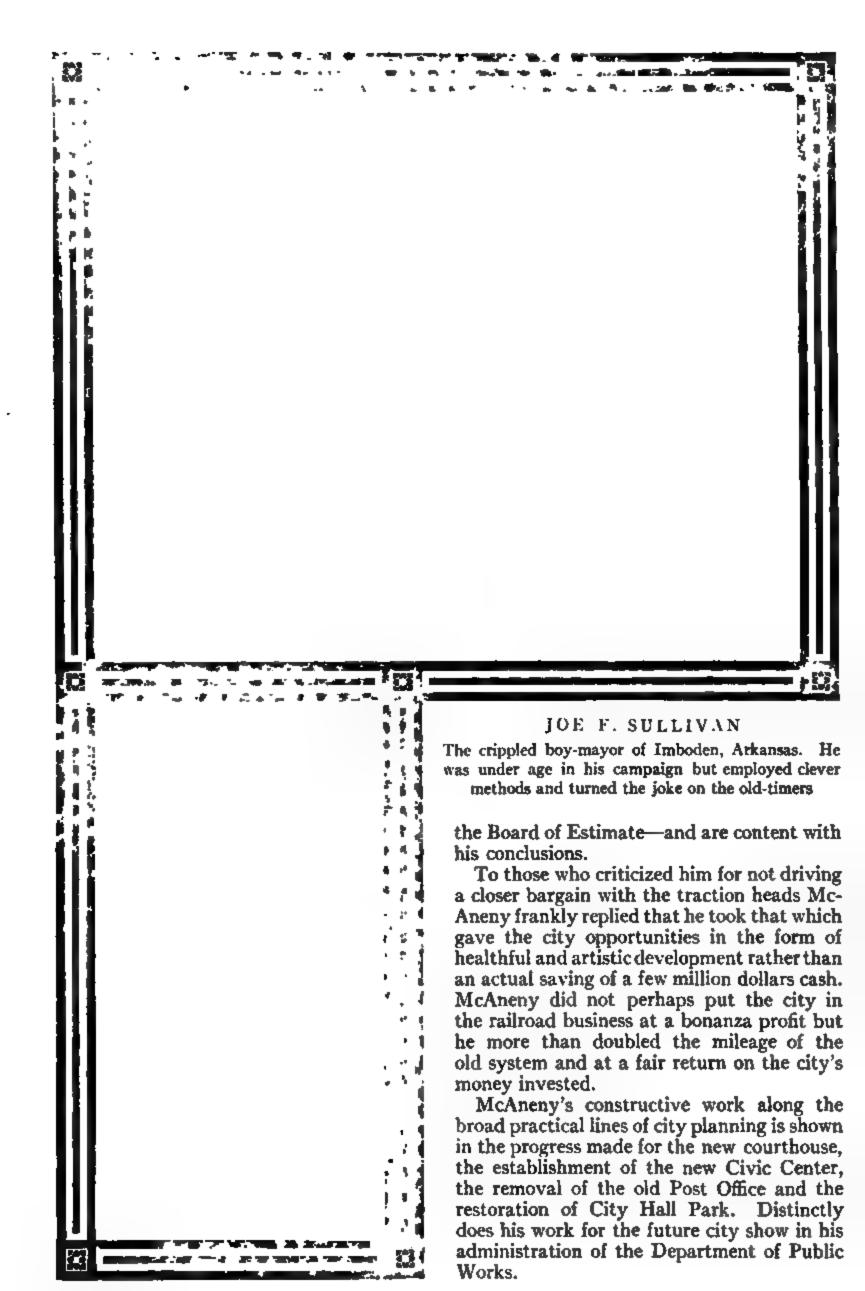
GEORGE MCANENY

EORGE McANENY, President of the Borough of Manhattan in New York, is the peacemaker who brought the warring city commissioners together, who dictated the city's terms to the traction heads and then made both city commissioners and railroad directors sign the document (which he wrote) creating the \$300,000,000 dual subway system. It took him a year and a half to bring this all about and at a time when rapid transit improvement had been at a standstill for eight years and with the last conference deadlocked in a final attempt to effect a settlement.

McAneny brought to the subway conference definite and fixed ideas on city planning supported by sound finance and a close personal knowledge of the physical problems presented by the ugliest outlined city in the His argument was a winning one world. from the start, and New Yorkers, who don't often agree, all agreed on this one point, that McAneny devised a plan which will give the whole city the greatest possible transit relief in the least possible time. McAneny utilized every mile of the city's existing subway and elevated lines and at the same time enlisted one hundred and forty million dollars of private capital for the construction and equipment of new ones,—and he so combined the old and the new as to create two vast independent systems, each complete in itself, which will put one hundred and seventy-five miles of rapid transit lines at the service of the city instead of the seventy miles on which now crowds the great daily army of four million strap hangers.

In the laying out of routes McAneny met the immediate needs for rapid transit relief, and at the same time planned wisely for the future—even for the remote future. The dual system provides, as McAneny meant it should, a broad basis for the future development of the city in all its parts.

So complete was the McAneny report that its critics were perforce confined to assertions that the financial terms were not sufficiently favorable to the city,—which is largely a matter of judgment, based on statistics. The great majority of McAneny's fellow citizens believed that his judgment is better than that of anyone else on the subject,—much better, for instance, than that of his young associate, the President of the Board of Aldermen, who alone opposed the plan in



Here McAneny's reorganization the first year saved the city \$500,000. His administration was heir to miserable pavements, crumbling under rapidly increasing traffic which jammed at the intersecting thoroughfares; stands, stores, shops, theatres, hotels were pushing their business out on the sidewalks and crowding the public into the gutters. Due to these and other conditions, it cost (and still does) as much to ship a piece of freight from Kingsbridge to the Battery as to send the same thing from New York to Buffalo.

The new Borough President started the work of widening, straightening and planning new streets, and it is still going on to-day. Show windows, show cases, flower stands, boot-black stands, newspaper stands, fruit stands, handsome Fifth Avenue piccioes, bar rooms, subway kiosks, bedroom. markets, are being removed from the public streets, the congestion opened up and traffic let through. McAneny asked and got \$3,500,000 with which to begin replacing the island's antiquated pavements. He built a municipal asphalt plant and on plans and specifications prepared at his request by representative highway engineers of the country the borough is now laying an absolutely new system of paving. In 1911 thirty-nine miles of pavement were laid, as against twenty-five for the last year of the preceding administration, and this year the mileage will run over fifty.

New York City is trying to understand McAneny. His desire to get things done, his thoroughness, his patience, and his persistence are almost lost over the heads of easy-going metropolitans. What they do catch quickly, however, is his never-failing sense of humor and his sharp and ready reply in open debate. No one yet has appeared who could tell the Borough President of more evils existing in his department that he already knows; and on more than one occasion he has been suspected of supplying material to committees of citizens for use against himself.

McAneny's training was that of the City Room and the enthusiasm of a city editor started him at work upon municipal problems. There is nothing of mystery about McAneny or his administration. Carl Schurz and Grover Cleveland were McAneny's ideals, in his newspaper days, and one of them was his intimate personal friend. Although a Democrat he has never been in party politics. He refuses to recognize the rights of patronage and gets the support of his employees by promotion through efficiency and results. If George McAneny may be classified as

Here McAneny's reorganization the first anything at all he is properly a constructive year saved the city \$500,000. His adminis- leader in the new school of municipal govern-tration was heir to miserable pavements, ment.

H. J. C.

"THE" O'MALLEY

NCE upon a time a British nobleman got in wrong in Philadelphia by asking: "What's a Biddle?" Can you fawncy him awsking: "What's an O'Malley?" Certainly not. British history is shot through with and by O'Malleys. Besides, in Philadelphia the question to put—and respectfully, mind you—is: "Where is 'the' O'Malley?"

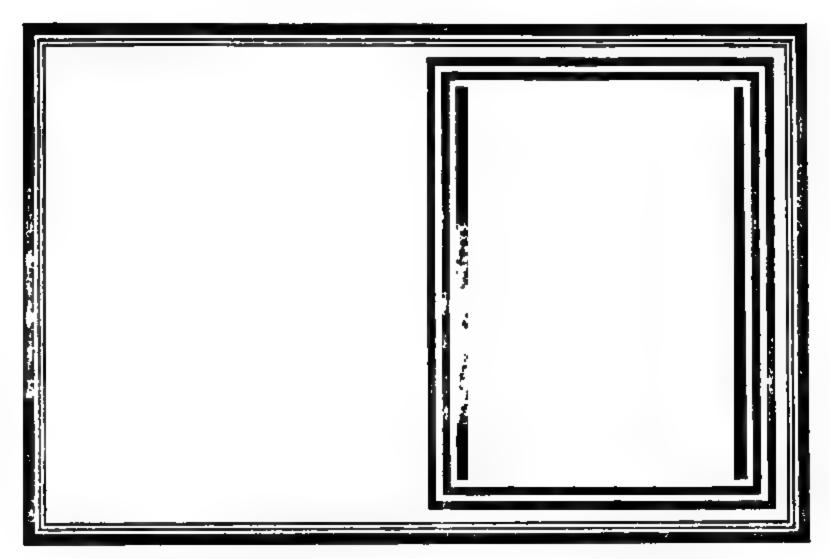
Some one who thought he was wise recently remarked, in the course of a discussion of the United States birth rate, that what this country needs in the matter of its future citizens is not so much quantity as quality. To which one who was wiser replied: "The children that are being raised nowadays will be of infinitely more use to this country in future years than the children that are not being raised." If you think this has nothing to do with our story, you are wrong. We propose to prove quantity and quality co-existent in one family.

Who, then, is "the" O'Malley? Well, if you should happen to be walking some stormy night in the teeth of the wind at the corner of Latitude 35 and Longitude 72 (which is just off Cape Hatteras), and if, finding your feet too heavy to lift above the waves, you should put up a wireless yelp for help, very likely the revenue cutter Onondaga would loom up out of the darkness and a strong hand, perhaps, would haul you aboard, and another would offer you a glass of something warm and comforting. Later you'd find that both hands appertained to Lieutenant William Ambrose O'Malley, who, as an ensign, was in command of the landing party at Guantanamo, and who is now conceded to be one of the best navigators in Uncle Sam's service. The lieutenant might admit all this himself, but if you were to accuse him of being"The O'Malley," he'd laugh you a deep sea-horse laugh.

And later, when you had read in the New York Sun the story of your rescue, told in periods of infinite grace and humor that would make you gasp with delight and forget your troubles, you'd probably lift your votive chaplet from the sea-moist brow of William A. and shift it to the intellectual dome of Frank Ward O'Malley, who has been called "the best reporter in the country."

But if you were wise you wouldn't call

GEORGE McANENY Borough President of Manhattan, official reconciler and peacemaker in the city government. He is a student of the new municipal science and has engineered some permanent good bargains for the people of New York



FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

WILLIAM A. O'MALLEY

Those four brothers have all the talents there are. The reporter is an artist and playwright, the

Frank "The O'Malley," either. He'd be lowed. For two years he was instructor in likely to say to you: "There's something bacteriology at Georgetown, and, later, for wrong with you, old man, and you'd better see my brother Joe. He's the greatest little medical guesser in the world."

And it's true. Dr. Joseph O'Malley, of Philadelphia, chief of staff of St. Agnes' Hospital, is famous all over this country as a diagnostician. He's the practical one, the Big Brother (though only third in order of seniority) who watches over the others with

jealous pride and affection.

Now, if you could follow up all the O'Malleys—which is a very difficult thing, as you'd jolly well know if you had had the job of securing these photographs—you'd have the election of "The O'Malley" decided at once. The vote would be three to one, and the one would be Austin O'Malley, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D.—but, to be orderly, we must begin with A. D. 1858. That was the year, the month being October, when, "trailing clouds of glory," he arrived at the home of his parents in Pittston, Pa. The next important A. D. is 1878, when Fordham College gave him his A. B. Then he spent three years at the Gregorian University in Rome. Georgetown gave him his Ph. D. in 1888, and made theria bacillus until he had acquired all the him an M. D. in 1893. Several years of study in the universities of Berlin and Vienna fol-

eight years he was professor of English literature at Notre Dame University (LL. D. 1895). Here he had Frank as a student, and taught the young idea how to shoot straight English. In those days, by the way, Frank fancied he was an artist-a painter chap, you know-but he has since thought better of it. Some of his artistry nowadays is going into the writing of plays.

Now Dr. O'Malley calls himself an oculist, but he's a great deal more than that. We'd call him an author-scientist if it were not for the fear you'd gather the impression that he is one of those whom the authors consider a scientist and the scientists deem an author. He is thorough, but he's versatile and a rover. When he starts after a thing, he chases it to its lair; then he's off on another quest. It's the O'Malley trait since the days when they were the great sea-fighters of Ireland. That accounts for Lieutenant William's natural seamanship, the doctor will tell you, and the doctor has the clan's history at his finger-tips back to the year 773.

For two years the doctor pursued the diphinformation worth remembering about that disreputable thing. Then he went after



DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY

DR. JOSEPH O'MALLEY

doctor is a poet, the sailor is a writer, and so on. Three of them agree that Austin is the greatest

Shakespeare and analyzed his plays and methods of construction. Between whiles moral theology absorbed him. He pried into the secrets of the sonnet—and that brings us to the consideration of what those who know him best consider his "quintessential unctuousness." "The" O'Malley is a poet. He has done and is doing some very beautiful things, but he has also a pretty wit, and among the several hundred aphorisms he has written from time to time is this one: "Originality in literature is only a new coat of paint on an old house."

A poet and modest. What a contradiction! But that's what ails "the" O'Malley. Why, when we went after him with Mr. Gutekunst, our photographer-assistant, the gentle creature fled deep into his den and wouldn't come out until we, with a flash of genius, explained that Mr. G. was merely a modern daguerreotyper and meant him no harm.

So, whenever he hits a high note in poetry he invariably turns around and writes an aphorism for fear you'll think he takes himself seriously. In this way he has piled up several hundred "sententiæ."

Here are some of them:

"Busy souls have not time to be busy-

that strays about the town six days in the week, but stays in the shed on Sunday eating newspapers."

"An Irishman is a human enthymeme, all

extremes and no middle."

"When bad science dies its ghost haunts the corridors of universities."

"The perjurer's mother told white lies."

Nowadays when he writes for publication he prefers to express himself in prose-and he has several books to his credit—but even there he is rhythmical.

He's having a fight now with some foreign doctors upon several medical moral questions, and his name is appearing at the end of long and recondite treatises in Latin—which we do not read, thank you—in the very serious magazines.

Well, there's "the" O'Malley for you! Talk about quantity and quality! What? Q.E.D.

T. A. DALY.

DANIEL KIEFER

HE occupation of Daniel Kiefer of Cincinnati is set down after his name in "Who's Who" as that of a political reformer. A decade or "A goat-Christian is a baptized person so ago it would have been printed as clothing

merchant, and clothing merchants do not get helped to reorganize the Democratic party into "Who's Who," unless they sell enough clothes to create a surplus that will enable them to become philanthropists. Daniel Kiefer was born and reared in Cincinnati. and in that city and in Chicago he had been successful in his business, and then an experience befell him; he read "Progress and Poverty," and after that he had a new concept of life. He had already the altruistic spirit, and that generous desire to help the outcast and the poor which is the human basis of genuine reform. But with the new vision he had caught from Henry George, he set himself to bring to pass the adoption of the single tax, in the operation of which he perceived the possibility of the abolition of poverty, and with the concurrent abolition of legal privilege, the dawn of real democracy. He soon discovered, however, that reform is a vocation that requires leisure, wealth and energy, and, if pursued long enough, wholly absorbs all three elements. It is a difficult, dangerous and discouraging occupation, owing to the competition of other reforms with that in hand, and to the general reluctance of a stiff-necked generation. Reform, too, has a dreadful tendency to hurt business, and Daniel Kiefer's partners in the clothing trade complained that he talked too much of Henry George. Then he arranged his affairs as a man going on a long journey, and prepared to give all his time to his new ideal. Cincinnati was a place in which it would seem there was room for reform and one in which there was not so much competition as might be met elsewhere.

Every leper, says Maarten Maartens, likes his own sores best, and so it is with reformers. Each one is sure that his own reform is the one thing needed to set the old world right. Thus each one learns the patter of his own programme, becomes the slave of its cliches, and spends his time decrying all others. Daniel Kiefer, however, had few illusions as to the delays and difficulties he would encounter, or the hard task it set before him, the single taxers, anyway, being the most opportunist of all reformers. And so he avoided extremes, partly because he has that kindly human feeling toward all men that makes the best basis for a reformer, partly because he has some of the shrewdness of the politician.

Thus having arranged his business affairs so that he might give all his time to his reform, he gives his life to it—evidence of sincerity and of faith, the kind that moves mountains and the world. He set to work in his own town. He was one of those who and night, year in and year out, requires

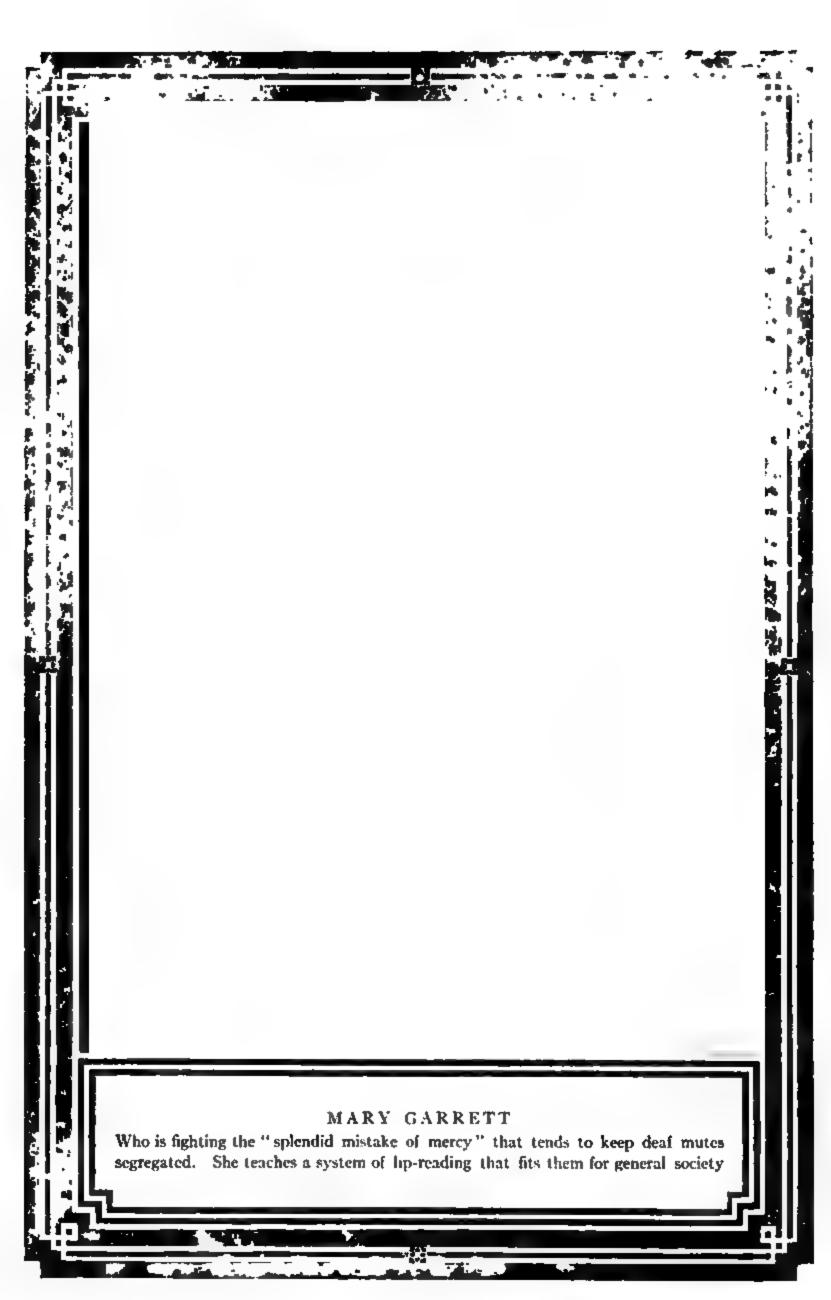
in Cincinnati in 1905, and that year they overthrew the old Cox régime and elected Judge Dempsey mayor. There was a reaction afterward, of course; that was to be expected, but it was the beginning of the movement that two years ago elected Henry Hunt prosecutor of Hamilton County and, last fall, Mayor of the City. In addition to this Mr. Kiefer was manager, as it were, of the Vine Street Congregational Church, in the liberal pulpit of which Herbert Bigelow preached radical political doctrines every Sunday to large congregations of common people. It was no little task to keep an institution like that alive but Daniel Kiefer kept the church open and warm and lighted, and later on made an arrangement—he has lost none of his business ability-by which the church society disposed of its property on Vine Street, and created a fund which enables it to hold its meetings Sunday afternoons in the Grand Opera House. Bigelow calls it a "People's Church and Town Meeting Society." Kiefer calls it the "People's Forum for Free Speech."

In addition to this Daniel Kiefer has for years been carrying much of the burden—the drudgery of the finance and detail—of organizing the State of Ohio for Direct Legislation, a work that now has come to its fruition in the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum by the Constitutional Convention. He is also treasurer of the Joseph Fels Fund, and in the midst of all his other labors he finds time to direct the financial policy which has made it possible to sustain The Public, the radical weekly published and edited by Louis F. Post in Chicago.

But these activities, enough to wear out any man, are all subsidiary to the great purpose Daniel Kiefer has set himself in life. His offices in the Commercial Tribune building are stacked with printed matter, and he carries on an immense correspondence all over the world. It has been estimated that every third man in those countries covered by the postal treaties receives every morning a circular letter from Daniel Kiefer, calling his attention to the philosophy of Henry George, and requesting a contribution to some one of the causes in sympathy with that philosophy, and always, in the end, pointing out the single tax as the hope of man. He was thus in the budget fight in England, in the propaganda for taxing land values in Oregon and Canada and Australia, in the direct legislation campaign everywhere. This prodigious labor, carried on ceaselessly day

DAN KIEFER

Reformer, single-taxer, indefatigable letter-writer. It is said that every third man in the Postal Union gets a letter from Dan Kiefer every morning. He is secretary of the Fels Fund



enormous energy, perseverance, devotion, faith. He never rests, never takes vacations, has no other interests, outside his family, and expects to carry on the work all his life. Since he is abstemious in his habits and a vegetarian, his life with such an interest and purpose to inspire it promises to be long, so that his correspondents might as well resign themselves to the inevitable and remit now. And at fifty-six, Daniel Kiefer looks out on the world, a happy and a hopeful man, giving his life to an ideal.

BRAND WHITLOCK.

MARY GARRETT

ISS MARY GARRETT is fighting what some one has called, "one of the splendid mistakes of mercy."

That the segregation of the deaf, where their special habits, interests, and even language tend to keep them separated from the rest of the world, leads to intermarriage, and more or less directly toward forming a deaf variety of the human race, is now pretty well understood.

Miss Garrett is fighting this segregation by teaching deaf children to live in the world with other people. She has the simplest rule in the world: "Catch them while young."

That a child, taught lip-reading at the age when the normal infant learns to distinguish the words his mother says over and over, learns the *look* of the word as the normal baby learns the sound, was the conviction of the Garrett sisters, who began years ago to make experiments.

It happened in this way. Miss Emma Garrett, dead since 1893, began to teach the deaf, founding and becoming principal of the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, where she remained seven years. As now, the solution of the isolation of the deaf was felt to be lip-reading. But, that this might be done in the case of infants, or young children, thus giving them, as early as possible, a normal environment, and normal schoolmates, was the discovery that a baby helped her to make.

A little deaf baby, whose tired and discouraged mother walked off and left her at the Pennsylvania Oral School for the Deaf, was the first factor in the case. "From the wonderful way in which that baby learned to talk, almost like a normal child," says Miss Garrett, "from having its at-

tention always directed to the *look* of the word on the teacher's lips, my sister decided to resign from her position and establish another school where children could be taught, as early as possible, how to go among hearing and speaking people." Miss Mary joined her sister in this endeavor, and the Home for the Training of School Children before they are of School Age was the result.

In order to teach mothers of deaf babies this secret of infinite patience Miss Mary Garrett wrote a pamphlet, "Directions to Parents of Deaf Children, for their Treatment from Infancy in Order that They May Learn Speech and Lip-Reading," which was extensively circulated among the parents of deaf children. But so many of the children were of poor, hard-working parents who either could not or would not take the time to teach their children that it seemed best to establish the Home, in order to give the normal environment. This was not so easily done as said, but after months of unremitting effort the Home, the first and only one in the world of its kind, was established in February, 1893, and soon became so successful and convincing that the State of Pennsylvania became their ally, and in June, 1893, established them in their present headquarters at the corner of Belmont and Monument Avenues, Philadelphia. From this Home are sent, every year, into the public schools of the State, at about the right age for the 4th grade, which they enter, children who would otherwise be a charge on the State for special schooling until they had finished their school or trade courses.

The Home has passed the experimental stage. It is endowed by the State,—it has been talked of, and attracted favorable attention abroad, especially in England. But Miss Garrett will never be satisfied till she has brought the good news from Maine to California, till she has given every deaf baby its place in the larger family of the world. There is a certain joyous patience about Miss Garrett, however, that is contagious. When one is in the Home one cannot help believing that some day the dream of its founders will come true. Some day, when all the deaf can speak, and all the old, dead barriers are done away with, people will look back to Miss Emma and Miss Mary Garrett, emancipators as they are, as to those who freed the children, one born deaf in every fifteen hundred in our country, from needless loneliness in the Ghetto of Silence.

CLARA CAHILL PARK.

HOW WE KICKED SIXTEEN BILLIONS UPSTAIRS

By JOHN S. PARDEE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love, But why did you kick us upstairs?

—Voice of Many Railroads.

EGULATION has forced prosperity on the reluctant railroads. It found them staggering in a sea of insolvency. It brought them out of the mire and clay and set their feet on solid ground. To be perfectly candid, that was not what we started out to do when we undertook to regulate their practices. We didn't mean to, as little Henry said when Deacon Ark-

presages upon railroad regulation. Some of the foreboders are so dazed they are still predicting. Like the time Bill Jenkins fell off the dock and when they pulled him out he stood there with the rivers running off him, choking and wheezing water out of his lungs and

wright asked him in an

awful voice who made

the earth. To be equally

candid, it was not the re-

sult which railroad man-

agers expected. Some of

the gloomiest forebodings

in the book of Cassandra

are to be found in the

gasping, "Help, help, I

"Some of the foreboders are so dazed they are still predicting"

"The splendid days of unrestricted railroad management"

shall drown." rescued. Same way the railroads don't seem to realize they have been saved. And yet, as a matter of fact, the grandest thing that ever happened to the railroads was when public control was exercised over them.

One simple fact. When we started to regulate them, the railroads were paying dividends on \$38.50 of every hundred dollars of stock outstanding. And on so much of the stock as drew dividends, the average the amount enjoying dividends increased rate was 5 3-8 per cent. At the last report from one and a half to five and a half they were paying dividends on \$67 out of billions. every hundred dollars outstanding, and stock on the dividend list as there was when

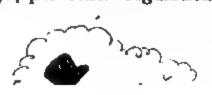
And nobody knows how many wobbly roads during that time were bolstered up by comfortable leases that guaranteed dividends on tenuous stock issues whose origin ranged from the shadowy to the shady. During that time Great Northern has been industriously cutting its melons. During that time New Haven developed from a staid and conservative old party into a skittish young thing dancing down a rosestrewn path scattering new editions of stock. During that time the Pacifics accomplished some

Never knew he had been wonderful feats of legerdemain. During that time Burlington exchanged its thrice-watered stock for bonds in double the volume at half the rate, transforming its maximum dividend into a fixed charge. During that time there was a matter in Alton that tried even the patience of our most famous living ex-President. During that time the issues of railway stocks increased from three and three quarters to eight billion dollars; There is three times as much the average rate on that was 7.4 per cent. regulation began. More stock has been added

to the dividend list in the interval than there was outstanding when these persecutions were instituted.

Another simple fact. In all their years of happy independence down to 1899, all the railroads in the United States had accumulated a surplus of \$194,000,000. In the next ten years, when regulation was doing its worst, they increased their scanty hoards to \$800,000,000.

With regulation, disastrous rate wars ceased. From the primitive scale of four or five cents per ton mile, there had been a



"New Haven developed from a staid and conservative old party into a skittish young thing dancing down a rose-strewn path scattering new editions of stock"



"When men used to pick up the rail behind the

rapid descent during the middle of the century. Thirty years ago it was a marvel that the rate was approaching a cent a ton. That was a bogey score, something like ten seconds flat, or a mile in two minutes. All three marks were passed about the same time. The rate slid under the ten mill line in 1889. Ten years later it had slipped down and down to the subzero of .722. Twenty-five per cent. below the theoretical line of possible profit fixed by earlier statisticians!

That was in the splendid days of unrestricted railroad management, the glorious days of chivalry when any gentleman had a right to stick another gentleman under the fifth rib without offending the rules of the game. Those were the days when every freight solicitor was playing Kilkenny with

every other. Happy, happy days!

When regulation set in the decline was stayed. The average rate crept up to .75 per ton mile in the next ten years. It advanced because published rates were maintained, because commodities were shifted to higher classifications, because in the natural course of development the profitable short haul filled in the earnings in larger degree, because with the progress of industry the proportion of manufactured products rose in comparison with raw material; and in some cases because of a positive lift in rates. But the tendency has been and still is to advance. It may not look like a very great gain, from a low point of .722 to .75 in ten years. But it bulks quite a sum in units that are measured to the fifth decimal place on one hand and in the thousand millions on the other.

Not that this wholesome change has come about through regulation sole and unaided. A number of intelligent men are working for the railroads, very intelligent men, some of the most intelligent in the United States. They have learned a good deal about the

railroad business in the last ten or twenty years.

Jim Hill came along one day and taught the railroad world that it was more economical to haul full cars in solid train loads. It was as simple as making an egg stand on end, but it opened a new epoch in railroad earnings. George H. Daniels promulgated the truth that courtesy is an asset, and railway servants are to-day as uniformly obliging as they used to be not so. E. H. Harriman devised a new style of organization. The Pennsylvania inculcated system in its magnificent school. Countless men in the operating and construction departments learned new ways of doing things.

The whole conglomeration is new. Why, I can remember when the engine said, "Whoof-whoof," and the baggage car picked up the passenger car in three jerks, one for each link in the coupling chain. Those were the days when one changed cars five times between New York and Chicago—it was originally sixteen times between New York and Buffalo—and Mr. Pullman's clumsy contrivances were considered palatial. Those were the days when cut-rate ticket brokers—

[&]quot;Pretend to fall dead if any one offered him a real ticket"

الريمير

how long since you have seen a ticket broker's office?—lined the curb. In those days, Conductor Simmons, the funny one, used to come down the aisle saying, "Pass, please, show me your pass," and pretend to fall dead if any one offered him a real ticket. That was not so very far this side of the strap rail system when men used to pick up the rail behind the train and run ahead to tack it down again.

In the interim some of the brightest men in the United States have been studying the railroad business. They have been studying the cost of service till they almost know the answer to some of the simplest questions! They have been studying rails and cars and locomotives and boilers and brakes and bridges and couplers and cement and accounting and advertising and auditing.

Try to remember back thirty years, or twenty, or even ten. Every shipper had a rebate and every traveler a pass. The shipper who did not like his published rate went to the general agent and had a new one made.

rival agent to cut it. The biggest shipper of all not only exacted a rebate from the railroads for all that he or It—shipped, but also extorted from the railroads the same amount for everything shipped by competitors. "Hauling for less than the cost of axle grease" was a common expression if not a common practice.

As for the passenger department, it was a comic supplement. Every politician had a pocket full of passes. Every country editor had a sheaf of annuals. Every shipper could have all he wanted for himself, his family and his wife's relations simply for the asking. And of the cash fares, it used to be said that what stuck to the ceiling belonged to the company when the conductor tossed for it, or that a conductor ought to be able to save more than his salary—again a common expression if not a common practice. It was assumed on one hand that the passenger business never would pay its cost—the New Haven used to be pointed out as about the only road that had a profitable passenger business—and on the other, so long as it cost nothing to carry one more passenger, since the train was running anyhow, that branch of the service came in handy to cultivate good fellowship and make friends for the road. A pass was cheaper than a cigar.

Great efforts were made during all that time to sustain rates, efforts that were bound to be vain as long as there were no rates to be maintained. Pools, a favorite device during the '80's, established truces intermittently between the chronic rate wars. To Then he went round the corner and got the this day many railroad men look back re-

> gretfully on the lapse of that beneficent arrangement. And yet a pool was an unstable equilibrium. iness was apportioned on the basis of what each road should carry under normal conditions. As soon as the pool was in good working order, business inevitably gravitated to the strong lines. Rates being equal, the roads that could give service and dispatch got the business. Whereupon the strong lines would begin to murmur: The weak sisters are getting more out of this pool than their



"What stuck to the ceiling belonged to the company"

actual tonnage entitles them to. Whereupon the weak lines, scenting trouble, would pass the word to their agents: Get business. And, bang went the pool.

As for the gentlemen's agreements, signed and sealed and broken before the gentlemen got back to their offices, they were the most humorous feature of the whole matter. It would be a mean thing to rate the gentleness of the railroads by the strength of their agreements. Rather it would be conceded that, though any number of gentlemen agree to carry water in a sieve, it will not stop its leaking.

Community of interest was more to the purpose. During the closing years of the century it was a very real factor in bettering railroad conditions. There has not been a quarrel between New York Central and West Shore for many years, not since Central bought West Shore outright. There has not been a fight between Great Northern and Northern Pacific since Jim Hill put a stout collar round N. P.'s neck. Nor has the court's order that the securities must be kept in separate boxes, instead of all in one, prevented two boards of directors representing the same interests from keeping substantial harmony. For, even lacking that close community which subsisted between the cat and the canary, there was still a bond established through Wall street connections that must be respected. As little Tommy and little Arthur cannot scratch and bite one another when Aunt Mary walks between, holding Tommy's right hand in her left and Arthur's left hand in her right. In all fairness it must be conceded that if the railroad masters had been permitted to carry to its ultimate possibilities the device of the holding company, they might have gained for the railroads all the benefits which have flowed from regulation. And the rest of the industrial world could have transacted its business on its knees, or crawling on its belly.

That is why regulation had to come. The rescue of the railroads from bankruptcy was the least concern of those who advocated these new laws, from the granger agitation of '74 down to the era of the pompadour in politics. The railroad was an irresponsible tyrant. It could make and unmake men and markets. For daring to refuse some whim of the great man, sentence was passed that grass should grow in the streets of—why give the place a name? It happened more than once. For making an importunate plea at an opportune moment, rates were conceded to Millville by which it throve while others perished.

Again, why single out any one instance—it was done every day. The shrewd manufacturer who flattered himself he was getting the best rate going was being secretly undermined by a rival with a craftier pull. The little chap, innocent of such intrigue, was crushed under impossible burdens. It was a grim jest in California that the Southern Pacific, before its regeneration, calculated the gross value of the fruit crop and made that its freight bill. Published tariffs were masses of iniquity. Hidden clauses in treacherous footnotes were inconceivably tortuous. As for the unpublished agreements and secret concessions, they were so monstrous that the rest seems virtuous by contrast. Not only that, but a vast machine was created for multiplying confusion. To every suggestion that schedules might be improved came the reproach from railroad managers: Impossible; we have an army of thirty thousand men working night and day on new tariffs; what can you know of such matters? And the presumptuous shipper felt rebuked as one who has tried to pry into sacred mysteries. Nevertheless, because the situation was intolerable, regulation had to come. It was not merely that popular rights were denied; they were squelched in such a nasty, supercilious way.

It was not accomplished all in a minute. Wisconsin, which got the habit early, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and others of the granger contingent, began passing rate laws in 1874, which the courts set aside with consistent uniformity, ending with a decision that the states had mighty little to say about railroad traffic anyhow. That forced the issue into national politics, and in 1886 Uncle Shelby Cullom wrote a book of fourteen hundred pages, digesting the evidence taken before his committee, showing that the railroads were guilty of every economic sin in the calendardiscrimination, preferential rates, oppressive practices, stock-watering, underhand deals with inside corporations, corporate insolence. pillage and plunder. It was an encyclopedia of railroad offenses, and in all of polemic literature since then there is little to add to the Cullom report.

Still Congress was not disposed to do anything rash. The interstate commerce act of 1887 forbade discriminations and established a commission with limited powers, a law too tender of vested rights to accomplish anything radical. Three years later the law was amended and a section was added requiring the railroads to post their schedules. Thenceforth it was possible for a determined man to ascertain what the rate was supposed to

"There has not been a fight between Great Northern and Northern Pacific since Jim Hill put a stout collar round N. P.'s neck"

be; not yet what it actually was. In 1903 the Elkins law, instead of trying to send the agent and the shipper to jail for bargaining in rebates, imposed a fine on the corporation. From that time the law was reckoned enforceable, and the coarser forms of rebate fell at once into disuse.

Important chapters were added by the Hepburn law in 1906. It is just seven years ago that a red-headed congressman from Brooklyn raised a guffaw of derision as wide as the nation by sending back his passes. Passes, except for railroad employees, were cut off by the Hepburn act. Public opinion had been moving swiftly. Midnight tariffs were also cut off, those handy schedules that went into effect just at the minute a favored shipper wished to load a train and were withdrawn before anybody else got next to them. The carrying business was divorced as far as possible from general trading. Roads owning mines were bidden to divest themselves of Authority was given to prescribe uniform methods of accounting. And, for the first time, actual power was given the commission to make rates and regulate service.

Finally, in 1910 came the show-me law known by the names of Elkins and Mann, is justified; or if it wishes to make an excep-

on the other hand, a court of commerce, specially charged to see that no injustice is done the railroads by the rash passions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. are the principal acts. The first dates back twenty-five years. Effective regulation runs no more than eighteen years. Positive regulation is only a matter of the last five years.

No doubt regulation imposes some hindrances on an ambitious railroad. Hill gave up a large share of the Oriental trade rather than publish the proportion accruing to the land haul. Going after business has ceased to be the exciting sport that it was in the days of the border forays. The discouragement of piracy always puts a damper on some of the most energetic citizens. During the days of unrestricted competition, the passenger fare from New York to Chicago was hammered as low as a dollar in one of the famous rate wars; whereas three years ago when the Western States were passing their two-cent laws, the railroads would not shave a penny from the rigid two-cent measure. Convention rates, state fair rates, holiday rates, student rates, all were swept aside. Because the railroads, which had been hauling passengers for any old rate, would not admit that by which a railroad desiring to raise rates it was possible to carry them for two cents, must satisfy the commission that the increase and therefore it never would do to name a still lower price. Incidentally, since Judge tion to the long and short haul clause it must Sanborn's decision restored three-cent fares satisfy the commission that it ought to be an in Minnesota, the railroads have not been exception. A law in general that puts the nearly as ready as they used to be to make boot on the other foot. To which is added, special rates. Why, in Worth county, the fare for the Democratic county convention as a matter of course, though there were never more than thirty delegates, and half of those came on passes. Undoubtedly regulation has hampered the railroads in more ways than one.

But, O all ye widows and orphans, see what regulation has done for the railroads. made wars to cease. With the steadying hand of Wall Street on one side and the restraining fear of the government on the other, slashing of rates has stopped. Publicity of accounts plus open books has removed the element of suspicion that precipitated many a conflict in the old days. For instance, the railroads would all get together and patch up a copperriveted truce. Shippers would nose round and find never an opening in the wall. Presently three or four heavy shippers would concentrate all their freight on the Something or Other, a weak line with a reputation for skullduggery. Rival agents began to beg for their share of the traffic, not all of it, you understand, but enough to satisfy the Old Man, who must be placated. The shippers would look wise and hint at special terms. By this time the agents were running in circles, each one frantically suspicious of the others. that was the end of another perfectly lovely truce. Publicity has removed suspicion as a cause of rate wars. Rates are not to be cut recklessly if the reduced rate is prima facie reasonable. Rates are not to be lowered lightly when, with a general tendency toward standardization, that will be quoted against the railroad that makes the low rate, on every part of its system.

Regulation has put an end to rebates. It has been said that not one-fourth of the traffic on any railroad in the old days moved according to the published tariff. It is a matter of record that for years there was a rebate of forty per cent. on all first-class freight between the Atlantic seaboard and Kansas City. "This rebate is not cited as sporadic," says Commissioner Lane, "such deduction was given to all the largest shippers of this class of traffic." And notice what happened: when the railroads began to collect for the first time the full rate, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered a reduction of six per cent.; and the railroads fought that order, keeping it in suspense by injunctions during nearly its entire life. That is charac-They endure cheerfully voluntary beggary; they cease not to cry out against compulsory prosperity. The rebate aforetime was just about universal; now, whatever else is the case, the schedule is adhered to.

railroads always allowed one and one-third Railroad men used to plead their absolute helplessness. They knew it was wrong, but the naughty shippers made them give rebates, and what could a poor railroad do? As when little Susie said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and he pushed her right into the berry patch. In the old days the big shipper bamboozled the struggling railroads to a fare-ye-well. Under the law now they can look any man in the eve and tell him to go to.

Regulation has done a great deal to correct the footnote abuse. Suppose you were dealing in hay and you knew what the tariff said about the rate from your town to Chicago, all right. But if you had looked up the tariff on pig iron, for instance, from St. Louis and intermediate points—a schedule you never saw and one that the agent at your station never heard of—you might have discovered in fine print that hay from some junction point, of which also you never heard, took the same rate as, say, rough lumber. If you had known about that footnote it would have cut your freight bill in two. The law now seeks intelligibility in schedules, and the commission is able to report gratifying progress in that respect.

Regulation abolished the pass evil. It put out of business the ticket scalper as a lefthand agent of the weaker lines. How many millions are saved to the railroads by stopping that leak I will not undertake to guess. But the records show that since the railroads have left off giving away one branch of their service, it has been transformed from a losing

account to a revenue producer.

Regulation has corrected the abuse of the industrial road, a subtle form of rebate. An industrial road was a spur track anywhere from a hundred feet to a mile long, from the door of some factory to the main line. By polite fiction it belonged to the shipper. And the obliging railroad allowed the shipper, as the proportion of the freight bill due the industrial road, as high as onefourth of the earnings on his shipments, for the haul over a few hundred feet of private As good as a rebate of twenty-five or fifty dollars a car in some cases. Railroads are no longer permitted to rob themselves by that device. The division of rates is under jurisdiction of the commission.

Regulation has relieved the private car situation. The private car is equipment for some special use, like refrigerator or live stock cars. It was a device by which a big shipper, like a packing company, could sandbag the railroads while it mulcted its rivals. If a car of peaches, for instance, was to be shipped, the private car company charged all that the traffic would bear and \$78.50 additional for icing, charging the railroad company at the same time a rental for the use of the car amounting to 35 per cent. a year on its value. The railroads grumbled, but the private car line was owned by an influential shipper and again, what could a poor railroad do? Regulation has saved them from imposition in that respect also.

Indefinably the railroads owe another benefit to regulation. Railroad property used to be a financial no-man's-land. The stock-holders were widows and orphans indeed. They were the prey of every sort of perquisite. Cash fares were a perquisite of the conductor.

An interest in a railway supply company was a perquisite of general officers. Town sites and terminal contracts were perquisites of presidents and directors. It was not considered improper for managers to profit by the purchase of supplies, though we should now call it graft. It was not considered improper for corporation governors to profit

"It was a device by which a big shipper, like a packing company, could sandbag the railroads while it mulcted its rivals"

by terminal contracts which they made with themselves though we would now consider that crooked. It was not considered improper for a master of railroad finance to buy securities in the open market and transfer them to the company at an enhanced price. At least it was not considered improper until the President of the United States one day landed on a master of finance with both feet.

But along with regulation has come a new idea of responsibility. The railroad is a public service corporation and every railway employee is a public servant. Every position on the railroad is a place of trust. The disclosures of graft in Illinois Central that shocked the railroad world would have been thought amusing ten years ago. Pressure from within and from without has been improving the moral hazard of railroad finances.

Regulation, publicity of schedules, publicity of reports, comparison of earnings, comparison of expenses, all have a steadying influence on rates. The rate that cannot be restored at will is one that will not be cut wantonly. A central tribunal aiming toward standard rates makes an abnormally low rate a menace to the whole structure, which the railroads will not lightly incur. years ago it is common knowledge that a large proportion of the traffic moved at less than remunerative rates; to-day it will not be denied that comparatively little freight is carried at bargain-day prices. If rates are too low now it is because the general level is too low and not because they have been

> pulled down to give plums to favored shippers.

But the railroad companies complain that they are hard up. They are; they are awfully hard up. Perhaps they were never hard up before in their lives. Not because earnings have decreased; earnings have in-Not creased. because dividends have diminished; dividends have been trebled. Not because the mar-

gin of credit has been exhausted; the margin of credit has been multiplied fourfold. The railroads are hard up because they have got to double their facilities.

When the railroads of the United States broke down in 1907, Jim Hill said they ought to spend \$700,000,000 a year for ten years to put themselves in shape. Seven billions in all. Since then some equally distinguished authority has raised it to eight billions.

Why? Their business has been increasing nobly. Their gross earnings have risen from \$8,000 per mile to \$11,800 per mile. By larger cars, longer trains, heavier loading, stauncher track, they made their old outfit serve. But it came to a point where it did not seem to the railroad men that they could stretch that string any longer. Nothing to do but double track, double terminals, double everything. But doubling facilities does not automatically and instantaneously double the

earnings. That is why the railroads were so hard up.

If they had foreseen the emergency they might have provided against it, at least in part. They could have been putting more capital into improvements while they were capitalizing their earnings. But who was going to foresee that increased business would distress them almost to their undoing. They did not know they must replace every ten years whatever will wear out, and in addition to that double their plant every ten years. Nobody did. The whole railroad world was learning its business, and England's experience, at a capitalization of \$250,000 a mile, was more dearly bought than ours.

Even so the situation is not altogether hopeless. By care and economy the railroads have been able not only to keep their outfits together but also to make some improvements. In 1903 they reported for their two maintenance accounts, one of way and structures, the other of equipment, an allowance of \$506,-000,000; in 1910 those two accounts showed \$813,000,000. That was not spent all in patching and repairing. Upkeep means something more than keeping even, and the railroads interpret it liberally. In eight years the railroads made a gain of 23,000 locomotives, 17,000 passenger cars, and 827,000 freight cars. More than that. While they gained 39 per cent. in the number of locomotives, they gained 84 per cent. in hauling power. While they gained 35 per cent. in the number of freight cars, they gained 68 per cent. in carrying capacity. The standard locomotive of ten years ago is hardly more than a "dinkey" now. The cars carrying fifteen tons or less have virtually disappeared in the last ten years. Instead have come cars that load thirty, forty, fifty tons. And after deducting those that have gone to the scrap heap, the railroads have gained more than 800,000 of these bigger cars in the last eight years. A string of freight cars six thousand miles long.

Not less liberal has been railroad frugality in upkeep of the permanent plant. The Bureau of Railway Statistics allows that, do their best, the railroads have not been able to devote more than half their maintenance account to actual betterments. The instance of the southwestern road that spent \$600,000 in lining a tunnel with cement and charged it to maintenance, is not exceptional.

The heavy burden is laid upon them of replacing every ten years so much of their property as can be destroyed. They are doing it. They must double their capacity every ten years. They are doing that too, doing it in large part from earnings.

Hundreds of millions annually go into betterments and are charged to current expense. Vast sums from earnings, in addition to that, are taken for betterments and carried to surplus. Some of the more prosperous roads have, in addition to that, taken millions from earnings to be set aside as reserve for future expenditures and as reserves against depreciation.

This also has been accomplished under, and largely by virtue of, regulation. When new and unforeseen demands were piled upon the railroads by unprecedented increase of traffic, they were enabled to meet the emergency that otherwise must have destroyed them.

Regulation has conferred many benefits on the public. That was the intention. It has also saved the railroads from themselves. The restrictions that it imposes on them are that they shall not cut one another's throats; they shall not bite off their own noses; they shall not give away their revenues; they shall not be governed either by fear of the big shipper or favor to the big shipper; they shall not be food for parasites nor victims of blackmail; they shall not be robbed from without nor pillaged from within. They shall neither be bled nor milked.

As I said before, that was not what we set out to do. The motives inspiring these measures ranged all the way from righteous indignation to sheer vindictiveness, with plenty of ignorance for ballast. By the same token these laws were resisted in a black mood of dread, cowardice and cupidity. Widows and orphans wrung their hands till they raised blisters. Stout gentlemen with pink cheeks and side whiskers gave way to apoplectic tendencies in passionate protests against impending calamities. Wall Street's purlieus for two decades have been a welter of wellkept newspapers throwing fits. Docile assemblies of business men have deluged State and national Legislatures with appeals not to do anything drastic. And yet—for He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him-rate regulation has worked out a benefit to the carriers not less than to the public.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol

THE ADVENTURE OF A SAINT MARTIN'S SUMMER

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE Author of "Septimus," "Simon the Jester," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

Y good friend Blessington, who is a mighty man in the Bordeaux wine-trade, happening one day to lament the irreparable loss of a deceased employee, an Admirable Crichton attainments, whose functions it had been, apparently, to travel about between London, Bordeaux, Marseilles and Algiers, I immediately thought of a certain living and presumably unemployed paragon of my acquaintance.

"I know the very man you're looking for,"

said I.

"Who is he?"

"He's a kind of human firework," said I, "and his name is Aristide Pujol."

I sketched the man—in my desire to do a good turn to Aristide, perhaps in exaggerated color.

"Let me have a look at him," said Bless-

ington.

"He may be anywhere on the Continent of Europe," said I. "How long can you give me to produce him?"

"A week, not longer." "I'll do my best," said I.

By good luck my telegram, sent off about four o'clock, found him at 213 bis Rue Saint-Honoré. He had just returned to Paris after some mad dash for Fortune (he told me afterward a wild and disastrous story of a Russian Grand Duke, a Dancer and a gold mine in the Dolomites) and had resumed the dreary conduct of the Agence Pujol at the Hôtel du Soleil et de l'Ecosse, his stand-by in times of need. My summons being imperative, he abandoned the Agence Pujol, as a cat jumps off a wall, and leaving the guests of the hotel

eral times before, paid his good landlady, Madame Bidoux, what he owed her, took a third class ticket to London, bought, lunatic that he was, a ripe Brie cheese, a foot in diameter, a present for myself, which he carof a myriad accomplishments and linguistic ried in his hand most of the journey, and turned up at my house at eight o'clock the next morning with absolutely empty pockets and the happiest and most fascinating smile that ever irradiated the face of man. As a matter of fact he burst his way past my scandalized valet, into my bedroom, and woke

> "Here I am, my dear friend, and here is something French-you like that I have brought you," and he thrust the Brie cheese

under my nose.

"- - - - ", said I.

If you were awakened by a ripe Brie cheese, an hour before your time, you would say the same. Aristide sat at the foot of the bed and laughed till the tears ran down his beard.

As soon as it was decent, I sent him into the city to interview Blessington. hours afterward he returned more radiant than ever. He threw himself into my arms and, before I could disentangle myself, he kissed me on both cheeks. Then he danced about the room.

"Me voici," said he, "accredited representative of the great Maison Dulau et Compagnie. I have hundreds of pounds a year. I go about. I watch. I control. I see that the great British Public can assuage its thirst with the pure juice of the grape and not with the dregs of a laboratory. I taste vintages. I count barrels. I enter them in books. I smile at Algerian vine-growers and say, 'Ha, guideless, to the indignation of Monsieur ha, none of your petite piquette frelatée for me, Bocardon, whom he had served this trick sev- but good sound wine.' It is diplomacy. It is as simple as kissing hands. And I have a substantial income. Now I can be un bon bourgeois instead of a stray cat. And all due to you, mon cher ami. I am grateful-voyons -if anybody ever says Aristide Pujol is ungrateful, he is a liar. You believe me? Say you believe me." He looked at me earnestly. "I do, old chap," said I.

I had known Aristide for some years, and in all kinds of little ways he had continuously manifested his gratitude for the trifling service I had involuntarily rendered him, at our first meeting, in delivering him out of the hands of the horrific Madame Gougasse. That gratitude is the expectation of favors to come was, in the case of Aristide, a cynical and inapplicable proposition. And here, as Paris?" this (as far as I can see) is the last of Aristide's Adventures I have to relate, let me make an honest and considered statement:

During the course of an interesting and fairly prosperous life, I have made many delightful Bohemian, devil-may-care acquaintto lend him money. I have offered it times without number, but he has refused. I believe that there is no man living to whom Aristide is in debt. In the depths of the man's changeling and feckless soul was a principle which has carried him untarnished through many a wild adventure. If he ever accepted money—money to the Provencal peasant is the transcendental materialized, and Aristide (save by the changeling theory) was Provençal peasant bone and blood—it was always for what he honestly thought was value received. If he met a man who wanted to take a mule ride among the Mountains of the Moon, Aristide would at once have offered himself as guide. The man would have paid him; but Aristide, by some quaint spiritual jugglery would have persuaded him that the ascent of Primrose Hill was equal to any lunar achievement, seeing that he himself, Aristide Pujol, was Keeper of the Sun, Moon and Seven Stars; and the gift to that man of Aristide's dynamic personality would have been well worth anything that he could have found in the extinct volcano we know to be the moon.

"The only thing I would suggest, if you'll allow me to do so," said I, "is not to try to make the fortune of Messrs. Dulau and Company by some dazzling but devastating coup of your own."

He looked at me in his bright shrewd way. "You think it time I restrained my imagination?"

"Exactly."

"I will read the Times and buy a family Bible," said Aristide.

A week after he had taken up his work in the City, under my friend Blessington, I saw the delighted and prosperous man again. It was a Saturday and he came to lunch at my house.

"Tiens," said he, when he had recounted his success in the office, "it is four years since I was in England."

"Yes," said I, with a jerk of memory.

"Time passes quickly."

"It is three years since I lost little Jean."

"Who is little Jean?" I asked.

"Did I not tell you, when I saw you last in

"No."

"It is strange. I have been thinking about him and my heart has been aching for him all the time. You must hear. It is most im-

portant." He lit a cigar and began.

It was then that he told me the story which ances, but among them all Aristide stands as. I have already related in these chronicles:* the one bright star who has never asked me how he was scouring France in a ramshackle automobile as the peripatetic vender of a patent corn cure and found a babe of nine months lying abandoned in the middle of that strange silent road through the wilderness between Salon and Arles: how, instead of delivering it over to the authorities, he adopted it and carried it about with him from town to town, a motor accessory sometimes embarrassing but always divinely precious; how an evil day came upon him at Aix-en-Provence, when, the wheezing automobile having uttered its last gasp, he found his occupation gone; how, no longer being able to care for le petit Jean, he left him with a letter and half his fortune outside the door of a couple of English maiden ladies who, staying in the same hotel, had manifested great interest in the baby and himself; and how, in the dead of night he had tramped away from Aix-en-Provence in the rain, his pockets light and his heart as heavy as lead.

"And I have never heard of my little Jean

again," said Aristide.

"Why didn't you write?" I asked.

"I knew their name, Honeywood; Miss Janet was the elder, Miss Anne the younger. But the name of the place they lived at I have never been able to remember. It was near London—they used to come up by train to matinées and afternoon concerts. But the name mon Dieu, I have racked my brains for it. Sacré mille tonnerres!" He leaped to his feet in his unexpected startling way, and

^{*} The Adventures of the Foundling.

pounced on a Bradshaw Railway Guide lying on my library table. "Imbecile, pig, triple ass that I am! Why did I not think of this before?" He turned over the pages feverishly. "It is near London. If I look through all the stations near London on every line I shall find it."

"All right," said I. "Go ahead."

I lit a cigarette and took up a novel. I had not read very far when a sudden uproar from the table caused me to turn round. Aristide danced and flourished the Bradshaw over his head.

"Chislehurst! Chislehurst! Ah, mon ami, now I am happy. Now I have found my little Jean. You will forgive me—but I must go now and embrace him."

He held out his hand.

"Where are you off to?" I demanded.

"To Chislehurst,—where else?"

"My dear fellow," said I, rising, "do you seriously suppose the two English maiden ladies have taken on themselves the responsibility of that foreign brat's upbringing?"

"Mon Dieu," said he, taken aback for the moment, no other hypothesis having entered his head. Then, with a wide gesture, he flung the preposterous idea to the winds. "Of course. They have hearts, these English They have maternal instincts. They have money." He looked at Bradshaw again; then at his watch. "I have just time to catch a train. Au revoir, mon vieux."

"But," I objected, "why don't you write?

It's the natural thing to do."

"Write? Bah! Did you ever hear of a Provençal writing when he could talk?" He tapped his jaw, and, in an instant, like a dow. whirlwind, he passed from my ken.

Aristide on his arrival at Chislehurst looked about the pleasant, leafy place—it was a bright October afternoon and the wooded hillside blazed in russet and gold and decided it was the perfect environment for Miss Janet and Miss Anne, to say nothing of little Jean. A neat red brick house with a trim garden in front of it looked just the kind of house wherein Miss Janet and Miss Anne would live. He rang the bell. A parlormaid, in spotless black and white, tutelary nymph of Suburbia, the very parlor-maid the happy hours away—professed blank who would minister to Miss Janet and Miss Anne, opened the door.

"Miss Honeywood?" he inquired.

"Not here, sir," said the parlor-maid.

"Where is she? I mean, where are they?" "No one of that name lives here," said the parlor-maid.

"Who does live here?"

"Colonel Brabazon."

"And where do the two Miss Honeywoods live?" he asked with his engaging smile.

But English suburban parlor-maids are on their guard against smiles no matter how engaging. She prepared to shut the door.

"I don't know."

"How can I find out?"

"You might inquire among the tradesmen." "Thank you, mademoiselle, you are a most

intelligent young-

The door was shut in his face. Aristide frowned. She was a pretty parlor-maid, and Aristide did not like to be so haughtily treated by a pretty woman. But his quest being little Jean and not the eternal feminine, he took the maid's advice and made inquiries at the prim and respectable shops.

"Oh, yes," said a comely young woman in a fragrant baker's and confectioner's. "They were two ladies, weren't they? They lived at Hope Cottage. We used to supply them. They left Chislehurst two years ago.

"Sacré nom d'un chien," said Aristide.

"I beg pardon?" asked the young woman. "I am disappointed," said Aristide.

"Where did they go to?"

"I'm sure I can't tell you."

"Do you remember whether they had a baby?"

"They were maiden ladies," said the

young woman rebukingly,

"But anybody can keep a baby without being its father or mother. I want to know what has become of the baby."

The young woman gazed through the win-

"You had better ask the policeman."

"That's an idea," said Aristide; and, leaving her, he caught up the passing constable.

The constable knew nothing of maiden ladies with a baby, but he directed him to Hope Cottage. Messrs. Tomkin & Briggs, the estate-agents in the High Street, could no doubt give him information. Aristide thanked him and made his way to Messrs. Tomkin & Briggs. A dreary spectacled youth in resentful charge of the office—his principals, it being a Saturday afternoon, were golfing ignorance of everything. Aristide fixed him with his glittering eye, flickered his fingers and spoke richly. The youth, in a kind of mesmeric trance, took down a battered dog's-eared book and turned over the pages.

"Honeywood—Miss—Beverley Stoke near St. Albans—Herts'? That's it," said he. Aristide made a note of the address. "Is that all you can tell me?"

"Yes," said the youth.

"I thank you very much, my young friend," said Aristide, raising his hat, "and here is something to buy a smile with."

And leaving a sixpence on the table to shimmer before the youth's stupefied eyes, Aristide strutted out of the office.

"You had much better have written," said I, when he came back and told me of his experiences. "The post-office would have done all that for you."

"You have no idea of business, mon cher ami"—(I, a successful tea-broker of twenty-five years' standing—the impudence of the

fellow!)——

"If I had written to-day, the letter would have reached Chislehurst on Monday morning. It would be re-directed and reach Hertfordshire on Tuesday. I should not get any news till Wednesday. I go down to Beverley-Stoke to-morrow, and then I find at once Miss Janet and Miss Anne and my little Jean. The secret of business, my friend, and I am a business man, the accredited representative of Dulau et Compagnie—never forget that—the secret of business is no delay."

He darted across the room to Bradshaw.

"For God's sake," said I, "put that nightmare of perpetual motion in your pocket and go mad over it in the privacy of your own chamber."

"Very good," said he, tucking the brainconvulsing volume under his arm. "I will put it on top of the *Times* and the Family Bible and I will say 'Ha, now I am British. Now I am truly respectable.' What else can I do?"

"Rent a pew in a Baptist Chapel," said I.

After a three-mile trudge from St. Albans, Aristide, following directions, found himself on a high-road running through the middle of a straggling common, decked here and there with great elms resplendent in autumn bravery, and populated chiefly by geese, who when he halted in some perplexity—for on each side beyond the green were indications of a human settlement—advanced in waddling flocks toward him and signified their disapproval of his presence. A Sundayfied youth in a rainbow tie rode past on a bicycle. Aristide took off his hat. The youth nearly fell off the bicycle, but British doggedness saved him from disaster.

"Beverley-Stoke? Will you have the courtesy——"

"Here," said the youth, with a circular twist of his head, and eager to escape from a madman, he rode on furiously.

Aristide looked to left and right at the little houses beyond the green—some white and thatched and dilapidated, others horribly new and perky—but all poor and insignificant. As his eyes became accustomed to the scene they grew aware of human forms dotted sparsely about the common. He struck across and accosted one, an elderly woman with a prayer-book. Miss Honeywood? A lady from London? That house over there—the third beyond the poplar.

"And little Jean—a beautiful child about

four years old?"

"That I don't know, sir. I live at Wilmer's

End, a good half mile from here."

Aristide made for the third house past the poplar. First there was a plank-bridge across a grass-grown ditch; then a tiny patch of garden; then a humble whitewashed cottage with a small leaded casement window on each side of the front door. Unlike Hope Cottage, it did not look at all the residence of Miss Janet and Miss Anne. Its appearance indeed was woe-begone. Aristide, however, went up to the door, and, as there was neither knocker nor bell, rapped with his knuckles. The door opened, and there, poorly dressed in blouse and skirt, stood Miss Anne.

She regarded him for a moment in a bewildered way, and then, recognizing him, drew back into the stone flagged passage with a sharp cry.

"You? You-Mr. Puiol?"

"Oui, mademoiselle, c'est moi. It is I, Aristide Pujol."

She put her hand on her bosom. "It is rather a shock seeing you—so unexpectedly.

Will you come in?"

She led the way into a tiny parlor, very clean, very simple with its furniture of old oak and brass, and bade him sit. She looked a little older than when he had seen her at Aix-en-Provence. A few lines had marred the comely face and there was here and there a touch of gray in the reddish hair, and though still buxom she had grown thinner. Care had set its stamp upon her.

"Mademoiselle," said Aristide. "It is on account of little Jean that I have come—"

She turned on him swiftly. "Not to take

him away?"

"Then he is here." He jumped to his feet and wrung both her hands and kissed them, to her great embarrassment. "Ah, mademoiselle, I knew it. I felt it. When such an inspiration comes to a man, it is the bon Dieu

this house?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne.

Aristide threw out his arms. "Let me see him. Ah, le cher petit! I have been yearning after him for three years. It was my heart that I ripped out of my body that night and laid at your threshold-

"Hush," said Miss Anne, with interrupting sture. "You mustn't talk so loud. He is asleep in the next room. You mustn't wake him. He is very ill."

"Ill? Dangerously ill?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Mon Dieu," said he, sitting down again on the oak settle.

To Aristide the emotion of the moment was always overwhelming. His attitude betokened deepest misery and dejection.

"And I who expected to see him full of joy

and health."

"It is not my fault, Mr. Pujol," said Miss

He started. "Mais, non. How could it be? You loved him when you first set eyes on him at Aix-en-Provence.'

Miss Anne began to cry. "God knows," said she, "what I would do without him. The dear mite is all that is left to me."

"All? But there is your sister, the dear

Miss Janet."

Miss Anne's eyes were hidden in her handkerchief. "My poor sister died last year, Mr. Pujol."

"I am very sorry. I did not know," said

Aristide, gently.

There was a short silence.

"It was a great sorrow to you," he said.

"It was God's will," said Anne. Then, after another pause during which she dried her eyes, she strove to smile. "Tell me about yourself. How do you come to be here?"

Aristide replied in a hesitating way. He was in the presence of grief and sickness and trouble; the Provençal braggadocio dropped from him and he became the essentially simple and childish creature that he was. He accounted very truthfully, very convincingly for his queer life, for his abandonment of little Jean, for his silence, for his sudden and unexpected appearance. During the ingenuous apologia pro vita sua, Miss Anne regarded him with her honest candor.

"Janet and I both understood," she said. "Janet was gifted with a divine comprehension and pity. The landlady of the hotel, I remember, said cruel things about you; but we didn't believe them. We felt that you were a good man—no one but a good man me for a moment?"

who sends it. He is here, actually here, in could have written that letter—we cried over it—and when she tried to poison our minds, we said to each other, 'What does it matter? Here God in His mercy has given us a child.' But, Mr. Pujol, why didn't you take us into your confidence?"

"My dear Miss Anne," said Aristide, "we of the South do things impulsively, by lightning flashes. An idea comes suddenly. Vlan! we carry it out in two seconds. We are not the less human than the Northerner, who reflects for two months."

"That is almost what my dear wise Janet told me," said Miss Anne.

"Then you know in your heart," said Aristide, after a while, "that if I had not been only a football at the feet of Fortune, I should never have deserted little Tean?"

"I do, Mr. Pujol. . . . My sister and I have been footballs too," she added with a change of tone. "You tell me you saw our dear home at Chislehurst?"

"Yes," said Aristide.

"And you see this. There is a difference." "What has happened?" asked Aristide.

She told him the commonplace pathetic story. Their father had left them shares in the company of which he had been managing director. For many years they had enjoyed a comfortable income. Then the company had become a bankrupt concern and only a miserable ninety pounds a year had been saved from the wreckage. The cottage at Beverley-Stoke belonging to them—it had been their mother's—they had migrated thither with their fallen fortunes and little Jean. And then Janet had died. She was delicate and unaccustomed to privation and discomfort—and the cottage had its disadvantages. She, Anne herself, was as strong as a horse and had never been ill in her life; but others were not quite so hardy.

"However," she smiled—"one has to make

the best of things."

"Parbleu," said Aristide.

Miss Anne went on to talk of Jean, a miraculous infant of infinite graces and accomplishments. Up to now he had been the sturdiest and merriest fellow.

"At nine months old he saw that life was a big joke," said Aristide. "How he used to

laugh."

"There's not much laugh left in him, poor darling," she sighed. And she told how he had caught a chill which had gone to his lungs and how the night before last she thought she had lost him.

"Will you excuse She sat up and listened.

She went out and presently returned, standing at the doorway. "He is still asleep. Would you like to see him? Only—" she put her fingers to her lips—"you must be very,

very quiet."

He followed her into the next room and looked about him shyly, recognizing that it was Miss Anne's own bedroom, and there, lying in a little cot beside the big bed, he saw the sleeping child, his brown face flushed with fever. He had a curly shock of black hair and well formed features. An old woolly lamb, nose to nose with him, shared his pillow. Aristide drew from his pocket a Teddy Bear, and having asked Miss Anne's permission with a glance, laid it down gently on the coverlid.

His eyes were wet when they returned to the parlor. So were Miss Anne's. The Teddy Bear was proof of the simplicity of his faith

in her.

After a while, conscious of hunger, he rose to take leave. He must be getting back to St. Albans. But might he be permitted to come back later in the afternoon? Miss Anne reddened. It outraged her sense of hospitality to send a guest away from her house on a three-mile walk for food. And yet—

"Mr. Pujol," she said bravely. "I would ask you to stay to luncheon if I had anything to offer you. But I am single-handed and, with Jean's illness, I haven't given much thought to housekeeping. The woman who does some of the rough work won't be back till six. But I hate to let you go all those miles. . . . I am so distressed—"

"But, mademoiselle," said Aristide, "you have some bread. You have water. It has been a banquet many a day to me, and this time it would be the most gracious banquet

of all."

"I can do a little better than that," faltered Miss Anne. "There are plenty of eggs and there is bacon——"

"Eggs—bacon," cried Aristide, his bright eyes twinkling and his hands going up in the familiar gesture—"that is superb. Tiens—you shall not do the cooking. You shall not. I will make you an omelet—an omelette au lard—Ah!" he kissed the tip of his finger—"such an omelet as you have not eaten since you were in France—and even there I doubt whether you have ever eaten an omelet like mine." His soul simmering with omelets, he darted toward the door. "The kitchen—it is this way?"

"But, Mr. Pujol—" Miss Anne laughed, protestingly. Who could be angry with the vivid and impulsive creature?

"It is the room opposite Jean's-hein?"

She followed him into the clean little kitchen, half amused, half flustered. Already he had hooked off the top of the kitchen range. "Ah, a good fire. And your frying pan?" He dived into the scullery.

"Please don't be in such a hurry," she pleaded. "You will have made the omelet before I've had time to lay the cloth, and it will get cold. Besides, I want to learn how

to do it."

"Très bien," said Aristide, laying down the frying pan. "You shall see how it is made—the omelet of the universe."

So he helped Miss Anne to lay the cloth on the gate-legged table in the parlor and to set it out with bread and butter and the end of a tinned tongue and a couple of bottles of stout. After which they went back to the kitchen, where in a kind of giggling awe she watched him shred the bacon and break the eggs with his thin, skilful fingers and perform his magic with the frying pan and turn out the great golden creation into the dish.

"Now," said he, pushing her in his enthusi-

asm, "à table, while it is hot."

Miss Anne laughed. She lost her head ever so little. The days had been so drab and hopeless of late and she was still young; so, if she felt excited by this unhoped-for inrush of life and color, who shall blame her? The light sparkled once more in her eyes and the pink of her naturally florid complexion glowed on her cheek, as they sat down to table.

"It is I who help it," said Aristide. "Goatez-moi ca." He passed the plate and waited with the artist's expectation for her tasting. "It's delicious."

It was indeed the perfection of omelet, all its suave juiciness contained in a film as

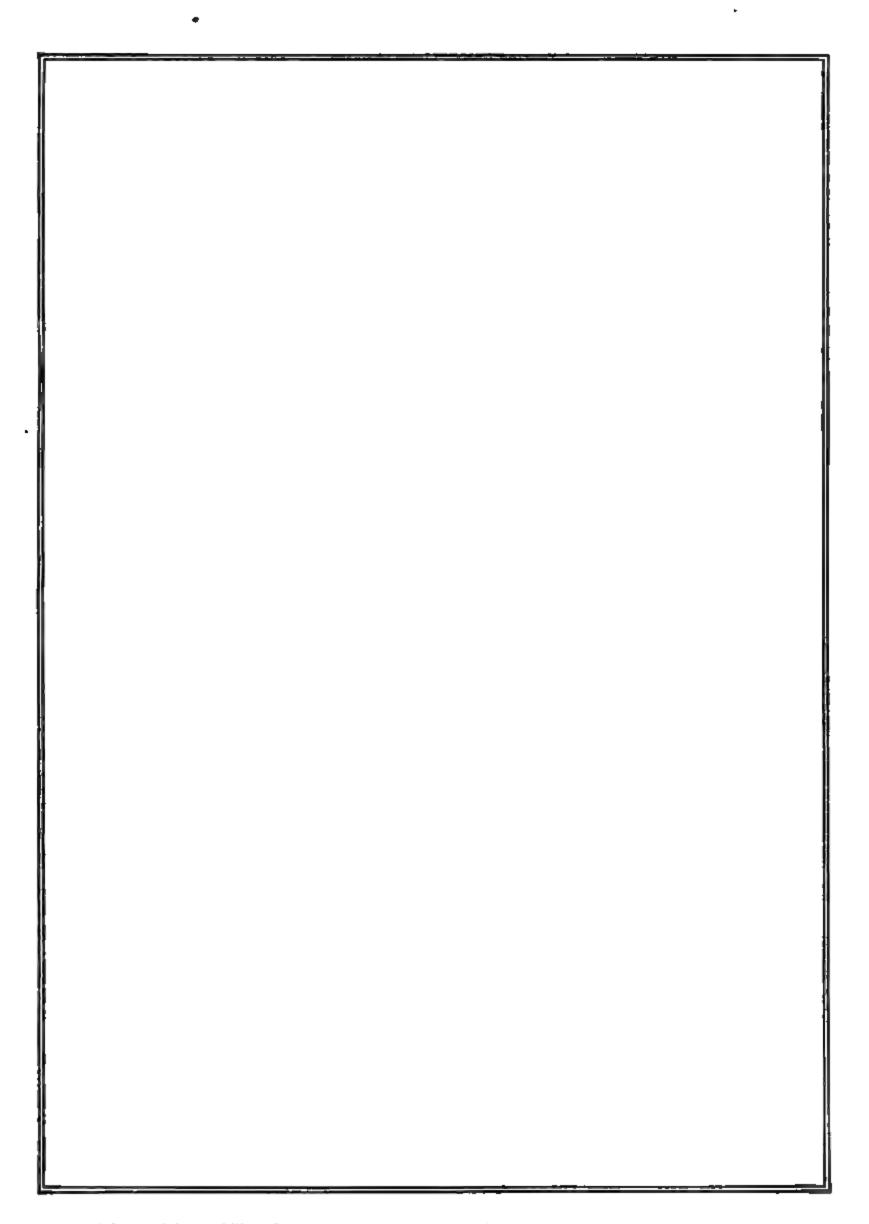
fine as gold-beater's-skin.

"Yes, it's good." He was delighted, child-like, at the success of his cookery. His gaiety kept the careworn woman in rare laughter during the meal. She lost all consciousness that he was a strange man plumped down suddenly in the midst of her old-maidish existence—and a strange man, too, who had once behaved in a most outrageous fashion. But that was ever the way of Aristide. The moment you yielded to his attraction he made you feel that you had known him for years. He fascinatingly possessed you.

"Miss Anne," said he, smoking a cigarette, at her urgent invitation, "is there a good woman in Beverley-Stoke with whom I

could lodge?"

She gasped. "You lodge in Beverley-Stoke?"



Advanced in waddling flocks toward him and signified their disapproval of his presence

gaged in the City from ten to five every day. I can't come here and go back to London every night, and I can't stay a whole week without seeing little Jean.

"And I have my duty to Jean. I stand to him in the relation of a father. I must help you to nurse him and make him better. must give him soup and apples and ice-

creams——"

"You would kill the darling in five minutes," said Miss Anne.

He waved his forefinger in the air. no, I have nursed the sick in my time. My dear friend," said he, with a change of tone,

"when did you go to bed last?"

"I don't know," she answered, in some confusion. "The District Nurse has helped me—and the doctor has been very good. Jean has turned the corner now. don't worry. And as for your coming to live down here, it's absurd."

"Of course, if you formally forbid me to do so, Mademoiselle, and if you don't wish

to see me-"

"How can you say a thing like that? Haven't I shown you to-day that you are welcome?"

"Dear Miss Anne," said he, "forgive me. But what is that great vast town of London to me who know nobody there? Here in this tiny spot is concentrated all I care for in the world. Why shouldn't I live in it?"

"You would be so dreadfully uncomfort-

able," said Miss Anne, weakly.

"Bah," cried Aristide. "You talk of discomfort to an old client of l'Hôtel de la Belle Etoile?"

"The Hotel of the Beautiful Star? Where

is that?" asked the innocent lady.

"Wherever you like," said Aristide. "Your bed is on dry leaves and your bed-curtains, if you demand luxury, are a hedge and your ceiling, if you are fortunate, is ornamented with stars."

She looked at him wide-eyed, in great con-

homeless?"

"I think I've been every- breaking. He laughed.

thing imaginable, except married.'

"Hush," she said. "Listen." Her keen ear had caught a child's cry. "It's Jean.

I must go."

She hurried out. Aristide prepared to light another cigarette. But a second before the application of the flaming match an idea struck him. He blew out the match, replaced

"Why, yes," said Aristide, as if it were the the cigarette in his case and, with a dexterity most natural thing in the world. "I am en- which revealed the professional of years ago, began to clear the table. He took the things noiselessly into the kitchen, shut the door, and, master of the kitchen and scullery, washed up. Then, the most care-free creature in the world, he stole down the stone passage into the wilderness of Beverley-

> An hour afterward he knocked at the front door. Anne Honeywood admitted him.

> "I have arranged with the good Mrs. Buttershaw—she lives a hundred yards down the road. I bring my baggage to-morrow evening."

Anne regarded him with humorous help-

lessness.

"I can't prevent you," she said. can give you one piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"Don't wash up for Mrs. Buttershaw."

So it came to pass that Aristide Pujol took up his residence at Beverley-Stoke, trudging every morning three miles to catch his business train at St. Albans, and trudging back every evening three miles to Beverley-Stoke. Every morning he ran into the cottage for a sight of little Jean and every evening after a digestion-racking meal prepared by Mrs. Buttershaw, he went to the cottage armed with toys and weird and injudicious food for little Jean and demanded an account of the precious infant's doings during the day. Gradually Jean recovered of his congestion, being a sturdy child, and, to Aristide's delight, resumed the normal life of childhood.

"Moi, je suis papa," said Aristide. "He has got to speak French and he had better begin at once. It is absurd that anyone born between Salon and Arles should not speak French and Provencal; but I'll leave Provençal till later. Moi, je suis papa, Jean.

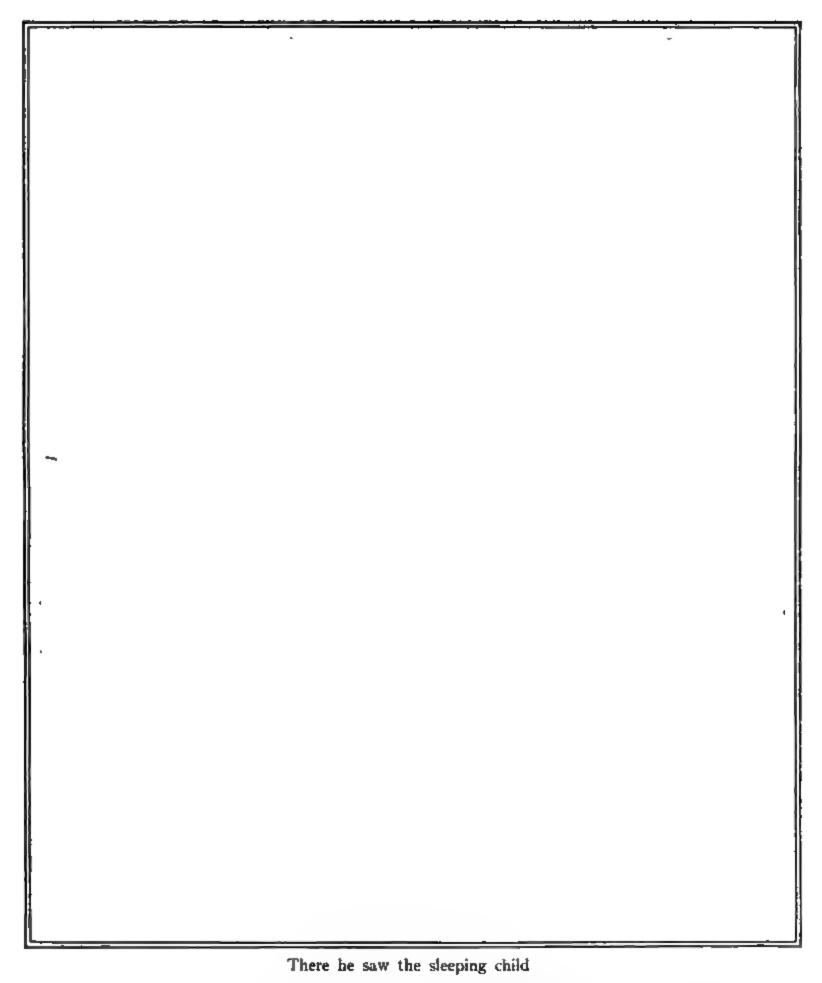
Say papa."

"I don't quite see how he can call you that, Mr. Pujol," said Anne, with the suspicion of a flush on her cheek.

"And why not? Has the poor child any "Do you mean that you have ever been other papa in the whole wide world? And, at four years old not to have a father is heart-

"Do you want us to bring him up as an orphan? No. You sha'n't be an orphan, mon brave," he continued, bending over the child and putting the little hands against his bearded face, "you couldn't bear such a calamity, could you? And so you will call me papa."

"Papa," said Jean, with a grin.



"There, he has settled it," said Aristide.
"Moi, je suis papa. And you, Mademoiselle?"

"I am Auntie Anne," she replied demurely. Saturday afternoons and Sundays were Aristide's days of delight. He could devote himself entirely to Jean. The thrill of the weeks when he had paraded the child in the market-places of France while he sold his corn cure again ran through his veins. The two rows of cottages separated by the common, which was the whole of Beverley-Stoke, became too small a theatre for his parental

pride. He bewailed the loss of his beautiful automobile that had perished of senile decay at Aix-en-Provence. If he only had it now he could exhibit Jean to the astonished eyes of St. Albans, Watford nay, London itself.

"I wish I could take him to Dulau and

Company," said he,

"Good heavens," cried Miss Anne in alarm, for Aristide was capable of everything. "What in the world would you do with him there?"

"What would I do with him?" replied Aristide picking the child up in his armsthe three were strolling on the common—
"Parbleu, I would use him to strike the staff
of Dulau and Company green with envy.
Do you think the united efforts of the whole
lot of them, from the good Mr. Blessington
to the office boy, could produce a hero like
this? You are a hero, Jean, aren't you?"
hands. Jean was to be an architect—God
knows why—but Aristide settled it, definitely,
off-hand. He would have to be educated.
"And, my dear friend," said he,—when we
were discussing Jean—and for months I
heard nothing but Jean, Jean, Jean, so that I
loathed the brat, until I met the brown-

"Yes, papa," said Jean.

"He knows it," shouted Aristide, with a delighted gesture which nearly cast Jean to the circumambient geese. "Miss Anne, we have the most wonderful child in the universe."

This, as far as Anne was concerned, was a proposition which for the past three years she had regarded as incontrovertible. She smiled at Aristide, who smiled at her, and Jean, seeing them happy, smiled largely at them both.

In a very short time, Aristide, who could magically manufacture boats and cocks and pigs and giraffes out of bits of paper, who could bark like a dog and quack like a goose, who could turn himself into a horse or a bear at a minute's notice, whose pockets were a perennial mine of infantile ecstasy, established himself in Jean's mind as a kind of tame, necessary and beloved jinn. Being a loyal little soul the child retained his affection for Auntie Anne, but he was swept off his little feet by his mirific parent. The time came when, if he was not dressed in his tiny woolen jersey and breeches and had not his nose glued against the parlor window, in readiness to scramble to the front door for Aristide's morning kiss, he would have thought that chaos had come again. And Anne, humoring the child, hastened to get him washed and dressed in time; until at last, so greatly was she affected by his obsession, she got into the foolish habit of watching the clock and saying to herself: "In another minute he will be here," or, "He is a minute late. What can have happened to him?"

So Aristide, in his childlike way, found remarkable happiness in Beverley-Stoke. A very wet summer had been followed by a dry and mellow autumn. Aristide waxed enthusiastic over the English climate and rejoiced in the mild country air. He was also happy under my friend Blessington, who spoke of him to me in glowing terms. At the back of all Aristide's eccentricities was the Provençal peasant's shrewdness. He realized that, for the first time in his life, he had taken up a sound and serious avocation. Also, he was no longer irresponsible. He had found little Jean. Jean's future was in his

hands. Jean was to be an architect—God off-hand. He would have to be educated. "And, my dear friend," said he,—when we were discussing Jean—and for months I heard nothing but Jean, Jean, Jean, so that I loathed the brat, until I met the brownskinned black-eyed merry little wretch and fell, like everybody else, fatuously in love with him-"My dear friend," said he, "an architect, to be the architect that I mean Jean to be, must have universal knowledge. He must know the first word of the classic, the last word of the modern. He must be steeped in poetry, his brain must vibrate with science. He must be what you call in England, a gentleman. He must go to one of your great Public Schools-Eton, Winchester, Rugby, Harrow—you see I know them all—he must go to Cambridge or to Oxford. Ah, I tell you, he is to be a big man. I, Aristide Pujol, did not pick him up on that deserted road, in the Arabia Patria of Provence, between Salon and Arles, for nothing. He was wrapped, as I have told you, in an old blanket and, ma foi, it smelt bad—and I dressed him in my pajamas and made a Neapolitan cap for him out of one of my socks—the bon Dieu sent him, and I shall arrange just as the bon Dieu intended. Poor Miss Anne Honeywood, with her ninety pounds a year, what can she do? Pouf! It is for me to look after the future of little Jean."

By means of such discourse he convinced Miss Anne that Jean was predestined to greatness and that Providence had appointed him, Aristide, as the child's agent in advance. Very much bewildered by his riotous flow of language and very reluctant to sacrifice her woman's pride, she agreed to allow him to contribute toward Jean's upbringing.

"Dear Miss Anne," said he, "it is my right. It is Jean's right. You would love to put him on top of the pinnacle of Fame, would you not?"

"Of course," said Miss Anne.

"Eh bien, we will work together. You will give him what can be given by a beautiful and exquisite woman, and I will do all that can be done by the accredited agent of Dulau et Compagnie, wine shippers of Bordeaux."

So, I repeat, Aristide was entirely happy. His waking dreams were of the four-year-old child. The glad anticipation of the working day in Great Tower Street, E. C., was the evening welcome from the simple but capable gentlewoman and the sense of home and in-

timacy in her little parlor no bigger than the never-entered and nerve-destroying salon of his parents at Aigues-Mortes, but smiling with the grace of old oak and faded chintz. At Aigues-Mortes the salon was a comfortless, tasteless convention, set apart for the celebration of baptisms and marriages and deaths, a pride and a terror to the inhabitants. But here everything seemed to be as much a warm bit of Anne Honeywood as the tortoise-shell combs in her hair and the square of Brussels lace that rose and fell on the generous bosom of her old, old evening frock. For, you see, since she expected a gentleman visitor in the evenings, Anne had taken to dressing for her sketch of a dinner. For all her struggle with poverty she had retained the charm that three years before had made her touch upon Jean seem a consecration to the impressionable man. And now that he entered more deeply into her life and thoughts he found himself in fragrant places that were very strange to him. He discovered, too, with some surprise, that a man who has been at fierce grips with Fortune all his life from ten to forty is ever so little tired in spirit and is glad to rest. In the tranquillity of Anne Honeywood's presence his soul was singularly at peace. He also wondered why Anne Honeywood seemed to grow younger and, in her gentle fashion, more laughter-loving, every day.

The Saint Martin's summer lasted to the beginning of December, and then it came to an end, and with it the idyll of Aristide and

Anne Honeywood.

One Saturday afternoon, when the rain was falling dismally she received him with an embarrassment she could scarcely conceal. The usual heightened color no longer gave youth to her cheek; an anxious frown knitted her candid brows; and there was no laughter in her eyes. He looked at her questioningly. Was anything the matter with Jean? But Jean answered the question for himself by running down the passage and springing like a puppy into Aristide's arms. Anne turned her face away, as if the sight pained her, and pleading a headache and the desire to lie down, she left the two together.

Returning after a couple of hours with the tea-tray, she found them on the floor, breathlessly absorbed in the erection of card pago-She bit her lip and swallowed a sob. Aristide jumped up and took the tray. Was not the headache better? He was so grieved. Jean must be very quiet and drink up his milk quietly like a hero because Auntie was suffering. Tea was a very subdued affair.

Then Anne carried off Jean to bed, refusing Aristide's helpful ministrations. It was his Saturday and Sunday joy to bathe Jean amid a score of creepy-crawly tin insects which he had provided for the child's ablutionary entertainment, and it formed the climax of Jean's blissful day. But, this afternoon, Anne tore the twain asunder. Aristide looked mournfully over the rain-swept common through the leaded panes, and speculated on the enigma of woman. A man, feeling ill, would have been only too glad for somebody else to do his work; but a woman, just because she was ill, declined assistance. Surely women were an intellect-baffling sex.

She came back, having put Jean to bed. "My dear friend," she said, with a blurt of bravery, "I have something very hard to say, but I must say it. You must go away from

Beverley-Stoke."

"Ah," cried Aristide, "is it I then that give

you a headache?"

"It's not your fault," she said quietly. "You have been everything that a loyal gentleman could be—and it's because you're a loyal gentleman that you must go."

"I don't understand," said he, puzzled. "I must go away because I give you a head-

ache, although it is not my fault.

"It's nothing to do with headaches," she explained. "Don't you see?—People round here are talking-

"About you and me?"

"Yes," said Miss Anne, faintly.

"Saprelotte!" cried Aristide, with a fine flourish, "let them talk."

"Against Jean and myself."

The reproach brought him to her feet. "No," said he, "no, sooner than they should talk I would go out and strangle every one of them. But it is infamous. What do they say?"

"How can I tell you? What would they

say in your own country?"

"France is France and England is Eng-

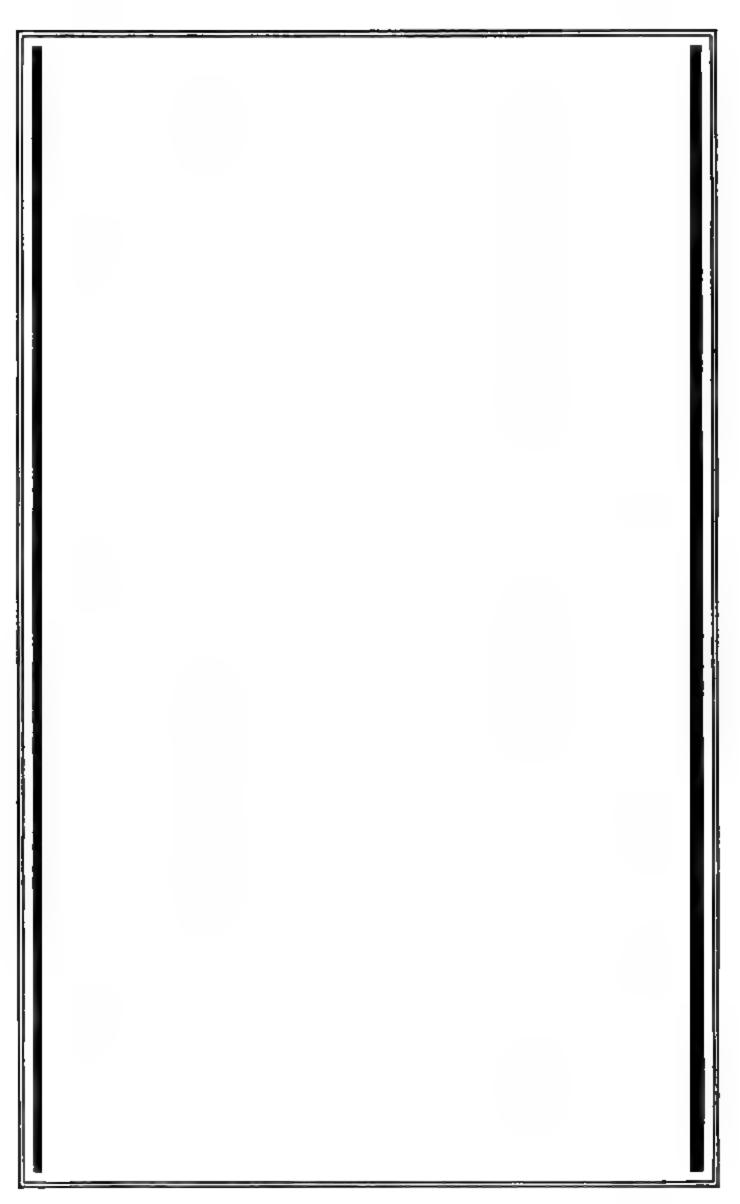
land.'

"And a little cackling village is the same all the world over. No, my dear friend, for you are my dear friend, you must go back to London, for the sake of my good name and

"But let us leave the cackling village."

"There are geese on every common," said

"Nom de Dieu," muttered Aristide, walking about the tiny parlor. "Nom de nom de nom de Dieu." He stood in front of her and flung out his arms wide. "But without Jean and you, life will have no meaning for me. I



Aristide could magically manufacture boats and cocks and pigs and giraffes out of bits of paper

shall die. I shall fade away. I shall perish. Tell me, dear Miss Anne, what they are saying, these miserable peasants with souls of mud?"

But Anne could tell him no more. It had been hateful and degrading to tell him so much. She shivered through all her purity. After a barren discussion she held out her hand, large and generous like herself. "Goodbye"—she hesitated for the fraction of a second—"Good-bye, Aristide. I promise you shall guide Jean's future. I will bring him up to London now and then to see you. We will find some way out of the difficulty. But you see, don't you, that you must leave Beverley-Stoke?"

Aristide went back to his comfortless lodgings aflame with bewilderment, indignation and despair. He fell upon Mrs. Buttershaw, a slatternly and sour-avised woman and hurled at her a tornado of questions. She responded with the glee of a hag, and Aristide learned the amazing fact that in the matter of sheer uncharitableness, unkindness and foulness of thought, Beverley-Stoke with its population of three hundred hinds could have brought down upon it the righteous indignation of Sodom, Gomorrah, Babylon, Paris and London. For a fortnight or so Anne Honeywood's life in the village had been that of the pariah dog.

"And now you've spoke of it yourself," said Mrs. Buttershaw, her hands on her hips, "I'm glad. I'm a respectable woman, I am, and I go to church regular, and I don't want to be mixed up in such goings on. And I never have held with foreigners anyway. And the sooner you find other lodgings, the

For the first and only time in his life words failed Aristide Pujol. He stood in front of the virtuous harridan, his lips working, his fingers convulsively clutching the air.

"You-you-you naughty woman!" he gasped, and sweeping her away from the doorway of his box of a sitting-room, he rushed up to his tinier bedroom and in furious haste packed his portmanteau.

"I would rather die than sleep another night beneath your slanderous roof," he cried, at the foot of the stairs. "Here is more than your week's money." He flung a couple of gold coins on the floor and dashed out into the darkness and the rain.

He hammered at Anne Honeywood's door. She opened in some alarm.

"You?—but—" she stammered.

"I have come," said he, dumping his portmanteau in the passage, "to take you and are."

Jean away from this abomination of a place. It is Tophet reserved for those who are not good enough for Hell. In Hell there is dignity, que diable. Here there is none. I know what you have suffered. I know how they insult you. I know what they say. You cannot stay one more night here. Pack up all your things. Pack up all Jean's things. I leave my valise here. I walk to St. Albans and I come back for you in an automobile. You lock up the door. I tell the policeman to guard the cottage. You come with me. We take a train to London. You and Jean will stay at an hotel. I will go to my good friend who saved me from Madame Gougasse. After that we will think."

"That's just like you," she said, smiling in ite of her trouble. "You act first and spite of her trouble. think afterward. Unfortunately I'm in the

habit of doing the reverse."

"But it's I who am doing all the thinking for you. I have thought till my brain is red hot." He laughed in his luminous and excited way, and, seizing both her hands kissed them one after the other. "There," said he. "Be ready by the time I return. Do not hesitate and do not look back. Remember Lot's wife."

He flourished his hat and was gone like a flash into the heavy rain and darkness of the December evening. Anne cried after him, but he, too, remembering Lot's wife, did not turn. He marched on buoyantly, heedless of the wet and the squirting mud from unseen puddles. It was an adventure such as he loved. It was a knightly errand, parbleu. Was he not delivering a beautiful lady from the dragon of calumny? And in an automobile too. His imagination fondled the idea.

At a garage in St. Albans he readily found a car for hire. He was all for driving it himself—that is how he had pictured the rescue but the proprietor, dull and unimaginative tradesman, declined firmly. It was a hireling who drove the car to Beverley-Stoke. Anne, unhatted and uncloaked, admitted him.

"You are not ready?"

"My dear friend, how can I---?"

"You are not coming?" His hands dropped to his sides and his face was the incarnation of disappointment.

"Let us talk things over reasonably," she

urged, opening the parlor door.

"But I have brought the automobile?"

"It can wait for five minutes, can't he?" "It can wait till Doomsday," said Aristide.

"Take off your dripping coat. You must be wet through. Oh, how impulsive you

He took off his overcoat dejectedly and followed her into the parlor, where she tried to persuade him of the impossibility of his scheme. How could she abandon her home at a moment's notice? Failing to convince him, she said at last in some embarrassment but with gentle dignity:

"Suppose we did run away together in your state of bliss bordering on mania." romantic fashion, wouldn't it confirm the scandal in the eyes of this wretched village?"

"You are right," said Aristide. "I had not

thought of it.

He knew himself to be a madman. It was not thus that ladies were rescued from calumny. But to leave her alone to face it for for your domestic happiness," said I. time indefinite was unthinkable. meanwhile, what would become of him severed from her and from Jean?

He sighed and looked around the little room where he had been so happy, and at the sweet-faced woman whose companionship had been so dear to him. And then the true meaning of all the precious things that had been in his life for the past two months appeared before him like a smiling valley hitherto hidden and revealed by dissolving mist. A great gladness gathered round his heart. He leaned across the table by which he was sitting and looked at her and for the first time noticed that her eyes were red.

"You have been crying, dear Anne," said he, using her name boldly. "Why?"

A man ought not to put a question like that at a woman's head and bid her stand and deliver. How is she to answer? Anne felt Aristide's bright eyes upon her and the color mounted and mounted and deepened on her cheek and brow.

"I don't like changes," she said in a low voice.

Aristide slipped noiselessly to the side of her low chair and knelt on one knee and took

"Anne-my beloved Anne," said he.

And Anne neither moved nor protested, but looked away from him into the fire.

are sacred and beautiful things in life that the end of that wedding.

one man does not tell to another. He did. however, mention that they forgot all about the unfortunate chauffeur sitting in the rain till about three hours afterward, when Aristide sped away to a St. Albans hotel in joyous solitude.

The very next day he burst in upon me in a

"But there is a tragic side to it," he said when the story was over. "For half the year I shall be exiled to Bordeaux, Marseilles and Algiers as the representative of Dulau et Compagnie."

"The very best thing that could happen

"What? With my heart—" he thumped his breast, "with my heart hurting like the devil all the time?"

"So long as the heart hurts," said I, "you know it isn't dead."

A short while afterward they were married in London. I was best man and Jean, specklessly attired, was page of honor. A few of Anne's friends were present and the vicar of her old church at Chislehurst performed the ceremony. The most myopic of creatures could have seen that Anne was foolishly in love with her rascal husband. How could she help it?

As soon as the newly wedded pair had risen from their knees at the conclusion of the service, Aristide caught Jean up in his arms, and, to the consternation of the officiating clergy, the verger, and Anne's conventional friends, cried out exultingly:

"Ah, mon petit. It was a lucky day for both of us when I picked you up in the road between Salon and Arles. Fut your hands together as you do when you're saying your prayers, mon brave, and say, 'God bless father and mother."

Jean obediently adopted the attitude of the infant Samuel in the pictures.

"God bless father and mother," said he, and the childish treble rang out queerly in the large, almost empty church.

There was a span of silence and then all the And that is all that Aristide told me. There women-folk fell on little Jean, and that was





PEACE-EDUCATION AND PEACE

By SIR FRANCIS VANE, BART.

CIR FRANCIS VANE is doing a most distinguished work for peace: the kind of work that really gets results. He is leader of fifty thousand boys in Italy, France, England and her colonies, and other countries, whom he is training to the ideals of international brotherhood and peace. These are the "World Scouts," described in an article in our January issue. The organization is similar to that of the Boy Scouts, prescribing practically the same discipline of mind, nerve and muscle, and differs only in its international character and in making these ideals its paramount interest.

Sir Francis is the author of a remarkable book on the Boer War, called "Pax Britannica in South Africa," and also of a charming and unpretentious but extremely valuable volume of travel-notes, called "Walks and People in Tuscany." Lady Vane is an Italian, and Sir Francis has made Italy a second home, residing there a part of each year. His English home is on his estate at Hutton, but he spends much time in London. He comes of a family of good soldiers and himself served through the Boer War with great distinction. He has close hereditarial connections with this country, being sixth in descent from the Sir Harry Vane who was sometime colonial Governor of Massachusetts, and to whose writings some historians attribute the principles of the Federal Constitution.

Among all the peace advocates, Sir Francis seems the one who is getting the most really fundamental and constructive work done. He shows that the natural place to apply peace-education is upon the young; and that the best way to educate the young against war is to give them chance to exercise their natural chivalry, their adventurous spirit and faculty for hero worship in behalf of universal brotherhood.—A. J. NOCK.

you who are my cousins by blood, you Americans who are more closely connected with me by ideals even than by blood,—I would wish to tell you why am so strongly opposed to war.

First, I have seen war, which most of the advocates of peace have not. To the saying of one of your great men that "War is hell," I can add that it is also generally very mean. When General Sherman said that war is hell, you Americans were on both sides fighting for great principles,—for national unity, for the sovereign rights of individual States, for the abolition of slavery,—yet, even so, circumstances would they have done at home.

EFORE I commence my argument to your successful general said that war is hell. I have more reason to agree with him than any of you can have, because I took part in a war which in no wise can be said to have been a war of principle. At the end of it is that, though a soldier born and bred, I it we all asked ourselves what on earth we had been fighting for.

> In that war I lost many dear comrades. Furthermore, as a direct consequence of that war I saw a degradation in civilization, a lowering of morals that was almost amusing, if anything so pathetic can ever be amusing. I saw men who in peace time were ordinarily honorable persons, going about and in their own interests stealing and lying, as under no possible

Why a Soldier Hates War

This demoralization of officers and men would alone have been enough to make a peace man of me for the rest of my life. But I saw even more. It happened that before the war I had worked among the poor of the East End of London. I knew the poor as well as most men, and after I went to the war I kept touch with many families that had interested me. To even so superficial an observer and inquirer as I was, the effect of our expenditure of national capital on a wholly unjustifiable war was obvious. Every family that I had known as bordering on starvation became just so much poorer as to starve out some weakling. It became clear to me that the casualty list of the battle of Colenso, or of Spion Kop, was not after all the list published in the papers, but the multitudes of these helpless poor. Every expensive shell that was exploded in South Africa helped to take life from hundreds of little ones who died afterward at home.

I need give no further apology for being a peace man, though I am a soldier.

Savonarola once said that men and women may go to heaven or hell as they will, but we can direct the young. I do not presume for a moment that the older people cannot be converted to a reasonable view of war and peace, but I do say that quite clearly it is more difficult to influence them than to influence the young.

How Elderly People Corrupt the Young

Now, how can the young be enlisted in the cause of peace? At present, they are prejudiced every day of their lives by the outworn stupidities of their seniors. It is one of the world's ironies that the elderly people who ought to be directing the young toward the making of a nobler world are usually so restricted in their outlook that they unconsciously corrupt the young by narrowing their minds. Nearly everybody I know (among them some very distinguished men indeed) is, from the child's point of view, behind the dren. times. They have receded from the pure, simple, natural democracy of childhood. The more ignorant among them are tumbling along hundreds of years behind the times, the more intelligent, say, tens of years behind the times, but always from the child's point of view, behind the times.

It is to these that the young look up; and they are not fed with modern food.

To justify the strength of this statement, even me feel warlike!

perhaps I ought to say that I know the young of the world, and of the various races in the world, as few men know them. I have intimate friends among the children of Italians, French, British, Boers, even Baralongs and Zulus; in fact, wherever I have been it has happened that I have become a sort of Pied Piper,—the little ones followed me because they felt that I liked them.

The patent fact is that the young have no racial or class bias. They care for none of these things. Naturally, and left to themselves, they are pure democrats; and for this reason, largely, I suppose it was said of them that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

What Makes Children Hate Foreigners?

If they do not begin with any such bias, where do they get it? If they do not come by it naturally, who gives it to them? I submit that this vulgar prejudice is inoculated like a slow-working and surreptitious poison between the years of seven and twelve, when the brain is most receptive. The clergy of all denominations well know the use that can be made of those years, and I assume that the devil, who is the father of divisions, hatreds and jealousies among men, knows it also.

So, children are gradually corrupted into race or class prejudice as soon as they begin to think.

It is now our business to see how we can prevent this derogation of what is (mind you!) a *natural instinct*, and the consequent derogation of a high ideal.

Certainly it cannot be done by lecturing the young on the virtues of peace, especially when (as is usually the case) the lecturer has himself never seen war. Peace lectures do not interest children. If they have as little natural interest for grown-ups as they have, how can we expect them to capture the attention of the young? The virtues of peace, dwelt on in the abstract, seem far too colorless and prosaic to interest children.

At a peace conference last year, I remember some one got up and said that he had done much work for peace; he had given over one thousand lectures on peace to boys in school. I turned to a very distinguished member who was sitting next me and said, "That man has made more warriors than Napoleon!" I who have myself seen the vulgarity and brutality of war,—he made even me feel warlike!

A Peace Advocate Who Made More Warriors than Napoleon

Anyone who had the slightest knowledge of the hearts of the young would have known that an elderly and sloppy gentleman who had never seen war, knew nothing whatever of war, preaching the beauties of peace in stuffy schoolrooms, must inevitably create a reaction against the noble thing he was advocating.

The only kind of peace lecture that counts anything with children is when in camp, for instance, around the camp-fire, or on other similar and naturally appropriate occasions, they ask you to spin them yarns. Then you can give them real accounts of real warfare. You can show them all the gilt on their gingerbread. You can by indirection make them understand what a false picture of war it is that they have been trained to look at. You can cause them to see that the high color of chivalry and nobility in which war has been painted for them is only superficial and is really only a lie and a disguise.

Then too is the psychological moment for showing them that even in war it is the little acts of kindness and goodness that sometimes occur which do more than all the guns to bind races and nations together—which, in fact, make peace possible after all the furious injustices of war. By citing actual instances of this kind, you do more to destroy illusions and reëstablish a sense of actual values than vou would by hundreds of sermons cut out of whole cloth.

A Nobler Chivalry than Nationalism

Why, see how it affects grown people, even grown people who have been fighting each other! Just after the war was over, I was on a platform with General Botha, sometime our arch-enemy. He made this remark: he said there was one person whose name would for all time bind the Dutch to the British,— Emily Hobhouse, an English lady who in spite of persecution, calumny and even personal violence (at home, for the supposedly traitorous crime of giving aid and comfort to an enemy) had come out during the war to assist and nurse the Boer women in the concentration camps. One example of this sort speaks to friend and foe of a nobler chivalry than all the narrow, militant nationalism that was ever devised, of a more glorious adventure than all the flags and guns that were ever manufactured.

me,—and certainly my own almost unique experience in dealing with children of many countries and races,—when I say that in the ideal of a world chivalry of the young, an active, passionate, highly colored crusade for right, you will find the finest antidote to the bellicose and divisive spirit.

Two things must be kept in mind. The first (which has been referred to), the natural unity and democracy of youth; and secondly, the great and superfluous energy of childhood. More often than not a boy is thought troublesome, naughty, or wicked simply because he has no vent for his natural energies. Then, too, the day of the young is much longer than that of the adult. So I have said (and wholly believe) that it is as easy to make a knight-errant of a boy as a brigand; but if you do not make him the former by directing him, he will probably become the latter on his own account. If science is the direction of the forces of Nature, then up to now we have neglected a most powerful force,—the force of Youth; and by neglecting it, we have played into the hands of those who live by disunion and strife.

The Real Campaign for Peace Must Be Among the Young

I am convinced that a real campaign or active propaganda for peace must be undertaken among the young. What I have endeavored to do in England and on the Continent should be done everywhere. The children should be rallied by capable men who can give them guidance on the lines that I have indicated. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the appeal for unity proceeding from a world order which imposes active and responsible duties, will capture the next generation for peace. It is time now to proceed on from individualism, from educating children to become mere citizens of a nation, and train them to become citizens of the world.

Scouting presents the best opportunity for such education and training. The friends of Scouting ought to see to it that its highest possibilities are developed. The best fruit of the Scout movement may be had when it is given an intelligent and disinterested direction toward peace and international brotherhood. Even without this, Scouting remains a splendid educational system; but why not take full advantage of its possibilities instead of only half? I understand that the Scout movement is very popular in America, but that so far you have made it only remotely I believe I have general experience with and indirectly a factor in the world's peace.

SIR FRANCIS VANE, a soldier who hates war, militarism, narrow nationalism and preaches against false patriotic ideals. Knowing many countries, he finds that "the more intelligently one learns to love others, the more deeply and sincerely one loves one's own." He teaches the young that the world is their country and the world's people are their brothers. His purpose is to put the Scout movement on an international basis and make it a school of world-peace and brotherhood.

that you are!) you are more free than we are to develop yourselves peacefully without much thought of war. But you could be such an inestimable help to the rest of the world which is not so happily situated, if you would turn your Scout movement to our service by giving it an international character and making its first object the elimination of wicked and artificial bars to brotherhood.

Can the American Scout Movement Be Degraded?

In the nature of things it is perhaps not likely that the Scout movement in your country can be intentionally degraded to narrow and local ends or be used by parties, military or civil, for improper objects. Here again you are fortunate. Still, even so, it is quite possible that your very fortune might cause your Scout movement to display a merely negative attitude toward the highest ideals of childhood, and thus lose you the best there is in the movement for yourselves and the greatest chance for true Scout service to the world.

A Miniature United States of the World

So I appeal to the people of the greatest republic in the world, one which has in the past done so much to unite mankind, to use this most powerful instrument so ready to our hand, by which the young, the lords of the future, may become a great and compelling force for unity and fraternity. Ena narrow and retarding nationalism, help the with the enthusiasm of an apostle.

1

This probably is because (fortunate people youth of other lands from being misdirected and corrupted by ancient, outworn prejudice, by making the ideals of your Scout training international. Without any divisiveness or rivalry or separations or letting go anything you now have, simply reach out and superadd a world policy of peace and brotherhood. Why not federate your children in the Scout movement under a universal council composed of representatives of all peoples where the Scout movement exists?—a miniature United States of the World? Such a policy is simple and feasible. Your children would become no less patriotic; for it is always that the more intelligently one learns to love others, the more deeply and sincerely one loves one's own. It is only the intolerant and prejudiced whose love, whether for their own or others, is selfish and superficial.

Then America would be doing her share for the world's peace, for the elimination of the pettiness and selfishness and miserable misunderstandings that arise between nations. These things take place only because we of the different nations do not really know each other. If our children lived their childhood in a United States of the World, it is ten to one that they would carry it on when they grew up. Put this high ideal before your children in the simplest language,—the young are all sentimental without liking it to be known. They grasp and understand far more than we think they do; so that there is no more foolish thing than to "talk down" to children. Rather talk up to them. And it is above all necessary that we propagandists should be not only lovers of children but also experienced in the world,—if possible, expelarge your Scout movement, preserve it from rienced in war as well as peace,—and filled

THE PROPHECY

By NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

I shall come back again. I shall come soon. After I rest me with the violet In you green vale where long ago we met, I shall come forth to claim life's further boon. The rose will woo me, and the white, white moon, And all the dreams too wondrous to forget Dreamed in this garden sweet with mignonette, Where now wan twilight dims the afternoon.

Desire and youth insistently will call And love will lure. Resurgent thoughts of thine Will beat upon my lids and force them wide. Then shall I seek thee, break thy death-like thrall And lead thee here where love's new rose will twine. All this I know though yet I have not died!

THE WOMAN IN THE ROOM

By ZONA GALE

Author of "Friendship Village," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELIZABETH INGHAM

ARING went up the first flight of stairs—the flight with the Brussels runner—and past Mrs. Wheeler's door with its streaming transom light; and up the second flight—the one with the matting; and the third flight, of bare, brutal boards. And there was his own door waiting for him with its eternal, mocking air of: Really, am I the best you can do for yourself?

He unlocked the door with a jab of the key as if he would make that door say something else, if it was only a lonely welcoming to a place where he did not wish to be. The key was not even a latch key—it was a door key, big and long and bent, a dreary implement to an amateur domesticity, an implement which it somehow inexpressibly mortified Baring to chance on among his pocket stuff. As, night after night, it mortified him to go in that lonely room of his.

Therefore, as he entered, he instantly wrapped himself in his groping, indeterminate sense of the Woman. There was no woman; there never had been a woman who really counted; but life pricked and hurt Baring all over and he slipped away from it into a kind of game which was half pretense, half plan; and he played the game every time he came home. It went somewhat like this:

She did not hear his key. Sometimes he actually inserted it softly so that he might surprise her. She was at work in the next room—though, save in the game, there was no next room but that of another lodger; and she came to the doorway, by some chance of her task, and saw that he had come home. And then she cried some glad, surprised word and ran to him—and ran to him—Baring always rather prolonged that moment. There was something so—prolongable about her hurrying toward him.

Then they sat by the fire, which in reality meant that Baring turned on the heat and absently spatted his hands on the top of the radiator. And they talked. Oh, about things

which had happened that day in his absence. He never bothered her with business—anyway, he liked to keep his affairs to himself; but she told hers: A man had been there washing windows; she had been shopping in a taxi and he was to like her hat when it came home because it suited his general taste and her special face and did not suit the hideous style; and there was in the new magazine a wonderful article about the stars—or the elements—or immortality; and he never could guess what she had made—madel—for dessert.

On that he slipped to the mere restful sense of himself and this not-impossible-but-far, farwoman sitting at table together, a table round and small and blurry white, with dainty dishes. She was chief in consciousness, talking, silent, smiling, pretty-Baring was even banal enough to entertain the usual anticipatory figment of some one in blue, with abundant hair. And always, as he dreamed it, there was that encompassing sense of her being there, a distinct quality of thereness, which was like the emotion of being alive. And the whole game was to get for himself this sense of companionship, to feel himself somehow fellowed by her presence, the presence of the woman in the room. Baring, you see, was horribly lonely, and by other means as well, life hurt him and pursued him instead of letting him be the exultant pursuer of life. And the gadflies were of no special species. They were most men's gadflies of a small salary which, however, was steadily growing as he elongated his hours of work, let his soul flow down his arms to his fingers, and pounded away with his hands; and of the ideals which mocked every reality that he had got for himself; and of living alone with a bent key in his pocket while other men were masters in the house of life.

The shutting of a door brought him back. He knew the door—it had helped him before in his dreary play. It was Miss Beacon's door. And sometimes when he had heard the scratch of

her match or the creak of her window pulleys, he pretended that he had got home first and that now She had come in and was moving about that room; and sometimes when he had found the stairway air faintly sweet with orris, he said to himself that She had come home before him. Then it was as if a wick had been turned up somewhere and more of something pleasant, like light, had escaped. All this, Baring thought, helped on the game, because Miss Beacon was somebody alive. And that she was on the same floor, alive, was somehow a pale comfort to him whenever, abruptly in the game, he would lose Her—that Her of the game, lose her absolutely. She was suddenly simply not there, and he had to face it. Tonight he lost her so and stood staring out the window at the roofs and the lights and the interminable vista of other men's homes. And dinner waited down in the corner restaurant where were artificial palms, and a plush rope for a balustrade, and a menu card on which decently cooked dishes were listed at fifteen and twenty cents.

Baring suddenly closed his eyes and made

his shoulders high.

"Great heavens!" he said, "I want the stars and the elements and immortality and the dessert she made—made!"

He was messing about the papers on his table when some one knocked at his door. This, he thought that he knew, would be one Gilliland, come to talk over with him the inundating possibility that Miss Emily Earl might be in love with him. Even as he was with Miss Emily Earl.

But when Baring opened the door he saw a white muslin apron, which was to him incredibly cloudy and satisfactory and remote from Gilliland. The maid, palpitating a bit from the stair climbing, was the bearer of a note, from that Mrs. Wheeler of the lower story of Brussels-carpeted stairs and over-transom light.

"Will you come down to dine with a little old lady if she owns up that you are a makeshift?" the note said. "I mean that I was to have had two guests, to come an hour ago, and we were going afterward to the opera. But they haven't come and they haven't come, and the roast is such a big, hot, brown-gravy roast. I have caught Miss Beacon on her way up, and she and her mother will be here. Could you join us—nearly right away?"

Baring scrawled a word of acceptance, dressed, left a direction to Gilliland to pick him up at Mrs. Wheeler's, and ran downstairs "nearly right away." Even if he had not heard Miss Beacon's door shut and if the letters under her door had not been missing now,

Baring would have known that she had passed through the hall, because of that sweet, uncertain fragrance.

"It smells like orris or iris or Osiris," he said to himself, "and violets on a thousand hills.

And some day I shall miss it."

He entered Mrs. Wheeler's sitting room with the pleasure which he always felt in meeting the little, unconventional, mothering creature. But though, between-curtains, stood the waiting table with its yellow dome, and fire of real hearth-hood quickened the air, Mrs. Wheeler was not there at all. And the White Muslin Apron which had admitted him was handing him another note as if it had not left off handing him the first one.

"To Whoever Arrives First," the note was

addressed. And,

"My poor friends," it said, "had been somehow stalled on the marshes and they've wired me from Jersey City to meet them at the Metropolitan lobby. What else to do? I dare say they are there even now. I must go, and you three must lay a cover for my sigh and forgive me and dine without me. That roast is—or was—host enough. Dinner is served!"

It was disappointing, partly as Mrs. Wheeler was always in the most unique difficulties, and told about them delightfully. But she had left as host not only the roast but the open fire, and Baring sat before the hearth and, as one who understands open fires, he sank miles and miles in its light and warmth and friendly advancings. He said to himself that it would be pleasant, this dining with Miss Beacon and her mother. For two years he had passed Miss Beacon on the stair, mechanically noted her presences and absences, vaguely become used to her being there. He was always indefinitely glad when he heard her come in, half aggrieved if she was several days away, in that inevitable and pathetic and half-unrecognized relation of all fellow-lodgers. Then there were those weeks of an illness of his, when she and her mother had brought in jelly and bouillon and had read to him. But he had been too sick then even to pretend. And though he would have missed Miss Beacon if she had moved away, missed her involuntary cooperation in the game, missed that odor of orris, yet when he had thought about her at all, his thought had usually slipped along to something else and had not caught. As it slipped along now to the satisfied consciousness that the evening would somehow be very good.

He rose at the touch of the bell and stood before the fire as Anne Beacon came in. Something in her hair was sparkling, and this indeterminately pleased Baring. So did this meeting with her in a domain of evening and leisure and a pretty gown, rather than in one of bare a lightness which did not mask her quite stairs and thick boots and haste. So did her momentary shyness please him. And she was alone

"Miss Beacon," he said, "do I impress you as any kind of host?"

"You . . ." said Anne Beacon only; and Baring wondered vaguely whether that meant very-much-Yes or only-a-little-No.

He gave her Mrs. Wheeler's note and watched her while she read it. He was glad that she did not look up, startled, with an exclamation and parted lips and lifted brows. He disliked women who prettily go off like that merely because a situation suggests it. soft glowing of her face Baring laid to the firelight as she gave him back the note and looked down at the red log.

"I accepted for my mother," she said, "and when I got upstairs I found that she had been called over to New Jersey."

Baring, murmuring something, still watched He had sometimes said to Gilliland that the way in which a woman receives an inescapable unconventional moment is that woman. Anne, through a barely perceptible interval, was still looking at the red log when the White Muslin Apron announced dinner in the well-trained tone of a short, straight line.

"Shall we go in?" Baring asked quietly.

"I think we may as well," said Anne Beacon. She was quite perfect, Baring thought; and yet as they sat at table—a table round and small and a thing of white and of dainty dishes —Baring was conscious of a definite feeling of homesickness. Homesickness, so to say, that she was not some one else. Baring had no idea whom he wanted her to be. He only knew that he wanted the woman, the one with whom he ought to be sitting there in earnest, the one whose presence was an outline in his consciousness and never, never had been properly filled in. And for him the moment had suddenly the tragic significance of all moments which seem right and fair and potential, save only that the one who shares them is simply—not the one.

He did not deliberately plan to pretend. Somehow, the pretending began itself. He found himself slipping easily into a makebelieve that this moment, which men without number were having in earnest, was his as it was theirs; that this was not a dinner, but dinner; that this was home. Momentarily, his consciousness of Anne Beacon's presence merged in that vague, cherished outline, and for one fleet instant the boy knew what that hour might be.

In his silence Anne spoke gravely, yet with attractive embarrassment.

"What kind of day was to-day to you?"

she asked; "has it been behaving?"

"It has not," Baring replied simply. has been a sort of brute day. A regular toothand-claw day. A day," he added, as if he were dumping it, bound, at her feet, "that has been a-lashing of its tail ever since o A.M."

"They do that sometimes," she accepted this, "I think maybe Time just storms now and then on its own account. Why shouldn't there be time-storms just as well as skystorms?"

"Well, that was the way with to-day—my to-day," Baring agreed. "What did you do?" he asked, and laughed a little and added: "Did you shop?"

"I believe I did," she admitted.

"In a taxi?" he wanted to know—just for the little joke-with-himself of asking it.

"They don't let taxis in the shops," she told him merrily, "and for that reason I always walk. Why—if you don't mind?"

"I rather thought you shopped," Baring explained himself luminously. "What else did you do?"

Ever so briefly her look questioned him, her face glowing a little in the warm light of the dome. And while she answered her look still questioned him.

"I did what ten thousand or so other fourthfloor lodgers did to-day," she said. "I sat curled up in a cold dining room full of furniture while the woman swept the sitting room. Then I dusted it and tried to change things round, though there is nothing to change and no room to change it in if there were. At noon Mrs. Wheeler let me help her a little. Then I washed some lace, and took back a library book that was overdue, and shopped for something I decided not to buy, and looked in a window for a long time at some orchids, and made a call, and came home tired to death. And now is now."

Baring nodded. "Was it the right kind of call?" he inquired briefly. This was it—this was the way She would be telling him of her day.

"The call," Anne went on, "was on a woman in Pearl Street. Yes, Pearl. On the fifth floor. Her husband is a helpless cripple. There are six children. The woman scrubs offices from six o'clock at night until three or so in the morning. By daylight she washes clothes—and carries the water by the pailful up the five flights of stairs. She has lived downtown since she was seven years old and she has never been above Twenty-third Street. Do you see what that means? I mean the little, commonplace things she has never done, and seen: she has never been in a carriage. She has never had a hothouse flower—or smelled fragrance—or seen a jewel—or a woman's beautiful gown or a wild animal—or the park. It's quite true. I saw her and talked with her."

Baring looked down at Anne.

"Good Lord," he said, "those things-

"Don't they?" she answered.

"I had a little girl with me," Anne went on after their silence. "She had on a white cloth cloak, and the woman knew she was lovely and tried to say so. But all she could say was: 'Ain't the little thing clean? Ain't she dean?' To be clean was the chief ideal and absolutely the only beauty she knew. Doesn't that make one---"

"I know, I know," said Baring. Anne looked at him meditatively.

"I was afraid," she told him, "that you might tell me that I ought not to go round to

these places!"

"Heaven forbid," said Baring. "I'm not much good, but I am alive. There was a little girl in our office to-day," he added, "the door 'boy's' little girl. He is forty and he has tuberculosis. He took her round to all of us, and he she had gone he came to each one of us and about nothing at all.

told us why he had had her down. He hoped that one of us might adopt her so that he could know she had a home before——"

"Oh-" said Anne, "isn't that-"

"Isn't it?" said Baring.

They looked at each other across the blur of white and of dainty dishes, and for a moment their eyes clung, merely as if one person alive had met another person alive in a vast, otherwise manless waste; merely as if, to each, the fact of the other being there was a fine, incomprehensible thing to be hugged, with all the intricate waste as a dim background. But to Anne, as she looked at him, the background was one of the cheery, leaping, homey hearth; and to him, as he looked, the background was a window, and the black-windowed vista of other men's homes.

Presently the White Muslin Apron brought in the dessert. It was a delicious dessert, all feathery yellow dressing, on a creamy, fruity surprise within. And as Anne Beacon served it, a welcome sense of well-being came flowerlike from soil of a long and lonely preparedness and filled Baring's consciousness, and he sat watching the little ornament shine in her hair and watching her hands that looked firm and warm and—busy; and he was thinking about apologized and made her shake hands with us nothing at all. It is well known that a man and do some nice little things she does. When has to be very well content to achieve thinking arrived, and so did coffee

"Mrs. Wheeler's maid," said Anne, "is going back to Sweden to be married. She told me all about it while I was in the kitchen this morning. She said she didn't believe she would be any happier on her death bed, when heaven sets in."

Baring smiled and nodded. "Go on," he commanded.

Anne laughed out. "You said that," she told him, "just the way you used to say it when I was reading to you when you were sick."

Baring looked startled. "I didn't order you around, did I?" he asked horrified.

She nodded, so that the little star in her hair glowed and twinkled, and whatever was the recollection of having been ordered about by Baring, one would not have said that she had greatly minded.

"Hasn't anybody ever told you," she went

on, "what a bad invalid you make?"

"Nobody ever came so near taking care of me," he said, "as you did when you read to me those days. You tell me."

"Never!" she assured him, "I shall not tell you. Except that one day you were so cross to me that mother and I had to look out the window at a parade to laugh."

"Good heavens!" said Baring contritely.

"And when I stopped reading you always said 'Go on,' without looking at me. Without looking at me."

"What a brute a man is when he is sick," said Baring solemnly. But he was thinking: "What an everlasting pity that I was too sick to pretend."

"Brute a little and boy a good deal," Anne admitted gravely. "But I should loathe a po-

lite man-invalid."

"Really I'm no boy-brute," said Baring, with such momentary grieved melancholy that

she laughed

The talk went on, but now Baring was not thinking of his own part in it. That she had cared for him that time had come like a sudden link between them. He looked past Anne at the uncurtained window—a vast living picture of roofs and lights and black sky, and within the frame, beating and pulsing and being, was the life of which they had talked: The life where women care for men who are ill, where both go without things, struggle, love children, fight death, crave life, hold out their hands to one another. As he looked, it seemed to Baring that abruptly Anne had flowered from the great window of the city, like some one who had begun to be- This was the same stretch of roofs on which he looked down from the window of his lonely room. There were the vellow-lighted panes which he fancied looked from some man's dining room, the ground glass of a hall door behind which lay some man's welcome, the cheery, commonplace of lights in the upper windows, and all just as he saw them from his little window in the midst of his dreary game. And suddenly he sank back into the present with a good sense of warmth, of realization, of not being alone. And at that, Baring stared over at Anne Beacon. Why, he said incoherently to himself, she was making a kind of thereness—

On this high moment Gilliland arrived, and so did coffee. Gilliland was short, with a little head, so that his appearance was irresistibly triangular. To-night he was, in addition, radiant.

"How nicely like Mrs. Wheeler," Gilliland commented when he had heard, "how deliciously, extravagantly like her. Wasn't it?"

When Miss Beacon had poured the coffee she rose.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to leave you two. I shall sit up for my mother, and I shall write five hundred letters. And when Mrs. Wheeler comes, perhaps you will all come up for a sandwich."

Baring took her to the door. As she went beside him through the shadow-haunted, firelit room, he caught again that fragrance of "violets on a thousand hills," and he turned to look down at her in something like astonishment. To that sweetness of odor which he had long caught on stair and hall, had known that some day he should miss, he perceived now that he bore a certain accustomedness with which, for the first time, he identified Anne herself. He looked down at her—slight, white thing moving beside him, talking, silent, smiling, pretty—and he felt a sudden, overruling satisfaction in the mere fact that she was there.

Because he wished that she were not going, and because he cast indefinitely about for some way to keep her for a moment, he said the first thing which occurred to him and the last thing which he had expected to say:

"You didn't happen," he put it almost wistfully, "to buy a hat to-day, did you?"

She disclaimed it merrily enough, but with the restful absence of bewilderment at any irrelevance which is the soul of the most intimate talk.

"This isn't my new hat year," she told him.
"I almost wish you had bought a hat," said Baring—but now the little joke-with-himself was less a joke than before. "A woman," he explained impromptu, "is never so much a woman as when she is describing the pursuit of her latest hat."

"All my hats—I mean, both my hats are early. Early Renaissance," she informed him gaily from the stair.

Baring turned back to the firelit, haunted

room. And about the emptiness of the room there overswept him a certain, dreary sense of familiarity—as if it were his own empty room in the moment of his losing Her—the Her of the game—losing her absolutely. And presently, when he did not come back to the dining room, Gilliland came in and found him by the open fire, staring down miles into it past the red log.

"You didn't drink your coffee," said Gilliland.
"I don't want it," said Baring. "Bring yours in here."

"I don't want it," said Gilliland. "Baring, old man, I'm engaged."

Baring looked at him with new interest.

"Splendid," he said with enthusiasm. "It's Miss Earl, of course?"

"It is," said Gilliland reverently, "and the curious thing about it is, Baring, that it always was Miss Earl."

He sat by the fire and looked solemnly at Baring.

"Baring," he said, "Emily Earl is the one woman in this whole world for me. I know it now. If I hadn't met her—just think, Baring, of the chances I ran of not meeting her!—if I hadn't met her I should never have looked at any woman. It was planned for us somewhere—back and back and back. It had to be. I believe," said Gilliland modestly, "that I'm the one man in this universe for her."

Baring listened.

"Baring," said Gilliland, "now that we have found each other, it makes me shudder to think how easily we might have missed each other. I met her at my aunt's in Rio. And my uncle nearly moved to Montclair instead of to Rio. Isn't it wonderful that out of the whole, wide world we two should have got to Rio, and have met?"

Baring listened.

"Baring," said Gilliland, "we're going to have a little home. We've got the house—it's on Wood Walk Street—don't that sound like a home? Yes, sir. 19 Wood Walk Street, there in Rio. Oh, Baring, it makes me wild to earn money. To fix up the little place. To get her the things she wants. To begin to lay a little by. To think ahead to the time—"

While he listened, Baring looked in the fire, miles down, and for a flash, and remotely, he understood Gilliland, and something about other men and, last of all, about himself.

"Gilliland," he said to him in the first pause, "suppose your uncle hadn't moved to Rio. Suppose he had moved to Montclair?"

"It was fate," said Gilliland with simplicity.
"I remember you told me at the time," said
Baring brutally, "that it was so your aunt could
be near a special hay-fever doctor."

at him doubtfully, and past him to the great window toward the city with its lights of homes -and homes—and homes.

"I'm blessed if I understand life," said Gilliland gloomily. "I wish I did. But there's one thing I know, Baring," cried the little man. "When I'm with Emily Earl I feel as if something that had meant to be all along, is. I feel as if something big that was planned somewhere away off, had come true. And I bet it has— I bet it has!"

"God bless you, Gilliland," said Baring. "I bet so too."

When Gilliland had gone, Baring walked to the window and looked deep, deep down the way that it opened. Down the way that reaches round the world, roofs, and lights, and homes and smiled—and smiled. where men care for women and women for men, where both go without things, plan things for each other, struggle, love children, fight death, crave life, hold out their hands to one another. Hold out their hands to one another. That was Waiting for no impossible standard to be fulfilled, obeying the dominant seeking, the sharp need to be near an understanding heart; obeying the dominant urge toward others who are seeking too. That woman who climbed all those stairs and had never seen all those things —that man who was trying to make a home for his child so that he could seek his grave in peace—the very White Muslin Apron going to Sweden to her lover—yes, and Gilliland, who was blindly obeying the call and trying to make more money to buy things for Emily Earl and to lay a little by for the time when— Oh, they all knew, they all knew the big, vital things. All save himself, playing his little game by his lonely window and—Anne Beacon, doing the dreary things which a fourth-floor woman lodger does when that fourth floor is not a home in earnest. Suddenly Baring saw his own loneliness as speech within him, trying to say all this. The roofs and the lights there were calling, bidding him to be of them. And here he was, waiting for the woman who now hung bodiless in space, an outline of pale blue with abundant hair, and held him bound, pretending his little game. Why, he was every bit as bad as Gilliland, with his talk about fate. What if any one of many women could fill in that indeterminate outline which he had made?

When at last he heard Mrs. Wheeler's ring, he met her at the door and hardly heard her pretty apologies.

"Was the roast spoiled?" she wanted to "And I could have wept in the cab when I thought of the dessert. Wasn't it too bad about Mrs. Beacon? She came in with be the one?"

Gilliland, who had risen to take leave, looked me just now and I've asked her and Anne to come down for some scraps. And we're all going to get supper."

> Baring, who had settled before the fire opposite Mrs. Wheeler, sprang to his feet.

"I'll go and fetch them," said he.

"Tell them to hurry!" Mrs. Wheeler admonished. "There are cold roast beef and some of Anne's dessert and all the properties of a debauch---"

Baring turned in the doorway. "Whose dessert?" he demanded.

"Yes, Anne. Mercy, how abrupt you are," said Mrs. Wheeler. "She came down and made it for me this noon. You had it for dinner. I know it was good."

Baring looked down at the figures of the rug

"A dessert she made-made/" he said inanely.

"Wasn't it good?" Mrs. Wheeler persisted. "It was," said Baring, and closed the door. "It was!" he repeated as he raced up the length of matting and the bare, brutal boards.

The Beacons' door stood open, and at his knock Anne, who was in the room alone, turned from the window. And it was a window like Baring's and like those of Mrs. Wheeler's, looking to that same big vista of city lights and

Baring strode across the floor.

"Anne Beacon," he said, "I want to tell you something I know."

She glanced up at him—a slight, white thing, with the star shining in her hair, and behind her the great tapestry of night and the world.

"You—look as you looked when you were cross-when I read to you," she said uncer-

"A kind of boy and a kind of brute," Baring put it. "That's it. You'll think so more than ever when I've done. But you've got to hear. Because I've had it all wrong. I've always thought there was somewhere a woman—the one woman, you understand, living and waiting around for me. Well, I don't believe it. I believe she—the woman—might be one of a good many women—and that any one of them I might have wanted to be with always if I had happened to meet her first, see her often, and all that. But it happens that of them all I've met only you. I know now there must be others—I know it. Why, a man's got to know it if he thinks at all. But I've met you first. And you will be the only one—ever—if you want to be. Does that mean anything to you? Do you want to be told—like that? Will you

She put up her hand; and she said quite the last thing that Baring had expected.

"Don't!" she said. "It's—it's telling." "Telling?" Baring repeated stupidly.

"Other men don't tell," Anne said. "Some of them must know. Lots must know. But they all make the woman think it never could have been anybody else. Maybe sometimes—it couldn't. But your saying it out is like—like being disloyal to the way the world has agreed on."

He stared down at her in the grip of his bewilderment. She knew! Do women know then—he wondered gropingly. Do they know, all the time, and just try not to believe?

"You know it is so—" he tried to say.
"Yes" she answered "I do know. I don

"Yes," she answered, "I do know. I don't think a woman ought to know—unless it can make her do her part, make her keep the man loving her, make her keep herself the one woman, because in her place there might so easily have been another—or another—or another. Oh, I mean it doesn't matter whether a man makes his whole ideal his wife. But it matters everything whether his wife can make herself his ideal. What does it matter what woman it is who—is the one—so long as she can make him happy and help him to do their share?"

Baring stretched out his hands.

"It would be you—that way—with me," he said.

He could see the star in her hair shining as if it were one with the stars in the huge, dark beyond.

"I would like to be the one—to you," she answered.

But when he would not have let her talk, she drew away from him with a great, new glow in her face. As if, in the surprise of it all to them both, door lay beyond door, and there were yet one more to be unlocked.

"There is something else," she said. "More—more than we've said. More than that."

He waited, expecting any new marvel.

"I mean," said Anne Beacon, "would you mind very much—if it was that way with me, too? The way we said? Would you mind very much if I knew that if I hadn't met you, it might—some time—have been somebody else—who wasn't you?"

If daylight had streamed from the heavens it could not so essentially have altered the aspect of things for Baring. Within what had been warm presence and fellowing and infinite prophecy, and an honesty which was like the wings of a great wind to carry life, here was something chill and sinister, abruptly alienating him from all that he thought he had. And yet, why not? Why should he not face this as truth, too, and know himself for one of many men who might have won her?

"Would you understand—would you?" she asked again. "You see the other so clearly—and I do. I do, and I accept it. Haven't we both got to make the best of it all—see that for us both it is chance, and each be glad and

grateful for the chance?"

But Baring, looking past her at the window of homes, stood silent, his arms by his sides. Absurdly enough, Gilliland's words—at which Baring had smiled—came back to him and besieged him with meaning: "I believe that I am the only man in the universe for Emily Earl." And Baring's heart gave a great, surprising, sickening throb of understanding, of homesickness for *Her*—for the woman in the room to whom he would have been the only one—the only one, as he had always been to Her the only one in his dreary little game.

Then, amazingly, Anne Beacon laughed. And it was a good little laugh, a glad laugh, a laugh that had in it a kind of pride and triumph, and a tenderness that went to Baring's head as nothing in the game had ever done. Before he could speak she came to him, had his face in her hands.

"Oh, you would mind!" she cried. "You dear, you dear, you would!"

Baring looked down at her, and looked. And she met his eyes in the pride and the humility of the thing that she knew.

"But you ought to mind," she said. "I wouldn't love you if you didn't mind. And it isn't true. From the days when you were sick and I came to read to you, I've loved you. I loved the boy in you—and the big, dear man in you. And you've got to know it as I know it, and believe it, because there isn't anything truer—that it could never, never have been anybody else in this world, only you—you—you!"



THE TRUTH KEEPERS

BLISS CARMAN

called us forth out of darkness and gave us the gift of life? ho set our hands to the toiling, our feet in the field of strife?

Out of their beauty and longing, out of their raptures and tears,

In patience and pride they bore us, to war with the warring years.

Darkly they mused, predestined to knowledge of viewless things,

Saving the seed of wisdom, guarding the living springs.

Little they reckoned privation, hunger or hardship or cold,

If only the life might prosper, and the joy that grows not old.

With sorceries subtler than music, with knowledge older than speech,

Gentle as wind in the wheat-field, strong as the tide on the beach,

Who looked on the world before them, and summoned and chose our sires,

Subduing the wayward impulse to the will of their deep desires?

They schooled us to service and honor, mod- Who called us from youth and dreaming, and est and clean and fair,—

the sanction of prayer.

Who were our sharers of sorrow, who were our Who chose us above our knowledge, charmmakers of joy,

Lighting the lamp of high manhood in the To be the pride of their power, to be the heart of the lonely boy?

Who strengthened our souls with courage and sent us forth to achieve,

Foreseeing, and not refusing, the portion of them that grieve?

Haloed with love and with wonder, in sheltered ways they trod,

Seers of sublime divination, keeping the truce of God.

Sovereigns of ultimate issues under the greater laws,

Theirs was the mystic mission of the eternal

Confident, tender, courageous, leaving the low for the higher,

Lifting the feet of the nations out of the dust and the mire:

Luring civilization on to the fair and new, Given God's bidding to follow, having God's business to do;

Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then.

Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

set ambition alight,

The code of their pride of living, taught with And made us fit for the contest,-men, by their tender rite?

ing our strength and skill,

means of their will?

If we be the builders of beauty, if we be the These we will love and honor, these we will masters of art,

uplift of the heart?

humanity's lore,

They scoff at the waste of progress and weep The power that settled the rooftree was more for the sins of war.

Truly they measure the lightness of trappings And the law that guides our malehood out of and ease and fame,

For the teeming desire of their yearning is Is the law of love almighty, the law of the ever and ever the same:

their sons with delight,

And see the men of their making lords in the Because of the little and lonely, because of the best man's right.

We are shaken with dark misgiving, as king- Apart from the brunt of the battle our wondoms rise and fall;

But the women who went to found them are never counted at all.

These are the guardians of being, spirited, sentient and strong.

Theirs is the starry vision, theirs the inspiriting hope,

Since Night the brooding enchantress promised that day should ope.

Lo, we have built and invented, reasoned, discovered, and planned,

To rear us a palace of splendor, and make us a heaven by hand,—

And behold they turn from our triumphs, as it was in the first of the days,

of praise.

These are the rulers of kingdoms beyond the This is the gospel appointed to govern a world domains of state,

fate.

serve and defend,

Whose were the gleaming ideals, whose the Fulfilling the fitness of nature, till nature shall have an end.

Versed in the soul's traditions, skilled in The foolish may babble and riot, but the deep-eyed helpmates know

than the power of the blow;

the mirk and the reek,

strength of the weak.

To crown their lovers with gladness, to clothe This is the code unwritten, this is the creed we hold,

helpless and old,—

drous women shall bide,

For the sake of a tranquil wisdom, and the need of a spirit's guide.

Lavish of joy and labor, broken only by Come they into assembly, or keep they another door,

The makers of life shall lighten our days as the years of yore.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt of their words shall sway;

Though life and death should defeat us, their solace shall be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical grace,

They have walked with angels at twilight and looked upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their fruitful ease,

For a little glory of ardor and a little justice Though we break at the toiling benches or go down in the smoky seas.

of men,

Martyrs of all men's folly, over-rulers of Till love has died, and the echoes have whispered the last Amen.



LITTLE FLIER IN APPENDICITIS

The Confession of a Reformed Scoffer

BY AN INITIATE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

OME persons are born to appendicitis—as well as to measles, whooping cough, chickenpox, scarlet fever, sprained ankle, broken arm, diphtheria, typhoid, pneumonia, and so on through all the list. You know such individuals, and so do I. And some persons have appendicitis thrust upon them. I am they. But to assert that anybody should deliberately acquire appendicitis is a libel upon human intelligence. All these gibes about appendicitis being a fashionable cult are rot. All these jokes about having your appendix removed "while you wait" are rot. I used to be that kind of a scoffer myself.

No person who has a grain of sense will yearn to have an unoffending appendix removed, just for the experience; and no sane person who has had the appendix removed will bid for the operation to be repeated. Fortunately it can't be. A beneficent Creator has given man only one appendix. Man doesn't need even that; but there are many surgeons, so let him be generous.

Appendicitis formerly masqueraded as colic, stomach complaint, intestinal fever, and other ground-floor obscurities. Through generation after generation the appendix remained a sort of poor relation in the human system, as unacknowledged as though murmured. undiscovered. Now it is being discovered, and acknowledged, every hour, and oftener. I discovered mine suddenly at eleven o'clock in the morning. As a result repudiated, it is to-day in retreat in a bottle, and there it shall stay. No sympathy need be wasted on an appendix.

Chagrined at thus having fallen under suspicion myself, and still somewhat skeptical, I felt I must admit the Lady-Who-Married-

not to confess my shame outside the immediate family circle. We canvassed the situation, took careful observations, verified the latitude and longitude, and finally with bated breath acknowledged the hateful fact.

When the doctor arrived I obligingly volunteered him a plain case of colic caused by toast and scrambled eggs, or of neuralgia of the stomach. It might easily have been either; the main turmoil being center of stage, so to speak; and either would much simplify the situation, when one is busy—as one always is if threatened by an illness. I never knew an illness to come that didn't encroach upon a rush order, or else upon a vacation.

However, to return to our appendix (I use this plural possessive in a collective sense, hoping, now that the reader is interested, he has, or has had, an appendix of his own). The doctor smiled gently, even wearily (the Lady-Who-Married-Me was horribly solemn). and remarking that it undoubtedly was a colic of a certain description, he proceeded to prod meditatively with his fingers that same old spot located slightly in the northwest corner of the southeast section of township 7-12-6:30, range 45 degrees west of the abdominal meridian.

"Um-m-m. A little colic, evidently," he

A little COLIC! But I let this pass. Through several years I have noted that doctors, when summoned for headache, or backache, or toeache, or-er, neuralgia of the stomach, invariably begin with that spot just inward from and above the right hip. Their fingers may stray to other parts of the anatomy, but they always return again. seems to be an infernal habit. Occasionally my doctor sighed, audibly, as if fascinated by Me into my discovery—albeit I was resolved the little tune that he was picking out here

and there (mostly here) upon my lower front dedicated to aldermanic promise; and when-ever he made me say "Ouch!" he appeared

particularly gratified.

So, finally, as the moments fled, and as the enjoyment was all one-sided (a fact which he seemed bent upon proving), I ventured to expostulate, mildly but firmly, "Cut it out, doctor"-just to intimate that I had been explored that way before, that it was an old dodge and there was nothing doing, that I had an engagement downtown in fifteen minutes, and that he had better give me a dose of peppermint or paregoric and let me go.

But he misunderstood me; and leaning back, with finger-tips together and a satisfied air, he declared, blandly: "I believe

I will!"

Some persons are enabled to wait, and to have the appendix deleted when it's asleep. That is all right, if you can wait or if you

the waiting. For this is one of the most aggravating features of appendicitis: to have to pay for something you never have used and don't want and don't need. A \$500 appendix, only two or three inches long and entirely obsolete and worthless, is a frightful extravagance.

I couldn't wait; and while the Lady-Who-Married-Me fluttered disconsolately upon the front steps, and neighbors flattened their noses against front windows, I was whirled away, swathed in ambulance blankets, lying ignominiously on my back, bound for the

unknown.

But after all, what is a simple operation for appendicitis, huh? Bah! Pooh! A topic for jokes in the comic columns. Something as common as measles. An inconvenience, of perhaps six days—my doctor had been up and around in six days; perhaps of ten days—for Mrs. Jones, wife of Jones the haberdasher, haven't the money. If you can't wait, and had been up and out in ten days; perhaps, haven't the money, then the surgeon can do perhaps of two weeks at the furthest-for Jones, who had caught it from his wife, was a section, township and range heretofore detwo weeks' man.

It comprehends merely making a quick incision with a very sharp instrument, snipping off a dangling thing about as large as a fishworm, and closing the wound again, whereat it heals immediately by first intention; modern surgery, you know.

When the doctor politely asked us which hospital we preferred, the Lady-Who-Married Me and I were abashed. We didn't prefer; and our experience as onlookers was that no matter at what hospital anybody had been he (or she) always wished that he (or she) had tried another; it's just the same as summer We fain must tell the doctor, offhand, to take any and have the little job over with, so that I would get back to work within the week.

The hospital loomed large and austere, especially to a man on his back making exit feet first from the ambulance. He has scarcely time wishfully to choose the prettiest one of the nurses who look curiously down from the windows above, when he glides, still wormish, underneath a portcullis, which clangs behind him like the clang of doom, and the elevator slowly ascends. A hospital elevator does not hurry, but it is as purposeful as a fat man boarding a car.

At this stage my neuralgia of the stomach was much better; indeed, it had quite vanished, and I felt very well and strong again. An operation seemed superfluous this time; but the elevator man was callous, and claimed that he lacked authority in such a matter. Landed, we (I am employing here the editorial pronoun) went rolling, toes and face beseechingly up, down a long corridor, hastening toward the inevitable. Important as that stomach was to us, the nurses encountered all looked bored, and a supercilious whisper pervaded the corridor atmosphere: "Who's that?" "Oh, just another appendicitis case." "Heigh-hum." Whereupon the stomach tuned up again, as any self-respecting stomach should. We felt just as serious as possible, and invoked a deathlike pallor.

The succeeding preparations were both ominous and interesting. The feat, alone, of disrobing, acrobatically, without leaving one's back, and the donning (assisted by the remarkably calm and mandatory nurse) of the hospital gown, or shirt, or shirtee, is an act

appalling.

When the doctor strolled in I explained to him the exact circumstances which had de-

scribed had (Ouch!) disappeared, that I had had a nice ride down, that folks were very kind to me and that I was ready to go home.

He smiled indulgently, and made me say "Ouch!" again; and having toyed with my wrist and glanced at my tongue strolled out. I stood about as much show as a man in the dentist's chair, with his lower jaw weighted open, and a gag between his teeth, and a rubber dam and a suction pump in. They had shirteed me with the intention of cutting something out; otherwise I had gained admittance under false pretenses.

When not frightened half to death my branch of the Smith family is game; and unresisting, like a lamb being conducted slaughterward, I permitted two large porters to wrap me once more in blankets. This was welcome as at least covering the shirtee.

Arrived thus, in suspenso, while one is en route through a monitory atmosphere of bustle and ether the vista of white ceiling and white walls is agreeably interrupted by perhaps a passing view into a side room where a line of hairy-armed humans-or inhumansin extreme negligée are scrubbing themselves over a row of stationary laundry tubs. These are surgeons, before and after. Scoffers at appendicitis usually are treated to this spectacle: I was.

The vision vanishes, for now we (editorial we again) are halted, half turned, and skillfully wheeled backward, crablike, into a small white compartment where hover white forms, male and female, cowled as monks and nuns. mingling the angelic with the demoniacal.

They are going to chloroform us! crucial moment is in perigee. At this juncture it is quite proper that we outwardly remain bold and stoical, but that tumultuous thoughts surge through our brain. There are many dogs and cats, in trunks and washboilers, to recall distinctly. Arise their doleful yelps and yowls. Never again will we chloroform a supplicating, defenseless animal.

The nurses are binding closer the blankets. and are pinning the folds across arms and

"So you won't strike or kick," they explain,

pleasantly.

Extraordinarily jocular and light-hearted are these nurses, for attendants in a place of torment. Possibly they do not realize that we are of much concern in this mundane sphere; that when we are cut into, the Lady-Who-Married-Us also is cut into, that various veloped: that the neuralgia of the stomach other Smiths are cut into, that certain busihad ceased, that the—er, slight tenderness in ness deals are cut into, that perhaps a future

Congress if not a future Presidential chair is cut into. It may be only an appendix operation, but it is nevertheless, in this case, a serious and solemn matter.

"So you won't strike or kick," they said, did they? This brings up a hideous suspicion. When people are under an anæsthetic they are not responsible. The question with you is, not what you will do (you don't care whom you swat), but what you will say. Of course, everything you ever have heard or read of chloroforming and etherizing must needs flood your mind, and particularly the assertion that the patient is liable to reveal that traitorous subconsciousness lurking ready for just such an occasion. Gentle women have been known to babble shockingly, and the levee tough has been known to pray. How are you going to break out? Are you a dual personality, the worse half of which is about to ramp around hideously and satyr-like? Jiminy! And will you ever know? Will the Lady-Who-Married-You ever know?

"Fine heart action. You're all right," declares the anæsthetist, bluffly, tucking away his stethoscope thing, and sitting behind the top of your head.

There is anointing, for the sacrifice, of nostrils and chin.

"So you won't be burned," explained the accommodating nurse.

Another stations herself by, upon a stool, watch in hand and cool fingers upon your wrist. These attentions are touching—and, since the operation is for only appendicitis, not at all reassuring. While you would not voice the thought, you wish that the Lady-Who-Married-You were near, to hold your hand and to receive your last word and testament.

It is rather pathetic, this scene: a once strong man bound fast upon the flat, hard white pallet in a secret chamber, with appendicitis ravaging his vitals and these hooded, ku-klux figures besetting him to work their will.

But you are about to be launched; for a strip of cloth laid across veils those brave eyes of yours, and a pungent odor assails those quivering nostrils.

He's not nervous," "He doesn't care. praises a voice, afar.

"N-no, n-not a b-bit," you affirm, through cold sweat, and smiling ghastly out from your mentioned. mask of cloth.

You wish that you had been a better man; that is all.

ing (being hospital educated I can talk that culty. Perhaps they are, for they seem to be

word just as fluently as I write it) and jammed the stuff down your exhaust with a rudeness irritating to a sensitive organization. chew on a bullet was much preferable; or to be hit with a club. What with keeping the chloroform lid on, holding the leg with one hand and cutting it off with the other, the old-time surgeon had many a busy hour and few moments to devote to polite amenities.

But to-day the details of an operation are fully differentiated. One man dopes, another handles the knife, another the fork, another the spoon. The anæsthetist having his own separate fee to earn, goes to work as if aware of the fact and its responsibilities. My anæsthetist (it is great to be empowered thus to add to your property list a surgeon or two, an anæsthetist, a hospital, and a nurse) my anæsthetist was a kind of dilettante. He took a real æsthetic pleasure in the delicacies of his art. His fingers seemed to play in a spiritualistic fashion about my mustache, there was a wafty sensation across the mouth and nostrils, and occasionally a sweetish odor which he apologetically removed whenever I was getting used to it.

This sort of entertainment, as protracted and as leisurely courteous as bargain day in an Oriental bazar, continued apparently for some time; and lying there comfortably upon the pallet, with eyes closed, the anæsthetist breathing upon my brow and femininity holding my wrist, I began to wax sleepy; for it had been a fatiguing day. However, 'twould never do to drop off to sleep; the surgeons might then start in under a misapprehension. Ugh! Fancy the mutual astonishment.

So I had better go upon record.

"Doesn't seem to have any effect," I mumble. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, no hurry," soothes my anæsthetist. "We'll take our time. They (I knew who they were) aren't ready yet, anyway."

Silence. Continued spiritualistic fingerings and waftings.

"Don't let them begin cutting too soon." I have since learned that this injunction by the patient was not original with me. They all say it.

My anæsthetist assures that he won't.

More silence, and manipulations as before

This is pleasant, being chloroformed—if only the chloroform would take effect. Evidently you are a hard subject to put under. Surgeons used to do their own anæsthetiz- You hope that they are interpreting the diffi-

working more persistently, and the wafty odors are somewhat increased. But all that is accomplished is to make your ears buzz, interfering with the point of the funny story which your anæsthetist is now telling to the

"Sheel fleepy," you warn. "Not chlor'-

form, though. Jus' tired."
"All right," responds your anæsthetist. "No hurry."

The little room is very quiet. Without, in the corridors, is careless laughter, patter of busy feet; but within, a small silent circle is gravely watching that wondrous and merciful transformation of a quick and sentient being into a living corpse.

"Shleep minute. Wait-bit. Notready." The buzzing is annoying; it gives a dizzy sensation. Aside from that, your eyes and tongue together are deliciously heavy, and

you simply have got to take a little nap.

"G'bye. Don't-start. Canfeelyet." You will have to depend upon the other persons in the room to keep the surgeons away while you are helplessly dozing. They will, won't they? Meanwhile, the blackness behind your closed eyes is curiously scintillant with flat sparks; the buzzing of swarming bees in your ears is terrific; and as you gaze and listen, with sudden sickening swoop you have slipped from the pallet and headlong plunge down, down, down through midnight space. Struggling, pawing, fighting for a way, you rise out of the depths of the Icarian dive, and break the surface. Like butterflies the white caps and sweet faces of nurses flutter above you. Your eyes refuse to focus and wearily you must close them. What's the matter—what has happened—where are you, and why? Why is a mouse? You stammer with thick utterance, appealing generally.

"Where 'm I?"

"In your room."

This is to be digested a moment. Then abruptly a poignant alarm assails. The question quavers weakly, fearfully.

"But they haven't done it yet?"
"Oh, yes." The nurse's voice tinkles "It's all over with." seraphic.

Thank God! And you're alive. The Lady-Who-Married-You must be so informed at once.

"What time is it?"

"Eleven o'clock."

Four hours obliterated— Tee-rusalem! wiped off the mental map, leaving trace of not even a dream! Impossible! Or is this itself but a dream? You would like to explore that my bed was "up by the head" to the height evot to see if the news is really true; but you of two saw-horses, and that I was snugly

dare not, lest you wake yourself up in the midst of the operation. And as you again open your mouth, in sickly, babyish fashion, the ministering angel in white cap deftly inserts an ambrosial swab—icy cold, wet, and grateful as a drop of water to a Dives. When you shut down upon it as feverishly as a starving kitten she says: "Don't do that. Don't swallow any. It will make you sick." This diverts you.

Now if one might stop right here, appendicitis surgically treated might justly be compared to the eradication of a wart; and scoffers would be right in proclaiming: "Aw, there's nothing to it." No, and there's nothing to jumping off the Brooklyn bridge until you're in the water.

A surgeon proffered a statement for \$1,000 to a parent—or maybe a husband; more likely a husband. And the husband kicked, demanding an itemized account. This

promptly came.

For operating...... 1 For knowing how..... 999 So in appendicitis the patient's account should read:

Operation........Nothing doing

Getting over it Wow!

That mingled chloroform and ether so unobtrusive and benevolent in its entrance, during your unconsciousness has turned into a viper in your bosom and makes exit with a sting in its tail. Seems to me that I have read of vipers with horny, sting-y tails; but rather than be accused of nature-faking I will compromise on scorpions. A scorpion, then. Some victims must acknowledge the sting with a series of howls like those of a Comanche Indian or of a mad wolf; others are palely stoical; a few are immune—and the nurse praises:

"You came out beautifully. Just as if you

were waking up."

The lightest phase of this "waking up" is about as exhilarating as the morning after the celebration of New Year's resolutions.

Here it is necessary to wax personal again, for this is to be a human document, and the honest confession of a reformed scoffer.

Awakening, I found much to occupy me immediately. I must not swallow that delicious swab; I must ascertain whether the nurse was solitary or in triplicate; and I reeked of ether at every pore—tasting only ether with a tongue which felt like a freshly painted shingle. Presently I discovered that

ď

ensconced in a colicky attitude on my spine, knees well aloft and held there by a trapese run through under them. Pillows wedged against the soles of my feet nicely perfected the posture it being "Fowler's position." Dr. Fowler himself died from appendicitis — b u t they don't tell the patient this until he is well. If he doesn't get well he finds out for himself, no doubt.

From some part of my anatomy a long rubber tube connected with an elevated glass tank six or twenty feet distant (space being still an uncertain quantity); and between times I studied this, wondering whether I was going out or coming in.

Now anybody who insists that appendicitis amounts to "nothing," and that Nature is going

to sit calmly by, knitting, while an alien force—for that nurse, lest she leave me abandoned to rips through a layer of hide and three or four layers of muscles, and invades a sanctum sanctorum maintained under a strict Monroe Doctrine through ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, is an ass. This, my deluded sir and madam, is an ABDOMINAL OPERATION —and a score of years ago the surgeon who got into the human abdomen, and out again without leaving an abscess or a pair of forceps, was deemed not so much skilful as lucky. To-day the abdomen is no longer sacred, and is far better known than the interior of Thibet. But Nature continues to protest.

To cough is hari-kari; to sneeze is perforation by a red-hot poker; to respond to nausea is longitudinal suspension between opposing wild horses.

"Try to sleep," implores the nurse.

I try. There is nothing that I would not do

About as much effect on that tarred and feathered tongue as a drop of dew on a rubber hip boot

> my fate. I don't marvel that patients usually would like to marry their nurse, so as to keep her handy. I close my eyes, and am just floating away—I don't care where—when below there, inside, some imp (Poots, the house-boy, or other mischievous wight) darts from covert and gives the wound a violent twitch.

"I wonder what that's for," he pipes. "Never saw that before."

With an electric jump I am wide-awake, This amusing game continues indefinitely. Every time I drift off (turn my back, so to speak), that indefatigable scalawag slyly jangles the doorbell.

The painted tongue persists. There never was such a tongue, never. The paint has dried now, and feels more like tar and feathers.

"Can't I have a drink?"

"Yes, I'll give you a drink." And so she

does—a teaspoonful of hot water, which I am millions for a draught out of that old can. instructed to swallow slowly.

It has about as much effect on that tarred and feathered tongue as a drop of dew on a hip rubber boot.

This is a new occupation: waiting for that teaspoonful of hot water, which arrives every half hour. One's thoughts dwell upon it, and one listens eagerly for the nurse's step, re-

a nestling birdie's. To such a plane is reduced a once strong mind.

In the midst of this humiliating pastime the Lady-Who-Married-Me enters timidly, halfsmilingly, half-tearfully.

"Dearest!" she says. "How are you?"

"Fine," I say. "Listen. Come closer. Let us sing, 'Little Drops of Water.'"

The nurse makes her withdraw; and she goes, blanched because she deems me crazed by my experiences of the past ten hours.

The dose is dou bled, to two teaspoonfuls at a time. Nevertheless, despite this generos. ity in water-rights, the waking dreams of a human being dying on the Death

fingers dripping suggestively . . . who must not touch anything that anybody else has touched, not even a door-knob

Now strides in the surgeon, sleeves rolled high,

the Mississippi River of boyhood (and anyrepeated headers into its wet, luscious confounded bed and played birdie. depths. I stand out on the lawn, at home,

But particularly I dwell lovingly upon a series of barrels which used to stand in the shady corners of the runways among the lumber piles of the mill-yards back by that same Mississippi. These barrels were dark and cool and dripping with their contents of bran and water and chunks of ice. A tin dipper lay upon the cover of each barrel. The bran was turning; one's mouth opens, in advance, like supposed to render the drink innocuous of

> sunstroke or stomachache, no matter how hot you were; and when we boys trailed through, burned and perspiring and thirsty, to and from swimming and fishing, we halted at every barrel and gulped recklessly the milky mixture. There was plenty for all—for boys and for millhands. Shooting the chutes upon my spine in the boat bed (and never arriving), knees elevated over the trapese, feet securely tucked against the pillows below, head bolstered upon the pillows above, back between curved like a contorted currant worm pierced in amidships, mouth tasting now of sawdust and straw, again and again I sent my astral frame to those barrels

Valley desert obsess the brain. I see again—adown the piny, shady-cornered runways but remained behind myself, and accepted way no other river would have sufficed); dole of two hot teaspoonfuls administered as it ripples by raft and sandbar I take each half-hour; remained behind, upon that

But this succession of outrages as related and let the Lady-Who-Married-Me drench were but preliminaries to the big show. I had me with the hose. Some confounded idiot yet scarcely been conscious of the wound, save is at the very moment sprinkling the grass when the scullion imp had rung its doorbell to outside the hospital window-I can hear call my attention. The fact is, I believe, that the nozzle fizzing. I recall a spring, by a a surgical incision, although long and deep, roadside, and a battered tin can upside down when clean and sewed and tightly bandaged on a stick, at its verge, ready for the next is pretty hard to locate by the patient in bed, thirsty comer. I would trade Rockefeller's who has not seen it. The pain has a trick of transferring itself along the nerves and sounding at a distant station. So my surgeon, when he had his appendix removed, suffered not so much in the abdomen as in the right thigh from hip almost to knee; and I didn't care a rap, in general, for the hole in my lower right angle, but my back and middle front protested violently as if they had been cut into. There also was an aggravating lump in my thorax region, like a chestnut burr lodged there, which the doctor said was "a sympathetic irritation from a little intestinal disturbance." 'Twas mistaken sympathy, then. I tried for days to swallow that lump, but I budged it no more than a chicken budges a grain of corn attached to a thread.

The Lady-Who-Married-You comes in, and you are glad to see her, although considerably preoccupied. The tarred and feathered tongue still wears the shameful livery; the lump in the thorax is still anchored fast; the three (three, now!) teaspoonfuls of hot water half-hourly must be anxiously anticipated.

Until this recent diversion of appendicitis and resultant operation I never realized what an automatic, willing household the human body is; each member willing, even eager, to rush into a breach and help out some other member. Too willing at times. So I found the muscles of the abdomen arching up, with a do-or-die intensity, to protect the wounded tissue and give it a chance to recover, just as though the surgeon's dressings were not placed there and bound tight for exactly that purpose.

Twas no use trying to relax those foolish muscles. I might as well talk to the wind. They arched so zealously that they drew the back up with them; and soon the back, caring little for what was happening to the abdomen, grew tired of being dragged into the business.

Of all the little annoyances which, sub rosa, assail one who is popularly presumed to be taking a vacation with appendicitis, this backache is the most persistently worse—and I employ the phrase advisedly, in defiance of grammarians. Anybody who has been through an operation for appendicitis is entitled to privileges.

You can't turn over upon your right side, for you have about eight inches of dressing there and that is driven against the wound like a football. You can't turn upon your left side, because that hurts the right side. Moreover, neither position eases the ache and you are forbidden to turn, anyway. So there you are. All the time those zealous, perspiring abdominal muscles are working like Tro- interstices between them with jar of boric, jar

world. And the back waxes weaker and weaker, tireder and tireder, but is as helpless as any weeping small boy in tow of a shopping mother.

So far little has been said of the wound; I do not mean to omit it. If you had a "bad" appendix, with danger of infection, through an extra hole termed the "stab wound" (gory term) a strip of gauze probably has been tucked in, to the place where the appendix used to be, for drainage; and in about sixty hours it must be extracted. It is six or nine inches long, and has frozen fast all the way down, with a final grip on the backbone. The surgeon hauls it out by quarter-inches; each quarter-inch feels like a block of houses, uneven in height. Since that experience I have sincerely pitied a ship with the anchor chain whizzing through her hawse-hole.

For I had that "bad" appendix; I had that infernal plug pulled out by the roots; I had every extra on the list save a stomach-pump. I had an infection (notwithstanding two surgeons, a medical man, the nurse, some porters, and the Lady-Who-Married-Me), dropped off, thoughtfully, by that dratted appendix en route to the bottle. But invited to the surface by boiling water delicately dribbled upon the stitch-line from the height of one foot every two hours all night, and a boilingwater bag bound on fast, between times, that the memory might not cool, the micrococcus horde, or whatever it was, made exit with great precipitancy, leaving a gigantic blister and an orifice through the hide gaping wider than a Hottentot's smile.

I had that. I also had scissors trimming the gap into charmful symmetry; and a knife paring it so the edges should stick; and stitches crisscrossing it to hold those edges together when they might stick-and until a surgeon's needle, shaped like an adult bobcat's claw, is jammed through one's living hide one does not appreciate how thick that hide may be on even a thin-skinned

So, all in all, I can assert that I am competent to tell about the appendicitis cure, from the standpoint of a layman—such being the paradox.

The surgeon comes once or twice a day to inspect his handiwork. This is an event. First the nurse bustles out and in again, with half a dozen granite-ware pans, some wet, some dry. She arranges these mathematically upon the little table beside the bed, fills the jans, each trying to be an Atlas upholding a of sterilized gauze, bottle of alcohol, etc., and from the formidable roll of cotton which is your especial property she plucks bolls of the stuff (they tear away with a dry, gritty sound calculated to set one's teeth on edge) and puts them to float in a pan. Then she unpins the broad cotton girdle which cinches you like any pack-mule, and with unexpected strength of wrist and arm peals off a few yard-strips of adhesive plaster—the process laying bare your very soul.

Now strides in the surgeon, sleeves rolled high, fingers dripping suggestively—a personage of extreme caste, he, who must not touch anything that anybody else has touched, not even a door-knob. The wound is unveiled for his gaze; and squinting down along your prostrateness you may see for yourself the suture (looking, in its stitches, like the lacing of a football) and whether you have drawn the McBurney incision, stylishly on the bias, paralleling the obliquity of the right hip, or one of a different pattern and more in the middle.

The various instruments jingle in their alcohol bath, and you next crane to note which he selects from the pan—crane with the apprehension of the dental chair. It may be scissors, with which he snips only gauze or adhesive; it may be a diabolical probe; it may be forceps with which to jerk out stitches or to pull them tighter; it may be a tiny knife, insignificant as a pocket nail-cleaner, but gaining upon acquaintance. It may be—and let us hope so—nothing.

The surgeon is, as may be inferred, an important factor in the daily program, but nearer and dearer to you is the nurse. Much entertainment will be found in trying to surprise her into admitting something. This is excellent mental exercise, for a trained nurse must never, if she can avoid, give out information. My nurse (whom I have reason to believe was born a bright, observant girl) was a perfect foil to the art of cross-examination. I never, even in her most unguarded moments when she slumbered upon her cot at the other side of the screen, was able to gather from her such innocent knowledge as: who had died in that next room, and what of; whether somebody had not sometime died in my room; whether I was going to die myself; how soon I was to get up; whether my

case was not the worst in her experience; whether anybody else suffered as much as I; what I had said (if anything) when under the anæsthetic; what proportion of appendicitis operations were fatal; who it was that was making such an uproar across the corridor, and whether he had appendicitis; what was that dose she had given me, and why, etc., all being queries of vital moment. But she never admitted even so much as that I was in the hospital. The isolation was supreme.

And amidst the stomachache and the backache, the leg exercises as you constantly slide down and push up, the experimentation with postures each more uncomfortable than the others, the tarred and feathered tongue, the thirst and the imagining oneself under a railroad water tank with the spout full open, the inspection by the surgeon, the tilts with the ingenuity of the nurse, there are the visits, twice a day, from Her, the Lady-Who-Married-You—angel's visits, too few and far between.

However, the post-appendicitis situation, in acute form, does not last forever. Not quite. Eventually Nature becomes reconciled to doing without what she didn't need. The backache is a matter of only a couple of weeks. First your knees are let down from their trapese; and in due time the bed is put upon even keel. Some day you are given a long, cold drink. It flows through your alimentary canal like a cloudburst down an Arizona arroya. Some day you find (tentatively) that you can blow your nose without tying your solar plexus in a hard knot; and soon thereafter you are emboldened into letting go of that sneeze which you have been holding in leash for a week or two.

Yes, life is becoming sweet once more.

And some day, some day, pale, wobbly, striped like a zebra with the trail of the adhesive, out you may go; full of cautions and thankfulness, and with a slight list to the right where you are a little chary yet of the caulking. Out you go, to awaken to the fact that now when you may drink as much and as often as you please you dream no more pleasant dreams of water tanks, and you let sprinkler carts go by without any desire to follow behind them, down the street. This is a disappointment.



${f E}$

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards." -From a Private Letter.

Η. G. WELLS ByAuthor of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

SYNOPSIS: Marjorie Pope, married to Trafford, a young scientist, so extravagantly spends his small income as to force him to give up part of his research in order to earn money for his family. Trafford and his wife become disillusioned with each other. So they take a walking trip in Switzerland in order to talk things over and simplify their lives. But all their lofty intentions are drowned in the luxurious splendor of a visit to the villa of Lee, Solomonson's brother-in-law. Driven by his wife's suddenly revealed craving for material luxury, Trafford renounces his high spirit of research, and carries his chemical secrets into business with Solomonson. He is greatly successful, and he and Marjorie live in splendor. But while Marjorie revels in larger and ever more magnificent houses, in social conquests, in plans for Trafford's entering Parliament, Trafford suddenly finds life terribly empty. He is unable to return to research, the distractions of London will not let him think. He decides to go away for a year to some cold, bleak land and talk things out with Marjorie. Labrador! They go to Labrador and travel hundreds of miles inland to the most barren possible spot, where they build Lonely Hut. Then their guides and porters go back to civilization, leaving them to the terrible winter. Winter breaks, and one day Trafford goes out hunting. Marjorie, alone in the Hut, hears Trafford's rifle firing, as if to signal her. Into the wilderness she goes to find him.

VI

through the thicket of dwarf willows, crossed a ridge and came over the lip of a large desolate valley with slopes of ice and icy snow. She put on her snowshoes, and shuffled her way across this valley, which opened as she pro-She hoped that over the ridge she would find Trafford, and scanned the sky there was none. That seemed odd to her, but the wind was in her face and perhaps

eyes scanned the hummocky ridge ahead, she saw something, something very intent RAFFORD'S trail led Marjorie and still, that brought her heart into her mouth. It was a big gray wolf standing with back hunched and head down, watching and winding something beyond there, out of sight.

Marjorie had an instinctive fear of wild animals, and it still seemed dreadful to her that they should go at large, uncaged. She suddenly wanted Trafford violently, wanted for the faintest discoloration of a fire, but him by her side. Also she thought of leaving the trail, going back to the bushes. She had to take herself in hand. In the wastes one it beat the smoke down. Then as her did not fear wild beasts. One had no fear

of them. But why not fire a shot to let him pushed the gray beast aside, rose on an elbow, know she was near?

The beast flashed round with an animal's instantaneous change of pose, and looked at her. For a couple of seconds perhaps woman and brute regarded each other across a quarter of a mile of snowy desolation.

Suppose it came toward her!

She would fire—and she would fire at it. She made a guess at the range and aimed very carefully. She saw the snow fly two yards ahead of the grisly shape, and then in an instant it had vanished over the crest.

She reloaded and stood for a moment waiting for Trafford's answer. No answer came. "Queer!" she whispered, "queer!"and suddenly such a horror of anticipation assailed her that she started running and floundering through the snow to escape it. Twice she called his name, and once she just stopped herself from firing a shot.

Over the ridge she would find him. Surely

she would find him over the ridge.

She found herself among tumbled rocks, and there was a beaten and trampled place where Trafford must have waited and crouched. Then on and down a slope of There came a place tumbled boulders. where he had either thrown himself down or fallen.

It seemed to her he must have been running. . .

Suddenly, a hundred feet or so away, she saw a patch of violently disturbed snow snow stained a dreadful color, a snow of scarlet crystal. Three swift strides and Trafford was in sight.

She had a swift conviction he was dead. He was lying in a crumpled attitude on a patch of snow between convergent rocks, and the lynx, a mass of blood-smeared silvery fur, was in some way mixed up with him. She saw as she came nearer that the snow was disturbed round about them, and discolored copiously, yellow widely and in places bright red, with congealed and frozen blood. She felt no fear now, and no emotion; all her mind was engaged with the clear bleak perception of the fact before her. She did not care to call to him again. The lynx hid his head, it was as if he was burrowing underneath the creature; his legs were twisted about each other in a queer unnatural attitude.

Then as she dropped off a boulder and came nearer, Trafford moved. A hand came out and gripped the rifle beside him, he suddenly lifted a dreadful face, horribly scarred and torn and crimson with frozen blood, he

wiped his sleeve across his eyes, stared at her, grunted, and flopped forward. fainted.

She was now as clear-minded and selfpossessed as a woman in a shop. In another moment she was kneeling by his side. She saw by the position of his knife and the huge rip in the beast's body that he had stabbed the lynx to death as it clawed his head; he must have shot and wounded it and then fallen upon it. His knitted cap was torn to ribbons and hung upon his neck. Also his leg was manifestly injured; how she could not tell. The lynx was already rigid, its clumsy paws a-sprawl—the torn skin and clot upon Trafford's face were stiff as she put her hands about his head to raise him. turned him over on his back—how heavy he seemed!—and forced brandy between his teeth. Then after a moment's hesitation she poured a little brandy on his wounds.

She glanced at his leg, which was surely broken, and back at his face. Then she gave him more brandy and his eyelids flickered.

Trafford was trying to speak. "I got-" he said.

"Yes?" "Got my leg in that crack.

damned nuisance."

Was he able to advise her? She looked at him, and then perceived she must bind up his head and face. A hummock to the westward offered shelter from the weakly bitter wind, the icy draught, that was soughing down the valley. Always in Labrador, if you can, you camp against a rock surface; it shelters you from the wind, reflects your fire, guards your back.

"Rag!" she said. "Listen! Look! want to get you up against that rock."

"Won't make much difference," said Trafford, and opened his eyes. "Where?" he asked.

"There."

He remained quite quiet for a second perhaps. "Listen to me," he said. "Go back to camp."

"Yes," she said.

"Go back to camp. Make a pack of all the strongest food-strengthin'-strengthrin' food—you know?" He seemed troubled to express himself.

"Yes," she said.

"Down the river. Down—down—till you meet help."

"Leave you?"

He nodded his head and winced.

"You're always plucky," he said. "Look

facts in the face. Kiddies. Thought it over while you were coming." A tear oozed from his eye. "Not be a fool, Madge. Kiss me good-by. Not be a fool. I'm done. Kids."

She stared at him, and her spirit was a luminous mist of tears. "You old coward," she said in his ear, and kissed the little his eye. Then she knelt up beside him, now braced up to every possibility.

"I'm boss now, old man," she said. "I want to get you to that place there under the rock. If I drag, can you help?"

He answered obstinately: "You'd better

"I'll make you comfortable first," she answered, "anyhow."

He made an enormous effort, and then with her quick help and with his back to her knees, had raised himself on his elbows.

"And afterwards?" he asked.

"Build a fire."

"Wood?"

"Down there."



She had the swift conviction that he was dead

"Two bits of wood tied on my leg-splints. Then I can drag myself. See? Like a blessed old walrus."

He smiled, and she kissed his bandaged face again.

"Else it hurts," he apologized, "more than I can stand."

She stood up again, thought, put his rifle and knife to his hand for fear of that lurking wolf, abandoning her own rifle with an effort, and went striding and leaping from rock to rock toward the trees below. She made the chips fly, and was presently towing three venerable pine dwarfs, bumping over rock and crevice, back to Trafford. She flung them down, stood for a moment bright and breathless, then set herself to hack off the splints he needed from the biggest stem. "Now," she said, coming to him.

"A fool," he remarked, "would have made the splints down there. You're—good, Mar-

She lugged his leg out straight, put it into the natural and least painful pose, padded it with moss and her torn handkerchief, and bound it up. As she did so a handful of snowpatch of rough and bloody cheek beneath flakes came whirling about them. She was

never rains," she said grimly, "but it pours," and went on with her bone-setting. He was badly weakened by pain and shock, and once he swore at her sharply. "Sorry," he said.

She rolled him over on his chest. and left him to struggle to the shelter of the rock while she went for more wood.

The sky alarmed her. The mountains up the valley were already hidden by driven rags of slaty snowstorm. She gave some of her cheese to Trafford, and gnawed some herself on

her way down to the wood again where she worked like two men among the trees, panting puffs of mist that froze upon her lips and iced the knitted wool that covered her chin. Why don't they teach a girl to handle an axe? . .

When at last the wolfish cold of the Labrador night had come, it found Trafford and Marjorie seated almost warmly on a bed of pine boughs between the sheltering dark rock behind and a big but well husbanded fire in front, drinking a queer-tasting but not unsavory soup of lynx flesh, that she had fortified with the remainder of the brandy. Then they tried roast lynx and ate a little, and finished with some scraps of cheese and deep draughts of hot water. Then-oh Tyburnia and Chelsea and all that is becoming! -they smoked Trafford's pipe for alternate minutes, and Marjorie found great boiled water and washed and dressed Trafcomfort in it.

The snowstorm poured incessantly out of the darkness to become flakes of burning fire in the light of the flames, which vanished magically, but it only reached them and wetted them in occasional gusts. What did it matter for the moment if the dim snow-heaps rose and rose about them? A glorious fatigue, an immense self-satisfaction possessed Marjorie; she felt that they had both done

"I am not afraid of to-morrow now," she said at last,—a thought matured. "No!"

Trafford had the pipe and did not speak for a moment. "Nor I," he said at last. "Very likely we'll get through with it." He added after a pause: "I thought I was done for. A man-loses heart. After a loss of return to the hut. blood."

"The leg's better?"

"Hot as fire." His humor hadn't left him. "It's a treat." he said. "The hottest thing in Labrador."

"I've been a good squaw this time, old man?" she asked suddenly.

He seemed not to hear her; then his lips twitched and he made a feeble movement for her hand. "I cursed you," he said. . . .

She slept, but on a spring as it were, lest the fire should fall. She replenished it with boughs, tucked in the half-burned logs, and went to sleep again. . . .

That night the whole world of man seemed small and shallow and insecure to her, beyond comparison. Here she and Trafford were—phantasmal shapes of unsubstantial fluid thinly skinned and wrapped about with woven wool of the skins of beasts against evaporation, that yet reflected and perceived, suffered and sought to understand, that held a million memories, framed thoughts that plumbed the deeps of space and time,—and another day of snow or icy wind might leave them just scattered bones and torn rags gnawed by a famishing wolf! . . .

She felt a passionate desire to pray. . . .

She glanced at Trafford beside her, and found him awake and staring. His face was very pale and strange in that livid flickering light. She would have spoken and then she saw his lips were moving, and something, something she did not understand, held her back from doing so.

VII

intently busy. She had made up the fire, was now falling fast, darkling the sky and

ford's wounds, and made another soup of lynx. But Trafford had weakened in the night, the stuff nauseated him, he refused it and tried to smoke and was sick, and then sat back rather despairfully after a second attempt to persuade her to leave him there to die. This failure of his spirit distressed her and a little astonished her, but it only made her more resolute to go through with her work. She had awakened cold, stiff and weary, but her fatigue vanished with movement; she toiled for an hour replenishing her pile of fuel, made up the fire, put his gun ready to his hand, kissed him, abused him lovingly for the trouble he gave her until his poor torn face lit in response, and then parting on a note of cheerful confidence set out to

Her quick mind was full of all she had to do. At first she had thought chiefly of his immediate necessities, of food and some sort of shelter. And then her mind went on to a bolder enterprise, which was to get him home. The nearer she could bring him to the log hut. the nearer they would be to supplies. She cast about for some sort of sledge. The snow was too soft and broken for runners, especially among the trees, but if she could get a flat of smooth wood she thought she might be able to drag him. She decided to try the side of her bunk. She could easily get that off. She would have of course to run it edgewise through the thickets and across the ravine, but after that she would have almost clear going until she reached the steep place of broken rocks within two hundred vards of him. The idea of a sledge grew upon her, and she planned to nail a rope along the edge and make a kind of harness for herself.

She found the camping place piled high with drifted snow which had invaded tent and hut. She set herself to make her sledge and get her supplies together. There was a gleam of sunshine, but she did not like the look of the sky, and she was horribly afraid of what might be happening to Trafford. She carried her stuff through the wood and across the ravine, and returned for her improvised sledge. She was still struggling with that among the trees when it began to snow again.

It was hard then not to be frantic in her efforts. As it was she packed her stuff so loosely on the planking that she had to repack it, and started without putting on her snowshoes and floundered fifty yards before The bleak slow dawn found Marjorie she discovered that omission. The snow hiding everything but objects close at hand, and she had to use all her wits to determine her direction; she knew she must go down a long slope and then up to the ridge, and it came to her as a happy inspiration that if she bore to the left she might strike some recognizable vestige of her morning's trail.

Soon her back and shoulders were aching violently, and the rope across her chest was tugging like some evil-tempered thing. But she did not dare to rest. The snow was now falling thick and fast, the flakes traced white spirals and made her head spin, so that she was constantly falling away to the southwestward and then correcting herself by the compass. She tried to think how this zigzagging might affect her course, but the snow whirls confused her mind and a growing anxiety would not let her pause to think. She felt blinded; it seemed to be snowing inside her eyes so that she wanted to rub them. Soon the ground must rise to the ridge, she told herself; it must surely rise. Then the perceived she was going down hill. She consulted the compass, and she found she was facing south. She turned sharply to the right again. The snowfall became a noiseless, pitiless torture to sight and mind.

The sledge behind her struggled to hold her back, and the snow balled under her snow-She wanted to stop and rest, take thought, sit for a moment. She struggled with herself and kept on. She tried walking with shut eyes, and tripped and came near sprawling. "O God!" she cried, "O God!" too stupefied for more articulate prayers.

Would the rise of the ground to the ribs

of rock never come?

A figure, black and erect, stood in front of her suddenly, and beyond appeared a group of black straight antagonists. She staggered on toward them, gripping her rifle with some muddled idea of defense, and in another moment she was brushing against the branches of a stunted fir, which shed thick lumps of snow upon her feet. What trees were these? Had she ever passed any trees? No! There were no trees on her way to Trafford. . .

She began whimpering like a tormented child. But even as she wept she turned her sledge about to follow the edge of the wood. She was too much down hill, she thought, and she must bear up again.

She left the trees behind, made an angle uphill to the right, and was presently among trees again. Again she left them and again

came back to them. She screamed with anger at them and twitched her sledge away. She wiped at the snowstorm with her arm as though she would wipe it away. wanted to stamp on the universe. . . .

And she ached, she ached. . .

Something caught her eye ahead, something that gleamed; it was exactly like a long bare rather pinkish bone standing erect on the ground. Just because it was strange and queer she ran forward to it. Then as she came nearer she perceived it was a streak of barked trunk; a branch had been torn off a pine tree and the bark stripped down to the root. And then her foot hit against a freshly hewn stump, and then came another, poking its pinkish wounds above the snow. And there were chips! This filled her with wonder. Some one had been cutting wood! must be Indians or trappers near, she thought and then realized the woodcutter could be none other than herself.

She turned to the right and saw the rocks sledge came bumping at her heels and she rising steeply close at hand. "Oh, Rag!" she cried, and fired her rifle in the air.

> Ten seconds, twenty seconds, and then so loud and near it amazed her, came his answering shot. It sounded like the hillside bursting.

> In another moment she had discovered the trail she had made overnight and that morning by dragging firewood. It was now a shallow soft white trench. Instantly her despair and fatigue had gone from her. Should she take a load of wood with her? she asked herself, in addition to the weight behind her, and had a better idea. She would unload and pile her stuff here, and bring him down on the sledge closer to the wood. She looked about and saw two rocks that diverged with a space between. She flashed schemes. She would trample the snow hard and flat, put her sledge on it, pile boughs and make a canopy of blanket overhead and behind. Then a fire in front.

> She saw her camp admirable. She tossed her provisions down and ran up the broad windings of her pine-tree trail to Trafford, with the unloaded sledge bumping behind her. She ran as lightly as though she had done nothing that day.

> She found him markedly recovered, weak and quiet, with snow drifting over his feet, his rifle across his knees, and his pipe alight. "Back already," he said, "but-

He hesitated. "No grub?"

She knelt over him, gave his rough unshaven cheek a swift kiss, and very rapidly explained her plan.

VIII

In three days' time they were back at the hut, and the last two days they wore blue spectacles because of the midday glare of the sunlit snow.

It amazed Marjorie to discover as she lay awake in the camp on the edge of the ravine close to the hut to which she had lugged Trafford during the second day, that she was deeply happy. It was preposterous that she should be so, but those days of almost despairful stress were irradiated now by a new courage. She was doing this thing; against all Labrador and the snow-driving wind that blew from the polar wilderness, she was winning. It was a great discovery to her that hardship and effort almost to the breaking point could ensue in so deep a satisfaction. She lay and thought how deep and rich life had become for her, as though in all this effort and struggle some unsuspected veil had been torn away. She perceived again, but now with no sense of desolation, that same infinite fragility of life which she had first perceived when she had watched the Aurora Borealis flickering up the sky. Beneath that realization and carrying it, as a river flood may carry scum, was a sense of herself as something deeper, greater, more enduring than mountain or wilderness or sky, or any of those monstrous forms of nature that had dwarfed her physical self to nothingness.

She had a persuasion of self-detachment and illumination and withal of self-discovery. She saw her life of time and space for what it was. Away in London all the bright little household she had made, with all the characteristic decoration she had given it, all the clever convenient arrangements, would be getting itself into action for another day;—and it wasn't herself! It was the extremest

of her superficiality.

She had come out of all that, and even so it seemed she had come out of herself; this weary woman lying awake on the balsam boughs with a brain cleared by underfeeding and this continuous arduous bath of toil in snow-washed, frost-cleansed, starry air, this too was no more than a momentarily clarified window for her unknown and indefinable reality. What was that reality? What was she herself? She became interested in framing an answer to that, and slipped down from the peace of soul she had attained. Her serenity gave way to a reiteration of this question, reiterations increasing and at last oppressing like the snowflakes of a storm, perpetual

whirling repetitions that at last confused her and hid the sky. . . .

She fell asleep. . . .

IX

With their return to the hut Marjorie had found herself encountering a new set of urgencies. In their absence that wretched little wolverine had found great plenty and happiness in the tent and store shed; its traces were manifest nearly everywhere and it had particularly assailed the candles, after a destructive time among the frozen caribou beef. . . . Trafford kept her close at home. She had expected that when he was back in his bunk secure and warm he would heal rapidly, but instead he suddenly developed all the symptoms of a severe feverish cold, and his scars which had seemed healing became flushed and ugly-looking. Moreover there was something wrong with his leg, an ominous ache that troubled her mind. Every woman, she decided, ought to know how to set a bone. He was unable to sleep by reason of these miseries, though very desirous of doing so. He became distressingly weak and inert, he ceased to care for food, and presently he began to talk to himself with a complete disregard of her presence. Hourly she regretted her ignorance of medicine that left her with no conceivable remedy for all the aching and gnawing that worried and weakened him, except bathing with antiseptics and a liberal use of quinine.

The loss of the candles brought home to them the steady lengthening of the nights. Scarcely seven hours of day remained now in the black cold grip of the darkness. And through those seventeen hours of chill aggression they had no light but the red glow of the stove. Not only did she line the hut within with every scrap of skin and paper she could obtain, but she went out with the spade toiling for three laborious afternoons in piling and beating snow against the outer frame. And now it was that Trafford talked at last, talked with something of the persistence of delirium, and she sat and listened hour by hour, silently, for he gave no heed to her or to anything she might say. He talked it seemed, to God. . . .

 \mathbf{x}

Darkness about a sullen glow of red, and a voice speaking.

The voice of a man, fevered and in pain, wounded and amid hardship and danger,

being. Marjorie sat before the stove watch- had another life besides our own."... ing it burn and sink, replenishing it, preparing food, and outside the bitter wind moaned and was a good image," he said, "something tryblew the powdery snow before it, and the ing to exist, which isn't substance, doesn't shortening interludes of pallid diffused day- belong to space or time, something stifled light which pass for days in such weather and enclosed, struggling to get through. Just came and went. Intense cold had come now confused birth cries, eyes that hardly see,

with leaden snowy days and starless nights.

Sometimes his speech filled her mind, seemed to fill all her world; sometimes she ceased to listen, following thoughts of her own. Sometimes she dozed; sometimes she awakened from sleep to find him talking. But slowly she realized a thread in his discourse, a progress and development.

"You see," he said, "our lives are nothing

never had any doubts of that. We individuals just pick up a mixed lot of things out of the powers that begot us and lay them down again presently a little altered, that's all,—heredities, traditions, the finger nails of my grandfather, a great aunt's lips, the faith of a sect, the ideas of one's time. We live and then we die, and the threads run dispersing this way and that. To make other people again. Whatever's immortal isn't that, our looks or our habits, our thought or our memories—just the shapes these are of one immortal stuff. . . . One immortal stuff."...

The voice died away as if he was baffled. Then it resumed.

"But we ought to partake of immortality; that's my point. We ought to partake of immortality.

"I mean we're like the little elements in a magnet, ought not to lie higgledy-piggledy I mean, ought to point the same way, be Something microcosmic, you

know, ought to be found in a man.

"Analogies run away with one. Suppose the bar isn't magnetized yet! Suppose purpose has to come; suppose the immortal stuff isn't yet, isn't being but struggling to be. Struggling to be. . . . Gods! that morning! When the child was born! And afterwards she was there—with a smile on her lips, and a little flushed and proud—as if nothing had happened so very much out of

struggling with the unrelenting riddle of his the way. Nothing so wonderful. And we

Afterwards he came back to that. "That

deaf ears, poor little thrusting hands. A thing altogether blind at first, a twitching and thrusting of protoplasm under the waters, and then the plants creeping up the beaches, the insects and reptiles on the margins of the rivers, beasts with a flicker of light in their eyes answering the sun. And at last out of the long interplay of desire and fear, an ape, an ape that stared and wondered, and

-nothing in themselves. I know that, I've scratched queer pictures on a bone." . . .

He lapsed into silent thought for a time, and Marjorie glanced at his dim face in the shadows.

"This is as much as I see, in time as I know it and space as I know it, -- something struggling to exist. It's true to the end of my limits. Every book, every art, every religion is that, the attempt to understand and express, mixed with other things. Nothing else matters, nothing whatever. I tell younothing whatever.

"I've always believed that. All my life

I've believed that.

"Only I've forgotten.

"Every man with any brains believes that at the bottom of his heart. Only he gets busy and forgets. He goes shooting lynxes and breaks his leg. Odd, instinctive, brutal thing to do,—to go tracking down a lynx to kill it! And what big paws it has—disproportionately big! I wonder if that's an adaptation to snow. Tremendous paws they are. . . . But the real thing, I was saying, the real thing is to get knowledge, and express it. All things lead up to that. Civilization, social order, just for that. Except for that, all the life of man, all his affairs, his laws and police, his morals and manners nonsense, nonsense, nonsense. Lynx hunts! Just ways of getting themselves mauled and clawed perhaps, - into a state of understanding. Who knows?" . . .

His voice became low and clear.

"Understanding spreading like a dawn. . . . "Logic and language, clumsy implements, but rising to our needs, rising to our needs, thought clarified, enriched, reaching out to every man alive,—some day—presently—touching every man alive, harmonizing acts and plans, drawing men into gigantic cooperations, tremendous cooperations. . . .

"Until man shall stand upon this earth as upon a footstool and reach out his hand

among the stars! . . .

"And then I went into the rubber market, and spent seven years of my life driving shares up and down and into a net! . . . Queer game indeed! Stupid ass Behrens was at bottom. . . .

"There's a flaw in it somewhere."...

He came back to that several times before

he seemed able to go on from it.

"There is a collective mind," he said, "a growing general consciousness - growing clearer. Something put me away from that, but I know it. My work, my thinking, was a part of that. That's why I was so mad about Behrens."

"Behrens?"

"Of course. He'd got a twist, a wrong twist. It makes me angry now. It will take years, it will eat up some brilliant man to clean up after Behrens.

"Yes, but the point is"—his voice became acute—"why did I go making money and let Behrens in? Why generally and in all sorts of things does Behrens come in?" . . .

He was silent for a long time, and then he began to answer himself. "Of course," he said, "I said it—or somebody said it—about this collective mind being mixed with other things. It's something arising out of life not the common stuff of life. An exhalation. ... It's like the little tongues of fire that came at Pentecost. . . . Oueer how one comes drifting back to these images. Perhaps I shall die a Christian yet. . . . The other Christians won't like me if I do. What was I saying? . . . It's what I reach up to, what I desire shall pervade me, not what I am. Just as far as I give myself purely to knowledge, to making feeling and thought clear in my mind and words, to the understanding and expression of the realities and relations of life, just so far do I achieve Salvation. . . . Salvation! . . .

"I wonder, is Salvation the same for every-Perhaps for one man Salvation is research and thought, and for another expression in art, and for another nursing lepers. Provided he does it in the spirit. He has to said. "The two different things." do it in the spirit."...

There came a silence as though some difficulty baffled him, and he was feeling back to get his argument again.

"This flame that arises out of life, that redeems life from purposeless triviality, isn't life. Let me get hold of that. That's a point—that's a very important point."

Something had come to him.

"I've never talked of this to Marjorie. I've lived with her nine years and more, and never talked of religion. Not once. That's so queer of us. Any other couple in any other time would have talked religion no end. . . . People ought to."

Then he stuck out an argumentative hand.

"You, see, Marjorie is life," he said.

"She took me."

He spoke slowly, as though he traced things carefully. "Before I met her I suppose I wasn't half alive. No! Yet I don't remember I felt particularly incomplete. Women were interesting of course; they excited me at times, that girl at Yonkers! H'm. I stuck to my work. It was fine work, I forget half of it now, the half-conceived intimations I mean—queer how one forgets!—but I know I felt my way to wide deep things. .It was like exploring caves-monstrous, limitless caves. Such caves! . . . Very still underground. Wonderful and beautiful. . . . They're lying there now for other men to seek. Other men will find them. . . . Then she came, as though she was taking possession. The beauty of her, oh! the life and bright eagerness, and the incompatibility! That's the riddle! I've loved her always. When she came to my arms it seemed to me the crown of life. Caves indeed! Old caves! Nothing else seemed to matter. But something did. All sorts of things did. I found that out soon enough. And when that first child was born. That for a time was supreme. . . . Yes,—she's the quintessence of life, the dear greed of her, the appetite, the clever appetite for things. She grabs. She's so damned clever! The light in her eyes! Her quick sure hands! . . . Only my work was crowded out of my life and ended, and she didn't seem to feel it, she didn't seem to mind it. There was a sort of disregard. Disregard. As though all that didn't really matter." . .

"My dear!" whispered Marjorie unheeded. She wanted to tell him it mattered now, mattered supremely, but she knew he had no ears for her.

His voice flattened. "It's perplexing," he

Then suddenly he cried out harshly: "I

ought never to have married her -never, never! I had my task. gave myself to Oh, the her. high immensities, the great and terrible things open to the mind of man! And we breed children and live in littered houses and play with our food and chatter, chatter, chatter. Oh, the chatter of my life! The folly! The women with their clothes. can hear them rustle now, whiff the scent of it! The scandals—as though the things they did with themselves and each other mattered a rap; the little sham impromptu clever things, the trying to keep young,-and underneath it all that continual cheating, cheating, cheat-

Marjorie sat before the stove watching it burn and sink, replenishing it, preparing food, and outside the bitter wind moaned

ing, damning struggle for money! . "Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie! Why is worth it altogether? . . .

"No! I don't want to go on with it any more—ever. I want to go back.

"I want my life over again, and to go back.

"I want research, and the spirit of research that has died in me, and that still, silent room of mine again, that room, as quiet as a cell, and the toil that led to light. Oh, the coming of that light, the uprush of discovery, the solemn joy as the generalization rises like a sun upon the facts—floods them with a common meaning. That is what I want. That is what I have always wanted. . .

"Give me my time, O God! again, I am sick of this life I have chosen. I am sick of it! This—busy death! Give me my time again. .

"Why did you make me, and then waste ing eyes.

me like this? Why are we made for folly upon folly? Folly! and brains made to scale she so good and no better! Why wasn't she high heaven, smeared into the dust! Into the dust, into the dust. Dust!" . . .

> He passed into weak, wandering repetitions of disconnected sentences, that died into whispers and silence, and Marjorie watched him and listened to him, and waited with a noiseless dexterity upon his every need.

\mathbf{x}

One day, she did not know what day, for she had lost count of the days, Marjorie set the kettle to boil and opened the door of the hut to look out, and the snow was ablaze with diamonds, and the air was sweet and still. It occurred to her that it would be well to take Trafford out into that brief brightness. She looked at him and found his eyes upon the sunlight, quiet and rather wonder-

"Would you like to get out into that?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes," he said, and seemed disposed to had a time!"

get up.

arrest his movement, and he looked at her and answered: "Of course—I forgot."

She was all a-tremble that he should recognize her and speak to her. She pulled her rude old sledge alongside his bunk, and kissed him, and showed him how to shift and drop himself upon the plank. She took him in her arms and lowered him. helped weakly but understandingly, and she wrapped him up warmly on the planks and lugged him out and built up a big fire at his feet.

She went about the business of the morning, glancing at him ever and again, until suddenly the calm of his upturned face smote her, and she ran to him and crouched down to him between hope and a terrible fear, and found that he was sleeping, and breathing very lightly, sleeping with the deep unconsciousness of a child. . . .

When he awakened the sun was red in the west. His eyes met hers, and he seemed a

"I've been sleeping, Madge?" he said.

She nodded.

"And dreaming? I've a vague sort of memory of preaching and preaching in a kind of black empty place, where there wasn't anything. . . . A fury of exposition . . . a kind of argument . . . I say: Is there such a thing in the world as a new-laid egg—and some bread and butter?"

"Of course," he He seemed to reflect. said, "I broke my leg. Gollys! I thought that beast was going to claw my eyes out. Lucky, Madge, it didn't get my eyes. It was just a chance it didn't."

He stared at her.

"I say," he said, "you've had a pretty rough time! How long has this been going

He amazed her by raising himself on his elbow and sitting up.

"Your leg!" she cried.

He put his hand down and felt it. "Pretty stiff," he said. "You get me some foodthere were some eggs, Madge, frozen new laid anyhow—and then we'll take these splints off and feel it about a bit. Eh! why not? How did you get me out of that scrape, Madge? I thought I'd got to be frozen as safe as eggs. (Those eggs ought to be all right, you know. If you put them on in a saucepan and wait until they boil.) I've a capable gravity. "Let's ration."

sort of muddled impression. . . . By Tove, Madge, you've had a time! I say, you have

His eyes, full of a warmth of kindliness she "You've got a broken leg," she cried to had not seen for long weeks, scrutinized her face. "I say!" he repeated, very softly.

All her strength went from her at his tenderness. "Oh, my dear," she wailed, kneeling at his side, "my dear dear!" and still regardful of his leg, she yet contrived to get herself weeping into his coveted arms.

He regarded her, he held her, he patted her He back! The infinite luxury to her! He'd

come back—he'd come back to her.

"How long has it been?" he asked. "Poor dear! Poordear! Howlong can it have been?"

\mathbf{XII}

From that hour Trafford mended. He remained clear-minded, helpful, sustaining. His face healed daily. Marjorie had had to cut away great fragments of gangrenous frozen flesh, and he was clearly destined to have a huge scar over forehead and cheek, but in that pure clear air once the healing had begun it progressed swiftly. His leg had set, a little shorter than its fellow and with a lump in the middle of the shin, but it promised to be a good serviceable leg none the less. They examined it by the light of the stove with their heads together, and discussed when it would be wise to try it. How do doctors tell when a man may stand on his broken leg? She had a vague impression you must wait six weeks, but she could not remember why she fixed upon that time.

"It seems a decent interval," said Traf-

ford. "We'll try it."

She had contrived a crutch for him against that momentous experiment, and he sat up in his bunk, pillowed up by a sack and her rugs, and whittled it smooth, and padded the fork with the skin of a slaughtered wolverine!—while she knelt by the stove feeding it with logs, and gave him an account of their position.

"We're somewhere in the middle of December," she said, "somewhere between the twelfth and the fourteenth, -yes! I'm as out as that!—and I've handled the stores pretty freely. We may have to last right into July. I've plans—but it may come to that. We ought to ration all the regular stuff, and trust to luck for a feast. The rations!-I don't know what they'll come to."

"Right-O," said Trafford, admiring her

"Marjorie," he asked abruptly, "are you can release you. We needn't press upon you, sorry we came?" we can save you from the instincts and pas-

Her answer came unhesitatingly. "Nol"

"Nor I."

He paused. "I've found you out," he said. "Dear dirty living thing! . . . You are dirty, you know."

"I've found myself," she answered, thinking. "I feel as if I've never loved you until this hut. I suppose I have in my way——"

"Lugano," he suggested. "Don't let's forget good things, Marjorie. Oh, and end-

less times!"

"Oh, of course! As for that—! But now now you're in my bones. We are just two shallow pretty young things—loving. was sweet, dear,—sweet as youth—but not this. Unkempt and weary—then one understands love. I suppose I am dirty. Think of it! I've lugged you through the snow till my shoulders chafed and bled. I cried with pain, and kept on lugging—. Oh, my dear! my "I've held you dear!" He kissed her hair. in my arms to keep you from freezing. (I'd have frozen myself first.) We've got to starve together perhaps before the end. . . . Dear, if I could, you should eat me. . . . I'm—I'm beginning to understand. had a light. I've begun to understand. I've begun to see what life has been for you, and how I've wasted-wasted."

"We've wasted!"

"No," she said, "it was I."

She sat back on the floor and regarded him. "You don't remember things you said—when you were delirious?"

"No," he answered. "What did I say?"

"Nothing?"

"Nothing clearly. What did I say?"

"It doesn't matter. No, indeed. Only you made me understand. You'd never have told me. You've always been a little weak with me there. But it's plain to me why we didn't keep our happiness, why we were estranged. If we go back alive, we go back—all that settled for good and all."

"What?"

"That discord. My dear, I've been a fool, selfish, ill trained and greedy. We've both been floundering about, but I've been the mischief of it. Yes, I've been the trouble. Oh, it's had to be so. What are we women—half savages, half pets, unemployed things of greed and desire—and suddenly we want all the rights and respect of souls! I've had your life in my hands from the moment we met together. If I had known. . . . It isn't that we can make you or guide you, I'm not pretending to be an inspiration, but—but we

we can save you from the instincts and passions that try to waste you altogether on us. . . . Yes, I'm beginning to understand. Oh, my child, my husband, my man! You talked of your wasted life! . . . I've been thinking—since we first left the Mersey. I've begun to see what it is to be a woman. for the first time in my life. We're the responsible sex. And we've forgotten it. We think we've done a wonder if we've borne men into the world and smiled a little, but indeed we've got to bear them all our lives. . . . A woman has to be steadier than a man and more self-sacrificing than a man, because when she plunges she does more harm than a man. . . . And what does she achieve if she does plunge? Nothing, nothing worth counting. Dresses and carpets and hangings and pretty arrangements, excitements and satisfactions and competition and more excitements. We can't do things. We don't bring things off! And you, you Monster! you Dream, you want to stick your hand out of all that is and make something that isn't, begin to be! That's the man-

"Dear old Madge!" he said; "there's all

sorts of women and all sorts of men."

"Well, our sort of women then, and our sort of men."

"I doubt even that."

"I don't. I've found my place. I've been making my master my servant. We women! we've been looting all the good things in the world, and helping nothing. You've carried me on your back until you are loathing life. I've been making you fetch and carry for me, love me, dress me, keep me and my children, minister to my vanities and greeds. . . . No! let me go on. I'm so penitent, my dear, so penitent, I want to kneel down here and marry you all over again, heal up your broken life and begin again." . .

She paused.

"One doesn't begin again," she said.
"But I want to take a new turn. Dear, you're still only a young man; we've thirty or forty years before us—forty years perhaps or more. . . . What shall we do with our years? We've loved, we've got children. What remains? Here we can plan it out, work it out, day after day. What shall we do with our lives and life? Tell me, make me your partner; it's you who know; what are we doing with life?"

XIII

What are we doing with life?
That question overtakes a reluctant and

The Traffords were fugitive humanity. but two of a great scattered host of people who, obeying all the urgencies of need and desire, struggling, loving, begetting, enjoying, do nevertheless find themselves at last un-They have lived the round of satisfied. have sought since the beginning of the world, security and gratification and offspring, and they find themselves still strong, unsatiated, with power in their hands and years before them, empty of purpose. What are they to do?

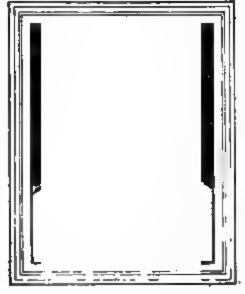
The world presents such a spectacle of invasion as it has never seen before. Never was there such a boiling over and waste of vital energy. The Sphinx of our opportunity calls for the uttermost powers of heart and riddle of excessive power.

mountains, conduct researches, risk life and limb in the fantastic experiments of flight, and a monstrous outpouring of labor and material goes on in the strenuous preparation for needless and improbable wars. The rest divert themselves with the dwarfish satisfaction of recognized vice, the meager routine of pleasure, or still more timidly with sport and games, those new unscheduled perversions of the soul.

We are afraid of our new selves. The dawn of human opportunity appals us. Few of us dare look upon this strange light of freedom and limitless resources that breaks upon our world.

"Think," said Trafford, "while we sit here experience, achieved all that living creatures in this dark but, think of the surplus life that wastes itself in the world for sheer lack of direction. Away there in England-I suppose that is eastward"—he pointed—"there are thousands of men going out to-day to shoot. Think of the beautifully made guns, the perfected ammunition, the excellent clothes, the army of beaters, the carefully preserved woodland, the admirable science of it—all for that idiot massacre of half-tame birds! Just because man once had need to be a brain to read its riddle, the new astonishing hunter! Think of the others again—golfing. A few give Think of the big elaborate houses from themselves to those honorable adventures which they come, the furnishings, the serthat extend the range of man; they ex- vice. And the women—dressing—perpetplore untraveled countries, climb remote ually dressing. You, Marjorie, you've done

nothing but dress since we married. No! let me abuse you, dear! It's insane, you know! You dress your minds a little to talk amusingly, you spread your minds out to backgrounds, to households, picturesque and delightful gardens, nurseries. Those nurseries! Think of our tremendously cherished and educated children! And when they grow up what have we got for them? A feast of futility." . . .



(To be continued)

WORDS

B, SUSAN DYER

OOR, weary ones! . . . and still ye dance along Like leaves in winter,—sapless, colorless! For now that all men write, each needs must dress His little spirit in a garb of song And swagger forth to join the parading throng, Sowing with Words the winds of emptiness. Yet scathless do ye bide the dull distress, The violation, all the deadening wrong Of over-use. Let but a great heart yearn With some consuming faith or passion,—then In that wild flame how gloriously ye burn! So common faggots fed the Magian fire That from the hills, of old, declared to men The eternal dream,—the unquenchable desire.

NE of the What is a Good Play? favorite sports of

which contained the following bit of argument—"I

a considerable portion of the population is scoffing at the dramatic critics. It is not, however, a defense of dramatic criticism we propose to write here. Criticism that is serious and sincere needs no defense, for it is inevitable, whether we like and agree with it or not; and the more serious and sincere our drama is, the more criticism we shall have. The serious drama is a record, presented for public consideration, of the dramatist's vision and philosophy of lifewhether he is conscious of it or not. And no public presentation of so important a matter can, or should, pass without challenge and consideration. Such challenge and consideration is any criticism worthy of the name. If it concerns itself merely with a few technical rules, or seeks merely to fill a column in an evening paper with jesting, or to inform the public whether such and such a play is going to run three weeks or three months, it is hardly criticism at all. When we attack dramatic criticism, it might be well to reflect first whether it is criticism we are attacking. Such reflection would save us a lot of breath.

The residue of theatrical reporting, the real criticism, is most often scoffed at because its verdicts disagree with our personal tastes or judgments (which, in untrained minds, are usually the same). It may not be amiss, then, to set forth by examples of recent seasons certain principles which guide the critic to his judgments, to show the reasons why he calls this play good and that play bad. Recently the writer of this department re-

should like to know what you think of Ibsen and 'The Man from Home.'" tell all we think of Ibsen, would, unfortunately, require more space than the editor will allow us. To tell what/we think/of/"The Man from Home,"/however, calls for less room. We think it/a pleasant and popular piece of extremely parochial jingo. should class it as an excellent bad play. But. it is of the good plays we should prefer to speak this month, taking up several that are fresh in memory, and showing, if possible, why the critics praised them, either in accordance with or in defiance of the popular ver-

After twelve years of constant analytic attendance at the theatre, we are ourselves persuaded that underlying all other questions, technical or what not, is the question of the playwright's sincerity. Did he write his play because the theme or the characters interested him, did he write it to please himself, to express himself; or did he write it because he fancied such a theme or such a set of characters would strike the popular fancy? The machine made dramas written to the order of such and such a star, the vain efforts of one playwright to repeat another's success in certain lines, or to duplicate his own, may have all the supposedly requisite technical excellencies. But they are invariably at most but the success of an hour, and they are invariably poor plays from any higher consideration. A man may write his heart out, and still produce a poor drama, to be sure, for lack of the technical gift. But no man ceived a letter from a somewhat irate reader, with only the technical gift and a desire to

the test of revival.

The first test a critic applies to a new work, then, is this test of sincerity. And no more striking examples of sincerity are to be found on the modern stage than the plays of John Galsworthy. It is neither their theme nor their literary polish which primarily causes their high estimation by critics and the judicious amateurs. It is the still, white flame of passionate sincerity which illuminates them. The author isn't writing to please us, he is writing to tell us about certain men and women he has observed, to plead with us to understand these people; he is asking us to look with him upon this or that episode of real life (set by him upon the stage), and to comprehend a little clearer its significance. That is why his plays seem so worth while, so like a real experience rather than a mere entertainment. And that, primarily, is why the critics praise them so highly.

Three of these plays have been professionally produced in America, "The Silver Box" by Miss Ethel Barrymore, "Strife" by the New Theatre, and, most recently, "The Pigeon" at Mr. Ames' Little Theatre. The first failed largely because Miss Barrymore's public were not yet ready to receive her in anything but pretty piffle. The second shared in the general failure of the New Theatre project. The last was a success with Mr. Ames' public. But success or failure with a certain public cannot rightly affect the critic's judgments. These plays were acclaimed, then, first for their sincerity, their honest, truthful, sympathetic presentation of a human situation, and secondarily for their literary skill and distinction, and technical expertness. These latter qualities, of course, appeal more consciously to the critic than to the playgoer; and to some playgoers they do not appeal at all. They are most widely valued in a community where the largest number of theatre-goers are æsthetically well educated, as in Paris. But as it is a part of the critic's mission to help in the process of æsthetic education, he cannot ignore them if he would.

William Archer, in his new book, "Play Making," says, "The French plays (of Brieux), in my judgment, suffer artistically from the obtrusive predominance of the theme—that is to say, the abstract element over the human and concrete factors in the composition. Mr. Galsworthy's more delicate and unemphatic art eludes this danger,

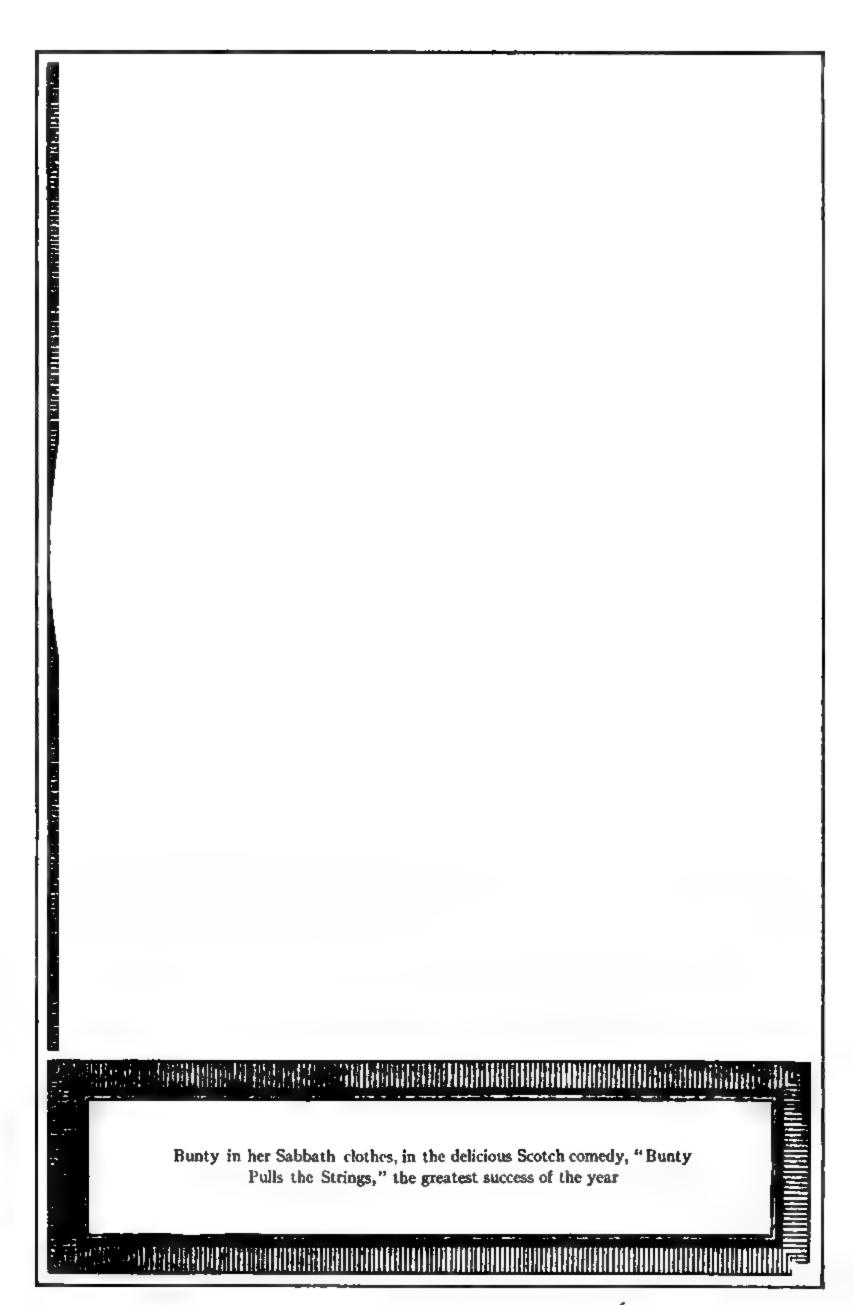
make money can ever write a good play, a until all is over that his characters represent play, that is, which will ring true and stand classes, and his action is, one might almost say, a sociological symbol."

This is a tribute at once to his literary and technical skill, and to his sincerity. We do not feel "Strife" to be a tract on the labor question nor "The Pigeon" a sermon on the need of love and sympathy for our fallen fellow beings, because Mr. Galsworthy is human enough himself to put real laborers and real fallen fellow beings upon the stage, and skilful enough to let them tell their own story, instead of putting labeled puppets on the stage and preaching about them. If Mr. Galsworthy's plays fail of a wide popularity, that is because their themes are sober and thoughtful, and they lack the sex element a conventional public has come to expect. But they have in remarkable degree that attribute of sincerity which inspires respect; they seem real episodes in the lives of real people, not machines concocted to amuse or thrill; and they are written with technical expertness and distinction of dialogue. That is why the critic acclaims them.

Taking now two plays of widely different sort, the Scotch comedy, "Bunty Pulls the Strings," and that one-act Irish masterpiece. "Riders to the Sea," we find that one has been enormously popular both in New York and Chicago, while Synge's drama, when presented by the Irish Players here, drew only half a handful of people. Yet the critic calls them both good plays, and probably considers the less popular the finer drama. Why?

Anybody can tell why he likes "Bunty Pulls the Strings." It is funny. It is funny because it so neatly and wittily and lovingly hits off the foibles of the Scotch character and manners. The story of the play alone would not make it a popular success, nor a critical. Indeed, it is rather a simple, obvious and oldfashioned story. But the characters are all odd, humorous and interesting. We delight to watch Bunty manage the whole community. We delight in the quaint accent and idiom, in the quaint costumes, in the flavor and atmosphere of the story. Here is a case where mere academic structure counts for far less than the embroidery. Yet any critic who is not a hidebound formalist is bound to call it a good play, because it does rouse our interest and our mirth, it creates its mood and lets us see into the life of a Scotch village; it does, in short, what it sets out to do. It is truthful and it is funny.

There is nothing funny about "Riders to at any rate in 'Strife.' We do not remember the Sea." That solemn, heart-searching little



Mr. Mason in a scene from Augustus Thomas's latest drama, "As a Man Thinks"

masterpiece is almost Greek in its tragic simplicity. But it, too, is honest, and it does what it sets out to do. It sets out to create in the auditor a sense of the terrible spectre of Death which broods over the fishermen's huts on the bleak west coast of Ireland, and yet to create it in such language—the poetic language of a sensitive peasant people—that there is a solemn beauty in the performance, and the play is not brutal but almost spiritual, tragic yet lovely. It has always been the mission of true poetry so to touch with transforming wand the themes of Fate and Death. No man with a soul above the brute can sit before the Irish Players' performance of "Riders to the Sea" without feeling at once its tragic solemnity and its searching poetry. Its language, always the language these Celtic peasants might naturally use, falls like hushed music on the ear, though it brings the flutter of the wings of Death. good play, but a great play; and though a America, the critic feels that it will still be patent and its interest and fun unflagging.

performed when "The Man From Home" has retired to Kokomo forever.

We may also contrast two other plays, both of which the critics called good, but only one of which enjoyed much patronage in this country, "The Concert," produced by Mr. Belasco, and "The Thunderbolt," by Pinero, produced both by the New Theatre, and, more recently, by the Chicago Theatre Society last winter. The critic calls "The Concert" a good play (quite aside from the merits of Mr. Belasco's particular production) because with shrewd worldly wisdom and humor the author holds up and dissects types of character, particularly the character of a childish, egotistical, much flattered piano virtuoso (type of the "artistic temperament"), and the character of the steady, comfortable, forgiving wife. The absurdities of such women as lose their heads over musicians are also satirized. This play is good because it That is why the critic calls this not only a has these elements of truth, fused into a well made and interesting story. This play is public which likes always to laugh avoids it in successful, of course, because its truth is

Now, "The Thunderbolt" is a satire on types of character, also, of middle class British smugness, hypocrisy and money greed (but British more in externals than otherwise. since money greed and smugness have been known to exist elsewhere!) Because its characters are human and true, its story well knit and sustained, its sincerity and interest unescapable, the critic is just as bound to call this a good play as "The Concert." Yet the public went to "The Concert" but not to "The Thunderbolt." - Why? Not because they considered "The Thunderbolt" a bad play, but because its satire is too mordant and grim, its story too harsh, its picture too pitifully revealing of the sordid side of our frail humanity that, and also a little, one is sure, because it was produced at the New Theatre and by the Chicago Players, and so shared in the public indifference toward

John Mason in the hypnotic scene in Augustus Thomas's vivid play, "The Witching Hour"

Such audiences as did those institutions. see it, felt its power and most of them followed its story with complete absorp-That a thoughtless theatre-goer doesn't like "The Thunderbolt," because it oppresses him, is no reason at all why he should leap with both feet upon the critic who praises it. The critic does not ask whether it is pleasant or unpleasant, but whether it is true, whether its characters are real people, its story well knit and logical. its author's deductions, his "criticism of life," sound and just. Finding them to be so in "The Thunderbolt," he is in duty bound to proclaim it a good play. Only truth, whether grave or gay, rather than in mere jesting or in truth only when it is pleasant, to make such works as "The Thunreal merits.

fortunately, pleased both critics and public. They have pleased the critics because, without sacrificing that narrative interest in a well sustained story which was always the basis of Mr. Thomas's appeal, they have revealed, besides, a purpose to make that story significant of some larger idea. Both in "The Witching Hour" and "As a Man Thinks," Mr. Thomas has shown real people on the stage, talking naturally yet with a certain distinction, and involved in an interesting set of situations. Yet these situations have been cleverly chosen to illustrate some phase of the author's philosophy of life—chiefly, one guesses, a belief that our inner thoughts have if he failed to do so should he be leaped a tremendous dynamic power in shaping our upon. The time may yet come when enough characters, our outward acts, even the for-of the public will find entertainment in tunes of those about us. Mr. Thomas really believes this. His later plays have a ring of sincerity. It is a belief that has great powers for good. Therefore his plays gain an added derbolt" successful in proportion to their importance. And, since this message they bear is one of cheer, and since they do not The later plays of Augustus Thomas have, bear it in the form of a sermon but a good

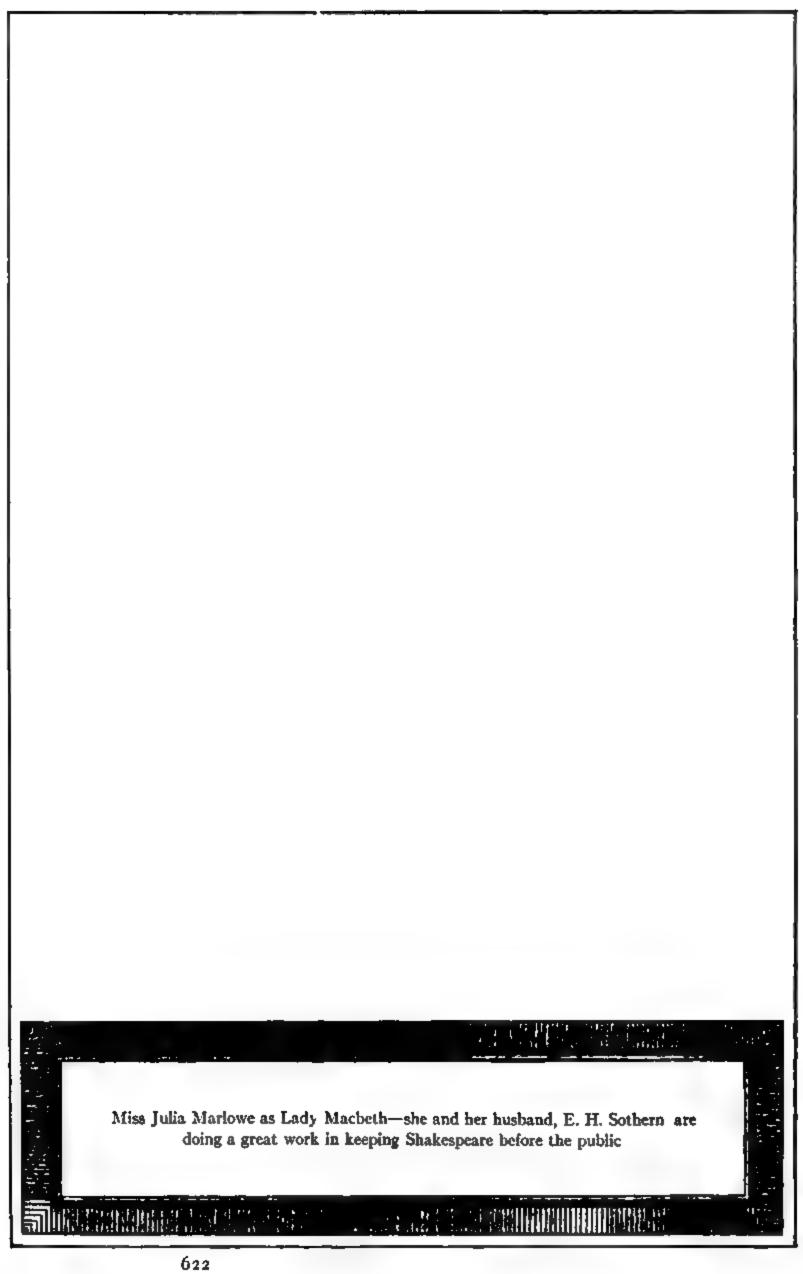


Russ Whytal and Pamela Gaythorne in Galsworthy's comedy of Christian charity, "The Pigeon," considered by many the most interesting play of the season



and finally he loses that self-control which is an ideal of his race, and murders her. He is only able to finish his work because one of his countrymen, regarding the national mission of more importance than his own life, takes the blame for the crime. Broadly, the play shows the intense racial self-possession of the In the first place, we are never told what that Japanese, their overpowering national con- great "work" the Japanese diplomat is doing sciousness, their total antithesis to occidental consists of. We do not see why it should be of

individualism. It is true to the types depicted, and the story is told with much embellishment of exotic atmosphere. It also has its moments of great theatrical excitement. Hence its popular appeal. So far, it is a good play. But it has many structural weaknesses.



second place, many of the scenes are crudely pennies usually write comedies or machinehandled, so that the illusion of reality is lost. Sometimes the Japanese babble in their native tongue (or what is supposed to be their native tongue) and sometimes they talk English. The closing of the play is blind. Moreover, one wonders what would become of the point that a Japanese is ruined by the Occidental love passion if the European woman had been a good woman, instead of a rlet lady. Such points as these are flaws workmanship and logic, and the critic is bound to condemn them, even in the most popular of plays. They are not to be found in the masterpieces of the drama, where perfect workmanship unites with depth or charm of idea and truth of character—and it is by the masterpieces that the critic judges.

A frequent criticism of critics is that they are over given to praising gloom and depreciating mirth. Critical wrath against the "happy ending," however, is not due to the fact that the critics love laughter less but that they love logic more. Nobody in his senses objects to a happy ending to a comedy. It is when the happy ending is arbitrarily tacked on a play which was foreordained to a tragic conclusion that the critic rages. Any play which sets out to depict a set of circumstances which, to be true to life and significant as a commentary on society, has to end unhappily, and then deliberately, to please the ladies and matinee maids, throws everybody into somebody else's arms at the finish, is a bad play, an insincere and false play, and no amount of talk and excuses can make it anything else. Imagine Shakespeare calling in the family doctor to save Hamlet and resuscitate Ophelia! Imagine Ibsen bringing Nora back from the front door in "The Doll's House," and casting her into Helmer's arms!

Naturally, an audience wants to see characters in whom it has become interested, happy. But if, to make them happy, truth to human nature has to be sacrificed, then they cannot be happy and the play remain a good one.

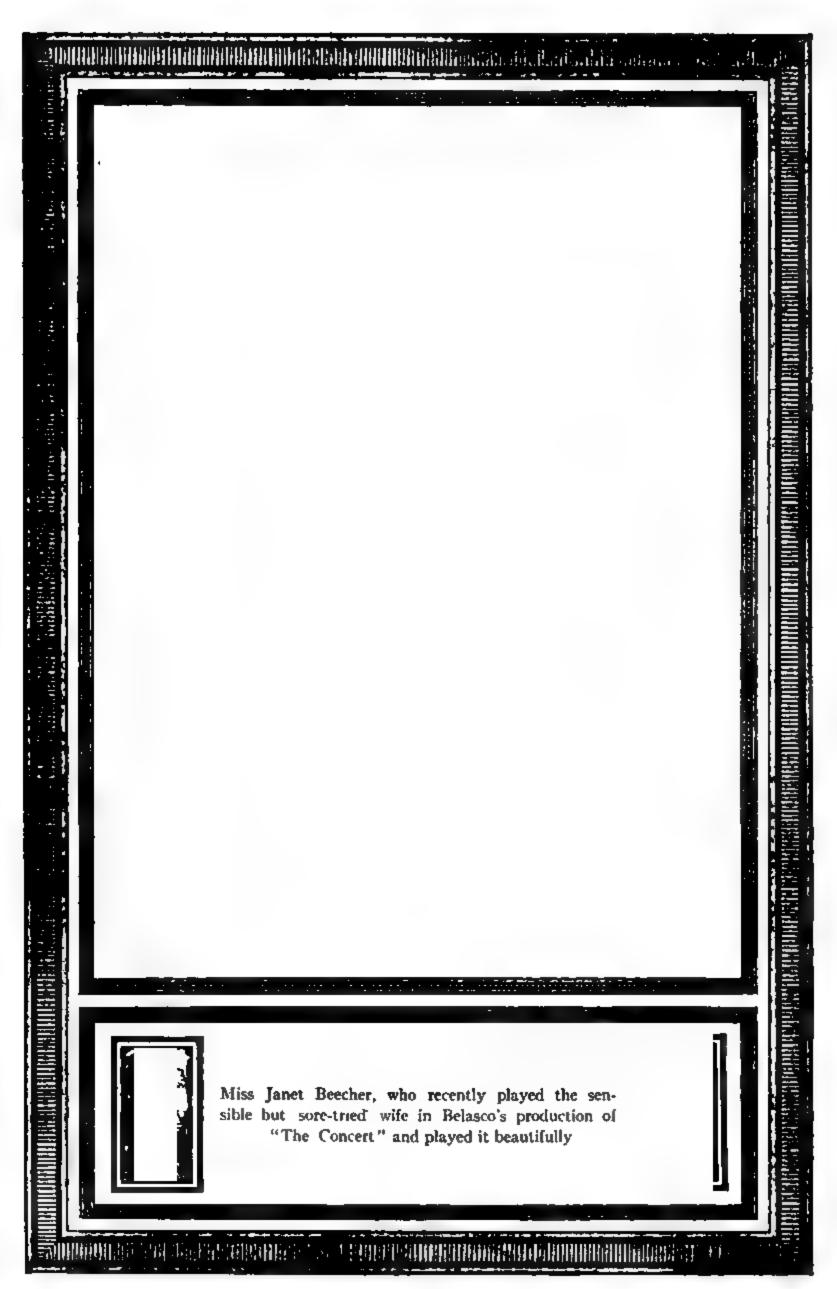
But it is not alone that you critics condemn the happy ending, the reader may object. You seem to prefer the solemn, serious, gloomy dramas, as a class, to those which are seeming preference, dear reader. The critic does not really prefer such dramas as a class, but such dramas are, as a class, more often good than the other kind; they are more partly because the playwrights who write not which doesn't.

such profound importance to Japan. In the to express themselves but to catch the public made-romances, while the more serious plays are written by the more serious playwrights. It is partly because it is almost always easier to make bad people effective in fiction than good—a well known fact. But it is chiefly because most writers, in common with the rest of us, are more deeply stirred by the wrongs and sufferings of the world than by its joys. We don't, as a rule, rise up and shout because our neighbor is getting along happily with his wife. If he is beating her, however, we are very likely to act. It is so with the earnest dramatist. Joy, to be sure, with some is a passion, and comedy a gift. J. M. Barrie is one of them. Nothing could be truer than Barrie's fantasy, and "The Admirable Crichton" is one of the finest and most significant plays yet written in English in the 20th century. Nevertheless, the fact remains that those dramatists who write because they really have something to say, more often than not feel impelled to talk about the wrongs of the world rather than its farces.

Now the serious critic, too, hopes that he has something to say. He wants to have something to say, at any rate. When he sees such a play as "Officer 666" or "Seven Days," what can he say, save that it is an hilarious farce—go, and laugh, and be happy, and God bless you? But when he sees Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," or Thomas's "As a Man Thinks," or Gorky's "Night Refuge." or Pinero's "Mid-Channel," he is confronted with a serious man's opinions on life and conduct, and his own opinions rush into accord or conflict, and what he has to say is limited only by the space he has to say it in. He personally likes these plays because they give him intellectual stimulus and emotional glow. And he believes they are far better plays than the other kind, because they are bound to give any intelligent spectator the same reaction. If he can get these reactions from a comedy (as from "The School for Scandal" or Shaw's "Arms and the Man" or Barrie's "Admirable Crichton"), the critic is as glad as you are. But he cannot often get them from the comedies of commerce, and that is chiefly why he seems to prefer others.

Mary Shaw once played Ibsen's "Ghosts" light and merry. There's a reason for this in Cripple Creek, and after the performance she heard a rough miner say to his companion, "Say, Bill, that play made a feller use his cocoanut!"

The play that makes a critic use his cocoaoften truthful, sincere and logical. That is nut, he believes, is a better play than one



An Extraordinary Biography

By MAUD THORNHILL PORTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

a street crossing the Hoch Strasse at right angles. Bright sunshine streamed through the windows of our little sitting room and we hung Billy's cage near the window. At first he was very quiet, taking in the new impressions I suppose. His young master had confided him to us the evening before as he went off on the little steamer to the Drachenfels, where he was to join a party for a first journey up the Rhine.

Billy sat square on his perch and looked about him. I watched him for awhile and noted what a middle-aged little fellow he was, high shouldered, balanced low on his legs, sitting down over his feet as they gripped the perch; his feathers spread as though for equilibrium. A fluffy ball enough, but with a gray look on the edges of the wings, as though time had touched him smartly in its flight.

UR rooms were near the Rhine, on chirping rarely, singing not at all; but when he felt the sunshine wrapping him like a mantle and stealing to his heart, a change came over him; he began to swell softly; he stretched one leg out to its full length, warily, not to lose his balance; then the other, and next his wings, and his feathers began to fluff. The sun seemed to pour into him the elixir of life; constant companionship, the stimulation of outside interests, waked a zest that issued in new activity. His musical, expressive peep, set in so many keys, lending itself to such varied inflections, began to challenge and instruct us; he began to sing. We knew that he was a singer; no German could be wholly insensible to the quality of any fine instrument sounding near him; and his busy young master had told us what rare melody could issue from that small throat. His voice was contralto in its pitch. Up to this moment he had been silent, It had the depth of cadence heard in the nightingale, and sometimes in the gray thrush; seldom found in the canary. The the unspoken cry of every heart. treasures of his voice had been his sole resource during all those nine, long years of his uncompanioned life; that and his foolish young owner who whistled to him while dressing.

Rose kept her workbasket on the deep oldfashioned window sill while she worked and rocked. It was with her, therefore, that he established his first intimate relations.

He would sit and watch her; looking first at her needle as it darted in and out the stuff she wrought upon, and then at her face as if to seek some explanation of the strange action there; oftenest at her hair as it caught the sunshine on its bright waves.

Her voice had a power to stir him to the heart—even in speaking, more in laughing, most in singing. Of course his assiduities woke their response, and she would talk to him and hum little low snatches of song. While this was going on the small head would turn from side to side with marvelous attention, and so soon as she stopped, the rich peep, with its speaking inflections, would answer "Good—very good—very good—pretty— pretty—pretty." Soon Rose was drawn into dialogues with him and shortly into games. Companionship seemed to have been a crying need of his nature, for the moment she finished her breakfast he would begin to call her to her wonted seat, and then his solicitations would begin to attract her attention and pique her into response. After a while she complained that he would not let her read or write; sewing he did not object to because she could look up between the stitches. The instant she raised her eyes he would twirl round on his perch and poke his tail through the bars, standing patiently till he felt a gentle touch; then he would pounce upon her finger and nip it smartly.

As time went on we grew more and more attached to him; and as his young master's return drew near, we remembered that he would wish to reclaim Billy! Nobody who has not realized the marvelous and complicated relations that can establish themselves between us and the creatures of this other kingdom can guess at the feelings with which we contemplated this event. Our attitude, too, toward Billy was a more comprehending one than that commonly held. He had been re-born, as it were, under the intelligent care we had given him, and born into a world of rich delight, and to possibilities of develop-

The day drew on; what should we do? was

Finally the day arrived. The young man came into the room with loud greetings. He looked at Billy and fell silent. Then looking closer and almost breathlessly, he exclaimed; "Why he does not look like the same bird! His very color is deeper. Well, you have lodged him like a prince!" We were all round the cage now and Billy was getting excited. Rose took him on her finger and hummed a little thrilling song to him, moving her hand provocatively. He chirped his rich chirp over and over and then broke suddenly into a magnificence of song. Something like a tear glistened in the eye of our German boy. "I shall never take him away from you," he said, swinging about to go. "I'm not fit to take care of a delicate creature like that, I suppose. Mein Gott! but he is changed"; then with a short German laugh of beautiful tenderness: "Well, I swear, the little fellow thinks he has got to heaven. Keep him, meine Damen, if you will."

It was about a week after this time that Billy enacted the little drama that opened my eyes to the unnatural solitude of his life. We were going to Paris; there was much to be done, for we had been years in Germany and had taken root there, as it were. I was writing vast numbers of letters; Billy had been bathing in his new tub. One of the cruel deprivations of his thwarted life before he was committed to us was the lack of a bathing place. Incredible as it may seem, he had never known the luxury of a bath. The first day he came to us we set a deep saucer of fresh water in his cage. Immediately one of those moments of extreme agitation, which always marked his reception of new experiences, took him. His impulse outstripped his bodily activity, and crippled it. He wanted to get to that saucer more rapidly than he could; greater awkwardness than common impeded him. He was always awkward and slow; the thought and act were never simultaneous with him. Soon we got him a large tub with a rim that he could grasp comfortably—how he enjoyed it!

On the day referred to he lingered so long over his bath that at last my attention was attracted. He seemed to me to be acting strangely. I leaned back and watched him. He was standing on the rim gazing into the water with absorbed attention. Every few seconds he would lean over and try to drink; then on touching the water, draw back quickly as if shocked, and shake his bill as if ment heretofore unguessed and impossible. chilled and baffled; look about him impadisappointment seemed the result; he pas- before him. The new bird was, in the first

sionately threw up his head; he shook his bill as if he would shake it off; he dried it on the rim of the tub. He gathered himself again and once more repeated the experiment. I moved so as to get behind him and suddenly observed that there was a beautifully clear reflection of himself in the water. It did not take even me long to conclude that he was trying to touch the bill of that other little bird in the tub. Billy must have a companion, such was the verdict of the circle that evening. A day or two later we went to Paris, and there in the bird market adjoining the flower market in Notre Dame,

I watched and noted what a middle-aged little fellow he was

for Billy.

They were an ecclesiastical couple—Billy from the Domplatz of Cologne, she from Notre Dame de Paris. And now our course seems to me to have been strictly original. Did we go to a bird fancier, think you, and tell the story and ask for a suitable mate for an elderly bachelor bird of German habits? Not at all. What we did was to choose the prettiest little lady bird that we could find in the market, and call her Lily.

tiently and then go back to gazing into his old German as a companion and prospective tub again. I went softly over and stood be- wife. Never shall I forget the chaos of the side him. He did not notice me. With rapt next few days! Billy's coy sweetheart of the mien he bent over the shining surface of the bathtub, his scant recollections of staid Gerwater. Presently he approached his beak to many, his own elephantine processes of mind, it, slowly, timidly, with extreme caution. the monotony of his little life had ill pre-The shock of the liquid coolness met him; pared him for the dislocating experiences now

> accustomed to birds, and to birds in a close cage, where they often get in each other's way. No spark of reverence kindled her frivolous French brain for the fussy and heavily built old celibate she was suddenly confronted with. She rushed at his graneries without a "by your leave"; she dipped at will into his tank. She flew around the cage like a whirlwind, never stopping to take breath. When she wanted to go anywhere she went, with an alarming suddenness and directness that bewildered his brain. Before he could realize that she meant to move from any spot

place, perfectly

on the left bank of the Seine, we found a mate where he had fixed her, she was at the extreme limit of the cage, up to the roof, down on the sand and round and round the cage countless times, in a flight he could not follow, and she took her meals, as I have stated, on the wing, diving head foremost into the seed pocket and drinking vessel.

Billy was at his wits' end. He fixed himself on his perch squarely and desperately to watch her, but he might as well have tried to watch the course of the lightning. She had no more stability than a Jack-o'-lantern; I may as well mention that Lily was a mere there was no calculation about her and no infant when we introduced her to our staid calculating on her. It was a chaotic mowere set at naught. He had absolutely no standard by which to measure her. Fear suddenly smote him! Who could tell what she might do next? So, hurrying down to the sand on the floor of his cage and with his back squeezed into the remotest corner, he faced the situation.

It was then that we took him out of the cage until we could remove her to a smaller one, after which we placed the two cages near enough together to enable him to observe her without fear. How full of content and prayerful thankfulness, his peep, when he realized that he was alone in his beloved home once more! That night he slept long and deeply. The next morning, however, brought a change. As long as the new bird was kept at a safe distance she was certainly an interesting object to observe. The rapt attention with which he studied her speedily absorbed him to the exclusion of every wonted exercise. There were no finger fights that day nor for many another, and no challenges to attention. He did not sing a note; there was scarcely a peep. He even ate his seed hurriedly and with many a backward glance, fearing that she might do something that he would not see. In a short time his estimate of her underwent a modification that we could not mistake. He began to live on the side of his cage nearest her; he even uttered a low peep to her in the early mornings, and soon she answered him back, though with a young, hard, callous and very discouraging note. She was very young and had the awkwardness of youth, pretty little creature that she was. She stood very high on her legs, having a ring of knee feathers that looked like pantalettes. Her attitude was that of stretching herself to her utmost height. How slender she was! She never sat on her perch, but stood up nightly to sleep, even drawing up one leg high against her body, and took her night's rest that way. What a contrast to Billy! He was living a systematic life, apparently solid comfort epitomized, the result of grave thought; she was all brisk alertness; restless, volatile, tossed hither and yon by every wind of impulse. If she thought at all the process was too rapid for Billy. We voted her a most uncomfortable person. Billy, however, did not agree with us, or if he did he balanced other things against this drawback, for he certainly found her very interesting. The phases by which he passed from terror and aversion to rapturous admiration and affection, and drew her hard young heart toward him, were so subtly

ment, the beloved precedents of a lifetime and delicately illustrated, that we were not at all prepared for it when we found them one evening after we had placed the cages together, sleeping side by side, he pressed as close against the bars of his cage as he could get and she similarly against hers.

The next day we bought a large airy cage with a vaulted ceiling and set them to housekeeping together. Then his songs rose to heaven. And now comes an event which I hesitate to transcribe, so I shall go back to my letters and let a younger chronicler relate it, who feels less the loss of dignity involved. "Dear L., what do you think! What do you think! Our old respectable Billy is so infatuated with the young mate we have given him that he has begun to imitate her and tries now to sleep with his leg drawn up under his heart, as she does. Oh, it is too ridiculous! It was not two nights after we put them together that we found the two asleep so close to each other that at first we thought one of them missing, and going to look there was old Billy tottering on one leg and propped up against Lily holding on for dear life and pretending to be asleep!" For a time we may be said to have lost our Billy, such scant notice did we get from him during this honeymoon period. So complete was his absorption in the new companion given him. and the new life opening, that very soon his unique character began to furnish new subjects for observation, he was so original. We always opened the cage for an hour in the morning and let them fly about a room where we kept some potted shrubs and Billy had enjoyed it greatly, but when it came to his female companion there was a difference. He did not like it fully; she flew so fast, too, and went to so many places; he would fly about a bit and then settle down and watch her. Very soon he began to return after brief intervals to his cage door, and after a few minutes devoted to observing her gyrations he would begin to call her gently to come home. She paid no attention at first, but his persistent peep gradually drew her. Perhaps she seemed too unsuitable a companion thus. Whatever it was, Billy got more and more opposed to have her skylarking about the ceiling. He did not like it; it offended his sense of propriety; it excited vague fears in him, for he watched her uneasily and called her more insistently, more persuasively each day, until at last the sallies forth became less audacious, the returns more prompt, her aspect less challenging, the disparity between them less violently marked. When she came home quickly and settled down to the house

routine quietly he would sing to reward her, songs so low and dulcet at times that no one could doubt they were for her ear alone, and sometimes such a burst of triumphant joy over his success that we were often moved to resentment against him as a blatant domestic autocrat.

This impression had to yield however. A German husband he unquestionably was, by the gentleness of his measures and sincerity of his convictions; a monarch absolute. It was a kingship evidently by divine right that we had to realize and our American tempers flew into rampant revolt at the sight; but how subtle, how gentle the sway! The inevitable mental attitude for a German bird. A king? Yes, by the inherent constitution of things, a sovereign by the religious conviction of the inalienable superiority of the male to the female throughout the uni-"But that is the absurdest nonsense, and you know it," burst out a young, incisive voice; "but she can do twice as much as he can! She is young and strong and courageous, and he is turning her into an old Hausfrau. Why can't he let her lead her life?"

Billy was firm and Billy prevailed. The absences from the roof-tree became briefer, the excursions more restrained. Lily became more domestic, more subdued, a period of deep content ensued in the miniature home, of quietly regulated occupation, of good meals and long sleeps, Billy filling all space, meanwhile, with song.

After a short time Lily began to be less docile and to act strangely. She swept about the room in her flight with an energy that attracted our attention. A frantic curiosity took her; she penetrated every nook and corner, examining the furniture like an upholsterer.

Billy's calls were allowed to pierce the air unceasingly in vain; she took no notice of them; she stayed out long; she would pretend not to hear. Sometimes Billy would lose sight of her and fall into terror. Once or twice he went in search of her; then she would utter a short, sharp, impatient peep as if to say, "Mind your business." She grew thinner and restless and anxious looking. Billy was profoundly disturbed. He took to going out after her. When she would start in the morning, he would jump heavily down from his comfortable perch and prepare cheerfully to follow, making little chirps of comment as if to say, "Well, I'll go too; that's what I'll do. I'll be patient with her; I'll humor her; she'll get over this; yes, yes, she'll get over it;" and he would spread his was it to be expected of the masculine mind

old wings and fly about and alight breathing heavily.

But the comedy went on; a whole week he faithfully and heavily followed after her. His mind was much perplexed. He did not understand it nor did we. Her sweet docility was gone. Was she trying to avoid him? Was she tired of him?

At last one breathless day when Billy had not left his cage, but, sitting in his doorway, had called and called and even sung to her until we were ready to capture and punish her for her cruelty, and he, exhausted and discouraged, had retired to take comfort from his beloved graneries, I noticed that Lily after a prolonged examination of the window curtains was dragging at them, until she had actually frayed out a few ends of cotton. I watched her closely; she flew with them like an arrow to the cage and began a mysterious and frantic working over them in a state of great excitement, rushing about the cage as if to find a place to hide them. A faint light broke upon my bewildered mind. I fetched a few bits of cotton ravellings and some horse-hair and put them stealthily into the cage. Lily seized them at once; she worried them like a terrier and scattered them like chaff; then she gathered them together. She got a couple of ends of string in her bill and flew up to the highest perch and tried to fasten them to something, in a mighty hurry, then suddenly gave it up and flew down again and scratched and jerked and pecked at the tangle below. Billy eyed her in dumb astonishment, but he said nothing; she was in the cage; that was all he required. If she chose to play the fool there with some bits of trash, well, she was nothing but a female. But after a short interval the messenger I had despatched returned with a compact little nest from the bird fancier's. I waited till dark and put it into the cage after they had gone to roost. The next day Lily was a calmer bird, but she was engaged in business to an extent that excluded all the amenities of life. The door of the cage was set open in vain; she never passed it. Billy was the impersonation of content. Her actions interested him deeply, but she was at her own hearthstone; though there may have been satire in the bright eye following her inexplicable motions, there was no uneasiness. She was trying to pull that thing she had got hold of to pieces; that was plain. It seemed to be the desire of her soul and the aim of her existence to work some of that trash down there into the hole she made in it. Well, well,

to be able to enter into the inconceivable absurdities of a creature like that? It was evidently suggested suddenly to his keen brain that Lily was trying to hide something; an awful change came upon Billy. Lily hiding something from him! The thought in his brain effected a terrible transformation. I am grieved to chronicle this episode, but I must be an honest biographer. Boswell shall not outdo me. The female endeavoring to sequestrate some property from her lord for her own exclusive use and that

"That and his foolish young owner who whistled to him while dressing"

eaten! That day witnessed a tragic situation. Poor Lily working like the eager, responsible little matron that she was to get that nest to her mind; Billy, besotted old Billy, utterly unconscious of her purpose, possessed by the idea that she had some delectable morsel wrapped in her hay bundles, concealed behind her tiny cotton bales, followed clumsily behind her and undid every stroke of work as fast as it was done. We could not believe the thing could keep up; we felt sure that he would suddenly awake to the situation, but when twilight drew on, after having gone to roost first and beguiled the partner of his joys and pains to come up beside him, we noted him softly unclosing an eye and looking sidewise at the nest again, and finally jump down and pull to pieces her last achievement. We resolved that the next day the unnatural monster should be taken out of the cage and kept out until Lily should have accomplished her mission; but we had waited too long; the next day a tiny, opaline egg lay in the unfinished nest—and now Billy becomes a new

of our dear, queer little bird, with his senses blunted and instincts nullified by an unnatural life, in the supreme rôle he was now to fill. The egotism born of a lonely self-centered existence, the passionate bent toward material joys, the affectionate but contemptuous attitude toward his gentle mate, the set habits of prolonged bachelorhood, were swept away on the flood-tide of a new experience to which all that had gone before was but child's play. To watch the outward indications of the subtle change go-

property, of course, something that might be eaten! That day witnessed a tragic situation. Poor Lily working like the eager, responsible little matron that she was to get that nest to her mind; Billy, besotted old Billy, utterly unconscious of her purpose, possessed by the idea that she had some delectable morsel wrapped in her hay bundles, concealed behind her tiny cotton bales, followed clumsily behind her and undid every stroke of work allowed him time to sleep?

A spiritual drama now unfolded before us, the significance of which only the blind could fail to see. Billy began to exercise self-control; considerations of the future replaced the previous imperious rule of impulse born of the present need. He sat by the prospective mother almost continually, alert to attend to every behest of hers, to supplement her in her touching office at every need.

We resolved that the next day the unnatural monster should be taken out of the cage and kept out until Lily should have accomplished her mission; but we had waited too long; the next day a tiny, opaline egg lay in the unfinished nest—and now Billy becomes a new flew down for food or drink, Billy, all fuss and feathers and elaborate caution, clambered mine to describe the effect of the awakening busily into her place and hovered over the

and she quickly returned and ordered him ful, his tender care a marvel. off. He obeyed promptly and meekly; their locked in this miniature embrace. spiritual influence passed from soul to soul in followed will not be soon forgotten. and contented Lily at once. This would occur many times a day. During this period he sang to her constantly, not the wooing, compelling, jubilant song of the honeymoon time, but a quiet, cheerful little strain, sweet and comforting.

When I say that Billy called upon his moral nature at this time to the end of real self-government, I speak literally. He achieved moral victories over himself, for example: Lily grew so pallid and wan from her long sitting that we began to prepare small private dishes of specially nourishing side next the bars away from Billy. On the her, fully expecting brigand conduct on the part of her mate. I am bound to confess that Billy relapsed into temporary degradation on the first two occasions of this private feast, jumping to the perch as close to her as he could get and trembling and screaming with agitation. He scolded her at the pitch of his voice during her whole meal, but he did no more; a week or so earlier he would have sprung into the nest and have reached that food over her prostrate body and gobbled his share. Now, while he jumped to and fro in a futile effort to get close to it without endangering her or the precious eggs, and abused her up and down the while she took her meal, he withheld himself firmly from any movement that could endanger her or his embryonic family. And after the second day, while he always sat and watched her eat, hurrying to the spot and hungrily noting her accepted the situation, lifting no distracting

eggs like any brooding dove. His awkward- evince a sober satisfaction in the operation. ness on these occasions filled her with alarm For the rest, his solicitude for her was beauti-

I would like to linger over this sweet relations were reversed. She was the auto- idyll, but it is life I am portraying, even crat now, he the submissive slave. If he though it be only the life of two canary birds. chanced to linger a moment at his meals, In the early dawn of a misty summer mornwhich he now gobbled and gulped, and she ing I was awakened by a piercing shriek from called him to her with a peculiar imperative Billy. The note was so new that I sprang cry, which we learned to recognize as well as from my bed and ran into the room. Lily he, he dropped everything and fairly fell was lying on her back, on the sands, stone over himself in his hurry to reach her. Then dead. Billy was standing quivering beside he would approach his little bill to hers, mak- her. As soon as he saw me he began to ing faint sounds of encouragement and sooth- scream again and flutter all over the cage. I ing deep in his throat, and they would remain instantly removed the dead bird and the What nest with its pale eggs, but the hours that this mute caress, I know not, but it quieted swept screaming round the cage the entire morning. Our most beguiling efforts, coaxings, companionings; the introduction of favorite but rare foods, had no effect. He would stop to listen to us and snatch a morsel and then back to his desperate employment. his abandonment to despair.

We had heard of canaries who fell into epileptic fits from the loss of a mate. Billy was so wholesomely fashioned that it seemed unlikely such a catastrophe would happen to him, but we feared he would die of exhaustion and agitation. We were at our wits' end. All day long we replaced each other at his side, and delicious character for her, and we served but the voice of each new comforter only them to her in a delicate little shell, which we seemed to detach him for the briefest inset beside her on the edge of her nest on the terval, and he was back again on his heartsickening quest. The appeal those cries confirst occasion of this kind we stood close beside tained struck home. He was only a little bird, but we had been his earthly Providence. His belief in us was boundless; no need of his life had ever been made known to us in vain; 'twas no trifle to have him cry to us for aid and give none, to see him stop and fly to us as we appeared, and then as we offered him some dainty in place of the mate he cried for, drop his wings till they hung limp at his sides, flatten the little crest against his distracted head, and turn from us to his aimless, desperate search again. We put him into the old cage; no use. We took him out of the cage altogether. He flew over the room seeking Lily. It was the coming on of twilight that brought the first interruption of the distracting process; languor had weighed down his eyelids many a time that day, and once or twice he had slept a minute or two in his own despite. Then the watcher by his cage would whisper a "hush!"—and silence would every mouthful, he scolded no more and he fall upon the room; but too soon a shudder would pass through his frame; he would shake protest, and by-and-by he even seemed to off the lethargy as if angered, and go back to

his wild crying and moaning again. Meantime the idea had come to us to try the experiment of another bird, and some of us sallied promptly forth to find one as much like poor Lily as might be, last clumsy service of despairing affection. When we realized that night would bring him respite we darkened the windows. Perching on a pen tray he fell into deep sleep. When we lifted him back to his own beloved perch in the cage later, he was scarcely aware of the transfer. Worn out with sorrow he was in a swoon of sleep.

It was nine o'clock at night when the party returned, having been to all the markets and bird fanciers of Paris. The bird they brought was so like poor Lily that when we put it in the old cage to examine it there did not seem to be any discernible point of difference. The bird fanciers had advised its being slipped into the cage while Billy was asleep. We gave the new-comer food and drink and waited till eleven o'clock to introduce her into the cage, so that Billy might have had good sleep in case she aroused him.

She began at once to examine her surroundings. Billy started into vivid wakefulness, his eyes fell on her; he took her for his beloved mate. An emotion smote him, so keen, so searching; he stood for a second mute and paralyzed under its power, his crest rising, his whole body dilating until he seemed twice his usual size. The beating of his heart shook him so that he grasped his perch to steady himself; we could distinctly see his breast feathers palpitate. Then he jumped down to the perch where she sat pecking a seed, and sidling up to her till he stood close beside her and with his bright eyes fixed steadily on her he burst into a song whose mounting ecstasy quivered to our own hearts. new bird moved restlessly, astonished and annoyed. Who was this strange bird, assaulting her with song? What did he mean by it? And coming so close to her, utter stranger that he was! She wanted to hop about the new place she had got into and see what it was like; she wanted a sip of water; the water tank was on the opposite side of the cage; what in the name of common sense did he mean by crowding her up in a corner against the seed pocket, so that she could not move without jumping over his head, and breaking into song in that intense way in the middle of the night, like any old opera singer? She turned and gave him a sharp blow in the face with her bill. Billy stag-

flying enigma suddenly introduced into his life. What was the matter with his world? Who was she? What was she? What earthquake shocks were shaking the body of his whole life's experiences! What was this impersonation he had taken for his Lily? Was this his Lily, and if so what awful transformation had been wrought in the repository of his innocent joys.

Billy let himself drop upon the sands with a thud, for the second time in his career, and placing himself in the remotest corner of his cage, his back against the wires, faced the new situation in which he found himself! And so here the love motif of Billy's life falls into silence. His lost mate was never replaced, no opaline eggs ever lay ensconced in a nest in Billy's cage, no fledgling epitome of himself ever came to sing back to him in his old age, in the matchless tones he might have conferred. Bo-peep became a friendly little comrade to him in time, more like an adopted child, and probably saved his life, despite that first awful shock of her rebuff, for there was no repetition of the distressing cries and search for Lily. He was engrossed at first in watching her and keeping out of her way. And afterwards her presence and her busy ways furnished him wholesome occupation and no doubt, food for speculation, and the perilous sense of void and loneliness passed away. Now, too, his human companions began again to be more of a resource to him and the current of his crippled and defrauded life turned back to its earlier groove, flowed calmly once again.

But a change had come to Billy. More and more clearly as the months went by was it borne in upon us that he had abandoned the principal rôle in life and taken that of the quiet looker-on. Having been denied paternity he assumed a patriarchal quality; a vicarious paternity now showed itself in him. Finding this we sought other tenants for the commodious cage to amuse him. We got a pair of little African birds, a little larger than humming birds, and he accepted them at once and very soon began to busy himself with their education. They were not educatable, however; they had no sense to speak of; and their sole claim on our interest and attention lay in their pretty diminutiveness, and their devotion to each other. They sat on the perch so close together invariably, that a knife blade could scarcely be inserted between them; they dressed each other's gered back; his senses reeled and the solid feathers all day long with an absorbed interearth reeled around him; chaos had come est and care; and when they took their naps, again indeed! He stared helplessly after the which was every hour or so, one always

'lighted on a neighboring tree. "Oh! well, that is the end of them!" cried Rose in distress. "They have been caged all their the pair. little lives and will not be able to take care situation anxiously, but Billy took it in hand before we could reach any solution. He set up an imperative, unceasing call to them to come back again. Hearing this I set the cage, with its door wide open, out on the balcony, knowing well that no power could tempt him out in that exposed situation, and we all retreated into hiding. The little birds hopped exultant from branch to branch of his doorway and called and called; for a bough nearest the window and turn its reopened it for that office. small head as if listening. Presently it flew

bough at his mate. Billy's voice rang out more and more persuasively. It seemed to say: "Hemp seed here; good hemp seed for small birds. Cats out there!

watched while the other slept. There was Cats—cats!" Very soon the vagrant Mim one incident of their career deserving record. fluttered over beside her mate; they hopped We had let the birds out in a room, with about on the roof of the cage; they dropped long French windows opening out upon the onto the floor of the balcony; Billy reboulevard. A gust of wind suddenly blew treated a little into the cage still calling; them open, and like the flight of two arrows in a moment both runaways were inside Mim and Tim shot through the aperture and the wire door, looking for food. A hand slipped out from the curtain and the door fell to. So ended the second episode of

Billy outlived all his household, but never of themselves one hour." We studied the felt the agony of bereavement a second time. His first terrible experience was also his last. Goethe himself could not have boasted a serener poise. That equal mind never again surrendered itself to the grip of external circumstances. An excellent digestion, an epicurean appreciation of the comforts of life, enabled him to respond gratefully to the cares exercised over him, to the last, and his amiable and companionable temper won the beautiful chestnut trees. Billy stood in kindness from all. He lived to a great age. When he could sing no more he recognized time they turned deaf ears, but after a the fact at once. One cracked hoarse note while one of them began to linger on the and he snapped his bill together and never

His educated being and the close relations to the top of the cage and perched there. between him and us gave us power to min-Billy never ceased his cry. Tim stood ister to him to the end. He slept much in the listening, looking back into the green last few days, but when he woke our voices com-

> forted him. His life was rounded to the fullest symmetry and he attained the venerable age of almost twenty years—dying serenely, as he had lived.

LAST THE DAY

THOMAS JEWELL CRAVEN

Come to me, child of sunshine, The day is full of gold. Come fold your arms about me, And take away the cold.

Come hither, child of sunset, And mark the day's decline. Come near to me and soothe me. I see death's black skyline!

O little child of night-time! I am a lingering guest. Come close to me and kiss me, And put my life to rest.

THE OPEN HOUSE

By IDA M. TARBELL

T is only by much junketing about that to the Business of Being a Woman. one comes to the full realization of what men and women in the main are doing in this country. One learns as he passes from town to town, through cities, across plains, that the general reason for industry everywhere is to get the means to build and support a home. Row upon row, street upon street, they run in every village you traverse. They dot the hills and valleys, they break up the mountain side.

Every night they draw to their shelter millions of men who have toiled since morning to earn the money to build and keep them running. All day they shelter millions of women who toil from dawn to dark to put meaning into them. To shelter two people and the children that come to them, to provide them a place in which to eat and sleep, is that the only function of these homes? If that were all, few would be built. When that becomes all, they have ceased to exist!

To furnish a body for a soul, that is the physical function of the home. There are people who cry out that for a woman this undertaking has no meaning—that for her it is a cook stove and a dust pan, a child bed and a man who regards her as his servant. One might with equal justice say that for the man it is made up of ten, twelve, or more hours, at the plow, the engine, the counter or the pen for the sake of supporting a woman and children whom he rarely sees! Unhappily, there are such combinations, they are not homes! They are deplorable failures of people who have tried to make homes. To insist that they are anything else is to overlook the facts of life, to doubt the sanity of mankind which hopefully and courageously goes on building, building, building, sacrificing, binding itself for ever and ever to what? —a shell? No, to the institution which its observation and experience tell it, is the one out of which men and women have gotten the as a shock that these open homes are the most hope, dignity and joy,—the place through which, whatever its failures and disillusions, they get the fullest development and the opportunity to render the most useful social service.

home takes first rank among social institu-

She is the one who must sit always at its center, the one who holds a strategic position for dealing directly with its problems. Far from these problems being purely of a menial nature as some would have us believe, they are of the most delicate social and spiritual import. A woman in reality is at the head of a social laboratory where all the problems are of primary, not secondary importance, since they all deal directly with human life.

What Makes a Home Happy

Some of these problems have been discussed informally in previous numbers of this series of essays. Before dropping the subject there is one other point on which I want to This is the necessity, if a woman is to touch. realize the possibility of her Business of not closing the doors of her home to the world. No home can realize its function which habitually narrows itself to a family, which does not systematically build around this family a circle of varied human beings—the lives which in the nature of human intercourse touch it and which need it.

One of the most illuminating experiences of travel, is visiting the great chateaux of France. One goes to see "historical monuments," the scenes of strange and tragic human experiences; he finds he is in somebody's private house, which by order of the government must be opened to the public one day of the week! He probably will not realize this fully unless he suddenly opens a door, not intended to be opened, behind which he finds a mass of children's toys—go-carts and dolls, balls and tennis rackets — or stumbles into a room supposed to be locked where framed photographs, sofa cushions and sewing tables abound!

To the average American it comes almost logic of democracy. It is almost sure to set him thinking that after all the home, anybody's home, even one in such big contrast to this chateau as a two-story frame house, on Avenue A, in B-ville, has a relation to the It is this grounded conviction that the public. He has touched a great social truth.

To socialize her home, that is the high tions which gives its tremendous seriousness undertaking a woman has on her hands if she is to get at the heart of her Business. And his dinner off the boards,"—when all that the poor what do we mean by socialization? Is it other than to put the stamp of affectionate, intelligent human interest upon all the operations and the intercourse of the center she directs? To make a place in which the various members can live freely and draw to themselves those with whom they are sympathetic—a place in which there is spiritual and intellectual room for all to grow and be happy each in his own way?

I doubt if there is any problem in the woman's Business which requires a higher grade of intelligence and certainly none that requires broader sympathies than this of giving to her home that quality of stimulation and joyousness which makes young and old

seek it gladly and freely.

To do this requires money, freedom, time and strength? No, what I mean does not depend upon these things. It is the notion that it does that often prevents its growth. For it is a spirit, an attitude of mind and not a formula or a piece of machinery. As far as my observation goes it is quite as likely to be found in a three-room apartment, where a family is living on fifteen dollars a week, as in an East Central Park mansion! In these little families where love prevails it usually does exist. It is the kind of an atmosphere in which a man prefers to smoke his pipe rather than go to the saloon—where the girl brings her young man home rather than walk with him. Mutual interest and affection is its note. Such homes do exist by the tens of thousands, even in New York City. It is not from them that girls go to brothels or boys to the Tombs.

Externally, these homes are often pretty bad to look at—over-crowded, disorderly, and noisy. Cleanliness, order, and space are good things, but it is a mistake to think that there is no virtue without them. There are more primary and essential things; things to which they should be added but without which they are lifeless virtues. In one of Miss Loane's reports on the life of the English poor, she makes these truthful observations:

One learns to understand how it is that the dirty, untidy young wife, who, when her husband returns hungry and tired from a long day's work, holds up a smilingly assured face to be kissed, exclaiming, "Gracious! if I hadn't forgot all about your tea!" and clatters together an extravagant and ill-chosen meal while she pours out a stream of cheerful and inconsequent chatter, is more loved, and dealt with more patiently, tenderly, and faithfully, than her clean and frugal neighbor, who has prepared a meal that ought to turn the author of Twenty Satisfying Suppers for Sixpence green with envy, but who expects her husband to be eternally grateful because "he could eat man asks is to be allowed to walk over them unreproached.

"Old Maidish" Often a Good Description

Peace and good will may go with disorder and carelessness! They may fly order and They will fly them when order and thrift are held as the more desirable. A woman is often slow to learn that good housekeeping alone cannot produce a milieu in which family happiness thrives and to which people naturally gravitate. She looks at it as the fulfillment of the law—the end of her Business. It is the exaggerated place she gives it in the scheme of things, which brings disaster to her happiness and gives substance to the argument that woman's lot in life is fatal to her development. Housekeeping is only the shell of a woman's Business. Women lose themselves in it as men lose themselves in shop-keeping, farming, editing. Knowing nothing but your work is one of the commonest human mistakes. Pitifully enough it is often a deliberate mistake—the only way or the easiest way one finds to quiet an unsatisfied heart. The undue place given goodhousekeeping in many a woman's scheme of life is the more tragic because it is a distortion of one of the finest things in the human experience—the satisfaction of doing a thing well. It is a satisfaction which the worker must have if he is to get joy from his labor! But labor is not for the sake of itself. It must have its human reason. You rejoice in a "deep-driven plow"—but if there was to be no harvest your straight full furrows would be little comfort. You rejoice to build a stanch and beautiful house, but if you knew it was to stand forever vacant, joy would go from your task! An end work must have. One does not keep house for its own sake. It is absorption in the process—the refusal to allow it to be forgotten or utilized freely, that makes the work barren. It is like becoming so absorbed in a beautiful frame that you are unconscious of the picture—unconscious that there is a picture. Things must serve their purpose if they are to convince of their beauty. Try living in a room with a wonderfully fitted fireplace; its mantel of exquisite design and workmanship, its fire-irons, masterpieces of art—and no heat from it! Note how utterly distasteful it all becomes. It is no longer beautiful because it does not do the work it was made beautiful to do.

One of the most repellent houses in which

I have ever visited was one in which there was, from garret to cellar, so far as I discovered, not one article which was not of the period imitated, not one streak of color which was not "right." It was a masterpiece of correct furnishing, but it was curiously limiting and stifling. You could not escape the scheme. The inelasticity of it hampered sociability—and there grew on one, too, a sense of unfitness. His clothes were an anachronism! They were the only thing which did not belong!

There is an old-fashioned adjective which describes better than any other this preoccupation with things, which so often prevents a woman's coming to an understanding of the heart of her Business. It is old maidish. has often been the pathetic fate of single women to live alone. To minister to themselves becomes their occupation. The force of their natures turns to their belongings. If in straightened circumstances they gave their souls to spotless floors, if rich to flawless mahogany and china, to perfect household machinery. Wherever you find in woman this perversion—old maidish is perhaps the most accurate word for her-it is a sacrifice of the human to the material. A house without sweet human litter, without the trace of many varying tastes and occupations, without the trail of friends who often have no sense of beauty, but who love to give, without the scars of use and the dust of running feet—what is it but a meatless shell!

This devotion to "things" may easily become a ghoulish passion. It is such that Ibsen hints at in the Master Builder, when he makes Aline Solness explain her perpetual black, her somber eyes and smileless lips, not by the death of her two little boys which has come about through the burning of her home, that was a "dispensation of Providence" to which she "bows in submission," but by the destruction of the things which were "mine"—"All the old portraits were burnt upon the walls and all the old silk dresses were burnt that had belonged to the family for generations and generations. And all mother's and grandmother's lace —that was burnt, too, and only think, the jewels, too."

The Killing of Conversation

One of the most disastrous effects of this preoccupation with the things and the labors of the household is the killing of conversation. There is perhaps no more general weakness in the average American family than glumness!

The silent newspaper-reading father, the worried watchful mother, the surly boy, the fretful girl, these are characters typical in both town and country. In one of Mrs. Daskam Bacon's lively tales, "Ardelia in Arcadia," the little heroine is transplanted from a lively, chattering, sweltering New York street to the maddening silence of an overworked farmer's table. After standing it as long as she can she cries out, "For Gawd's sake, talk!"

One secret of the attraction of the city over the country or small town for the young is contact with those who talk. They are conscious of a freedom they have never known—the freedom to say what rises to the lips. They experience the unknown joy of play of mind. According to their teaching the tongue and mind are to be used only when needed for serious service: to keep them active, to allow them to perform whatever nimble feats their owners fancy—this is a revelation!

Free family talk is sometimes ruined by a mistaken effort to direct it according to some artificial notions of what conversation means. Conversation means free giving of what is uppermost in the mind. The more spontaneous it is the more interesting and genuine it is. It is this freedom which gives to the talk of the child its surprises and often its startling power to set one thinking. Holding talk to some severe standard of consistency, dignity or subject is sure to stiffen and hamper it. There could have been nothing very free or joyful about talking according to a program as the ladies of the eighteenth century salons were more or less inclined. Good conversation runs like water, nothing is foreign to it. "Farming is such an unintellectual subject," I heard a critical young woman say to her husband, whose tastes were bucolic. The young woman did not realize that one of the masterpieces of the greatest of the world's writers was on farming--most practical farming too! That which relates to the life of each, interests each, concerns each —that is the material for conversation, if it is to be enjoyable or productive.

Regarding Opinions as Personal

One of a woman's real difficulties in creating a free-speaking household is her natural tendency to regard opinions as personal. To differ is something she finds it difficult to tolerate. To her mind it is to be unfriendly. This propensity to give a personal turn to things is an expression of that intensity of nature which makes her as Mr. Kipling has truthfully put it: "more deadly than the

race would dwindle. He would never sacrifice himself as she does for its preservation. This necessity of concentrating her whole being on a little group makes her personal. The wise woman is she who recognizes that, like all great forces this, too, has its weakness. Because a woman must be "more deadly than the male" in guarding her offspring is no reason she should be so in guarding an opinion. Certainly if she is so conversation is cut off at the root.

Not infrequently she is loath to encourage free expression because it seems to her to disturb the peace. Certainly it does disturb fixity of views. It does prevent things becoming settled in the way that the woman, as a rule, loves to have them, but this disturbance prevents the rigid intellectual and spiritual atmosphere which often drives the young from home. Peace which comes from submission and restraint is a poor thing. In the long run it turns to revolt. The woman, if she examines her own soul, knows the effect upon it of habitual submission to a husband's opinion. She knows it is a habit fatal to her own development. While at the beginning she may have been willing enough to sacrifice her ideas, later she makes the painful discovery that this hostage to love, as she considered it, has only made her less interesting, less important both to herself and to him. It has made it the more difficult, also, to work out that socialization of her home which, as her children grow older she realizes, if she thinks, is one of her most imperative duties.

A woman is very prone to look on marriage as a merger of personalities but there can be no great union where an individuality permits itself to be ruined. The notion that a woman's happiness depends on the manthat he must "make her happy" is a basic untruth. Happiness is an individual problem. Others may hinder it, but, in the final summing up, it is you, not another, who gives or takes it. No two people can work out a high relation if the precious inner self of either is sacrificed. Emerson has said the great word:

> Leave all for love; Yet, hear me, yet, Keep thee to-day, To-morrow, forever Free as an Arab! Of thy beloved.

Still more essential to the "open house," that is, the socialized house, than even this free mind is that spirit of "good will to man," upon which it, like all institutions in a Democratic Christian nation, certainly must be this side of her Business-whether or no she

male!" She must be that—were she not the based. This good will is only another name for neighborliness—the spirit of friendly recognition of all those who come within one's radius. Neighborliness is based upon the Christian and Democratic proposition that all men are brothers—a proposition with which the sects and parties of Christianity and Democracy often play havoc. In their zeal for an interpretation or system they sacrifice the very things they were devised to perpetuate and extend among men. A sectarian or partisan household cannot be a genuinely neighborly household. It has cut off too large a part of its source of supply.

A Perfect Example of "The Open

The most perfect type of this spirit of neighborliness which we have worked out in this country, outside of the thousands of little homes where it exists and of which in the nature of the case, only those who have felt their influence can know, is undoubtedly Hull House, the Chicago Settlement under the direction of Jane Addams. Hull House is an "open house" for its neighborhood. It is a place where men and women of all ages. conditions and points of view are welcome. So far as I have been able to discover genuine freedom of mind and friendliness of spirit are what have made Hull House possible and are what will decide its future after the day of the great woman who has mothered it and about whom it revolves. There is no formula for building a Hull House—any more than there is a home. Both are the florescence of a spirit, and a mind. Each will form itself according to the ideas, the tastes and the cultivation of the individuality at its center. Its activities will follow the peculiar needs which she has the brains and heart to discover, the ingenuity and energy to meet.

The home should be to the little neighborhood in which it works what Hull House is to its great field. In its essential structure it is the same thing, i. e., Hull House is really modeled after the home. Most interesting is the parallel between its organization and its activities and those of many a great home which we know through the lives of their mistresses, that of Margaret Winthrop, of Eliza Pinckney, of Mrs. John Adams.

The social significance of Hull House is in its relative degree the possible social significance of every home in this land. The realization depends, of course, upon the conception the woman in a particular house has of she does not see it is too often due to the fact and "mother"! A girl's education should that even though she may have "gone through contain at least as much serious instruction college" she has no notion of society as a living structure made up of various interdependent institutions, the first and foremost of which is a family or home.

on the family, is to-day giving only pertaken on such a quality of cant, that one dignity it deserves of a great profession.

sees neighborliness in this big sense. That almost hesitates to use the words "home" on the relation of the family to Society, as it does on the relation of the Carboniferous Age to the making of the globe. At present, it usually has less! It is but another evi-Absurd as it is, Society, which is founded dence of the pressing need there is of giving to the Woman's Business a more scientific functory and half-hearted recognition to it. treatment, of revitalizing its vocabulary, The whole vocabulary of the institution has reformulating its problems, of giving it the

THE GRAVE OF THE PROUD FARMER

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

NTO the acres of the newborn state He poured his strength and plowed his ancient name, And, when the traders followed him, he stood Towering above their furtive souls and tame.

That brow without a stain, that fearless eye Oft left the passing stranger wondering To find such knighthood in the sprawling land, To see a Democrat well-nigh a king.

He lived with liberal hand, with guests from far, With talk and joke and fellowship to spare,— Watching the wide world's life from sun to sun, Lining his walls with books from everywhere.

He read by night, he built his world by day. The farm and house of God to him were one. For forty years he preached and plowed and wrought:— A statesman in the fields, who bent to none.

His plowmen-neighbors were as lords to him. His was an ironside, democratic pride. He served a rigid Christ, but served him well,— And for a lifetime saved the countryside.

Here lie the dead who gave the church their best Under his fiery preaching of the word. They sleep with him beneath the ragged grass. . . . The village withers, by his voice unstirred.

And though his tribe be scattered to the wind From the Atlantic to the China sea, Yet do they think of that bright lamp he burned Of family worth and proud integrity.

And many a sturdy grandchild hears his name In reverence spoken till he feels akin To all the lion-eyed who built the world,— And lion-dreams begin to burn within.

What Do You Really See?

day life observe as much as they ought?

If you think it easy, try this: Ask some member of your family about some object which they are accustomed to see. For instance, a picture. As, which way the head faces, right or left. Seven out of ten will be unable to tell correctly.

The writer filled the office of Lecturer in the Grange for some time, and for an experiment one evening asked a number of questions about the

hall in which the meetings are held.

On "Observation Night," as it was called, some sixty members were in attendance. For a starter they were asked which way the Indian head on the common cent faced, right or left. Only two could the

Two doors leading to a balcony were next brought to mind. A knob on one door opened both. They were asked on which door this knob was located. Two gave the correct answer while

thirty-five gave the wrong door.

The number of pictures on the walls of the dining-hall was next questioned. No one, not even the janitor, could tell. They all gave nearly twice the correct number, which was twelve.

Is there a telephone pole squarely in front of the hall? was next asked. A brother said there was. Another brother said he thought it was not squarely in front, but a little to the *left*. Both brothers were positive they were right and caused no little merriment for the rest. More merriment was caused by the report of a committee that the nearest pole was to the *right* of the hall.

All these objects had been seen by those present probably hundreds of times, but they hadn't noticed them enough to remember about them.

Now, dear reader, when you meet a friend on the street just ask him which way the head on a five-cent piece faces, left or right. Ten to one he won't know.

Ask all your friends "observation questions," little things that they should notice. Before you are aware of the fact you will be observing many things you never noticed before, and you will enjoy life more for having noticed them.

R. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY has recently started on a tramping trip. Before he started he sent us the following lines, which he says he will copy off every night of his journey and give to the man who entertains him:

The Gospel of Beauty

I.—I come to you penniless and afoot to bring a message. I am starting a new religious idea. The new idea does not contradict any preceding creed. . . . Henceforth let the denomination to which you now belong be called in your heart "The Church of Beauty" or "The Church of the Open Sky." . . . The Church of Beauty has two sides: The Love of Beauty and the Love of God.

, II.—The thing most worth while is one's own hearth. Next to that, one's community. We should make our own hearth and community the most Democratic, the most Beautiful and the Holiest in the World. The children now growing up should become devout gardeners, or architects or park architects, or teachers of dancing in the Greek spirit, or musicians or poets or novelists or story-writers or dramatists or actors or singers. They should find their scrap of talent and nurse it industriously. . . . They should, if led by the Spirit, wander over the whole nation in search of the secret of Democratic Beauty, with their hearts at the same time deeply in tune with the righteousness of God. . . . Then they should come back to their hearth and community and make a little circle of their own sort of workmen or craftsmen about them and strive to make the community and hearth more beautiful and holy with their particular art. . . . They should labor in their little circle expecting neither reward nor money nor honors. They should take no thought for the morrow what they shall eat or wherewithal they shall be clothed. In their darkest hours they should be sustained by the vision of a transcendently beautiful Democracy. Their incentive should be that joy in Beauty which no adversity can take away and that joy in the Love of God which no crucifizion can end. NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

A CHILD CRY

Th.

Ŋ

By NETTA M. BREAKENRIDGE

AM a child—oh, do not tie me up

To schools, and desks, and books misunderstood,

When I am yearning to run out a-field,

To search the quiet of the dim, sweet wood.

And—oh—sweet Mother—do not set me sums, And those stiff, staring copies of some word, Let me count meadows full of clover blooms, And learn the sweet, free singing of a bird.

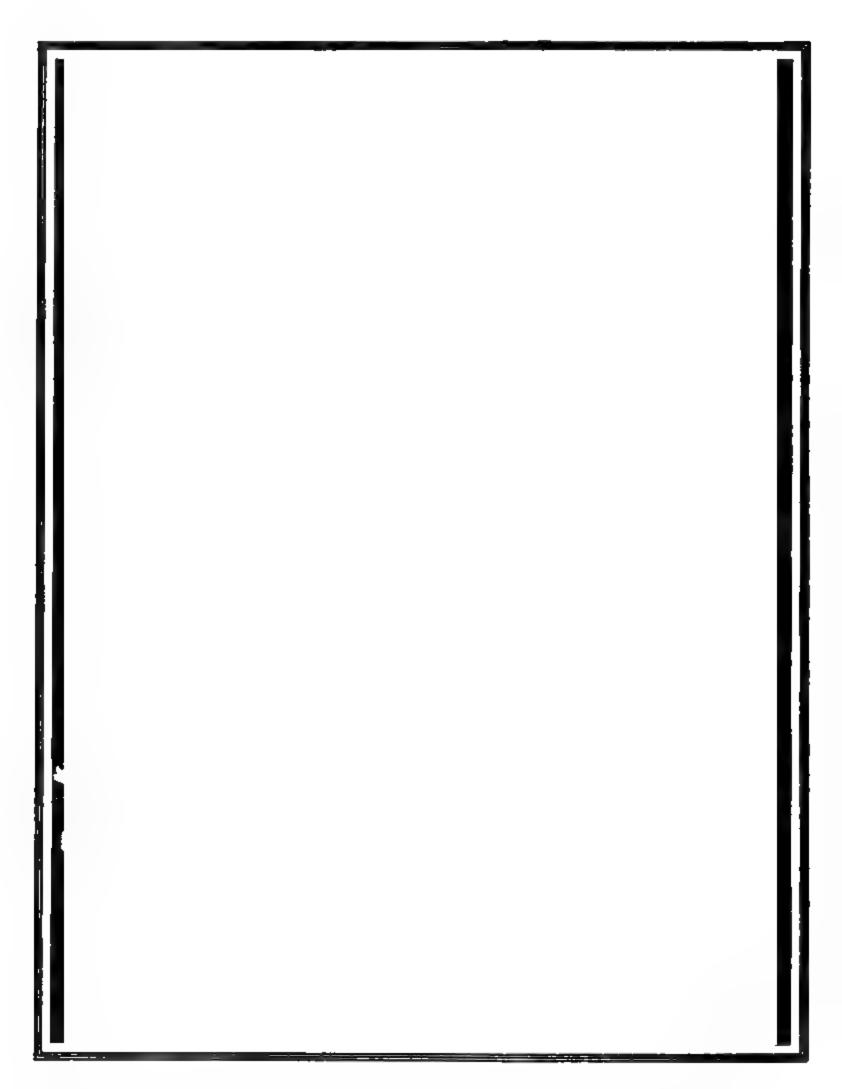
For I have found a Teacher to my mind,

She whispers sweet instruction when at rest

I stretch brown arms—bare feet in cool, deep grass

That feels the heart throb 'neath her great warm breast.

Then when the trees, the flowers, the sky, the birds,
Have taught their true, strong lessons, I'll come in
With eager, hungry questioning, and say,
"The books—sweet Mother—quick, I must begin!"



JUDGE ELBERT HENRY GARY

executive head of the Steel Corporation. Voting proxies representing stock worth nearly half a billion dollars, he put through Charles M. Cabot's resolution calling for the corporation to investigate itself on account of charges made in an article in The American Magazine. Judge Gary is of the new type of far-sighted corporation manager whose policy it is to conciliate public opinion. The product of a Western farm, he is a very human man in his love of sports such as motoring, his approachableness and his unaffected desire to stand well in the community

Father and Daughter both raised on

Mellin's Food

CARL W. SMITH

PAULINE SMITH

"Our doctor advised us to give Mellin's Food to Carl and 'stick to it.'
We did so, with the best of results, as his picture—taken the day he was one year old—will convince the most skeptical. Carl's baby girl was also raised on Mellin's Food and is the joy and light of our home—so well, happy and strong."

Mrs. Edith Walker, Fort Gibson, Okla.

(Carl's grandmother — Pauline's great grandmother.)

Mellin's Food has been recommended by physicians for generations and has proved an adequate and satisfying food for the baby. Mellin's Food agrees with babies from birth. It keeps them healthy and happy while they are growing up and all the time it is nourishing them, building firm flesh, strong bones and robust bodies, that will stand them in good stead later.

If your baby is not thriving as you know he should, you owe it to your baby and yourself to try Mellin's Food.

Write today for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." It is free.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.



THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



VOL. LXXIV

OCTOBER, 1912

NO. 6

A GREAT CORPORATION INVESTIGATES ITSELF

The Outcome Being the Raising in the Steel Industry of a New Standard for Dealing with Labor

By FRANK BARKLEY COPLEY

A REMARKABLE SEQUEL TO THE ARTICLE, "OLD AGE AT FORTY," IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

HE stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation were holding their tenth annual meeting in the corporation's "principal" office, situated in a trust company's office building in Hoboken, N. J. A truly modest principal office it was for a corporation with \$1,468,000,000 in outstanding securities and employing about 200,000 workmen—and was it not strange that, having more than 100,000 stockholders, this greatest industrial concern in the United States should arrange to hold a meeting of its stockholders in a room that could not comfortably seat more than 100 persons?

Well, we all know that in the case of most of the big corporations organized under Jersey laws these "principal" offices in New Jersey are principal in a legal sense only, and as for the smallness of the room in which the meeting was held, who so unsophisticated as ever to look for stockholders as such at a stockholders' meeting? As a matter of fact, when this tenth annual meeting of the stock- they would remain open for an hour. holders of the United States Steel Corpora- occurred an untoward incident: a mere stock-

tion was called to order, there were only about fifty persons present, and, of the fifty, those who weren't officers and clerks were mostly reporters.

Of course the small number of persons present did not interfere with the meeting's immediately proceeding to business, since the chairman held proxies for a majority of the stock. And this meeting started out to be a stockholders' meeting of the conventional type—a meeting at which the opening of the stock books for inspection, the giving proof of notice, the presentation of reports, the passing of resolutions sustaining the actions of officers, the election of directors, etc., all should constitute the putting through of a cut-and-dried program.

Presided over by a skilled chairman, the machinery of this meeting ran smoothly indeed—down to the moment when it was gravely announced, just as if there were thousands waiting to vote, that the polls were open for the election of directors and that holder somehow had slipped in and he actually arose to speak.

"Mr. Chairman," he asked, "is further

business now in order?"

The man who committed this solecism was Charles M. Cabot, an active member of a Boston firm dealing in stocks and bonds. We have no means of knowing exactly what emotions stirred the bosom of the chairman when the smooth running of the meeting was thus rudely interrupted. All we know is that he and Mr. Cabot having had previous dealings of a not very pleasant order, he must have been in some measure prepared for the jar. As a matter of fact, those who know Elbert Henry Gary can easily believe that he is not likely at any time to be found wholly unprepared for anything. Be that as it may, Judge Gary's answer to Mr. Cabot's question as to whether further business was in order was a simple, "Yes."

Mr. Cabot then said (here and later we quote from the stenographic report of this

meeting):

"In the March [1911] number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE there appeared an article dealing with certain economic conditions obtaining among the employees of this corporation, chiefly those employed in the steel mills at or near Pittsburgh. It is not my purpose at this time to enter into a discussion as to the merits of the article referred to, except to express my belief that, if the statements there made are true, the conditions so revealed constitute a serious menace to the continued success of this corporation, both in its business as an employer of labor and in its reputation as an organization which has been willing at all times to deal openly and frankly with industrial conditions. believe that it is the right of the stockholders of this corporation to be fully informed as to the truth of the statements contained in this article, in order that if such statements are found to be based on facts, the stockholders may consider whether or not some action should be taken by the officers of this corporation with a view to remedying the relations that now obtain between this corporation and its employees."

Did you ever before hear of anything like this? Here, on April 17, 1911 (please mark the date), was a man who owned only twentyseven shares of its preferred stock asking a billion-dollar corporation to pause in its legitimate business of grinding out dividends and investigate itself because of charges made in an article in a magazine! Surely everybody will want to have a clear understanding of

what led up to this unprecedented request, particularly as it now has resulted in an almost equally unprecedented action on the part of the greatest corporation in the world.

Back in 1907, a special staff of Charities and the Commons (now the Survey Magazine)* began to "survey" Pittsburgh as an industrial and civic unit. The general findings of the Pittsburgh Survey first were published in 1909 in Charities and the Commons. So far as the survey dealt with the industrial life of Pittsburgh, the steel mills naturally claimed most of its attention, and among the things revealed in connection with these mills was the shocking condition, sanitary and otherwise. of a group of laborers' homes known as Painters' Row.

A statement in Collier's about Painters' Row, based on the report of the Pittsburgh Survey, one day attracted the attention of the Mr. Cabot of Boston to whom the reader has been introduced. By way of making him still better known, it may be said that this Mr. Cabot is a son of James Elliot Cabot, the friend and literary executor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that he is a member of a family which is a New England institution. It is true that, being a man of forceful personality, Charles M. Cabot likes to think of himself as an individual rather than as a member of a family; but as his actions after reading about Painters' Row seem so remarkably like a response to a call of the blood, we perhaps may be pardoned for touching on this in passing.

Then, as now, a small stockholder in the Steel Corporation, Mr. Cabot was so much interested in what he read about Painters' Row that he wrote to the corporation about Of the response made to his request for information, it is necessary to say only that it served to put Mr. Cabot directly in touch with the Survey people, and that rightly or wrongly Mr. Cabot was convinced from his reading of the reports of the Pittsburgh Survey, not only that bad sanitary conditions had been maintained in the case of some laborers' homes, but that the steel workers themselves, particularly the unskilled element, were being oppressed. And Mr. Cabot felt—please observe this!—that, as a stockholder in the corporation that was the largest single employer of these men, he was partly responsible for the conditions existing among them.

*A non-commercial publication issued by the Charities Publication Committee, a constituent committee, national in membership, of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York. Its work of investigation in Pittaburgh was carried on under funds appropriated by the Russell Sage Poundation.

Photograph by Chickering

CHARLES M. CABOT

of Boston, who is taking every means in his power to make his fellow stockholders in the Steel Corporation realize that they share in the responsibility for the existing evils in labor conditions. Ridicule and abuse have no effect on the tenacity of purpose of this modern representative of the old New England abolitionist spirit. As a part of his crusade, Mr. Cabot introduced the resolution that caused the Steel Corporation to investigate itself

Of course, as the cynical will point out, Mr. Cabot could have eased his New England conscience by selling his stock; but he decided to take the more troublesome course of holding on to it so as to be able to make his protest from the inside. Not only this, but he determined to attempt to make his fellow stockholders take the same view of their responsibilities that he did. He determined to do this, although, as a practical man of affairs, he must have known that he would expose himself to ridicule and abuse, to say

a reincarnation of the spirit of those old New England abolitionists?

Calling in person upon Judge Gary, Mr. Cabot laid before that gentleman a plan that he had formulated for interesting his fellow stockholders in labor conditions in the steel industry. The plan comprehended that an article setting forth conditions that Mr. Cabot believed should be changed and advocating progressive policies in general should be prepared by John A. Fitch, who had investigated labor conditions in the steel industry nothing of his assuming a task that would call for the Pittsburgh Survey, and that this artifor a large expenditure of time and money. cle should be mailed at Mr. Cabot's expense Is it too fanciful to suppose that here we have to 15,000 holders of the Steel Corporation's

preferred stock, together with a request that office of the Steel Corporation then was enthey express their views thereon.

Somewhat to Mr. Cabot's surprise, Judge Gary readily consented to the carrying out of this plan, and a little later it was discussed at of the steel workers, at least in the Pittsburgh

Paul U. Kellogg, the director of the Pittsburgh Survey. Mr. Fitch then prepared his article. When he had done so, Mr. Cabot desired that, before the article was sent out to the 15,000 stockholders of the Steel Corporation, the general public should have an opportunity to read it, as he felt that, apart from any question of having reforms forced upon the corporation from the outside, an aroused and enlightened general public sentiment must have its influence upon the stockholders themselves. Thus the article was offered to THE AMERI-CAN MAGAZINE, and it was published in the March, 1911, number of this magazine under the title "Old Age at Forty."

In this article Mr. Fitch set forth that

them were "a daily and weekly schedule of hours, both shockingly long; a system of speeding that adds overstrain to overtime; and, crowning all, a system of repression that stifles initiative and destroys healthy citizenship."

Mr. Fitch found that five or six classes of workmen were compelled to work seven days every week and that every second week these men had to work a full twenty-four hours, in day shift, and vice versa. Mention, however,

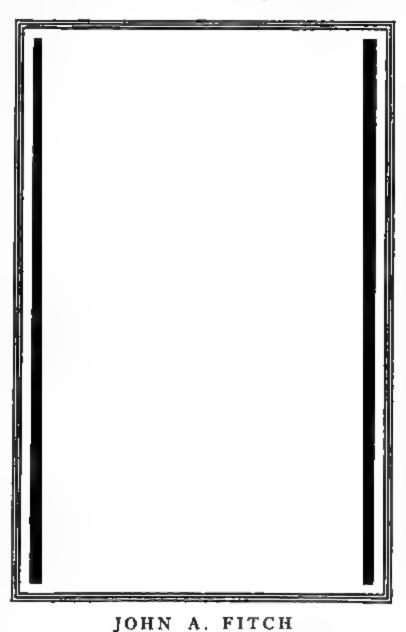
deavoring to do away with all unnecessary Sunday labor. On the score of long hours, Mr. Fitch also charged that a large majority length at a conference participated in by district, worked twelve hours out of every Judge Gary, Mr. Cabot, Mr. Fitch, and Mr. twenty-four, and he described what this

meant, particularly for a family man.

The excessive speeding of the men, Mr. Fitch said, was due partly to a system of cash rewards distributed among foremen and superintendents for increasing output, but mostly to a system of rate-cutting in the case of those men who were paid by the ton of product. However, what mostly concerned Mr. Fitch was the fact that ever since 1892, when the failure of the famous Homestead strike broke the back of unionism in the steel industry, the men had been left entirely at the mercy of their employers.

In general, it may be said of Mr. Fitch's article that it was written in a spirit of deep sympathy for those whom the writer considered to be oppressed. How-

the factors that entered most deeply into ever, it appealed to Judge Gary neither the lives of the steel workers as he had found as an exact statement of conditions nor as a piece of pure literature. This was hardly to be wondered at, since it may be said, with all due conservatism, that Judge Gary's point of view is somewhat different from Mr. Fitch's. For one thing, Judge Gary finds it hard to believe that a twelve-hour workday is necessarily a bad thing. He likes to talk of the time when he worked twelve hours or more a day out on his father's farm in Illinois. Moreover, he is in order that the night shift might become the contact with men who, coming up through the mill, have had their characters strengthened was made of the fact that the New York by hardship and toil, men who were like the



who wrote the article "Old Age at Forty," published in The American Magazine in March, 1911, which Mr. Cabot tried to send at his own

expense to every stockholder of the Steel Company. Mr. Fitch is one of the ablest investigators in the country

material on which they worked in the sense choose to consider that this ended the matter; that hammer blows but toughened their fiber, men whose strength grew with the task. Such men find it difficult to put themselves in the places of men not so strong as they or not so fortunate in obtaining rewards for their strength as they. They find it difficult to

keep in mind that there is a difference between a task imposed by self and a task imposed by others, and that there is a difference between long hours of toil with hope ahead and long hours of toil with no hope ahead.

Worst of all, Judge Gary felt, when he read this American Magazine article, that his hospitality to Mr. Cabot and Mr. Fitch had been abused. Apparently it was his understanding that the only questions to be raised were the seven-day week, the twelve-hour day, and perhaps the speeding of the men. It is true that Mr. Cabot, Mr. Fitch, and Mr. Kellogg all are certain that Judge Gary was given to understand that the question of unionism would be raised also; but whether Judge Gary misunderstood these gentlemen at the time of his conference with them or later forgot some

things that they then had discussed, the important fact is that, Mr. Fitch's article as a whole giving deep offense to Judge Gary's judicial mind, he felt that the officials of the company should not assist in its distribution among the Steel Corporation's stockholders and withdrew his promise to let Mr. Cabot have access to the stockholders' list. However, Mr. Cabot did not Gary to take action.

he believed that he should have access to the stockholders' list as a matter of right, and so he appealed to the courts.

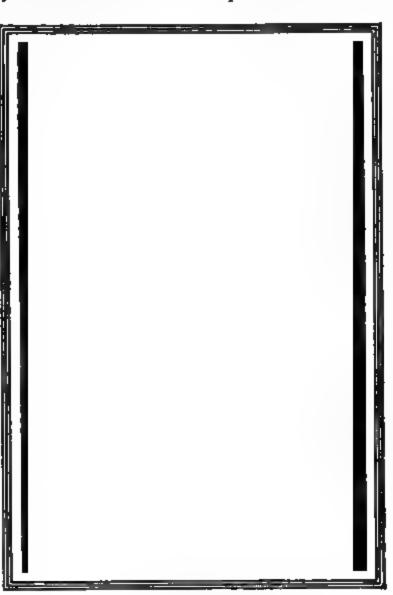
This, then, was the situation when, on April 17, 1911, the mighty sons of steel came to present themselves before the long table

over in Hoboken, and Mr. Cabot came also among them. In other words, Mr. Cabot went to the meeting for the purpose of executing a flank movement, and after making the speech we have quoted he offered the following definite resolution:

"Resolved, that the chairman shall forthwith appoint a committee of not more than five persons from the officers or stockholders of this corporation to investigate and report to the Finance Committee, as soon as may be, but not later than October 1, 1011, as to the truth of the statements contained in a certain article appearing in the March number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, under the title 'Old Age at Forty,' and that such report, together with such comment as

said Finance Committee may desire to add thereto, shall thereupon be printed and mailed to the stockholders of this corporation."

His resolution introduced, Mr. Cabot briefly described the standing of Mr. Fitch, the author of the article, and waited for Judge



WILLIAM B. DICKSON

former vice-president of the Steel Corporation and a fine type of the progressive manager. When as a young man he worked seven days a week in the rolling mills of Homestead, he vowed that he would knock the seven-day week out, if he ever reached a position of power. True to his vow, he as vicepresident of the Steel Corporation dealt hard blows at seven-day labor from the inside, and at the first meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, made a stirring denunciation of this evil which more than any other one thing now has led to a six-day schedule. being adopted by all the big operators, even for processes that are necessarily continuous

At the opening of the meeting, Judge Gary had stated that he was "proxy and representative of holders of record of 1,924,821 shares of preferred stock and 2,900,671 shares of the common stock of this corporation as shown by the certificate of the secretary and treasurer." Placing the market value of Steel preferred at 110 and Steel common at 70, we find that Judge Gary represented the power of \$414,777,280. How should he wield this enormous power with reference to the action demanded by the holder of the insignificant number of twenty-seven shares? —this action that was big with fate, not only for the Steel Corporation's tens of thousands of workmen, not only for steel workers in general, but for manual toilers in all industries. Make no mistake about it, we do not here speak with extravagance. Where the Steel Corporation leads, other steel manufacturers must follow, and what this the greatest industrial organization in the United States does must have its influence throughout the industrial world.

Well, there was Judge Gary confronting the small stockholder who spoke for humanity. It was the power of \$414,777,280 against \$2,970. Moreover, whether mistakenly or not, Judge Gary sincerely believed that he had a just grievance against the man who wanted to have this magazine article investigated, and he went on to give voice to his grievance as follows:

unanimously carried. The chair will at a later date make up a committee of good, able, substantial, reliable stockholders to serve on this committee."

As finally made up, the investigating committee appointed by Judge Gary consisted of Stuyvesant Fish, former president of the investigated, and he went on to give voice to lillinois Central Railway, chairman; Charles his grievance as follows:

"The chair will state," he said, "that the company has given these gentlemen every opportunity to investigate all the conditions relating to the subject-matter of the article in question; he has been very frank and open and honest with these people, and we had reason, from their representations, to suppose that the facts and nothing but the facts would be published, and that the object of the investigation was entirely fair and aboveboard. When the article in question was published, it seemed to us that it was a partisan article, very unfair and unreasonable, and that the motive in publishing it was not good. Believing the motive not good, we have declined to assist in its distribution."

Here Judge Gary paused; and while he pauses it may be remarked that, if the power of nearly half a billion dollars was that day opposed to the power of scarcely three thousand dollars, there was still another power represented in that little room—the power of the public press, whose reporters were waiting to make known what action should be taken—and that Judge Gary, long before this stockholders' meeting; had ex-

tablished for the Steel Corporation an enlightened policy of conciliating public opinion. In fact, there can be no doubt that beginning his career as a \$12-a-week law clerk, Judge Gary owes his remarkable success in life as much to this policy as to his genius as an organizer.

"However," Judge Gary continued, when he had stated his grievance, "we desire to be fair and reasonable and liberal with these gentlemen, and it seems to me that the resolution which is now offered is a proper one, that Mr. Cabot has a right to present it, has a right to be heard upon it, and, in fact, I do not see why the resolution should not be adopted."

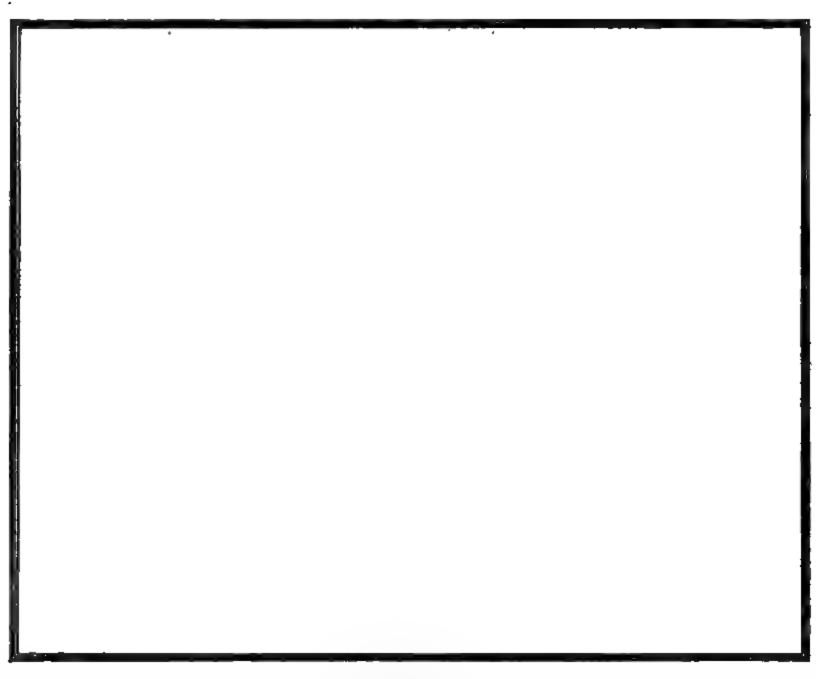
Judge Gary then gave his understanding of the resolution and added:

here speak with extravagance. Where the Steel Corporation leads, other steel manufacturers must follow, and what this the greatest industrial organization in the United States does must have its influence throughout the industrial world.

Well, there was Judge Gary confronting the small stockholder who spoke for humanity. It was the power of \$414,777,280 against \$2.070. Moreover, whether mis-

As finally made up, the investigating committee appointed by Judge Gary consisted of Stuyvesant Fish, former president of the L. Taylor and Charles A. Painter, of Pittsburgh; Thomas De Witt Cuyler, of Philadelphia, and Darius Miller, of Chicago. The committee met for organization on October 31; but although several meetings later were held, at one of which Mr. Cabot and Mr. Fitch appeared, nothing in particular was done until January 12, when William H. Matthews, formerly head worker of Kingsley House, a social settlement in Pittsburgh, was chosen to act as the committee's secretary. As a young man, Mr. Matthews had himself worked twelve hours a day, and he was a believer in unionism. At the same time he had the confidence of many of the big steel men in the Pittsburgh district, particularly Charles L. Taylor, who had been associated with him in the work of Kingsley House.

Immediately following the selection of Mr. Matthews as secretary, the committee took the broad ground that its duty was not merely to answer Mr. Fitch's article, and that the main questions calling for its consideration were (1) the seven-day week and long turn, (2) the twelve-hour day, (3) the speeding of the workmen, and (4) the repression of the men. It also showed its good



THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE AT WORK IN PITTSBURGH Charles M. Cabot, Charles A. Painter, Stuyvesant Fish, William A. Matthews, Sec'y, Charles L. Taylor, C. L. Close. A remarkable committee. Mr. Fish and Mr. Cabot are described elsewhere. Charles L. Taylor's presence made certain that the side of the workers would receive consideration. As an official of the old Carnegie Steel Company, he bore such simple human relations with his men that he was affectionately known among them as "Charlie" Taylor. He long has been administering the fund for crippled steel workers. More than any other man he deserves the credit for having enlisted the services of William H. Matthews. William H. Matthews as secretary bore the brunt of the work of arranging and conducting the investigation. He used to work twelve hours a day himself. A believer in unionism, formerly head worker of Kingsley House, a social settlement in Pittsburgh, he yet was trusted so implicitly by the big steel men who knew him that the other members submitted unhesitatingly to his guidance. And C. L. Close, who as manager of the Steel Company's Bureau of Safety, Relief, Sanitation, and Welfare, was a valuable help

faith by inviting Mr. Cabot to accompany it a better order of things—that is, no one can on its tour of steel mills in the Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Chicago districts.

As arranged by Mr. Matthews, upon whom was placed the main burden of visiting plants and interviewing workmen and officials, the committee's tour of the mills lasted from April 3 to April 12, this year.

Now, no one can deny that Judge Gary, in selecting stockholders to serve on this committee, did all that could reasonably be expected of him. Certainly no one can deny that the report submitted by this committee was a remarkable document in its meaning for all

deny this except those who, blindly prejudiced against big corporations as such or bent on overturning things in a day, refuse to take into consideration all the circumstances.

With regard to the seven-day week, the committee found that the records it had examined indicated that, with the exception of two or three plants, it (the seven-day week) had been relegated to the past. The credit for this the committee gave to the Steel Corporation's Finance Committee. which, in 1907, adopted a resolution recommending to the presidents of all subsidiary those who are gallantly striving to bring about companies that "Sunday labor be reduced to

the minimum," and to Judge Gary, who in At the same time, the committee went on to 1910 issued a peremptory order that thereafter the spirit of the resolution be obeyed by all. In passing it may be mentioned that much credit for this resolution and the peremptory order that followed it seem to be due to a fight against the seven-day week led within the corporation by William B. Dickson, formerly the corporation's vicepresident. Denouncing the seven-day week as "detrimental to those engaged in it, whether viewed from a physical, social or moral point of view," this investigating committee of stockholders now recommended that the order abolishing it "be absolutely enforced at all times in all mines, mills, shops, railways, docks and works of the Steel Corporation," and that "any tendency on the part of anyone to disregard the spirit or the letter of such order should be sufficient cause for removal."

On the subject of the long turn, the committee reported that it believed it was feasible to eliminate it entirely, and the committee further recommended that "conscientious effort should be made by all to reduce to a positive minimum any undue length in work hours that emergencies and unforeseen conditions may sometimes demand." However, it is on the subject of the twelvehour day that the report of this committee is a ten-strike. Here is what the committee said first:

"To ascertain the number of employees of the Steel Corporation working on a twelve-hour schedule (exclusive of officers, managers and clerical forces), we have examined the records of 175,715 men. Of this number we find 45,248, or 2534 per cent., are at present working twelve hours per day. Generally speaking, this schedule of work finds its largest proportion in those departments which are more or less continuous, such as rolling mills, open hearths and blast furnaces, where the percentage working twelve hours varies from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent."

The committee found that the hardship of the twelve-hour day had been mitigated by mechanical improvements which made the laborers' work less exhausting, and it also reported that, in the cases of the open hearths and blast furnaces, the work, being intermittent, actually called for a less expenditure of energy than the work done in many of the eight- and ten-hour positions.

use these striking words:

"Notwithstanding this fact, we are of the opinion that a twelve-hour day of labor, followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years, means a decreasing of the efficiency and lessening of the vigor and virility of such men.

"The question should be considered from a social as well as a physical point of view. When it is remembered that the twelve hours a day to the man in the mills means approximately thirteen hours away from his home and family—not for one day, but for all working days—it leaves but scant time for self-improvement, for companionship with his family, for recreation and leisure. It is important that any industry be considered in its relation to the home life of those engaged in it, as to whether it tends to weaken or strengthen the normalness and stability of family life. By a reasonable conserving of the strength of the working population of to-day may we be best assured of a healthy, intelligent, productive citizenship in the future."

Well, here we see it acknowledged by the investigators personally selected by the executive head of the greatest industrial enterprise in the United States that the twelvehour day is humanly and socially bad, and that it is the duty of men engaged in large enterprises not only to make money for themselves, but to act, to some extent at least, as trustees for the rest of the community. This, readers, is progress.

It is true that our investigating committee went on to say that it might be considered impracticable suddenly to change a system that has been entrenched for many years, and it also expressed doubt as to whether it would be possible "to inaugurate a shorterhour system unless a similar policy should be adopted by all employers engaged in the same industry." However, it recommended this as a question now ready for the "intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the proper officers of the corporation," and, as this committee itself said farther on in its report,

it is not unreasonable to believe that "the men who, in the manufacture of iron and steel, have been so success-

Photograph by Prince

STUYVESANT FISH

Chairman of the investigating committee appointed by Judge Gary to look into the truth of Mr. Fitch's report of the labor conditions in the Steel Company

ful in the invention and application of wonderful mechanical appliances, who have won success in the administration of immense enterprises—that these same men will lead and achieve in the just solving of the social and human problems that in this same industry press for answer."

. ., ..

Taking up the subject of the speeding of the workmen, the committee favored the retention of the bonus system and the system of payment by piecework. Recognizing, how-

system, the committee recommended that the directors "should employ the necessary means whereby they would always be conversant with and able to promptly check any official who, in his anxiety for output, becomes disregardful of the possible injury to his men by overspeeding and excessive strain." Of still greater importance is the fact that the committee recommended for consideration the proposition that bonuses "should find fair and just distribution among all whose efforts and labor contribute to any resultant increase in production or economies"—a distinct adever, the possibility of abuse in the bonus vance over the present system of distributing

bonuses only among foremen and superintendents.

In connection with the highly important question as to the repression of the men, the committee reported that it might be an open question as to "what measures the officers of the corporation should adopt for the suppression of organizations that in the past have, at times, proved irresponsible and incapable of self-control," but it believed that "the present methods are preferable to the old for all concerned," and that the corporation was justified in making "efficiency the one standard by which continuance of employment in its plants is determined." Undoubtedly these words reveal a firm stand against unionism, as unionism is commonly understood. But the committee had more to say on this subject:

"As a Committee of Stockholders, we do not believe the final solution of the problems involved in this question has been reached. . . . That the method of employment of to-day must prove to be the best for the future is a question on which there may well be a difference of opinion. The interests of society and the community at large will not best be served by that type of mind, whether it be employer or employee, which bases action on the assumption that might makes right. On the contrary, the adjustment of the relations between employer and employee is a task for men of sound minds, reciprocal natures, broad sympathies and courage, men who believe that the future may be made better than the present.

"May it not be reasonably hoped that such men, whether they be officials or wage-earners, may more and more be found working together to bring forward the day when employer and employee shall enter into a common administration of industrial interests?"

In his article in The American Magazine, Mr. Fitch raised this question: "Can we afford to grant to any man or group of men an unrestricted right to control business, if that means the absolute right to determine working conditions for their employees?" It is our opinion that the extract from the committee's report we have just given indicates that the committee's answer to this question is—"no!" Grant that when the committee

speaks about looking forward to a day when employer and employee shall enter into a common administration of industrial interests, it is but giving expression to a pious wish—yet it is plain that a high standard for all employers here has been raised, and that even the Steel Corporation, opposed as it is at present to ordinary unionism, seems to be looking forward to some form of "collective bargaining."

Highly important also is the fact that in closing its report, the committee recommended, that "hereafter and at stated intervals a statement shall be submitted to the stockholders dealing with the questions discussed in this report." Here we see that Mr. Cabot's action in appearing at that annual stockholders' meeting has, if nothing else, led to the way being paved for all his fellow stockholders to have that knowledge of labor conditions needed by them in order that they may intelligently live up to their responsibilities. Just as the Steel Corporation long since took an advanced stand as regards publicity for its finances and output, so it now promises to become the pioneer corporation in extending the great principle of publicity to such things as hours of labor, wages, shop conditions, etc.

At this writing there is being mailed to all the stockholders of the corporation a circular entitled, "Action of United States Steel Corporation upon Recommendations of Stockholders' Committee," the action in question being that taken by the Finance Committee, which is the governing body during the intervals between the meetings of the Board of **Directors.** Summing up the significance of this circular, we find: (i) That the finishing blow has been given to the seven-day week and long turn; (2) that the twelve-hour day probably has entered upon the last stage of its struggle for existence; (3) that the governing body of the corporation for the present officially ignores the possibility of abuse under the present bonus system; (4) that this same governing body is firmly set unionism in the common significance of that term and does not at present feel called upon to consider the possibility of any form of "collective bargaining"; and (5) that full publicity for labor matters may reasonably be expected in the near future.

If the principle of one thing at a time here applies, we perhaps might expect the other matters to be held in abeyance until the twelve-hour day finally is disposed of, and in connection with the twelve-hour day the

definite action taken by the Finance Committee is embodied in the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Chairman, Mr. Roberts and the President of the Corporation be appointed a committee to consider what, if any, arrangement with a view to reducing the twelve-hour day, in so far as it now exists among the employees of the subsidiary companies, is reasonable, just and practicable."

It is true that Judge Gary at this writing will not commit himself as to the probable outcome of the work of this committee, but his good faith in this connection can be seen in the fact that the Mr. Roberts whom he selected to serve on the committee along with himself and James A. Farrell, the president of the corporation, is Percival Roberts, Jr., a resident of Philadelphia, who used to be the head of a steel mill and is a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which owns the Cambria Steel Company in whose Johnstown mills three labor shifts of eight hours each already have been established for continuous processes.

Only one other matter remains to be cleared up. It will be remembered that when Judge Gary refused to give Mr. Cabot access to the list of stockholders in order that Mr. Cabot might distribute among them Mr. Fitch's article in THE AMERICAN MAGA-ZINE, Mr. Cabot appealed to the courts. The decision handed down by the New York Supreme Court was in Mr. Cabot's favor. From this the Steel Corporation appealed. Then Mr. Cabot and the Steel people agreed to a compromise the terms of which were that Mr. Fitch was to prepare for Mr. Cabot another article, this one to deal solely with hours of labor in the steel industry; that this article should be sent out at Mr. Cabot's expense to 15,000 stockholders; that in the meantime court proceedings should be held in abeyance, and that it should also be left for future adjustment as to whether an article dealing directly with unionism and collective bargaining that Mr. Cabot proposed to have prepared should be sent out with the voluntary consent of the corporation.

Pursuant to this arrangement Mr. Fitch's new article was sent out in March of this year before the stockholders' committee reported, along with letters both from Mr. Cabot and Judge Gary. To Mr. Cabot's request that the stockholders express their views in this connection, about 150 persons responded. As we have not the space in which to analyze these replies, we can say

only that they were about evenly divided between those who favored Mr. Cabot's stand and those who did not. Some of the writers coarsely abused Mr. Cabot as a meddler, self-advertiser and worse, and, on the other hand, about 13 per cent. of those who wrote said they would like to have the steel workers' hours reduced, even if this would make necessary a reduction of dividends.

These letters aside, may it not be said that the grave labor problems now confronting this country have been brought nearer a solution since Mr. Cabot first got the idea that a stockholder has responsibilities? We do not know whether this better promise for the future pays the greater tribute to the undaunted pertinacity of Mr. Cabot or to the far-sightedness of Judge Gary. We think also that the reader will see that this better promise has more than justified all the labors of the Survey people. And do we not here have a concrete example of how a magazine article, based on thorough investigation and conscientiously prepared, may assist in the production of decidedly constructive results?

It is true that, at this year's meeting of his stockholders, Judge Gary declared that "it needs no magazine article, nor any resolution from any stockholder, to spur us on in our endeavor to promote the welfare of the employees of the corporation." Moreover, we have no reason to dispute the word of those who declare that the reforms recommended by what has now come to be known as the Cabot Stockholders' Committee have long been the subject of study on the part of the Steel Corporation's managers.

We know also that there is truth in the statement that existing conditions in the steel industry were not established by those who manage the United States Steel Corporation, and that it is impossible for these men to change these conditions all at once. We can well believe also that, although Judge Gary's position as the executive head of the corporation has steadily been strengthened throughout the eleven years of its existence, the New York office cannot alter things, even within the corporation, by fiat.

From a distance the Steel Corporation may appear to be a solidarity or an object actuated by one purpose, whether for good or evil. But a near view of this great corporation shows that it really is a little world made up of men of many minds, just as is the world in general. And, just as in the world in general, we find the men in this little world divided into fairly well-defined groups of reactionaries and progressives, the extreme reactionaries

believing that it is the business of the corporation to make all the money possible, regardless of public opinion and the public welfare, while the progressives, whatever their motives, at least have the sense to recognize that the day for that sort of thing has passed. As a matter of fact, there have been among the rulers of this corporation men so extremely progressive that they have contended that mills should be kept running, regardless of profit or loss, when to shut them down would be to cripple the town in which they constituted the main industry.

Well, even as the President of the United States in forming his policies cannot act in total disregard of the opinions of his advisers, of Congress and the people in general, so the executive head of an organization like the Steel Corporation is more or less restricted, no matter how strong a man he may be, to a course that, to a greater or less degree, must represent a compromise between opposing extremes. Curiously enough, the parallel extends still farther; for, just as Washington often is restrained in what it would do by questions of state rights, so the more or less autonomous condition of the constituent companies of the Steel Corporation puts restrictions upon the power of this corporation's New York office.

All this we bring out if only to show that we have no desire to represent Judge Gary as a man who must be forced to do what is right. Yet, having done this, we think that Judge Gary himself will recognize that magazine articles and resolutions of stockholders, by their influence upon that opinion inside and outside of his corporation with which all the managers must reckon, may at least facilitate have from an aroused and enlightened sentithe progress of those labor reforms which all kindly men—all gentle men—must wish moment.

Along with the circular to which we previously referred, there is now being sent to the stockholders of the Steel Corporation a circular entitled, "Statements from Addresses by and Interviews with Elbert H. Gary, Chairman, United States Steel Corporation, from 1904 to 1912." The obvious purpose of this circular is to show that Judge Gary never has needed anyone to spur him on in his endeavor to promote the welfare of his company's tens of thousands of employees. In it we read that, at a dinner of iron and steel manufacturers, Judge Gary said:

"I think we should all the time have in mind the best interests of our employees, no matter whether they treat us right or wrong,

and regardless of what they may have done in the past. We have the advantage of them in education, in experience, in wealth, in many ways, and we must make it absolutely certain under all circumstances that we treat them right."

And again we read that, in an address to the presidents of the Steel Corporation's sub-

sidiary companies, Judge Gary said:

"It is going to be said of you some time in the future, you occupied high positions and you measured up to them, and you did your duty not only as representatives of large financial interests, but as public citizens. And I urge this upon you as being a part of the policy of our great aggregation of men. It is more important all the time that we do the right thing concerning all the interests in our charge than it is that we make a good deal of money."

Of course the "wise" ones, reading these statements, will wink the other eye, knowing perfectly well that every corporation lawyer and manager wears horns and a tail. But we are not very wise, even if we do have a suspicion that men seldom act from motives entirely unmixed. And so, for the present taking these representations at their full value, and thinking also of that stockholder, Mr. Cabot, and those other stockholders who were willing to accept reduced dividends, we venture the opinion that perhaps our salvation eventually may come just from men of character, men who will scorn to take advantage of ignorance and need, and who will refuse to pocket a dollar wrung from human

suffering.

We believe that, with the support they now ment both among their stockholders and the general public, the progressive managers of to see established at the earliest possible the Steel Corporation will be able to prevail over all reactionary influences. We believe that even the reactionaries will see that, with eight-hour and other labor legislation pending in Congress, and with such organizations as the Industrial Workers of the World struggling to get a foothold in the steel industry it will be wise for the corporation voluntarily to hasten its reforms and thus avoid such risk as there may be of having these reforms forced upon it. Undoubtedly the findings of Judge Gary's twelve-hour day committee, which has in charge the labor problem that immediately presses for solution, are eagerly awaited by the stockholders who have been awakened to a sense of their responsibilities, by social workers everywhere, by the organs of public opinion and by the country in general.

MESSEN THE W

1

HENRY V

ILLUSIRATED BY FR

HE lighthouse on the Isle of the Wise Virgin—formerly called the Isle of Birds-still looks out over the blue waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; its white tower motionless through the day, like a sea-gull sleeping on the rock; its great yellow eye wide-open and winking, winking steadily once a minute, all through the night. And the birds visit the island—not in great flocks as formerly, but still plenty of them--long-winged waterbirds in the summer, and in the spring and fall shortwinged landbirds passing in their migrations—the grandchildren and great-grand-children, no doubt, of the same flying families that used to come there fifty years ago, in the days when Nataline Fortin was "The Keeper of the Light." And she herself, that brave girl who said that the light was her "law of God," and who kept it, though it nearly broke her heart-Nataline is still guardian of the island and its flashing beacon of safety.

Not in her own person, you understand, for her dark curly hair long since turned white, and her brown eyes were closed, and she rests beside her father in the little graveyard behind the chapel at Dead Men's Point. But her spirit still inhabits the island and keeps the



light. The son whom she bore to Marcel Thibault was called Baptiste, after her father, and he is now the lighthouse-keeper; and her granddaughter, Nataline, is her living image; a brown darling of a girl, merry and fearless, who plays the fife bravely all along the march of life.

It is good to have some duties in the world which do not change, and some spirits who meet them with a proud cheerfulness, and some families who pass on the duty and the cheer from generation to generation—aristocrats, first families, the best blood.

Nataline the second

house, humming a little song, as I sat there with my friend Baptiste, snugly sheltered from the night fury of the first September storm. The sticks of spruce-wood snapped and crackled in the range; the kettle purred a soft accompaniment to the girl's low voice; the wind and the rain beat against the seaward window. I was glad that I had given up the trout fishing, and left my camp on the Ste. Marguérite-en-bas, and come to pass a couple of days with the Thibaults at the lighthouse.

Suddenly there was a quick blow on the window behind me, as if someone had thrown a ball of wet seaweed or sand against it. I leaped to my feet and turned quickly, but saw nothing in the darkness.

"It is a bird, m'sieu'," said Baptiste, "only a little bird. The light draws them, and then it blinds them. Most of them fly against the big lantern above. But now and then one comes to this window. In the morning sometimes after a big storm we find a hundred dead ones around the tower."

"But, oh," cried Nataline, "the pity of it! I can't get over the pity of it. The poor little one—how it must be deceived—to seek light and to find death! Let me go out and look for it. Perhaps it is not dead."

"I will tell you," he replied gravely, laying down his pipe and leaning forward with his knotted hands on his knees

shining on her cheeks and in her hair. Ln the hollow of her firm hands she held a feathery brown little body, limp and warm. We examined it carefully. It was stunned, but not killed, and apparently neither leg nor wing was broken.

"It is a whitethroat sparrow," I said to Nataline, "you know the tiny bird that sings all day in the bushes, sweetsweet-Canada, Canada, Canada?"

"But yes!" she cried, "he is the dearest of them all. seems to speak to you, —to say, 'be happy.' We call him the rossignol. Perhaps if we take care of him, he will get well, and be

was bustling about the kitchen of the light- able to fly to-morrow—and to sing again."

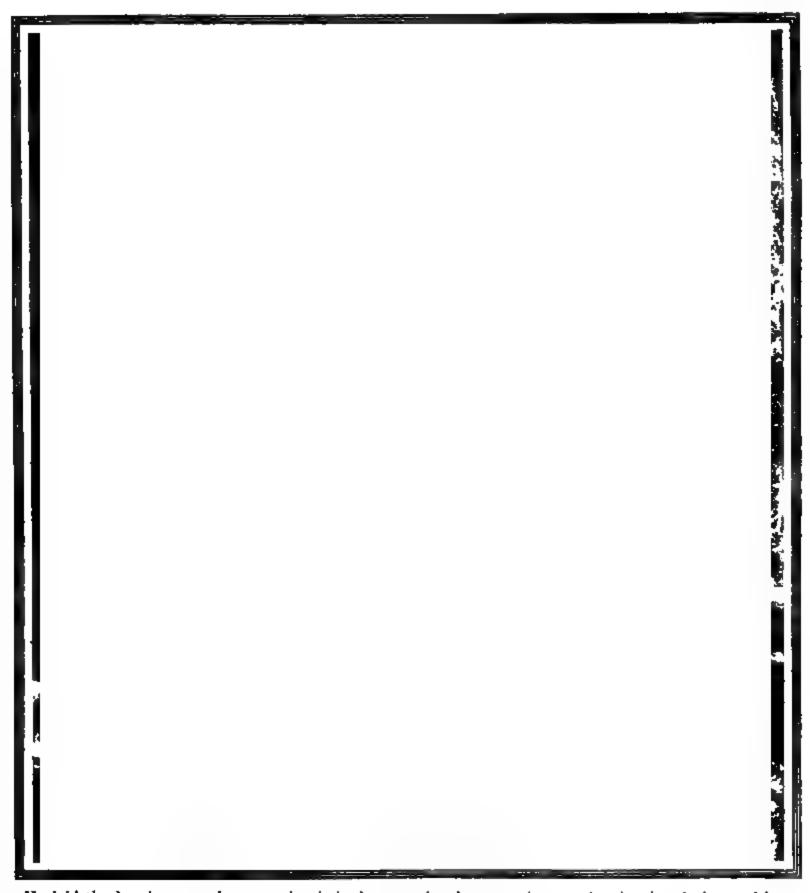
So we made a nest in a box for the little creature, which breathed lightly, and covered him over with a cloth so that he should not fly about and hurt himself. Then Nataline went singing up to bed, for she must rise at two in the morning to take her watch with the light. Baptiste and I drew our chairs up to the range, and lit our pipes for a good talk.

'Those small birds, m'sieu," he began, puffing slowly at his pipe, "you think, without doubt, that it is all an affair of chance, the way they come—that it means nothing that it serves no purpose for them to

Certain words in an old book, about a sparrow falling to the ground, came into my mind, and I answered him carefully, hoping, perhaps, that he might be led on into one o' those mystical legends which still linger among the exiled children of Brittany in the new world.

"From our side, my friend, it looks like chance—and from the birds' side, certainly, like a very bad chance. we do'not know all. Perhaps there is some meaning or purpose beyond us. Who can tell?"

"I'will tell you," he replied gravely, laying She came back in a minute, the raindrops down his pipe, and leaning forward with his



He laid the hand across the gunwale of the boat, and, taking up the axe that lay beside him, with a single blow he chopped the little finger from the hand

knotted hands on his knees. "I will tell you rustic old French which still lingers in the that those little birds are sometimes the province of Quebec. messengers of God. They can bring a word or a warning from Him. That is what we Bretons have believed for many centuries at home in France. Why should it not be true Is He not here also? Those birds are God's coureurs des bois. They do His errands. Would you like to hear a thing that happened in this house?"

This is what he told me: and of course he did not tell it in that broken English which scores of the writers of Canadian stories al-

I

My father, Marcel Thibault, was an honest man, strong in the heart, strong in the arms, but, in the conscience,—well, he had his little weaknesses, like the rest of us. You see his father, the old Marcel, lived in the days when ther was no lighthouse here, and wrecking was the chief trade of this coast.

It is a cruel trade, m'sieu'—to, live by the ways make their people use, but in that quaint misfortune of others. No one can be really

happy who lives by such a trade as that. But my father—he was born under that influence; and all the time he was a boy he heard always people talking of what the sea might bring to them, clothes and furniture, and all kinds of precious things—and never a thought of what the sea might take away from the other people who were shipwrecked and drowned. So what wonder is it that my father grew up with weak places and holes in his conscience?

But my mother, Nataline Fortin—ah, m'sieu', she was a straight soul, for sure—clean white, like a wild swan! I suppose she was not a saint. She was too fond of singing and dancing for that. But she was a good woman, and nothing could make her happy that came from the misery of another person. Her idea of goodness was like this light in the lantern above us—something faithful and steady that warns people away from shipwreck and danger.

Well, it happened one day, about this time forty-eight years ago, just before I was ready to be born, my father had to go up to the village of La Trinité on a matter of business. He was coming back in his boat at evening, with his sail up, and perfectly easy in his mind—though it was after sunset—because he knew that my mother was entirely capable of kindling the light and taking care of it in his absence. The wind was moderate, and the sea gentle. He had passed the Point du Caribou about two miles, when suddenly he felt his boat strike against something in the shadow.

He knew it could not be a rock. There was no hardness, no grating sound. He supposed it might be a tree floating in the water. But when he looked over the side of the boat, he saw it was the body of a dead man.

The face was bloated and blue, as if the man had been drowned for some days. The clothing was fine, showing that he must have been a person of quality; but it was disarranged and torn, as if he had passed through a struggle to his death. The hands, puffed and shapeless, floated on the water, as if to balance the body. They seemed almost to move in an effort to keep the body afloat. And on the little finger of the left hand there was a great ring of gold with a red stone set in it, like a live coal of fire.

When my father saw this ring a passion of coveteousness leaped upon him.

"It is a thing of price," he said, "and the sea has brought it to me for the heritage of my unborn child. What good is a ring to a dead man? But for my baby it will be a fortune."

So he luffed the boat, and reached out with his oar, and pulled the body near to him, and took the cold, stiff hand into his own. He tugged at the ring, but it would not come off. The finger was swollen and hard, and no effort that he could make served to dislodge the ring.

Then my father grew angry, because the dead man seemed to withhold from him the bounty of the sea. He laid the hand across the gunwale of the boat, and, taking up the axe that lay beside him, with a single blow he chopped the little finger from the hand.

The body of the dead man swung away from the boat, turned on its side, lifting its crippled left hand into the air, and sank beneath the water. My father laid the finger with the ring upon it under the thwart, and sailed on, wishing that the boat would go faster. But the wind was light, and before he came to the island it was already dark, and a white creeping fog, very thin and full of moonlight, was spread over the sea like a shroud.

As he went up the path to the house he was trying to pull off the ring. At last it came loose in his hand; and the red stone was as bright as a big star on the edge of the sky, and the gold was heavy in his palm. So he hid the ring in his vest.

But the finger he dropped in a cluster of blueberry bushes not far from the path. And he came into the house with a load of joy and trouble on his soul; for he knew that it is wicked to maim the dead, but he thought also of the value of the ring.

П

My mother Nataline was able to tell when people's souls had changed, without needing to wait for them to speak. So she knew that something great had happened to my father, and the first word she said when she brought him his supper was this.

"How did it happen?"

"What has happened?" said he, a little surprised, and putting down his head over his cup of tea to hide his face.

"Well," she said in her joking way, "that is just what you haven't told me, so how can I tell you? But it was something very bad or very good, I know. Now which was it?"

"It was good," said he, reaching out his hand to cut a piece from the loaf, "it was as good—as good as bread."

"Was it by land," said she, "or was it by

sea?"

He was sitting at the table just opposite

that window, so that he looked straight into it as he lifted his head to answer her.

"It was by sea," he said smiling, "a true treasure of the deep."

Just then there came a sharp stroke and a splash on the

window, and something struggled and scrabbled there against the darkness. He saw a hand with the little finger cut off spread out against the pane.

"My God," he cried, "what is that?"

But my mother, when she turned, saw only a splotch of wet on the outside of the glass.

"It is only a bird," she said, "one of God's messengers. What are you afraid of? I will go out and get it."

She came back with a cedar-bird in her hand—one of those brown birds that we call recollets because they look like a monk with a hood. Her face was very grave.

"Look," she cried, "it is a recollet. He is only shocked a little. Look, he flutters his wings, we will let him go—like that! But he was sent to this house because there is something here to be confessed. What is it?"

By this time my father was disturbed, and the trouble was getting on top of the joy in his soul. So he pulled the ring out of his vest and laid it on the table under the lamp. The gold glittered, and the stone sparkled, and he saw that her eyes grew large as she looked at it.

"See," he said, "this is the good fortune that the waves brought me on the way home from La Trinité. It is a heritage for our baby that is coming."

"The waves!" she cried, shrinking back a little. "How could the waves bring a heavy

thing like that? It would sink."

"It was floating," he answered, casting about in his mind for a good lie; "it was floating—about two miles this side of the Point du Caribou—it was floating on a piece of——"

At that moment there was another blow on the window, and something pounded and scratched against the glass. Both of them were looking this time, and again my father saw the hand without the little finger—but my mother could see only a blur and a movement.

He was terrified, and fell on his knees praying. She trembled a little, but stood over him brave and stern. "What is it that you have seen," said she; "tell me, what has made you afraid?"

"A hand," he answered, very low, "a hand on the window."

"A hand!" she cried, "then there

window, and something struggled and scrab- must be some one waiting outside. You must bled there against the darkness. He saw a go and let him in."

"Not I," whispered he, "I dare not."

Then she looked at him hard, and waited a minute. She opened the door, peered out, trembled again, crossed the threshold, and returned with the body of a blackbird.

"Look," she cried, "another messenger of God—his heart is beating a little. I will put him here where it is warm—perhaps he will get well again. But this messenger is black,—there is a curse coming upon this house. Confess. What is this about hands?"

So he was moved and terrified to open his secret half-way.

"On the rocks this side of the point," he stammered, "as I was sailing very slowly—there was something white—the arm and hand of a man—this ring on one of the fingers—where was the man?—drowned and lost—what did he want of the ring?—it was easy to pull it——"

As he said this, there was a crash at the window. The broken pane tinkled upon the floor. In the opening they both saw, for a moment, a hand with the little finger cut off and the blood dripping from it.

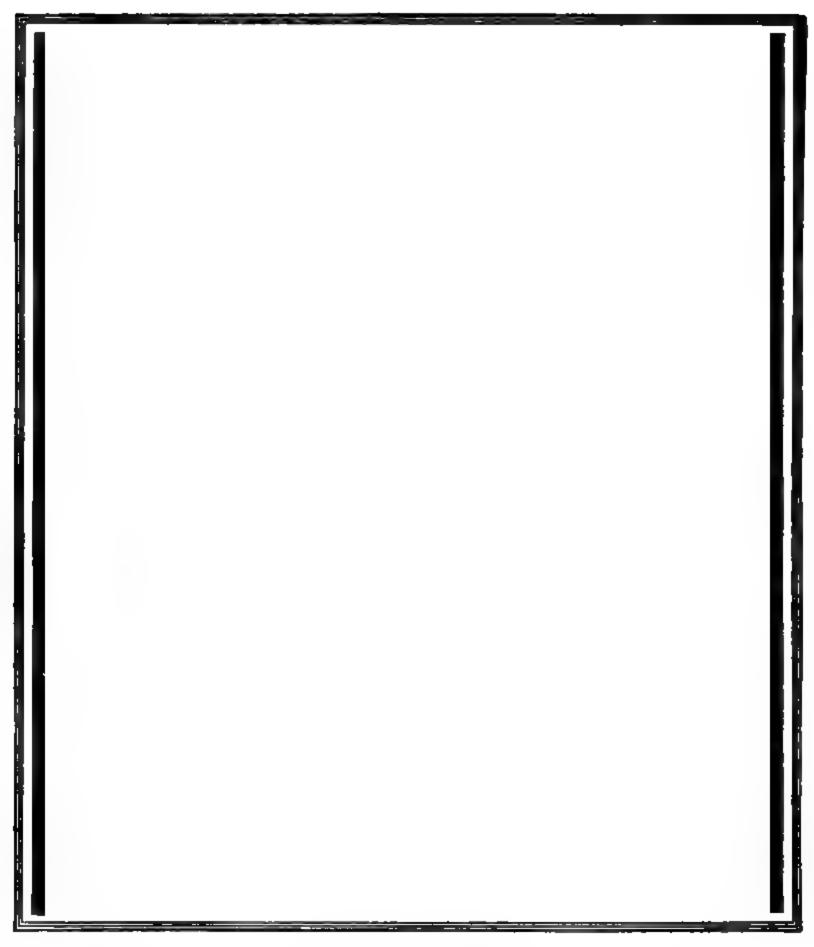
But when it faded, my mother Nataline went to the window, and there on the floor, in a little red pool, she found the body of a dead crossbill, all torn and wounded by the glass through which it had crashed.

She took it up and fondled it. Then she gave a great sigh, and went to my father Marcel and kneeled beside him.

(You understand, m'sieu', it was he who narrated all this to me. He said he never should forget a word or a look of it until he died—and perhaps not even then.)

So she kneeled beside him and put one hand over his shoulder, the dead crossbill in the other.

"Marcel," she said, "thou and I love each other so much that we must always go to-gether—whether to heaven or to hell—and very soon our little baby is to be born. Wilt thou keep a secret from me now? Look, this is the last messenger at the window—the blessed bird whose bill is twisted because he



"My God," he cried, "what is that?"

upon them. It is a message of pardon that he brings us, if we repent. Come, tell the whole of the sin."

At this the heart of my father Marcel was melted within him, as a block of ice is melted when it floats into the warmer sea, and he told her all that he had done.

"It is an evil thing, Marcel," she said, "a not like to touch it. great wickedness that thou hast done. It is

tried to pull out the nail from the Saviour's not good to meddle with the dead. If the hand on the cross, and whose feathers are ring had lain upon the shore,—but thou always red because the blood of Jesus fell hast maimed and robbed a stranger when he could not resist thee. Who knows for what reason of love or faith he held fast to his ring? When we stand before God, darest thou meet this man with the wounded hand?"

She stood up and took the ring from the table with the ends of her fingers, as if she did

"Where hast thou put it," she asked,"the

finger of the hand from which this thing was stolen?"

"It is among the bushes," he answered,

"beside the path to the landing."

"Thou canst find it," said she, "as we go to the boat, for the moon is shining and the night is still. Then thou shalt put the ring where it belongs, and we will row to the place where the hand is—dost thou remember it?"

So they did as she commanded. The sea was very quiet and the moon was full. They rowed together until they came about two miles from the *Point du Caribou*, at a place which Marcel remembered because there was a broken cliff on the shore.

When he dropped the finger, with the great

ring glittering upon it, over the edge of the boat, he groaned. But the water received the jewel in silence, with smooth ripples, and a circle of light spread away from it under the moon, and my mother Nataline smiled like one who is well content.

"Now," she said, "we have done what the messengers at the window told us. We have given back what the poor man wanted. God is not angry with us now. But I am very tired—row me home quickly, for I think my time is near at hand."

The next day, just before sunset, was the day of my birth. My mother Nataline told me, when I was a little boy, that I was born to good fortune. And, you see, m'sieu', it was true, for I am the keeper of her light.

LAST SUNDAY

BY

SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THREADING the rusty pools and the inky rivers
That fill the dismal courts of the iron foundry,
By that blind endless alley wherein the children
Creep with their sweated work to the crowded doorsteps,
Giving and taking pestilence from the sunshine
That swarms with flies from the steaming heaps of refuse,
I passed the bright saloon whence young men issue
Leering with mouths still sensitive, still aspiring,
At the pallid girls looking out of the dingy windows
With eyes (O holy marvel!) still sweet and tender.

Thence turning sharply into a square of gardens, I came to a church of chaste and glorious Gothic, Whereof the clustered pillars were bronze and marble, The apse embossed with many reliefs of angels; There was the tall roodscreen of fretted ivory, The altar porcelain overlaid with crystal, The holy Cup of rubies sunken in silver, The Cross above it gemmed with the pearls of India;

And as I entered through those shadowy arches Lighted with beams cerulean, Tyrian, amber, The organ melted into a trembling silence, And from his Book the priest began to utter "He that hath ears to hear, O let him hearken, O let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches."

WHERE STAGE VILLAINS ARE REAL

By RUFUS STEELE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

An Introductory Note by JULIAN LEAVITT, Author of "The Man in the Cage"

On the shore of San Francisco Bay sits the great prison of San Quentin. Here live the McNamara brothers, Boss Ruef and two thousand others; and here takes place, twice a year, a performance unique in prison life—a show, convict made, convict staged and presented to a tense audience of convict critics.

To make a grim jest of his misfortune has always been the ironic humor of man, a humor that may rise to heroism or sink to abasement. The "gambol" so graphically

reported in Mr. Steele's article touches some of the heights and the depths.

S the performance would last more than five hours and the final curtain must fall before midnight, the orchestra struck up the overture at six o'clock, yet no patter of late comers marred the rendering of the "Mountain Suite." The audience of six hundred and fifty men and twenty-eight women had been in the seats and flattened against the wall for a good half hour, displaying an eagerness as unusual as all the other features of this theatrical event.

The show began with a "Congress of Nations." Upon a stage set as a gorgeous assembly room appeared Uncle Sam to announce that all the powers had accepted his invitation and were sending representatives to join in celebrating the peace of the world—a peace due in some measure to the fact that so many of the bad citizens had been placed where they could not disturb it.

The rôle of Uncle Sam was assumed by a passer of fictitious checks. The orchestra played "God Save the King," and Uncle Sam turned to welcome a particularly rotund ambassador from Great Britain. Off the stage John Bull was a murderer. "Die Wacht am Rhein" prepared the way for a uniformed, breathing facsimile of Wilhelm II. In reality the Kaiser was here because he had overdrawn his bank account with fraudulent intent.

Ireland was a burglar and Spain was a Raffles; Greece was a highwayman and Italy a receiver of stolen diamonds. Scotland and Mexico effected a not unnatural treaty when forger and forger shook hands. From across stage China, also a penman, waved his willingness to make it a triple alliance. A robber held up the honor of the Balkans. Africa was represented at both ends of the semicircle and under the burnt cork were men of proven felonies.

When the forger and the bad-check man had ceased to rattle the bones and the kidnapper and the false pretender had got through with their tambourines, Uncle Sam bade the congress seat itself, while he took the

interlocutory chair.

"I should like to tell you what I think are the real possibilities of a congress of nations," began the interlocutor, "but it would take more time than I've got."

"You can take it out of my 'time," chirped the kidnapper on the end: "I've got thirty-five years and I don't come of a

long-lived family."

The forger at the other extremity of the horseshoe was beating a rat-a-tat-tat on a kettle with his bones.

"What occupation is it that keeps you so

busy?" queried the interlocutor.

"I'm still a metal worker," replied the forger. "I got in here on account of my 'brass'

Three Irish burglars who jig amazingly. At the left is Pat, who was not denied the right to take part in the show although he was in an attempt to tunnel under the prison wall. The next plot of prisoners to tunnel under the wall was foiled by Pat

and I never will get out of here if I don't keep

busy on my 'copper.'"

The striped audience shouted its appreciation, for every man knew that 'copper' meant credit for good conduct—knew the fine feel of 'copper' piling up so high that it began to

weigh against the term of sentence.

The false pretender laid aside his tambo and sang an original version of "Tie Your Little Bull Outside." In the main he was facetious, but there was no doubting his sincerity when he warbled of the necessity of all who entered here leaving their peccadillos upon the exterior.

The representative from France—his voice a cultivated tenor—sang of "My Old Girl."
"Long years have fled since last we met——"

"Six years, to be exact," interrupted a black-face man who held a prison register in front of him; "and this book says she'll have to stick it out alone for four more years to come."

Came next one of the most accomplished of forgers. "Girls, Girls, Girls," he sang, and

few of the twenty-eight women in the front rows—white, black and brown—could deny him an answering smile. Above the footlights swayed the curly head of the boy leader of the orchestra. To render a perfect accompaniment to the singer it was necessary for him to give his whole attention to the music—the words outlined the tragedy of his own life. "Piccolo Jack" was serving his second "jolt." In his first affair with "girls, girls, girls," he had scoffed at the marriage vow; in his second and later affair he had hastened to assume it. And strangely, both romances had landed him here.

"You'll Come Back" might have no special significance when sung in a Broadway musical comedy: it was a direct insinuation when flung out, with words slightly amended, by one of the end men to his fellow convicts. When, on the last chorus, the singer pointed an unmistakable finger at each of several in the audience who had already shown a tendency to come back, there were scowls and muttered replies. Yet no man replies aloud

"Minstrel first part" of the San Quentin Prison show. Reading from left to right, the crimes and terms of the men are as follows:

	V-+	
1 -Fraud, 11 years	7—Forgery, 5 years	13-Overdraft, 5 years
2—Forgery, 5 years	8-Burglary, 4 years	14-Forgery, 2 years
3—Burglary, 14 years	9—Fictitious check, 1 year	15—Burglary, 20 years
4-Overdraft, 14 years	10—Grand Larceny, 3 years	16—Bad Checks, 4 years
5—Murder, 25 years	11-Forgery, 2 years	17—Kidnapping, 5 years
6-Forgery, 4 years	c2—Fraud, 3 years	

during these twice-a-year performances, for impersonation would have been the sufficient that would cost him his most precious priv- climax on any other stage, but here the cli-

ilege, the right to attend.

"This is the most expensive minstrel organization in the world," remarked the kidnapper in black face. "It cost more money to assemble it than any company that ever took the road."

"How do you figure that?" asked the middle man.

There was more of fact than humor in the reply: "Average cost for each member: \$100 to arrest him, \$1,000 to convict him, \$200 to fetch him and \$5,000 to keep him here—which is all exclusive of the salary each

member ought to have."

By laughing, clapping and waving wadded caps, the audience showed appreciation of every effort made for its entertainment, but its heart went to a soloist who expressed feelingly the opinion than it was "better to be on the outside looking in than on the inside looking out." In his encore the train-wrecker sang, "I want to go home." The orchestra did not give him the skirl that properly should precede his next line; instead, the musicians laid down their instruments and shouted, "So do we!"

The "grand minstrel first part" concluded with "a patriotic spectacular finale." They called it, "When Teddy Came Marching Home." In the midst of a scene arranged to make the entrance most effective appeared the bowing, smiling, teething counterfeit of a former President of the United States, wearing the khaki of the jungle. The clever

impersonation would have been the sufficient climax on any other stage, but here the climax came when the gesticulating figure—he looked anything but a rogue at the moment—led actors and spectators in singing "Columbia." One man present to whom all this sort of thing in a penitentiary was marvelous and strange, felt that never before had he heard the anthem sung with a tithe of its meaning. The men—yes, and women—sang a meaning into the words "freedom" and "liberty." Perhaps freedom and liberty have always been best extolled by those to whom they were a boon denied.

Off stage, looking across the shoulders of the man in the prompt chair, was a convict who smiled at no joke, who hummed with no chorus, but who listened, listened to the audience. He saved his smile until the delighted roar of the audience was shaking the place. He was glad then because he believed he was making good. He was "enjoying" the highest honor that may befall any convict within the big prison on the shore of San Francisco Bay. Five months before, Warden John E. Hoyle had appointed him manager of the "Semi-annual Entertainment of the San Quentin Minstrel and Vaudeville Company." Three months before, the convictmanager had received the written applications of three hundred men and women inmates for a try-out. Any prisoner who was keeping his "copper" properly burnished could make application. In the silence of his cell or in collaboration at such moments as he could meet the other members of his team, each

"Grand Patriotic Finale," "When Teddy Came Marching Home." "Teddy." seen in the center, is serving a long prison term because his assaults were upon individual, and not corporate, possessors of great wealth. "Piccolo Jack" and some of the members of his remarkable orchestra are seen in the foreground. Only four of the thirty members knew anything of music when they entered San Quentin. Most of the men are long-termers. "We can't bother to train men who won't stay with us," says "Piccolo Jack"

applicant had worked up his song, his monologue or his end of a dialogue. The Sunday afternoons of two months had been devoted to the try-outs in the chapel. Three officers and twelve men in stripes composed the jury. Sitting apart, the jurors rated each performer, and the fellow who did not score seventyfive per cent. on all the tally cards dropped out of the struggle. Three hundred applicants striving for a chance to appear before the most critical of audiences, and not ten of them ever saw a professional stage except from the front! The many applications bespoke the vast ambition to shine before one's fellows that even a convict feels—that a convict feels most of all. Winning his way into the program might mean forgetfulness for a little while; certainly it would mean the brief laying off of the everlasting stripes that turn a man into a zebra—an indistinguishable zebra in a herd.

The judges named the players but they gave ear to the manager and in the end the cast was likely to be well pleasing to him. The manager became responsible to the warden, responsible to the prison tradition, and most important of all, responsible to the nineteen hundred men and the thirty women who must find in the shows of New Year's and the Fourth of July stuff to appease an appetite for entertainment whetted by six months of waiting. If the show proved gorgeous, laughter-compelling, and torturing with its heavy and direct appeal to sentiment, the manager would be applauded and blessed. If there was not enough to laugh at, not enough to cry about, not enough of novelty and glitter, then he would be made to feel his ostracism

as keenly as if he were suspected of tattling cell secrets to the guards.

So the manager looked across the human bulwark in the prompt chair and smiled when the audience shouted and was silent between times. His word had been law to players and orchestra, to scene painter and property man. He had been free to order from the costumer in the city whatever of jerkin or fleshing the prison needles could not supply. The unaccustomed authority, the consideration shown him by guards and prisoners, left only his stripes to remind him that he was not a free man, a citizen. He had been singled out of nineteen hundred to do this service, to prepare this draught of a freeman's joy for his fellows, to justify the astonishing innovation of a warden who used a loose rein to hold desperate men in better check than ever warden had held them before. Three performances would be given for the prisoners --- the chapel-theater would hold but a third of their number at a time—and a fourth performance would be witnessed by public officials and ladies and gentlemen who came to the prison upon the warden's invi-His first performance found the burglar-manager in a pleasant agony. morrow he might be the accursed of convicts-or, he might be well on his way toward parole!

Here comes the olio! Out of a log cabin on the plantation hobbles Aunt Dinah. The twin grandsons come in from the cotton field and the scenery rattles with the vigor of the melodies. Aunt Dinah is a male burglar, one of the twins is doing time for counterfeiting, the other carried off a piano that received with such cheers.

Two young fellows present "'Buttons' and the Soubrette," a sketch with its scene laid in a booking agency. The players get an ovation in advance; the audience knows them and their abilities. The professional stage. which neither has ever trod, is waiting for them when they are free to accept engagements. They are not criminals; merely they lacked a trade. The prison has corrected and supplied them an occupation.

Let the moving-picture maker whose health and temper are sacrificed in amusing a jaded public attend the San Quentin show and rejoice. The convict theatergoer sees a moving picture not twice a week, but twice a year. When the lights are dimmed there isn't any fear that seven hundred convicts may seize the favorable opportunity for an outbreak. Any man who stirred or cried out or committed an act that would cancel or postpone the picture would be roughly dealt with by the men themselves. The convicts hang upon the changing picture as no other audience does in these days. The motion picture is an unadulterated breath of life from the throbbing world from which these folks are hid away. A sentimental scene fetches quick applause, a comic inordinate delight: there is a savage demand that justice (poetic) shall triumph every time. And sometimes the motion picture is like unto a miracle. The audience was hushed as the newsboy led his blind sister across the city street. An auto whisked around the corner and all but ran them down. A gray-haired convict lifted out of his seat and smothered a cry. Yet this was

belonged to some other musician. Not in no exhibition of quick sympathy for children years, perhaps, has "Suwanee River" been in danger; it was a man who had spent twenty-five years inside staring at the marvel of a wagon that sped along the road without a horse to draw it. He had heard of the automobile, this long-termer, but he did not believe until he saw it in the picture.

The bell in the lighthouse was tolled and extolled by the "favorite basso" who came to prison for twenty years for robbery and who had put in the first two years of the term-such time as a jute loom was not engaging his attention—in inventing and perfecting a device for protecting checks. The favorite basso sang from a thankful heart for only the week before the warden had saved him from schemers who planned to get his patent rights away from him and then to give him only a measly ten thousand dollars in exchange.

A comedian whose bad checks had won him eleven years appeared as a withered maiden and told the "confidential troubles of Miss Melinda." His songs as well as his sayings were original. The music was written by a member of that remarkable orchestra, which has thirty members and only four members who knew any musical instrument when they entered the prison-an example of John E. Hoyle's ability to discover and develop the shrunken potentialities of men.

The topical skit "Common Sense" brought on four negroes who sang and three who merely talked. They had a white man as a foil, a society Raffles who used to rob fashionable homes in Oakland and Berkeley in evening clothes and who was traced by the ashes of his scented cigarette. The singers were the Sunflower Quartet, famous One of the most dreaded forgers in the country finds a barmless use for his pen and pencil while spending a few years as the guest of Warden Hoyle

quartet was a robber. He was the worst prisoner they ever had had to handle in the Fresno County jail. His "bad man" reputation was established when, booted and cuffed, he was set down at San Quentin gate. Warden Hoyle told his new charge that no prejudice should be held against him, that his prison life should be what he made it, and sent him to a loom. The "bad man," sullen and scheming, learned of the semiannual show. In a month the applications would go in. His went in: he wanted to try out as a singer. The warden was for him. The robber organized the Sunflower Quartet. An outlaw negro has found himself; he is an outlaw no more.

Three men in green coats and checked trousers sing and joke and jig. All were burglars, all are Irish, and they jig superbly. For three months they have speeded the daily "task" in the jute mill that they might gain an hour to practice new steps in unison. As they dance the orchestra is lost in the slapping of palms. They warm to their work and the audience lets loose its big roar. Two years ago one of these men helped dig a tunnel under the wall. The tunnel never led anywhere except into the warden's arms. Hoyle was an adopted child, a foundling. It was not punished the jig dancer in his own way: he the foundling tale that broke the girl's heart.

inside the walls, and the leader of the prepare for the next show as though the "copper" were intact. There was a later attempt to burrow under the wall. It was foiled. Pat foiled it.

> "Out of the mouths of babes—" A robber in black face, a ventriloquist, lifted a child dummy to each knee and from the senseless lips of the manikins he poured a patter that left comedy behind and carried his hearers to the family fireside. It seemed like the audience's opportunity to shuffle its feet. There was no shuffling. Before the little stuffed and painted girl-like thing was tucked to bed in a box, it knelt at the robber's knee and said the "Now I Lay Me." The sigh the audience gave was not mockery but sobbing. In another minute the listeners were shouting their approval of a manikin who inveighed against the persistence of beans in the prison table d'hôte.

A girl in a white dress came out of the wings to sing an illustrated song. She was finely featured and she could sing. Years ago some well-meaning parents of Los Angeles dared to break the heart of a child. A judge left the bench to go home to his daughter on her birthday. She was fifteen now, so he informed her that he was not really her father, that she took away the "copper"; and then he let Pat but the deception they had practiced so long.

The singer in the foreground was the worst prisoner ever confined in the jail of his county. He broke up everything in his cell. He had to be chloroformed through the bars before he could be taken into the courtroom. In prison he became a model prisoner in order to participate in the semi-annual shows. He is seen with the Sunflower Quartet whom he developed into the most popular vocalists inside the walls

world. Four years later a young vaquero was thrown from an outlaw horse on the Bar L ranch in Arizona. His fellow cowboys pride and favorite of the range. They carfound that he was no boy at all.

chivalrous punchers, was put back into skirts a nerve in the brain.

and carried off a captive to the home she forsook in Los Angeles. When she escaped again she knew she was no longer hidden in trousers and must not tarry in any place. As bellboy, as waiter, as horse-buster she made her way.

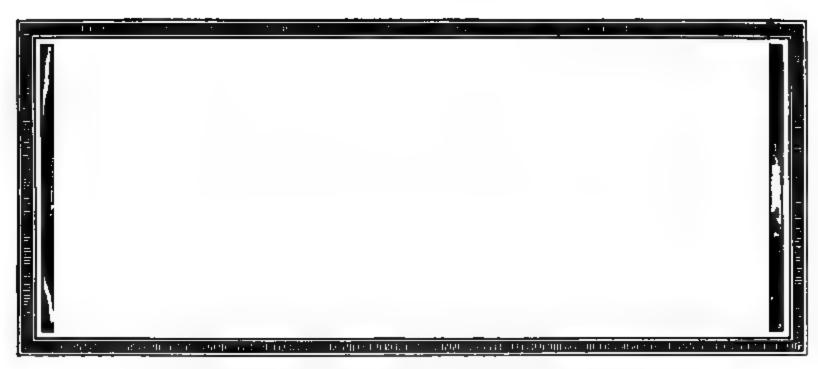
Jean came back to skirts when she fell in love. She became happy mistress of a new home—until she went forth and stole; stole right and left with amazing cleverness when, so it seemed, there was no need for her to steal at all. When they sent her to San Quentin for a term the matron looked at her new

That night little Jean dropped out of the charge and wept. But in prison, even, the woman stole. The pitiful little belongings of other female prisoners were turned out of inconceivable hiding places in her cell. The swooped to his rescue: this youngster was the matron sent for the warden; the warden sent for the doctor. The doctor asked many questions. ried the unconscious lad to his bunk—and He worked up to and then back to the fall from the outlaw horse on the Bar L ranch in When she recovered from the injury to her Arizona. The patient consenting, the doctor skull unhappy Jean, despite protests of the trephined and lifted a clot that was pressing

So Jean came back, back to her right mind. Next week she would leave the prison and be hidden for a while by new friends who were waiting to give her love and a home; but to-day she would sing for her fellows here in stripes.

Three acrobats took the stage. One was a clown. His jokes were quaint: they were the sort that the sawdust ring knew twenty years ago. The clown did not know that circus fun had changed in the world outside; twenty years represented the time he had been away from it all. In his performance to-

Jean, who ran away from home at 15, when she learned that she was a foundling, and made her way as a boy. As a cowboy in Arizona she was injured by a horse and her identity discovered. After her marriage she turned thief. While serving a sentence in San Quentin it was found that her mania was due to the old injury in Arizona. Trephining restored her. On the eve of leaving the prison she sang illustrated songs for her fellow convicts



"Aunt Dinah" and "The Twins" in plantation melodies "Aunt Dinah" and one twin are burglars, the other twin is a counterfeiter. They are real negroes and they sang in the real negro way

night he was getting back, back to that last night in the sawdust; the night he galloped from the ring on a donkey to confront in the dressing tent the trapeze man who had come between him and the queen of the slack wire. The old clown had been here ever since. Apparently it was good to get into contact with his own world once more. Nobody told him that the world he had found again was of the generation that had passed; that it did not exist except in the imagination of a Still another man turned his back. The front

"The Senator's Daughter" was a snappy travesty of life in old Rome played by a swindler, an embezzler and two burglars. The embezzler made a' charming daughter for the aged wearer of the toga. She bemoaned the unkindness of her curiously constructed husband and she touched her father's heart, for when Archibaldus Lengthus, husband, made no capable defense he was put out of his misery by the Senator, who stabbed him with a rubber knife. Entered two black-face Roman

poor old man from

the life tier.

undertakers with a bier. They shifted the remains of Lengthus to the bier and started mock obsequies.

That was the climax for the spectators in the front row at the left. One of the men in that row half rose to his feet and had to be pulled down by his mate. Another muttered until he was hushed up. A third, a fullblooded Indian, smiled and smiled and when the audience had grown quiet, laughed aloud.

> row left was suddenly and unintentionally dividing attention with the stage. Ten men sat in that row, with a blue uniformed guard at each end. Another guard sat just behind. The ten wore the stripes but wore them differently. Their garments showed no slightest wear at knee and elbow from the looms in the jute mill, no visible smear from the machine shops, **no dull r**ed from brushing the soft rock in the quarry. Their faces were white—faces not much in the sun. They celled alone, ate alone, thought

The man at the left stayed out nights, became a high roller, and was sent up for uttering false checks. In the prison play his rôle is that of the model husband. The gentle wife beside him in the picture used to be a desperate robber. The black-faced model servant in the house is serving a term for kidnapping

The robber ventriloquist. When a little manikin knelt at his knee and said, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," the audience o seven hundred convicts sobbed alou l

alone. They were the men who were going the power of life and death -and the orchesto die.

Another motion picture in which the audience forgot everything but its wonder and joy, and the march to the cell houses began.

They marched away to music, these men and women convicts, with hearts refreshed. "Piccolo Jack" and his thirty musicians fiddled and tooted and rolled the drums while the last of the marchers was in hearing. Then the warden went out—the smiling, unarmed Of perfecting his felonious little plans—warden who had sat through five hours of His capacity for innocent enjoyment, 'cent light and darkness in the midst of seven hundred offenders over whom he exercised all but

tra played for him. It was not new music this time; it was old music and tuneful and familiar. It was from "The Pirates of Penzance," and in the days of its vogue every newsboy knew the words. They went something like this:

"When a felon's not engaged in his employment, his employment,

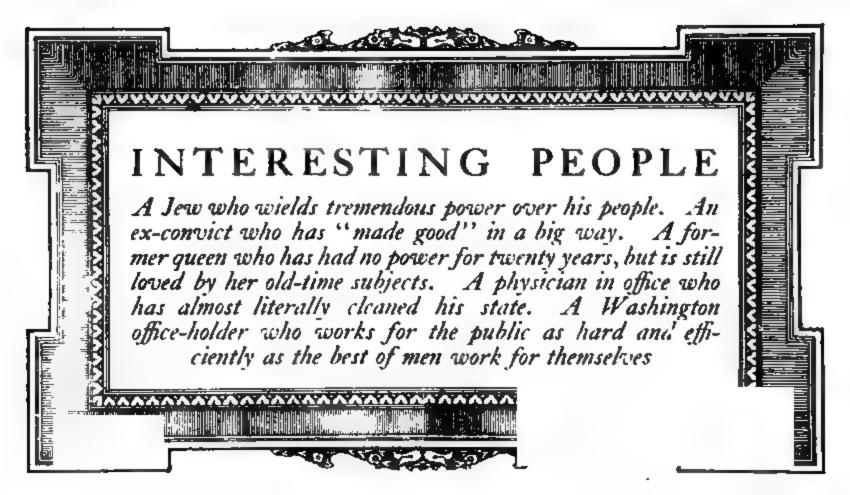
enjoyment,

Is just as great as any honest man's."

The acrobat in the center is the old clown, who sprung the jokes and funny business of the circus ring of twenty years ago. For that long a time he has been in prison-ever since the night he settled with the trapeze man who crossed him in love—and he did not know that things had changed in the big world outside

for the Warden has saved him from the schemers who device, away from him for ten thousand dollars,	gs with light heart—despite the 23 years ahead of him— almost got his invention, an ingenious check-protecting a fraction of its real value. He worked out the in- in his cell
A bad checks comedian—he is here for eleven year—tells "the confidential troubles of Miss Melinda"	s "Buttons and Soubrette." Neither ever appeared before an audience before entering prison

SCENES FROM A PRISON STAGE



ABRAHAM CAHAN

Took Carnegie Hall packed to the roof and Murray Hill Lyceum crowded with banqueters, to accommodate only a small fraction of a birthday party given to a Yiddish journalist two years ago. And all over the East Side were half a million other people who were not there but who would have liked to be. For it was the fiftieth birthday of a man they followed—Abraham Cahan, the editor of the Forwards, the largest Jewish daily in the world. Everybody from William Dean Howells and Arthur Brisbane to the newsboys who snatch the Forwards hot from the presses and cry it all over the East Side, took some part in the celebrating.

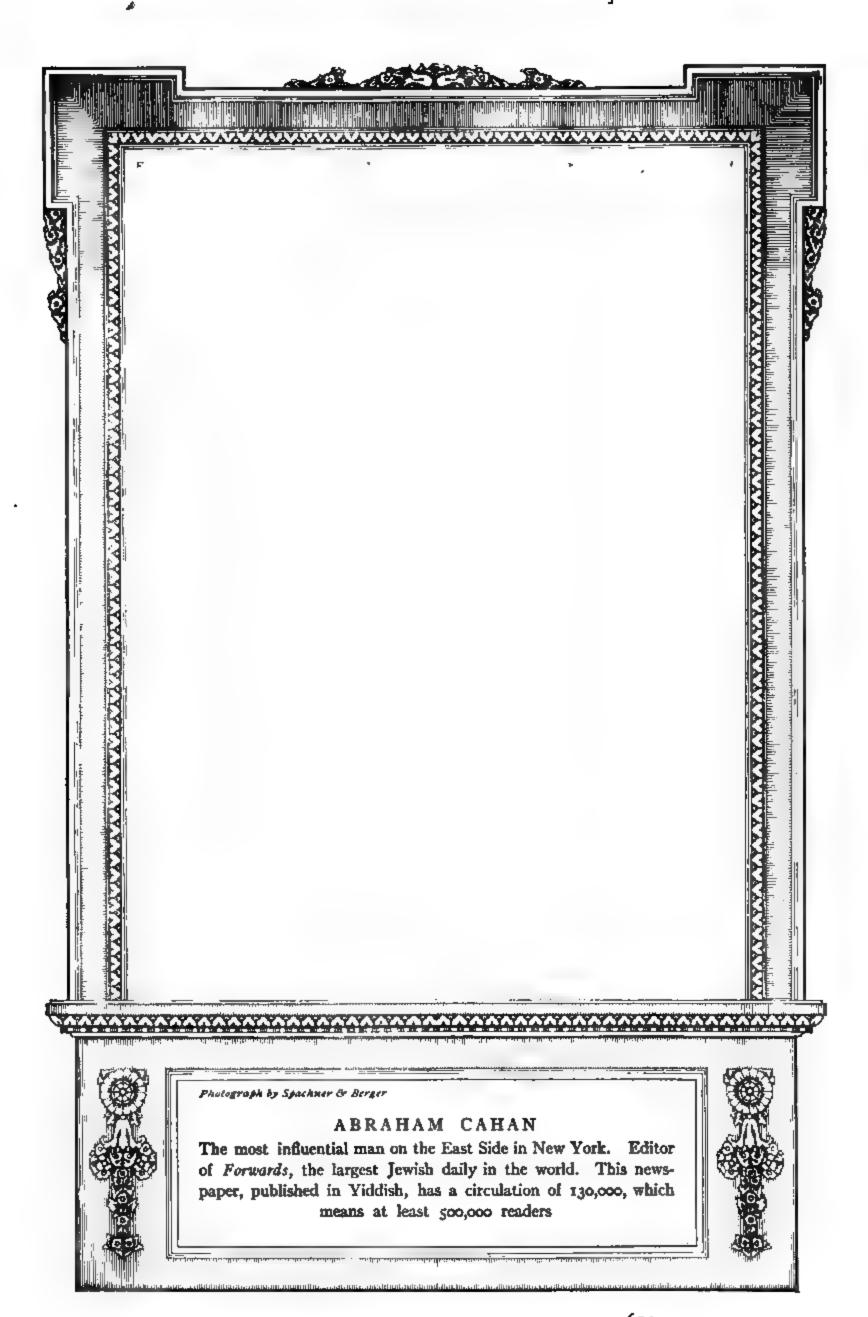
For Abraham Cahan is editor, family adviser, lay preacher, comrade, critic, littérateur, teacher, and political leader all in one, to half a million East Siders who read the Forwards daily. Everything is grist to his editorial mill—socialism and corsets, divorce and radium, Arnold Bennett and athletics, free baths, Sorolla, and even table manners and personal cleanliness. Indeed, the things he says to his readers on the last two counts would turn the hair of any other editor gray and would certainly wipe the circulation of his newspaper clean out.

The explanation lies partly in the passionate sincerity and democracy of the man; and partly in the racial instinct for development and in the practical common sense of his readers. For they realize that many of

them still bear the effects of the thousand years of confinement in the dirty European ghettoes into which Christian persecution had herded them. And as Cahan writes as one of themselves, they appreciate that what he tells them is for their own betterment and follow him.

From this some uninformed reader may deduce that the East Side reads little else besides the Forwards. Right here, then, is the place to point out that no community on this hemisphere devours more literature of the caliber of Tolstoy, Darwin, Turgenieff, Karl Marx, Goethe, or Shakespeare than the East Side does. Among what other tenement population, for instance, would a bulky, eightvolume historical work stand a chance of financial success? Yet when the first of the eight-volume history of the United States, which Cahan is writing in Yiddish, came out, the East Side gobbled it up, to the tune of twenty thousand copies at a dollar a copy. And now the second volume is going at the same rate.

Lest some one suppose, on the other hand, that Cahan has made the Forwards a dry-asdust, "high-brow" paper, let it at once be said that few newspapers have so much of the human interest appeal to the man in the street as the Forwards. One example is the department which prints the photographs of East Side husbands who deserted their wives, and after describing the situation of the abandoned wife and children, urges the reader of the paper to help bring the husband back to his family and the law.



But the most famous department of the Forwards is "The Bundle of Letters." "The Book of Life" is what a prominent English magazine called it in an article describing it. It began with an appeal which Cahan made to his readers. "Under your tenement roofs are stories of the real life-stuff; the very stuff of which great literature can be made. Send them to us," he pleaded. "Write them any way you can. Come and bring them, or tell them to us. It may be that we can help you. Only let us have your stories."

And they came by the hundreds. "Daughters" wrote that their mother was being beset by a man who wanted to marry her for the comfortable home which the daughters were giving her. The mother was weak and infatuated. The man was a parasite. What could the young women do to save their mother from the unhappiness of such a marriage? The simple story was published just as they wrote it. month later came another letter from them, this time full of gratitude and joy. "He has left us. All the neighbors recognized whom the letter meant and he couldn't face them!" "I am a hundred years old and am all alone," wrote an old woman. "If I could only see my lost son before I die!" From South Africa came an answer: "I am coming, mother. Send me your address." "I am a Gentile girl," read another, this time in English. "A Jewish young man loves me and I have not the heart to tell him directly that I cannot marry him. I know he reads your paper. Will you not please print my letter? He will guess who wrote this."

Ten years ago when Cahan took hold of the paper, it was moribund, deep in debt, and counted no more than about 6,000 readers. In two months after Cahan had taken hold the circulation trebled. And to-day, the *Forwards*, which is owned co-operatively by the East Siders themselves,—is putting up its own skyscraper and has a daily circulation of more than 130,000, which on the East Side means half a million readers.

Cahan was spreading revolution in Russia as a school teacher when the police made it advisable for him to leave that country in quick order. He was still a young fellow when he landed in New York. Here he made cigars, worked in a tin factory, edited a Yiddish Socialist periodical, taught public school, and corresponded for Russian magazines. Turning to the broader career of English journalism he wrote for the Sun, the Commercial Advertiser, and the Evening Post. His work at once attracted attention and began

to appear in the best magazines in the country. In 1896 appeared "Yekl," a novel in English of East Side life. The critics took it up as a masterpiece and William Dean Howells hailed Cahan as an acquisition to American literature. Two other books followed and Cahan was well on his way on a highly promising career as an English writer.

But all his life he has carried his cause nearest to his heart. From the East Side came an appeal from his Socialist comrades to come back to them and build up an organ for their propaganda from the almost defunct Forwards. And Cahan turned his back on the promising future in English literature and returned to the East Side, where he made the Forwards what it is to-day.

Cahan's strength lies not so much in any one faculty as in his richness and completeness as a human being. And his success in journalism and literature is due to his intense love for life and the human spirit and for literature which expresses it. With him life is to literature what meaning is to language. And it is no mean mastery that Cahan wields over both life and language.

JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

DONALD LOWRIE

LITTLE more than a year ago Fremont Older, Managing Editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, was making one of his many visits to San Quentin Prison. While he was calling on Warden Hoyle the Warden remarked: "There's a manuscript in my desk that may interest you. It was written by one of the prisoners."

During the next few minutes Mr. Older was absorbed in reading the article. It dealt with the indeterminate sentence. "This fellow can write," he said. "I should like to meet him."

Presently there entered a tall, slim, young man, with a clear-cut face and dark eyes. Mr. Older shook hands with him and expressed his interest. "If you can get out of here I will give you a job on my paper," he said.

"I'm eligible for parole," Lowrie replied.
"Well, I'll see if we can't have the matter
brought up before the Board of Directors."

At once Mr. Older went to work. At the next meeting of the Board of Directors the case of Lowrie was favorably considered. Early in August he was out on parole. He took a week to adjust himself to the new

staff of The Bulletin. He has been working there ever since.

Donald Lowrie had served two terms for burglary. He went to prison a foolish, rebellious, and reckless boy. He came out, in the early thirties, a grave man, sad-faced, slow of movement, his tall figure so lean that one might have fancied that he had been half starved for years. In prison he had made a fine record for good behavior and for

conditions. Then he went to work on the records. He knew the history of nearly every man in the institution during his time. Whatever leisure he had he spent in study. His quiet, gentle ways won friends for him everywhere. His reading and studying developed in him a desire to write. In his cell by the oil lamp he made his first literary efforts. Some of these were published in Life, The Atlantic Monthly, and Sunset. No wonder he was a marked man among the prisoners and the favorite of the wardens. But in the world intelligence and ability. He was one of the the situation was different. He had to make most accurate and painstaking of account- good. At first he was bewildered and deants. For years he had worked on the prison pressed. The street noises troubled him. The

multitude of impressions crowding on him Valley, near San Francisco. An old brokencaused him both physical and mental fatigue. down ex-prisoner takes care of the house and His eyes ached. Used as he was to walking the garden. Lowrie does his writing in the the flat spaces of San Quentin, he found climbing the hills of San Francisco a great strain on his muscles. In a few days, however, he was ready for work. Fremont Older had a place waiting for him on the staff of The Bulletin. His first contribution consisted of an instalment of his studies, "My Life in Prison." At once he attracted attention. As he went on from day to day the interest grew. In two weeks he was the sensation of San Francisco. In the street cars, on the ferries, in trains, everywhere in public, people were eagerly reading Donald Lowrie, and discussing his revelations. The work revealed fine observation and dramatic power. As it went on from week to week without a break, the marvel grew. Here was a new writer that could publish an interesting article each day for six days in the week. In a few weeks Donald Lowrie printed more than one hundred thousand words.

The success of the articles made Donald Lowrie a notable figure not only in San Francisco but throughout California. Many requests were made to him for lectures. He declined them all. He had a dread of being stared at. After several months, however, he was persuaded to address a body of clergymen interested in hearing about prison conditions. To his surprise he found that he could speak. He even enjoyed speaking. Soon he was speaking here and there, before women's clubs and before organizations of business men, like the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, and before societies interested in prison reform. Meanwhile ex-prisoners were constantly seeking him out, asking for help. Most of his salary he was giving away in loans. As the demands increased, both on his time and on his resources, he realized that there was need for systematic work in behalf of prisoners. Backed by Mr. Older and The Bulletin, and by several women and men of prominence in San Francisco, he started a Prison Bureau for the purpose of securing work for ex-prisoners. The Bureau is now in operation and has already placed hundreds of men in jobs.

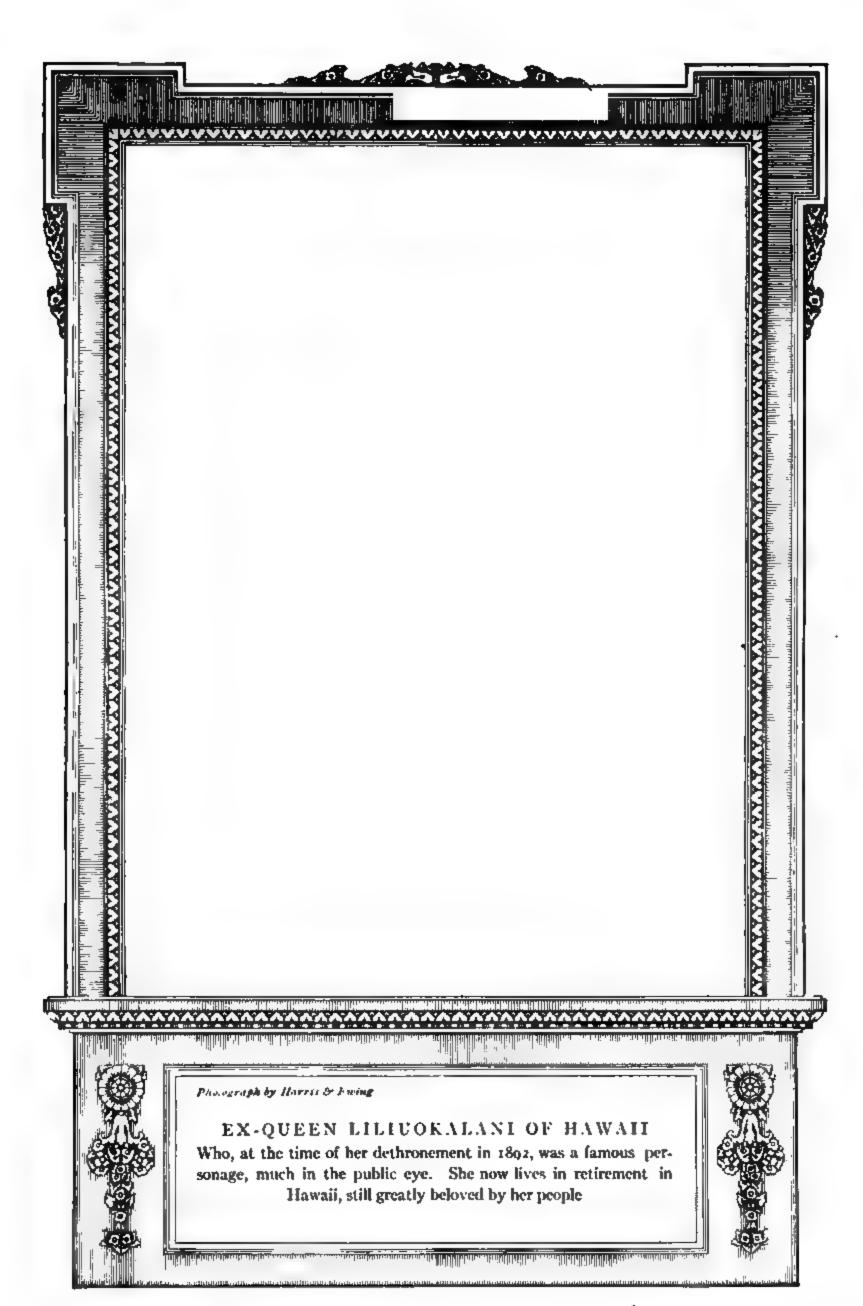
Donald Lowrie has made good. He is a successful and a useful citizen. In personal appearance he has greatly changed. The prison pallor has given place to a healthy glow. He is less grave than before, more animated. He lives in a little cottage in Mill timately say that she is a woman of fine

open air, looking out on the mountains and the bay. Two or three times a week he publishes a story in The Bulletin, nearly always on some theme directly or indirectly related to prison life. He now gives promise of becoming a conspicuous figure both as writer and as an advocate of wiser methods in dealing with prisoners. The publication of his articles in a volume will extend his influence all over the country. JOHN D. BARRY.

EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

T one time some twenty years ago, there was no more unique and interesting figure before the American public than Liliuokalani, Queen of the Sandwich Islands. For weeks during the administration of President Cleveland, while she was struggling to retain the royal crown of Hawaii, her doings filled the American press and she was a favorite subject for the jibes of cartoonists and paragraphers.

I saw her recently in Honolulu. She was driving out, according to her custom, in an open carriage—a really impressive figure, large, dark, and with an air of distinction not unqueenly. In earlier years a woman of force and pride, she has now retired and at the age of seventy, lives serenely in a beautiful old home shaded with tropical foliage only a stone's throw from the palace where she once reigned—the palace where now sits the American governor. She shuns publicity, but she loves to gather groups of her old friends about her, and to listen to the singing of the sweet Hawaiian songs. Though having no longer any power, she is yet looked up to and venerated by all her people—all the pathetic remnant of a once numerous race of islanders. While she was bitterly attacked in her day by the Americans who wished to rule the islands, and while she caused a revolution which cost her a crown, there are many to-day who will tell you that, after all, she was only making a last forlorn stand for her people and for her throne against the encroachments of the eager, busy, destructive, irresistible, orderly white man. After it was all over and she came back to Honolulu, the new American government voted her a generous pension, and she has been living quietly upon it ever since. Those who know her in-



crowned head of the Sandwich Islands.

DR. OSCAR DOWLING

HEN Dr. Oscar Dowling was appointed President of the Louisiana State Board of Health in August, 1910, he rolled up his sleeves and tackled the biggest job of housecleaning in this country.

Up to the coming of Dowling Louisiana as a whole hadn't worried much about modern ideas of communal cleanliness and sanitation. The progressive leaders in the movement of an awakened Louisiana realized the State's backwardness in these matters. They looked around for a man to clean up Louisi-The choice fell upon Dr. Dowling. Dowling was practising in Shreveport. His reputation as an eye specialist had spread beyond the boundaries of the State. His practice was worth \$15,000 a year. The office to which he was appointed has a \$5,000 salary.

Dowling's first public statement was typ-

"DIRT! That's what's the matter with Louisiana; and we are now going to start in and have a thorough house-cleaning."

The native Louisianian, content with the ways of his father, said: "Dirt? Why, certainly, there's some dirt. Can anybody remember when there wasn't? Everybody's got to eat a peck of it before they die."

"No," said Dowling, "we're going to cut that peck in half, and live longer and better, and be worth more while we're living."

He talked in similar fashion to the officials of the leading railroads of the State. The result was the famous Louisiana Health Special, "the gospel of health on wheels." It consisted of three cars, two cars of exhibits and a living car for the health officers.

Dr. Dowling and his corps of lecturers and assistants lived on that train for seven months. In that time they combed Louisiana with a fine comb. Every city, town or village— 256 in all—of more than 250 inhabitants was visited, inspected and lectured. Where the railroads didn't run Dowling went in motor cars or carriages. On the narrow-gauge tracks he mounted a railway hand car and pumped himself over the line. Where other

intelligence and possessed of many truly methods of transportation failed he walked; queenly qualities. With her will die the last in the bayou parishes launches and rowboats were called into service.

> Dowling's way of dealing with conditions as he found them was something of a shock. After spending a day in inspecting a town he would stand up at a meeting of citizens in the evening and say: "You have a very dirty town here. Parts of it are awful. Your school-house isn't fit for anything but a barn, your dairies are impossible, and if your butchers don't clean up and keep cleaned up, I will have to put them out of business."

> They took it hard at first. When they became better acquainted with the doctor they began to fall into his way of thinking. Cleaning-up days became the rage all over the State.

> He is still up to his elbows in the fight for a cleaner Louisiana. There is nothing fanciful about his rolled-up sleeves. Recently he asked the owner of a well-known New Orleans restaurant if he did not wish to keep a clean place.

"Why, doctor!" was the astounded reply, "I have it cleaned up every night."

"Then you don't know how to clean," said Dowling.

"Well, I can only afford to pay my scrub people a dollar and a half a night," protested the man.

"All right," said Dr. Dowling. "Hire me for one night and I'll show you how to clean up."

The newspapers next morning ran flashlight photographs of the doctor in action. The president of the State Board of Health with his sleeves rolled up, his collar off, and a scrub brush in his hand, cleaning up the kitchen of a restaurant, was something of a novelty.

Dr. Dowling is a big man, big of body, brain, and heart. He loves children and hates anything that hurts them. He has sent the common drinking cup, the public roller towel, and similar means of spreading disease flying out of his State. His crusade for safeguarding the health of children is one of the stirring features of his remarkable cam-

Louisiana's feelings toward its aggressive health chief, now that it has accepted the gospel of better health, may be summed up in the words of a converted country editor:

"Get us cleaned up, dear doc, and we will rise up and call you blessed!"

HENRY OYEN.



JOSEPH E. RALPH

thousand employees in the red brick building of the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing make millions of dollars' worth of paper money, stamps, notes, and bonds. It is the most interesting department in Washington, and one of the most highly organized plants in the world. Not a postage stamp is ever lost; not a dollar bill misplaced. There are also made all the commissions, certificates,

and the thousands of official engravings used by the Government. It is a tremendous and difficult job. But there is no branch of the Government that works with such enthusiasm and team play, or shows such perfect efficiency.

All this is mainly because Joseph E. Ralph is director of the Bureau. In three years of occupancy he has increased the efficiency of each employee, has reduced the cost of production by a greater amount than six preceding years had been able to do, has reduced his working force in spite of the increase of business, and what is more, made them love

him and filled them with his own pride in tices, and gave them training. The first task the Bureau. Every man in the shops is an active partisan. "We've got the best department in Washington," you hear them say.

This big, clear-headed, warm-hearted director learned how to do things in a hard school. At twelve years of age he went men in the country to introduce scientific to work in a rolling mill in Joliet, Illinois. He says of those days: "The day's labor consisted of twelve solid hours of physical torture, at the rate of one horse-power per minute." When the mills shut down, Ralph used to swing on a box-car and go vagabonding, getting odd jobs on the railroad until the steel plant opened again. When he was nineteen, he met a young lady at a St. Patrick's Day ball in Joliet, and married her the next day. Later he became secretary of the Tariff Commission, managed a newspaper, and finally drifted into Washington as post-office clerk in the Capitol.

There he took advantage of his spare time to go through a business school. After that he was connected with Government work in New York harbor, and at the age of twentysix, in 1895, came into the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as a humble plate wiper.

Young Ralph manifested a great curiosity about all the departments of the Bureau, asking questions and studying like fury after hours. One of his superiors said: "Why are you so darned curious about all these things that aren't any of your business?"

"Well," said Ralph, "I may be boss of this

show some day." And he is.

Director Ralph's genius for organization is astonishing. Long ago he discovered Benjamin R. Stickney, then a mechanic in charge of certain machines, and now mechanical expert and designer for the Bureau, an inventor of several revolutionary machines, and Mr. Ralph's right-hand man. For assistant director he picked Mr. Ferguson from the Auditing Department—perhaps the best man in the position that the Bureau has ever had. He instituted voluntary talks with his employees on the saving of energy and the value of perfection that gave them an artist's pride in their work. The great saving of time and money that came from transferring several functions from the Treasury to the Bureau is the result of his suggestions. He measures against contagion. He has also found politics in the Bureau and crushed it out with no uncertain hand. He eliminated favoritism among the foremen by discharging them. He introduced appren-

for a young engraver is to engrave one hundred times, "Perfection is no trifle, but trifles make perfection"; and that is the motto of the Bureau.

Mr. Ralph, moreover, was one of the first management. He himself learned to save energy in twelve years of hard physical labor. First he told the workers a little about it; then he began to increase their daily task. The women in the numbering room sent an indignant delegation to protest.

"Very well," said Ralph, "I won't force you to do anything that's exorbitant. Public

opinion rules in this Bureau."

But every day he continued to send them the increased amount of work, making it entirely optional. Then one day a worker who had been thinking about the new ideas, tried them out. She not only finished the whole job. but got out ten minutes ahead of the others. Ralph promptly promoted her, and after that it was easy sailing. Everybody now does twice the work he once did, gets out sooner, and has frequent ten-minute periods of rest.

What is it, you'll wonder, that makes everyone of the Bureau employees say, "Mr. Ralph's all right"? Well, here are some of

the things:

If he has praise to give, he does it in public. Reprimands are delivered in his private office. If any employee has a complaint, he goes straight to Mr. Ralph. The door to his office is always open and he stays there all day, never leaving even for lunch. He has established relief societies for sick and disabled workmen, contributing to them himself. At his orders, a comfortable rest room has been opened, where the women employees can eat their lunch; he equipped it with refrigerators and electric cook-stoves, because he thinks that the best workmen are the ones who are best fed.

When anyone in the bureau is ill, there are orders that he report to Mr. Ralph, who has made arrangements with the Government Hygienic Laboratory to examine them free of charge. Tuberculosis has been his chief care. Sick employees know that they will not be discharged if they take proper planned for a cooperative lunch room for all the workers in the Bureau, where good food can be furnished at a nominal cost.

JOHN REED.

Mrs. Martin seated herself beside her son. "How have the children been, Ernie?"

THE FOUND CHILDREN

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

talking, when your children marry, you lose them. Harold has never been the same to me since he married Clara Haywood. He's gone right over to the Haywoods. He spends every Wednesday and Sunday night of his life with her folks. He only comes to see me when he thinks of it. Of course Ray Carleton is a nice fellow. But he's so young. And Gracie's so young. Somehow, I can't get used to the idea. It seems wicked. What would you do, Mrs. Martin?"

Mrs. Seaver's little dark sallow face, a mass of wrinkles normally, seemed, under the stress of her emotion, to tie itself into knots. Her claw-like little hands twisted, folding and unfolding. The tears stood frankly in eyes too big and bright for her face, eyes that held the furtive, alert gleam of some very tiny, easily-frightened animal.

Mrs. Seaver's face offered the one discord-

UT, Mrs. Martin, there's no use rooms. In the years which had elapsed since Phoebe first took its decoration in hand, the Martin house had acquired some of the beauty of its early days. The wall-papers had faded a little, the mission furniture showed the marks of use. Mrs. Martin's climbing plants wreathed the noble mantels in their vivid green. Vases and bowls held brilliant bunches of dahlias and asters. Many framed pictures of children littered the tables and book-To-day everything was in the perfection of order. Everything that could shine, shone. A Sunday quiet lay over the rooms and yet the whole house held an air of tiptoe excitement—as if it awaited some-

Mrs. Martin evidently awaited something. Her eyes kept straying out the window. If the atmospheric values ran down to discord in Mrs. Seaver's face, they ran up to harmony in Mrs. Martin's. Except for that transient flash of expectancy, her look was ant note in the serene calm of the big living- perfectly placid. She still kept her tall, spare figure; but the years had turned her hair white; they had lined her face deeply.

"Well, I don't know as I know what I'd do," Mrs. Martin answered. "At least, I can't say right off. Of course, Gracie is young—only eighteen, isn't she?"

Mrs. Seaver nodded.

"Just think of it!" Mrs. Martin commented. "It seems only yesterday that she was running over here for Phoebe to read 'Little Women' to her."

"Mrs. Martin, to this day Gracie gets 'Little Women' out every once in awhile and reads it all over again. That's as undeveloped as she is." Mrs. Seaver wiped her eyes in-

dignantly.

"But when it comes to her marrying so young," Mrs. Martin went on slowly, "I guess I agree with you. I think most mothers would. It's queer the difference in the way you feel about your children marrying. When Phoebe came to get engaged—she was twenty-four, you know—I didn't seem to mind it at all. But Edward took it awfully hard. It seemed as if he never could get reconciled. When Ernie's engagement came out, Edward was simply delighted. But they'd been married a month before I stopped crying nights. I've worked it out that men hate to lose their daughters and women their sons. But they've all got to face it, for marry they will. It's nature."

"Oh, it isn't marriage I object to. Lord knows I don't want Gracie to be an old maid. But when she's so young and all I've got—well, it just seems cruel to have her go so soon. Why, we've done everything together—you might say. We did all our shopping together. Once a week, ever since she's been old enough, we've gone to a matinée together. I've chaperoned her to every dance. And now that'll be all over. She'll have her own family and her own interests. Oh, it will never be the same again. I'll lose her."

"It will never be the same again," Mrs. Martin agreed. "But I don't think you'll lose her. That is, unless——"

"Why now, Mrs. Martin," Mrs. Seaver's pessimism flared into a hysterical recklessness, "take you and Phoebe. Phoebe lives in the same town with you and of course, in a way, you see a lot of her. And yet she's giving luncheons and dinner-parties and whists all the time—and you don't go to a half of them, nor a quarter."

Mrs. Martin bristled a little. "Yes, that's true," she acknowledged. "But that isn't because I'm not invited or because Phoebe don't want me. It's only because—""

"I know," Mrs. Seaver said, her recklessness giving way to melancholy. "There are plenty of reasons why, but the long and short of it is you don't go. And that's what I'm afraid will happen with Gracie and me. I'll go to everything she gives for awhile. I'll begin to feel old and passée and in the way and as if my clothes weren't right—and I'll make excuses to stay at home. And then I'll get tired of keeping house all alone and she won't want me, so I'll take to boarding. And the first thing I know, I'll be one of those old ladies who sit round boarding-house parlors and gossip and knit-except once in awhile when I go to Gracie's house for a luncheon of left-overs. And when, finally, I get so lonely that I can't stand that any longer, I'll enter some Old Ladies' Home. I don't know but what I'd better save myself a lot of trouble by going into one the day after Gracie gets married."

Phoebe came to get engaged—she was twentyfour, you know—I didn't seem to mind it at
all. But Edward took it awfully hard. It if reassuring herself, "you can't. You're not
seemed as if he never could get reconciled. old enough. Oh," she exclaimed joyfully,
When Ernie's engagement came out, Ed"there's Phoebe now and Bertha-Elizabeth."

Mrs. Seaver rose hastily. "I guess I don't want Phoebe to catch me crying. I'll run home by the back way if you don't mind."

"Come over this afternoon, won't you, Mrs. Seaver?" Mrs. Martin entreated. "There's always a lot of young folks here for supper, Sunday night. I know you'll enjoy it."

"Well," Mrs. Seaver said,—"perhaps. I don't feel much like it though." She disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

Mrs. Martin moved over to the window and

watched her daughter's approach.

Phoebe had not grown matronly in the last seven years, although the diaphanous look of girlhood had entirely left her. physical element in her maiden comeliness had been accented and emphasized. She was a creature now of definite outlines, high lights, The willowy, breakable glossy surfaces. quality in her figure had given way to an air of vigor and virility. The velvety, amber-olive of her skin had deepened to an out-of-doors hardness. A permanent color glowed in her cheeks and lips. Her yellow-brown hair looked like carved metal. Her eyes, however, showed a change. Deep under their sparkle lay a little sadness, as if there were one question she put perpetually to fate. But for that, she had the air of a perfectly happy woman.

A little girl in a long gray coat and a high peaked hat walked at her side. She was a slim, frail creature, of a transparent, silver-blonde

type, with doves' eyes of a deep gray, with cheeks and lips tinted a delicate shell-pink. After a whispered colloquy at the gate, she dropped her mother's hand and scampered over to the barn. Phoebe continued up the path.

"Greetings, Mother!" she called from the door. And she talked all the way through the hall. "I have never seen such a day. The air is like honey with a drop of wine in it. I've been drinking it down. Oh, how I love this season." She entered the room with all her accustomed effect of dispersing by the mere force of her vitality every shadow in it.

"Well, you come honestly by it," said her "I love the fall too. Some folks feel sad when the leaves begin to drop. But there's something about it—I never could tell exactly what—that makes me as gay."

"Bertha-Elizabeth and I walked in the gutter all the way up. It's such fun to hear the dead leaves rustle and snap and crackle. It exhilarates me."

"How's it happen Bertha-Elizabeth isn't at Sunday-school?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"She got sort of droopy in church. So I decided I wouldn't let her stay. Somehow she doesn't seem to stand half as much as the other two. Sometimes—" Phoebe paused. That look of perpetual question in her eyes grew almost poignant as an inner anxiety darkened the happy buoyancy of her mood, "Sometimes I worry about Bertha-Elizabeth. She looks so—so sort of—ethereal and faraway. But she is a healthy child, don't you think so, mother?"

"Why, of course she is." Mrs. Martin's emphasis was suspiciously strong. "She's never sick."

"I know that—but I have a sort of feeling that she's well only because I keep her so. She's different from the other two. Well, I know it would kill me if anything happened to her. Oh, mother," Phoebe changed the subject abruptly, "I've had such a time for two days with Phoebe-Girl. She gets naughtier and naughtier every day of her life. I can't do a thing with her." Phoebe's eyes blazed with that proud indignation with which ever the mothers of mischievous children narrate their exploits. "Now let me tell you what she did this morning. Ellen's mother is ill. She had to leave early yesterday morning and I've had charge of Phoebe-Girl ever since. I'd rather take care of a box of monkeys. Yesterday I couldn't get my bath in, I was so busy looking after her. This morn-

playing about and I left her alone in the bathroom for just exactly one minute. When I came back, everything in the room was in the tub—wash-cloths, clean towels, soap, tooth-brushes, tooth-pastes, bottles, glasses, sponges. I was half an hour cleaning up."

"Did you punish her?"

"It does no good to punish her, mother. She's always so interested in her punishments. She seems to look upon it as some new game we're playing. Then I try reasoning with her. I've talked until I was blue in the face. She listens as if I were telling her a fairy-tale, her eyes sparkling, all her dimples showing. Then the instant I get through, she goes right straight from my side and does it again."

"Why doesn't Tug attend to her?"

"Tug! She winds Tug right round her Mother, I tell you I'm put to it sometimes. I didn't have any such trouble with Bertha-Elizabeth or Toland. I suppose they were naturally good children. But I thought they were good because I made them

"Well-Phoebe-" Mrs. Martin exclaimed scathingly, "I could have told you you were

no disciplinarian."

"I guess you're right, mother. But I simply can't scold them—the things they do are so darling. I try to sometimes, but I always burst out laughing right in the midst of it. That system worked all right with the first two. But what I'm going to do with Phoebe-Girl, I don't know. We have to watch her every blessed minute. If there's one instant of quiet in the house, we all get up and hunt her."

"That's exactly the kind of child you were, Phoebe." Mrs. Martin's voice swelled with a note of triumph as if fate had at last

avenged certain obscure wrongs.

"It's a judgment on me then. I told her yesterday that she was so bad I was going to give her away."

"Well!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed indignantly, "you know who you can give her

to without going a step further."

"Oh, yes, she stipulated that she was to be given to you. In fact, the idea seemed to delight her. Two hours later, I found all her clothes—every rag she owns—in the middle of the floor, ready to pack. I spent another half hour putting them away. Oh, it's all right for you to take that superior air, Mrs. Martin, but I don't seem to see you exercising any of your vaunted severity toward your grandchildren. I notice if you're around ing, I drew the tub full of water. She was when they do anything naughty, you always

"Oh!" she exclaimed joyfully. "There's Phoebe now, and Bertha-Elizabeth!"

find some reason why they shouldn't be punished."

Phoebe paused for a moment. Then, "What are father and Bertha-Elizabeth doing?" she asked in a baffled tone. "Oh, I know," she added after another perplexed instant, "they're hunting for horse-chestnuts. Do you know, mother, that's my earliest memory about this place—hunting horsechestnuts. I couldn't have been more than three. I remember how wonderful I thought

up. And then I never could think of anything to do with them." Phoebe sighed. "A good deal of life's like that, isn't it. I have always loved our horse-chestnut trees. They're the biggest ones in Maywood. When they budded in the spring, they used to look like candelabras to me. And when the leaves first came out, they were like pointer dogs' paws. And then the wonderful cone-shaped blossoms and then the opening burs. You never let me go off the place until I went to school and I they were—so glossy and beautiful. I used to used to think there was an enchanted counhunt them every fall until I was quite grown- try on the other side of the horse-chestnut

hedge. I loved the maples so. Why, there extra affection into little Bertha-Elizabeth. full of pressed maple-leaves. But the color leave him. used to always fade out of them." Phoebe "That's a little like life, too, isn't sighed. it? Oh, I am so glad that my children are going to have the same beautiful memories that I have."

Phoebe seemed to run down. But her gaze lingered on her little daughter whose eyes, shining with wonder, had fixed themselves on her grandfather's face. Hand in hand, those two still walked among the falling yellow leaves.

"How crazy he is about that child!"

Phoebe said half to herself.

"Not more crazy than he is about the

others," Mrs. Martin said quickly.

"Oh, yes he is," Phoebe insisted. "I know who all the favorites among my children are. You can't fool a mother. Bertha-Elizabeth is his and Sylvia's, Toland is yours and mine, Phoebe-Girl is Tug's and Ern's. But I never saw anything like father. I think he loves Bertha-Elizabeth more than he loved me."

There was a faint note of some strange emotion in Phoebe's blithe tone. Mrs. Martin shot a quick look at her. Then she smiled a little.

"He loves you in her as he loved me in

you," she exclaimed.

"I don't remember that he ever played with me for hours at a time." Again there was that little questioning, wistful note in Phoebe's voice.

Mrs. Martin smiled again. "Sometimes." she began after a pause, "I think men are the most pathetic creatures on earth. their lives, they're looking for something they never find. Women are different. They know right in the beginning they're never going to get it. You take your father. How he loved me! We were all in all to each other until you children came. Then it seemed as if I couldn't do a thing that he wanted me to. I didn't love him any less, but you children needed me more—you were so help-So many times he wanted me to go places with him evenings and I couldn't because there was no one to stay with you and Ernie. Then he sort of adjusted himself to that and the first thing I knew, you were all in all to him. He just worshiped the ground you walked on. Then you got married to Tug and stepped out of this house as easy as if you hadn't known your father more than a month. Well, he accommodated himself to that. And now he's putting all his the back door. Involuntarily the two women

was one time when every book I owned was And I suppose sometime she'll marry and

"Of course she will," Phoebe said. don't want any old maids in this family. Let me tell you though, I'm going to administer cyanide of potassium to the girl who marries my son. It's queer—but I simply cannot bear to think of Toland's falling in love. Sometimes I feel as if I were an unnatural parent. It didn't seem to bother you a bit, mother, when Ern Martin married Sylvia."

Phoebe's eyes were still out the window. Mrs. Martin smiled again. But it was a different smile this time. Perhaps it was not a smile at all, more the ghost of a

dead pain.

"There they come now!" Phoebe exclaimed. Mrs. Martin jumped up from her rocker and moved quickly over to the window. Two children turned in at the gate. A curlyheaded, snub-nosed, freckled boy in a blue coat with brass buttons, a little gipsy-colored girl in a scarlet, hooded cape and a scarlet cap. They made straight for their grandfather who received the onslaught with both feet braced.

"Mother Warburton says," Phoebe went on, "that she never in her life saw two people so much alike as Tug and little Toland. She

says it's almost uncanny."

Mrs. Martin kept silent by a supreme ef-This obsession of Mrs. Warburton's was a great irritation to her. It turned the knife in the wound that Phoebe shared it. It seemed to Mrs. Martin that little Toland's resemblance to his Uncle Ernest and to his grandfather Martin was so apparent as to be little short of comic.

"But I declare, I can't see who Phoebe-Girl takes after," Phoebe went on, "Mrs. Warburton says that she's the image of her mother."

Again Mrs. Martin held a noble peace. Phoebe-Girl's resemblance to her Aunt Mary could be proved by dozens of tintypes and daguerreotypes and even by a faded photograph or two.

Mr. Martin had in the meantime lifted the insistent Phoebe-Girl onto his shoulder. He bore her pig-a-back, at the head of the procession which made toward the house.

"Lord love her!" Phoebe's voice almost broke under its burden of tenderness, "she can be as naughty as she wants—she's the handsomest thing I ever laid my eyes on." The procession wound into the house through

"But gwampa—evwywhere?" It was Phoebe's-Girl's wondering treble.

"Yes, everywhere." It was Mr. Martin's positive bass.

"In the ice-chest, gwampa?" "Well—yes—I suppose so."

The front of the procession appeared in "Mudder," Phoebe-Girl anthe doorway. nounced radiantly, "God's in the ice-chest."

"Thank goodness, father," Phoebe remarked, "you can answer her questions one

day in the week."

Mr. Martin seated himself on the couch, Phoebe-Girl still hanging from his shoulders. The other two children threw themselves like a pair of little wolves on their grandmother.

"I've already had a rather exhausting session with Bertha-Elizabeth," Mr. Martin admitted. "I've explained the sidereal system, molecular energy and the Darwinian

theory."

"Oh, they've just begun to get under way," Phoebe said comfortingly. "Wait until they ask you what's at the other end of space and what happens when time stops. And what there was before anything began and what there'll be when it all ends. And how far the stars reach into space." She stared at the pair of faces, her father's square, twinkling, freshly-florid, framed in crisp white hair, her daughter's oval, dimpled, rose-and-snow, emerging from flying masses of jet-black hair. "Not wishing to pry, Mr. Martin, but just as a matter of curiosity, how many mashnotes do you receive a day?"

"I really don't know, Mrs. Warburton," her father replied in kind. "I have engaged one stenographer who does nothing but answer those letters. My orders to her are never to bother me with them. Oh, here

comes the rest of the family."

From the path, Sylvia and Ernest waved to the group in the window. Two boys, palpably twins, slim, determined-looking, black-eyed, black-haired little chaps trotted on ahead.

"Oh, how I wish I had twin boys like Edward and Ernest!" Phoebe said. "Aren't they darlings! And I'd like twin girls, too. And a red-headed baby. And that's all.'

The room exploded in another moment into a flurry of greetings. Ernest kissed his mother, and sank, with a sigh of relief, into the morris-chair. Phoebe-Girl immediately climbed into his lap. Bertha-Elizabeth took the place beside her deserted grandfather.

listened to the dialogue coming through The three little boys faded silently in the direction of the barn.

"Uncle Ernest, God's in the coal-bin and the ice-chest," Phoebe-Girl announced triumphantly.

Ernest laughed. "Our family wrestled with the problem of omnipresence two years ago," he commented, "but we still bear the scars."

Ernest had changed more than Phoebe. Much of his boy's beauté du diable had gone with his boy's coloring. His face had grown serious in expression: already it had begun to line a little; there were hollows under the eyes. Ernest would be very handsome in the portly forties, but in the thirties he looked a little drawn. His smile, however, still brought an extraordinary illumination.

In spite of her two sturdy sons—perhaps because of them—Sylvia still retained her fragility of figure. The angelic look about her eyes lingered. Her face was soft. It had begun, very delicately, to fade.

Mrs. Martin seated herself beside her son. "How have the children been, Ernie?"

"Very well—and very bad," Ernest answered. "Mother, if I believed in astrology, I wouldn't dare to have their horoscopes cast. I haven't the nerve to face the truth. Sylvia seems to think they'll escape the electric chair though."

"But by a very narrow margin, I'm perfectly willing to admit," Sylvia said. "Yesterday morning, they got at the vacuumcleaner. They cleaned my dresser of hairpins, side-combs, jewelry, every little thing on it. Oh, it was such a dirty, dusty job getting them back. In the afternoon, there was some work I had to do. So I tied each of the twins by a long clothes-line to a tree back of the house. I put their toys where they could get them and left them to their fates. It's the first quiet morning I've had since they were born. But I suppose," she added apologetically, "all healthy boys are mischievous, aren't they mother?"

"Yes—and girls," Mrs. Martin said. "Ernie wasn't a bit worse than Phoebe—not half so bad I sometimes thought."

Over her mother's head, Phoebe winked at her brother. "Mother," she said in a serious voice, "there's only one criticism I have to bring against you in your maternal capacity and that is the harsh way you've always treated Ern."

"Yes, mother," Ernest agreed solemnly, "I have felt that if you had relieved the severity of your attitude with an occasional kindness, I should have turned out a different

"Well, chicks! Supper!" Phoebe's

Mrs. Martin tried not to smile. "Still I don't think I indulged you, Ernie."

"Not at all," Mr. Martin put in briskly.
"Far from it! I have always said you were a

Spartan mother, Bertha."

"Lila and Will Ellis are coming this afternoon," Phoebe said, "And the Gould twins. I suppose they can marry a hundred times and we'll still call them the Gould twins. And Fonnie and Molly, Oh, Ern, who do you suppose is going to visit me, next month? Augusta Pugh—Augusta Adams, she is now. Her husband's writing a novel and they're going to spend the winter in Italy. I'm delighted to have her."

"I suppose I never shall get over smiling every time I think of Gussie Pugh," Ernest said. "How I hated that girl. I named a

punching-bag after her once."

"Well, you'll get over that just as soon as you see her. She's a crackerjack!" Phoebe exclaimed. "And I'm simply crazy about her husband."

"The Deane boys will be over this after-

gay voice interrupted from the stairs

noon," Ernest went on. "I met them yesterday. Oh—and Phoebe, who do you suppose is at the Wilders? Fay Faxon. I came out with her on the train last night. She's been divorced from that man she eloped with. She's resumed her own name. She's awfully faded. In fact, I didn't know her. She had to tell me who she was. I used to think she was a pippin."

"There, there's the dinner-bell," Mr. Mar-

tin exclaimed.

"And here's fadder," Phoebe-Girl shouted.

She raced into the hall to meet the gentleman whose figure, beginning to swell a little, still displayed all the original athletic outlines of the genial Tug. "Now—don't—break my—glasses!" came to the group in the parlor between the flurries of Phoebe-Girl's chirping kisses.

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Seaver came over to the Martin house with her daughter. Their arrival was greeted with acclaim.

"Gracie, you bad chicken, to go and ge'

little girl," said Phoebe, kissing her.

"And where's Ray?" the others chorused. "He's coming later," Gracie said. She was a tall, slender creature, undeveloped even for her eighteen years. She looked exactly what her mother must have looked at her age. Her dark eyes were too big for her little face. Her dark braids were too heavy for her little head. But there was a soft deliciousness, a kitten-like helplessness about her. Her cheeks grew pink and her eyes liquid when anyone addressed her; she seemed to sway in the direction of the voice.

"Isn't it lovely, Mrs. Seaver?" Sylvia asked. But Mrs. Seaver's drooped figure, her dark-rimmed eyes must have apprised her that, from the mother's point of view, it was far from "lovely." Sylvia rushed on with many swift comments. Mrs. Seaver did not have to answer her question. But, as Sylvia talked, she gazed vaguely about.

The big room seemed full of young people. One group chattered about the big fireplace in the front room. Another had gathered in a whispered conversation on the couch in the library. Mrs. Seaver's face grew if possible "Where's your more dreary in expression. mother, Phoebe?" she asked listlessly.

"Upstairs in the Playroom," Phoebe an-"Oh, I beg pardon, Mrs. Seaver, I forgot. She told me to tell you to come right up there. Oh, good! Girls, there's Ada Warburton."

Mrs. Seaver climbed the stairs slowly. A gay clatter and chatter of happy youth followed her. As she turned the second stairway, the walls seemed to shut it off. From above came to take its place another noise, a low steady murmur. Mrs. Seaver paused in the doorway.

The big room had changed in the course of its history from nursery to playroom, from gymnasium to dance-hall. Now it had reverted to type—it was nursery again. Low shelves, everywhere, held books and toys. Above them, a modern landscape paper showed incidents in the old-fashioned fairy tales. Kindergarten tables and chairs filled from here the center. Cot-beds filled three of the corners.

In front of the fireplace at one end of the room sat Mr. Martin. It was his voice that had made the murmur; he was reading aloud to an attentive little audience. The three boys—Phoebe's Toland and Ernest's twins sat grouped about him. Bertha-Elizabeth lay fine hair, straight except where, at the ends, you were afraid you wouldn't be able to keep

engaged when we thought you were still a it turned upward in a golden ripple, sprayed against his black coat like a shower of fairy rain. Her lids had fallen half over her deep eyes, but their look had set itself far off as if she saw the tale enacting itself outside the window.

> At the other end of the room rocked Mrs. Martin. Beside her, working with watercolors at a little table, Phoebe-Girl colored the Scriptural picture which she had brought from Sunday-school.

> "Oh, Mrs. Seaver, there you are!" Mrs. Martin said in a tone half welcome half relief. "Come right over here where we can talk. I've got something to tell you. Land, Phoebe seems to find Bertha-Elizabeth so much trouble. She's been as good as a kitten ever since we came up here. It's a knack, this managing children. But, Lord, I suppose we all have to learn by experience. And I must say Phoebe does very well. Her children are all healthy—and that's the main thing. Some of the things she does sound strange to me-but I don't know as there's any harm in them. She lets them sing kindergarten songs between the courses at the table for instance. She says it keeps them in their seats better than anything she can think of. Gracie come over?"

"Yes."

"And Ray?"

"He's coming later." From Mrs. Seaver's tone, it was again evident that her dejection had not lessened since the morning.

For a moment, Mrs. Martin was silent.

From the other end of the room came a

piping clamor of approval.

"That was a nice story, grandpa!" "Read us another, grandpa!" "Read one about a wild lion, grandpa!" "Read one about a flying-machine, grandpa!" And, finally, in Bertha-Elizabeth's soft tone, "Tell us a story, grandpa. I like your truly-own stories better.

"All right," agreed Mr. Martin. tell you one more. But, remember, this will be the last. Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived in a land very far distant

"Mrs. Seaver," Mrs. Martin said in a low tone, "I have been thinking over what you told me this morning, ever since you went home. It's sort of haunted me. And I've made up my mind that I'd tell you something that I've never talked over with any living creature except Edward. It seemed to me that my experience might help you a little. in his lap, her head on his shoulder. Her soft You remember you were saying to-day that up with Gracie's set and that you'd sort of fall behind and grow rusty and get to feel out of it."

Mrs. Seaver nodded. Her eyes filled as they went from Phoebe-Girl's flying, paint-

stained fingers to Mrs. Martin's face.

"Well, that's exactly how I felt for awhile after our two children were married. There's no use in talking, the young generation is always different from the old one. I remember how much talk there was in my family at some of the things Edward and I did when we were first married. Everybody thought we were going into bankruptcy because, according to North Campion ideas, we didn't save enough money. Well, I couldn't help feeling a little that way about Phoebe. It seemed to me she was awful extravagant two maids in the house and a nurse for Bertha-Elizabeth. And insisting on their wearing black suits and white caps. And always having her meals in courses and giving such elaborate dinner-parties. Then Ernest got married and though he and Sylvia started in much more modestly than Phoebe and Tug, still they had far more to do with than Edward and I had at first. And Sylvia was so clever—she makes two dollars do the work of one. She's much more economical than Phoebe. And such a good housekeeper. Well, perhaps you remember how she kept the twins when they were babies—neat as a pin. Then Ernest began to go right ahead. Edward's very proud of the progress he's made—although I say and I shall always maintain it, he works altogether too hard. Then they moved from their little flat into the house they're in now. Gradually they fixed it up. They began to entertain too. Tug and Ernest both say you have to entertain nowadays. Why, if Tug has business friends come on from New York, Phoebe gives them a dinner the moment they get here. She says she looks upon it as one of her regular household expenses."

"But, although nobody saw her, the wicked fairy was present all the time," came Mr. Martin's voice. "And suddenly she advanced" and said in a cruel voice, 'Although I have not been invited to the christening, I, too, have a

gift for the baby princess."

"Well, at first we went to all the dinners they gave. But, somehow—I don't know how it was—we didn't seem to fit in with all those young people. In the first place, it bores Edward to get into a dress-suit so often. He works very hard in the office and queer—Tug and Ernest don't seem to mind it and Edward Martin's grown ten years

at all. Phoebe says it's a matter of habit. Tug gets home on an early train, takes his bath and dresses for dinner every night. He says it refreshes him. But Edward doesn't see it that way. And then I had to have so many new clothes. But the worst of it was that, with all the company, we didn't really have a chance to talk to the children. As for the grandchildren, they were always in bed. There came a time when we didn't seem to see any of them except in a haphazard way. It wasn't as if Phoebe and Ernie were tied down by their children. They Young folks aren't nowadays. weren't. They've always had a maid to stay with them nights when they went out. No, it was more that they were going all the time. You know they're in with that young married set that lives down round Murray's Corner and they have very gay times."

"The poor little princess' hands began to grow and grow and grow. Pretty soon they were as big as bread-and-butter plates, then they were as big as soup plates, then they were as big as platters. But they stopped there. The poor queen almost cried her pretty eyes out, she was so ashamed. Nobody was ever allowed to see the princess. They kept her hidden

safely away in the Secret Garden."

"Well, Edward and I talked it over. We said we were too old to keep up with all the ways of the new generation but if we didn't keep up with some of them, it would pass us by. We made up our minds to work up some scheme by which we should see the children in peace and comfort at least once a week. It was Edward who thought of this one that the two families should come here every Sunday for all day. And that's what they do now week in and week out. Phoebe and Ernie get here early and the children come from Sunday-school. Everybody in Maywood knows that they're here every Sunday and they come dropping in during the afternoon and evening. I let both the maids go so there's no complaint there. But I always have plenty of cold meat, a big salad and a freezer full of ice-cream. And anything else they want—hot biscuits or rabbit or fudge —they can cook themselves. Well, it's worked like a charm. In the afternoon, Phoebe and Sylvia, and Ernie and Tug stay downstairs and visit with their friends—and Edward and I come up here with the children. They have their supper here and I put them to bed. And then Edward and I have supper and spend the evenings with the young folks. when he comes home, he likes to relax. It's Well, I can't tell you how much I enjoy it—

younger. about the children marrying—it would take the young company out of the house. But you see now we've got it all back again."

"And there under the huge rock, lay a wonderful box of carved gold. The Handsome Young Prince seized it eagerly. It opened at a touch. As the cover lifted, there came from it an odor of wild-roses and violets and honeysuckles and new-mown hay. He saw that it was filled with a soft transparent fluid like a melted moonstone. It was the Magic Ointment."

"But, after all, that isn't the best of it, Mrs. Seaver," Mrs. Martin said solemnly. "The best thing is that we've found our own children again in our grand-children. I can't tell you how I hated to have Phoebe and Ernie grow up—and yet I wanted them to grow up too. But you know how a mother is—every period of a child's life is so sweet, you'd like to keep them that way forever? But you can't. Life is kinder than we think, though, for just as it took our children away from us, it brought them back. Sometimes I feel as if we were living it all over again. I can't tell you how many times, on Sunday afternoons, Edward has looked over to me and said, 'I should think that was Phoebe,' or, 'Doesn't that sound like Ernest?' It's as if we had all we've ever had and a great deal more besides. For, instead of two, we've got five. Now, Mrs. Seaver, that's what you've got to do if

That was what I dreaded most you want to keep Gracie and her children. Make it so easy and happy for her to come home that she'd rather do that than go anywhere else."

> "I guess you're right, Mrs. Martin," Mrs. "Anyway, I'm Seaver said tremulously. going to try it. I do thank you for telling me.

"Well, chicks! Supper!" Phoebe's gay voice interrupted from the stairs. She appeared in the doorway, carrying a tray covered with pitchers of milk, glasses, piles of bread. "It's time for little folks to eat and go to bed. How's mother's lamb-baby been?" she inquired fondly of Phoebe-Girl.

"Very quiet," Mrs. Martin said trium-"Not a bit of trouble. My land!" phantly. For the delighted Phoebe-Girl stood up, revealing that she had painted with vivid scarlet every button and every bit of white pique that trimmed her little green gingham frock.

"Oh, what a naughty, naughty little girl," Phoebe exclaimed. "What am I going to do with you?" Phoebe-Girl dimpled but visibly repudiated all responsibility in this problem. "Well, I can't scold you to-night. Grandma says that mother was just exactly as naughty when she was a little girl. Besides it will all wash out." Phoebe began to set one of the little tables.

"And so," Mr. Martin concluded rapidly, "they lived happily ever afterward."

(This is the last of the "Phoebe and Ernest" stories. Mrs. Gillmore will soon start a new series of an entirely different kind.)

ТНЕ PHILANTHROPIST

EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Scot, have poured

The heavy burden of that golden hoard That shines far off and shall not be forgot.

I only see thee carving far and wide Thy name on many marbles through the land, Or flashing splendid from the jeweler's hand Where medaled heroes show thy face with pride.

NEITHER praise nor blame thee, aged Crossus had not such royal halls as thou, Nor Timon half as many friends as crowd In whose wide lap the shifting times Thy porches when thy largesses are loud. Learning and Peace are stars upon thy brow.

> And still thy roaring mills their tribute bring As unto Cæsar, and thy charities Have borne thy swelling fame beyond the

> Where thou in many realms art all but king.

Yet when night lays her silence on thine ears And thou art at thy window all alone, Pondering thy place, dost thou not hear the groan Of them that bear thy burden through the years?

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN

IX

PREDECESSORS OIIR

By IDA M. TARBELL

NE of the most disconcerting characteristics of advocates, conservative and radical, is their conscienceless treatment of facts. Rarely do they allow full value to that which qualifies or contradicts their theories. The ardent and single-minded reformer is not infrequently the worst sinner in this respect. To stir indignation against conditions, he paints them without a background and with utter disregard of proportion.

He wins, but he loses by this method. He makes converts of those of his own kind, those who like him have rare powers for indignation and sacrifice but little capacity or liking for the exact truth or for self-restraint. He turns from him many who are as zealous as he to change conditions but who demand that they be painted as they are and that justice be rendered both to those who have fought against them in the past and to those who in different ways are doing so to-day.

The movement for a fuller life for American women has always suffered from the disregard of some of its noblest followers, both for things as they are and for things as they have been. The persistent belittling for campaign purposes of the Business of Being a Woman I have repeatedly referred to in this series of little essays, indeed it has been founded on the proposition that the Uneasy Woman peculiar to to-day is the product in the main of a mistrust of her natural work in the world and of her efforts to expand and dignify it by imitating the activities of man.

Quite as great an injustice to woman as this belittling of her Business has been the practice, also for campaign purposes, of denying her a part in the upbuilding of civilization. There was a time "back of history," says one of the popular leaders in the woman's move-"when men and women were friends and comrades"—but "from that time to this she (woman) has held a subsidiary and exclusively feminine position. The world has been wholly in the hands of men and they them. You cannot turn a page of history

have believed that men alone had the ability, felt the necessity for developing civilization, the business, education, and religion of the world."

Woman's present aim she declares to be the "re-assumption of their share in human life." This is of course a modern putting of the List of Grievances with which the militant campaign started in this country in the 40's, reinforced by the important point that women "back of history" enjoyed the privileges which the earlier militants declared that man, "having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her," had always usurped.

Just how the lady knows that "back of history" women and men were more perfect comrades than to-day, I do not know. Her proofs would be interesting. If this is true, it reverses the laws which have governed all other human relations. Certainly since history began (the only period where I can pretend to judge) the records show that comradeship between men and women has risen and fallen with the rise and fall of cultivation and of virtue. The general level is probably higher to-day than ever before.

Moreover from these same records one might support as plausibly—and as falsely the theory of a Woman-made World as the . popular one of a Man-made World. There has been many a teacher and philosopher who has sustained some form of this thesis, declaiming against the excessive power of women in shaping human affairs. The teachings of the Christian Church in regard to woman, the charges that she keep silent, that she obey, that she be meek and lowly—all grew out of the fear of the power she exercised at the period these teachings were given—a power which the saints believed prejudicial to good order and good morals. There is more than one profound thinker of our own period who has arraigned her influence-Strindberg and Nietzsche among

pattern of Human Life.

For the American Woman of to-day to allow woman's part in the making of this nation to be belittled is particularly unjust and cowardly. The American nation in its good and evil is what it is as much because of its women as because of its men. The truth of the matter is there has never been any country, at any time, whatever may have been their social limitations or political disbarments that women have not ranked with the men in actual capacity and achievement, that is men and women always rise and fall together whatever the apparent conditions. The failure to recognize this is due either to an ignorance of facts or to a wilful disregard of them—usually it is the former. For instance, one constantly hears to-day the exultant cry that women finally are beginning to take an interest and a part in political and radical discussions. But there has never been a time in this or any country's history when they were not active factors in such discussion. The women of the American Revolutionary Period certainly challenge sharply the women of to-day, both by their intelligent understanding of political issues and by their sympathetic cooperation in the struggle. It was the letters of women which led to that most important factor in centralizing and instructing pre-revolutionary opinion in New England, the Committee of Correspondence. There were few more powerful political pamphleteers in this period than Mercy Warren. We might very well learn a lesson which we need very much from the way women aided the Revolution through their power as consumers. As for sacrifice and devotion, that of the woman loses nothing in nobility when contrasted with that of the

If we jump fifty years in the nation's history to the beginning of the agitation against slavery, we find women among the first and most daring of the protestants against the institution. It was for the sake of shattering slavery that she broke the silence in public which by order of the Christian Church she had so long kept—an order made not for the sake of belittling women but for the sake of establishing order in churches and better insuring the new Christian code of morality. The courage and the radicalism of women of the 30's, 40's and 50's in this country compare favorably with that of the men and women in any revolutionary period in any country that we may select.

The American woman has played an honor-

that the woman is not on it or behind it. She able part in the making of our country and is the most subtle and binding thread in the for this part she should have full credit. If she had been as poor a stick, as downtrodden and ineffective as sometimes painted. she would not be a fit mate for the man beside whom she has struggled and she would be as utterly unfit for the larger life she desires as the most bigoted misogynist pictures her to be.

> Moreover, all things considered, she has been no greater sufferer from injustice than man. I do not mean in saying this that she has not had grave and unjust handicaps legal and social, I mean that when you come to study the comparative situations of men and women as a mass at any time and in any country you will find them more nearly equal than unequal, all things considered. Women have suffered injustice but parallel have been the injustices men were enduring. It was not the fact that she was a woman that put her at a disadvantage so much as the fact that might made right, and the physically weaker everywhere bore the burden of the day. Go back no further than the beginnings of this Republic and admit all that can be said of the wrong in the laws which prevented a woman controlling the property she had inherited or accumulated by her own efforts, which took from her a proper share in the control of her child—we must admit the equal enormity of the laws which permitted men to exploit labor in the outrageous way they have. It was not because he was a man that the laborer was exploited—it was because he was the weaker in the prevailing Woman's case was parallel—she was the weaker in the system. It has always been the case with men and women in the world that he who could, took and the devil got the hindermost. The way the laborer's cause has gone hand in hand in this country the last hundred years with the woman's cause is a proof of the point. In the 30's of the 10th century for illustration, the country was torn by a workingman's party which carried on a fierce agitation against banks and monopolies. Many of its leaders were equally ardent in their support of Women's Rights as they were then understood. The slavery agitation was coupled from the start with the question of women's rights. It was injustice that was being challenged—the right of the stronger to put the weaker_at a disadvantage for any reason—because he was poor not rich, black not white, female not male—that is, there has been nothing special to women in the injustice she has suffered except its particular form. Moreover it was not man as man who was responsible for this

Strong women have always imposed upon the weak—men and women as strong men have done. In the essence it is a human not a sex question—this of injus-

= :=

: 12.5

: _ .

F-_--.

* :- =:

.: · .

그: 호 또

. _~. i

: : :

=====

노 . 호

r 2::

-- :------

_= <u>-</u> .

: -- -

·:-

7.5

: :-

--._

.---

<u>`</u>...

-

7.72.7

The hesitation of this country in the earlier part of the 19th century to accord to women the same educational facilities as to men is often cited as a proof of a deliberate effort to disparage women. But it should not be forgotten that the wisdom of universal male education was hotly in debate. One of the ideals of radical reformers for centuries had been to give to all the illumination of knowledge. But to teach those who did the labor of the world, its peasants and its serfs, was regarded by both Church and State as a folly and a menace. It was the establishment of a pure Democracy that forced the experiment of universal free instruction in this country. It has met with opposition at every stage and there is to-day a Mr. Worldly Wiseman at every corner bewailing the evils it has wrought. He must, too, be a hopeless Candide who can look on our experiment, wonderful and inspiring as it is, and say its results have been the best possible.

It was entirely logical, things being as they were, that there should have been strong opposition to giving girls the same training in schools as boys. That objection holds good to-day in many reflective minds. He again must be a hopeless optimist who believes that we have worked out the best possible system of education for women. But because there was opposition to giving women the same educational facilities as men, was not saying that there was or ever had been a conspiracy on foot to keep her in intellectual limbo because she was a woman. The history of learning shows clearly enough that women have always shared in its rise. In the great revival of the 16th century they took an honorable part: "I see the robbers, hangmen, adventurers, hostlers of to-day more learned than the doctors and preachers of my youth," wrote Rabelais, and he added, "Why, women and girls have aspired to the heavenly manna of good learning." Whenever aspiration has been in the air women have responded to it as men have and have found, as men have, a way to satisfy their thirst.

To come down to the period which concerns us chiefly, that of our own Republic, it is an utter misrepresentation of the women of the Revolution to claim that they were uneducated. All things considered they were quite as well educated as the men. The produced by the system of training then in vogue is proof enough of the statement. Far and away the best letters by a woman which have found their way into print in this country are those of Mrs. John Adams, written late in the 18th century and early in the 19th. They deserve the permanent place in our literature which they have. But it was a period of good letter-writing by women—if weak spelling—and feminine spelling was, on the whole, quite as strong as masculine!

Out of that early system of education came the woman who was to write the book which did more to stir the country against slavery than all that ever had been written. Harriet Beecher Stowe. That system produced the scientist who still represents American women in the mind of the world, Maria Mitchell, the only American woman whose name appears among the names of the world's great scholars inscribed on the Boston Public Library. It produced Dorothea Dix, who for twenty years before the Civil War carried on perhaps the most remarkable investigation of conditions that has ever been made in this country by man or woman—the one which required the most courage, endurance, and persistency—her investigation of the then barbaric system of caring—or not caring—for the insane. State after state enacted new laws and instituted new methods solely on the showing of this one woman. If there were no other case to offer to the frequent cry that women have never had an influence on legislation this would be enough.

To my mind there is no phase of their activities which reveals better the genuineness of their training than the initiative they took in founding schools of advanced grades for girls, and in organizing primary and secondary schools on something like a national scale. Mary Lyon's work for Mt. Holyoke College and Catherine Beecher's for the American Woman's Education Association are the most substantial individual achievements, though they are but types of what many women were doing and what women in general were backing up. It was work of the highest constructive type—original in its conception, full of imagination and idealism. rich in its capacity for growth—a work to fit the aspiration of its day and so full of the future.

Now when conditions are such that a few rise to great eminence from the ordinary ranks of life it means a good general average. The multitude of women of rare achievements, distinguishing the Revolutionary and actual achievements of the eminent women post-Revolutionary periods of American his-

tory are the best evidences of the seriousness, idealism, and intelligence of the women in general. Their services in the war are part of the traditions of every family whose line runs back to those days. Loyal, spirited, ingenious and uncomplaining, they are one of the finest proofs in history of the capacity of the women of the mass to respond wholeheartedly to noble ideals—one of the finest illustrations, too, of the type of service needed from women in great crises. But the rank and file which conducted itself so honorably in the Revolution was not a whit more noble and intelligent than the rank and file of the succeeding period. It would have been impossible ever to have established promptly, as was done, the higher and the general schools for girls if women had not given them the support they did, had not been willing, as one great educator of the early part of the 19th century has recorded, "to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of the most rigid economy, that their daughters might be favored with means of improvement superior to what they themselves possessed." And back of this self-denial was what? A desire that life be made easier for the daughter? Not at all—a desire that the daughter be better equipped to "form the character of the future citizen of the Republic."

It is not alone that justice is wounded by denying women a part in the making of the civilized world—a more immediate wrong is the way the movement for a fuller, freer life for all human beings is hampered. A woman with a masculine chip on her shoulder gives a divided attention to the cause she serves. She complicates her human fight with a sex fight. However good tactics this may have been in the past, and I am far from denying that there were periods when it may have been good politics, however poor morally, surely in this country-to-day there is no sound reason for introducing such complications into our struggles. The American woman's life is the fullest in its opportunity, all things considered, that any human being harnessed into a complicated society has ever enjoyed. To keep up the fight against man as the chief hindrance to the realization of her aspiration is merely to perpetuate in the intellectual world that instinct of the female animal to be ever on guard against the male,—save in those periods when she is in pursuit of him!

But complicating her problem is not the only injury she does her cause by this ignoring or belittling of woman's part in civilizainspiration—a loss that cannot be reckoned. It is the human core.

The past is a wise teacher. There is none that can stir the heart more deeply or give to human affairs such dignity and signifi-The meaning of woman's natural Business in the world—the part it has played civilizing humanity—in forcing good morals and good manners, in giving a reason and so a desire for peaceful arts and industries, the place it has had in persuading men and women that only self-restraint, courage, good cheer, and reverence produce the highest types of manhood and womanhood—all this is written on every page of history.

Women need to understand, and to recognize their integral part in human progress. To slur this over, ignore or deny it, cripples their powers. It sets them at the foolish effort of enlarging their lives by doing the things man does—not because they are certain that as human beings with a definite task they need or society needs these particular services or operations from them, but because they conceive that this alone will prove them equal. The efforts of woman to prove herself equal to man is a work of supererogation. There is nothing he has ever done that she has not again and again proved herself able to do equally well. But rarely is society well served by her undertaking his activities. Moreover, if man is to remain a civilized being he must be held to his business of producer and protector. She cannot overlook her obligation to keep him up to his part in the partnership and she cannot wisely interfere too much with that part. The fate of the meddler is common knowledge!

A few women in every country have always and probably always will find work and usefulness and happiness in exceptional tasks. There are, sometimes, women who are born with what we call "bachelor souls"—an interesting and sometimes even charming, though always an incomplete possession. More often they are women who by the bungling machinery of society have been cast aside. There is no reason why these women should be idle, miserable, selfish, or antisocial. There are rich lives for them to work out and endless needs for them to meet. But they are not the women upon whom society depends; they are not the ones who build the nation. The women who count are those. who outnumber them a hundred to one the women who are at the great business of founding and filling the natural social centers, which we call homes. Humanity will tion. She strips herself of suggestion and rise or fall as that center is strong or weak.

"QUALIFYING"

A Story

By EDWIN BALMER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN CASSEL

T was less than five minutes before the eighteen hour train, which connected with the noon sailings from New York the next day, was due to leave Chicago; and upon that warm, bright, early June afternoon half the passengers in sight seemed to be off for Europe.

The length of the platform beside the train was gay with smiling, summer-gowned women and girls, and men in light flannels; uniformed florists' boys with green boxes, and small messengers with baskets of red fruits, bore parting offerings from friends who mistrusted wired instructions to deliver upon the boat; baggage-men pushed great piles of trunks, gaudily banded, or stenciled with conspicuous private marks for easy identification upon English piers. Everyone upon the platform seemed either to be going off for the summer, or sending some one off, or bringing something for those going—except a girl who, just three minutes before the train left, came running through the gate and out beside the coaches.

She was flushed from her race, and stopped to catch breath, as she saw she was in time for the train. She was young—perhaps a year or two over twenty—with lithe, active figure. Her blue eyes were clear, her skin fair, and her brown hair a trifle curly. She felt for stray strands of it, tucking them under her straw sailor as she went on toward the front of the train. She was in blue skirt and white shirt-waist without jacket, evidently having run from one of the office buildings to put upon the train the long, special delivery letter she carried; but she regarded the travelers with lively, unenvious interest.

The center of one group of particularly well-dressed people who especially attracted her attention, was a girl about her own age in a pongee suit. The one in the shirt-waist, seeing her, stopped with a gasp and gazed with the frank admiration of an

T was less than five minutes before the unknown person suddenly seeing one well-eighteen hour train, which connected known.

The one in pongee, smiling tolerantly at something said to amuse her, glanced up and caught the gaze of the girl admiring her. She permitted it with the calm disregard of one quite accustomed to admiration; but the girl with the letter colored and hastily started on. However, with the letter safe in the mail-car, she made a more leisurely review of the passengers as she returned to the station.

Almost all now were on; and the girl glanced up at the car windows as she passed. In one of the compartments she recognized the one she had stopped to admire on the platform, and was looking away again when, with a sudden start, she stared at a very good-looking and very well-dressed young man who was also in the compartment. The girl on the platform seemed to recognize him and she watched him, fascinated in astonishment, while he put his arms about the girl in pongee and kissed her. Then the one upon the platform, flushing furiously, bent her head and fled.

She was quite out of sight, therefore, when the young man jumped to the platform as the train started; and he did not immediately follow to the station. He stood watching after the train, rather bewilderedly; then, with a start of recollection, hurried to an office building a few blocks away, ascended to an office where he sat down at a desk and pulled toward him the pad of directions for him upon it.

Giving an exclamation of dismay he jumped up, with exaggerated haste, and took off the new coat he was wearing and changed to an old one. For two hours, then, while he continued to obey directions upon the pad, his moods appeared to alternate between puzzled seriousness and whimsical reflections. The latter were in command when he changed back to his new coat to go home, and when, reaching his room in his boarding house, he straightway took off the new suit and smoothed it carefully and put on one more worn.

Not at all violently, but quite suddenly, he was roused by a sound of scratching on his carpet just inside his door. He saw no cause in the fading light, as there was nothing inside his door but a couple of letters which—according to the landlady's custom of utilizing every disadvantage of the house—had been thrust in through the ample space made by the door shrinking away from the threshold. Upon the likelihood that they were bills, he had postponed picking them up. Now he saw one of them moving. He winked. It stopped, turned again, and, quite without visible reason, began disappearing under the door.

"Stop!" he called to it; but as that only hastened its departure, he jerked the door open.

A girl in white shirt-waist and blue skirt, on knees in the hall, rose with a hat pin in hand holding impaled his letter that had disappeared.

"Miss Linden!" he recognized.

"I didn't suppose you were back!" the girl explained vaguely, but gave her chief attention to the letter which she took from the point of her hat pin. "This isn't the one I wanted!" she recognized in alarm. "It must be the other! Will you give it to me, please?"

He stooped for it.

"That's it! Please give it to me!" She laid hand upon it.

He held it. "I beg your pardon. This is addressed to me too."

"I wrote it to you!"

"You?"

She colored more furiously. "Yes, I!" And she snatched it from him, pushed into his hand the other and fled down the hall to her room where, as if pursued, she hurled her door shut.

West stood looking blankly up from the envelope left in his hand—which bore the card of an expensive tailor—till Mrs. Gresham, the landlady, came upstairs.

"Dinner is about to be served," she an-

nounced.

He turned back to his room and brushed his hair, leaving his door open. So Mrs. Gresham stopped in the doorway on her way back from the rooms down the hall.

"Miss Linden has a bad headache, Mr. West," she informed him, as one entitled to

especial concern. "I shall send her up some broth."

West started about; but the landlady gave no sign of having assumed anything not taken for granted.

"Thank you," he muttered, following her

down to the dining room.

"Miss Linden will not be down to dinner," Mrs. Gresham again announced: "I am sending her up some broth; she came home indis-

posed of a headache."

West felt the gaze of the assembled boarders upon him—the middle-aged freight solicitor and his wife, who sat beyond him, the young motor-wagon salesman, the two men clerks who sat on the opposite side with Miss Brent, the pattern-designer, and the two stenographers. He realized, with an outward disturbance which quickly made his realization keener, that it was quite naturally and with spontaneous consent that everyone of them had accepted his greater concern for the printer's proof-reader who was absent.

"If she isn't afraid of headache alleviatives," the little wife of the freight solicitor addressed him timidly as they sat down, "I've got in my room—"

"Talbot," West addressed the clerk opposite abruptly, "did you say Walsh pitched

for the Sox to-day?"

"May I see you in the parlor, if it is not being used after dinner? C. Linden."

he read upon the slip of paper he found under his door as he returned to his room.

"Certainly," he scribbled, thrust it under her door, and went down. Reconnoitering, he fell back and sentineled the stairs.

It quite startled him, as many realizations at dinner had surprised him, to feel how naturally he posted himself in position. He had merely walked with her about the streets upon a few of the evenings on which he was there for dinner; yet now he knew that he had become accustomed to see her smile as she came into the light from the lamp on the newel post—now that he missed it. He recognized also that he had formed the habit of going up the first one or two steps to meet her—now that he felt restrained from doing it.

"I didn't know you were going out," she said stiffly, seeing his hat in his hand.

"I'm not; we are." He tried to be confident. "Yes; the parlor's being used; besides it's awfully stuffy. They're all over

the porch too. Come on out!"

She hesitated; but in a moment sud-

am's, lake sing,

denly passed him. He followed her out.

The duety red glow toward had sfore, syel-. the city, extric dvertreet by.

- 1/

and there was a faint suggestion of a lake

Feeling it on her face, C. Linden spontaneously turned toward the lake; but seeing she was leading toward the moon also, she stopped abruptly.

"Go on!" West, beside her, bid. "They're

watching us from the porch."

She went on. Other boarders watched her from other porches; other couples, like themselves, fell in step before them and behind. A few passed in the other direction toward the arc-lighted street and the moving-picture shows; but most turned to the east, exclaiming at the moon. West looked toward his silent companion as they came into the dim light from a lamp-post.

"That's all I wrote you!" C. Linden thrust into his hand a sheet of paper, which had been torn but pasted together again upon "Everything! another sheet. But don't read it yet! It was perfectly right to write it. I didn't know who you were then! I wrote it this morning from the office as you can see,

and mailed it before—before

"Before what?"

"Come on, first!" She led him out of the light.

"Before what?" he repeated.

train!"

"What?"

"Yes! I was down there. I was sent down with a letter. So I saw you—I didn't mean to, but I saw you with Miss Byford—" she hesitated. "On the train—in her compartment—the second, just the second before fulness." the train started!" she particularized de- "Twel fiantly, and rushed ahead.

He lost a few steps, staring after her; then

quickly caught up.

"I knew your name was West, of course," she continued to defend herself, before he could speak. "But Mrs. Gresham said it was Robert; and you told her what you told me, that you were just starting out in an advertising office when—when you're Lyman West!'

He continued to stare at her; then, at her final tone, laughed in spite of himself.

She tore from him the paper she had handed him

"It's nothing at all! But you shan't read it. It just tells how I took your word for yourself. I saw you going off with your golf sticks and you told me you played at the park. I'd tried playing there, as I told you. I knew how im-

the time one can usually get off. So I wrote you about our club." She stopped, bitterly. "That is, we call it a club—five holes in some vacant lots in that new sub-division at the end of the new branch of the Elevated. Everybody that plays there agrees to pay two dollars a month during the summer. You took me in so I particularly explained you probably wouldn't have to pay more than a dollar now for the rest of June." She looked away. "I wouldn't have written it to you, but when I was with you I must have had sense enough to know you didn't have to be here—you were just amusing yourself with us."

"You mean I must be doing that, because if I were really getting fifteen dollars a week and having to live on it, of course I couldn't be engaged to Miss Byford?"

"I didn't say that!" she denied in confusion. "I said you're Lyman West; and you are; so you aren't getting any fifteen a week!"

He laughed again. C. Linden, in hotter anger, bolted from him. He caught her

"Come in here," he commanded. They were in front of a house, empty and boarded up, but the front steps stood back invitingly "Before I saw you at the station—on the from the sidewalk. They had discovered the place together a couple of weeks before. "You're right," he continued gravely. "I'm not. I'm not getting any fifteen a week. I'm getting just twelve; I said fifteen the other night because I couldn't let Talbot put it over me too much; but it was pure boast-

> "Twelve a week? But I'm getting fifteen!" C. Linden repeated, looking at him steadily and, seeing no deceit, became confused. "But you're Lyman West! I don't understand."

> He brushed off the place upon the steps where they had sat. "I sympathize with you. It shocked me for months after I found it was so—Lyman West, in the wide world, twelve a week!"

> The girl sat down. He seated himself beside her.

"But I read all about you!" she protested. "When your engagement to Miss Byford was announced and the papers said you came to Chicago, I read all about you—I'd always thought she was great," C. Linden explained "You couldn't have lost your vaguely. money; for you never had it. They said you just came from a good family in Massachusetts, and you made your way in college possible it always is to get a game there at and all your clubs and teams and things,

She glanced up and saw that his ball would not strike her

managing the college papers—you must have made more than twelve a week in college!"

"In college," West nodded. "And here outside of it, if you could only find an association of local merchants and advertisers educated up to the college-town custom of handing their money to me because of my practical certainty of putting the ball over the cross-bars anywhere within the fortyyard line, and of doing any eighteen holes under par, rather than keeping on handing it to these advertising experts who know practically nothing about either foot-ball or real golf, I'd make my college income seem like gasoline money. But I'm learning to cease to expect it."

The moon-light glinted upon C. Linden's soft hair, and showed her bewilderment as she

turned her face.

"In my freshman year, Miss Linden, when we had the ball on Yale's forty-yard line, Jerry Dawson—our drop-kicker—broke his There was no one else to go in but me; so I had to put it over the bars on the third Previously I had gone around the golf course in two under par. Under the circumstances, the college decided I was a great business man; incredible as it may seem now, they really convinced me of it. I know I must have been convinced, or I certainly couldn't have asked Miss Byford to marry me."

C. Linden moved uneasily. "I didn't ask

you to explain that to me."

"I wanted to assure you that if you know of a place where a man can play golf, without sponging on some one, for two dollars a month, But look here! First I need the details. you've got to eat. I made you miss your dinner. There's rather a decent place a block down here. Please let me! I was paid this morning.

Mr. R. Lyman West, late left halfback of the Eastern college team which during the four years of his half-backship had regularly scored on Yale, and also two-time collegiate golf champion, read over and over certain portions of a newly received letter upon his way to the end of the new branch of the Elevated Railroad the next Saturday afternoon. Written upon the paper of the most fashionable vessel of the French line, the first page acknowledged receipt of his flowers and fruit in her cabin, the second explained the writer was hurrying to get the letter off with the pilot and mailed back at New York. This led up to the third page, which was the one the reader reviewed several times.

"There is not the smallest sensible reason, Lyman, why you are not with me and this our wedding trip. What is the use of my money if you are going to keep on thinking you must spend your life arguing biscuit bakers to use your agency's rhymes instead of the perfectly good ones they are now using. . . . Where did you get your absurd idea that I became engaged to you because you got ads. for your college paper? . . I hope you'll overcome your silliness enough to at least let father put you up at the golf club while I'm gone. If your idiotic pride arises again, let me ask you what is the difference between being entertained by father at the club or at the house? Will you want to offer father checks for our dinners next? . . .

For some moments the cars had been running upon track laid upon the ground, having descended from the elevated structure.

"End of the line!" the guard called. West

gathered up his golf bag and stepped out.

The green, rolling land was dotted with clumps and groves of trees. patches of truck gardens, with Millet-looking figures of gleaners bent at work over the bright green rows, were on one side; but on the other the land apparently had never been cultivated—at least not recently. Most of it had been a pasture divided—brokenly—by old, weatherbeaten board fences. A couple of cows, tethered at the base of a big willow. grazed in the shade. Straight white rows of clean new curbing leading from the track, intersected other rows at right angles, which indicated where the streets of the new suburban sub-division was to be; but nothing but the curbing was in, the streets were still sod; and, except the little real estate office at the end of the line from the city, no building was yet under way. Instead, here and there in the middle of the white curbed blocks, little red flags marked golf holes, the grass had been scythed into fairways twenty yards wide, leading to them, and bright, white-painted boxes marked tees.

In a copse of small, white-barked birch, three or four hundred yards ahead, two goodsized tents were slung, a little distance apart. Men were about the nearer, girls and women about the other. West nodded impersonally to the men in front of the first, opened the

flap and went in.

A young man, half undressed, looked about.

West gave his name.

"I remember. Miss Linden proposed you. Got your dues with you?" the young man asked frankly. "I'm Lane, the treasurer."

West handed over a two-dollar bill, which Lane pocketed, and pointed out to the new

member a place for his things.

"Miss Linden's out on the course," he volunteered. West pulled on his golf things, picked up a card from a pile of score cards bearing the impress of the printer where C. Linden worked, and went out.

She played her next shot badly

embarrassment than he remembered ever to have felt in any tournament, he teed his ball carefully, glanced steadily ahead and straightway "sliced" it and watched it swoop away from the proper scythed course to the course to the right, where it bounced and rolled toward a red-flagged green where a girl, all in white, was about to make a putt.

"Forel" he warned her. She glanced up,

Going to the first tee alone, and with more immediately returned to her own stroke. He followed his ball quickly. She putted down, picked out her ball from the hole, then looked

"Hello!" C. Linden recognized him with pleased surprise, with hand outstretched. She wore no hat; her thick, soft hair was parted and caught back to a braid at her neck. It curled damply over her forehead and about her ears. Her dark blue eyes were very bright saw that his ball would not strike her, and and she was flushed. The sleeves of her shirt-

waist clung to her fore-arms and took their soft curves. The collar, turned in, showed the clear, pale pink of her throat. She was having a very good time. West seized her hand and stared at her.

"I told you I was coming out!"

"I believed you. I was waiting—just practicing putts till you came."

"Let's start then." He picked up his ball

and they returned to the tee.

She knelt, patted the wet sand into form and placed her ball deftly. She straightened and put her little feet in position; her slender, firm fingers grasped her driver; she swung back for her stroke easily; her arms flashed forward and her swing followed the ball through. West watched, with surprise, the ball flying fair and far down the course toward the tiny red pennant marking the first

"Good shot!" he approved, realizing he was flushing with a strangely unexpected amount of pleasure. Somebody in front of the tents clapped his hands in applause. C. Linden smiled her frank delight.

"Please play your regular game," she

begged. "I don't like winning gifts."

He drove fifty yards beyond her to prove he was, picked up both their bags and led on. She played her iron fairly and by luck ran well up on the green. He, without intention, overplayed, overran, and she beat him.

"Why, you play a corking game!" he exclaimed in continuance of his astonishment as she drove off as well for the next tee.

"Please don't! Tell me everything I do

wrong, won't you?"

"How did you learn to do so much right?" At the finish of their fourth round of the little course, someone had started a wood fire between the tents and there was a smell of in your absurd boarding house." roasting potatoes in the evening air.

"What's that for?" he asked her.

"We have supper here Saturday nights think she should play at Oakmere?" sometimes; everybody brings something.'

"Then if I get something somewhere, can I stay?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"Do you really want to?"

The Millet figures in the fields of vegetables were beginning to straighten up and walk away; a boy was driving the cows toward the farm-sheds.

"Look here!" West announced. "I'll go over and get the radish pulling concession for a few minutes; and, I say, will you scare up a pail or a bottle or something? I'm going to bring back those cows—or one of 'em and milk it!"

The trunks and boxes, tumbled from the baggage car of the fast train from New York, bore fresh foreign hotel stickers, the new chalk marks of customs inspectors; and the "First Cabin. Wanted!" blue labels of the returning steamship three quarters hid the red pasters of the liner that had taken them over in June. It was September, but still early in the month—so early that play for the most important golf trophy in the West for women contesting in open tournament, was not to begin till the next day.

Glad to get back? Natalie!" R. Lyman West—carefully clad in the same faultless suit which he had worn to the station in June—took both hands of the girl who in June had worn pongee, and was now in a creation that could have come only from

Paris.

They went together down to her motor, where he studied her in silence for a few mo-

"I wish you'd let me know before you telegraphed yesterday that you were coming right through to play for the Valley Cup, he said. "I wanted to caddy for you again, of course."

She looked to him in surprise.

Aren't you?"

"Sorry; but you know that girl I wrote you I found played such a corking game and tried to show a few more things to. Her friends thought she ought to enter for the Cup this year; but she thought she shouldn't. I told her to. This was two weeks ago; didn't imagine you were coming home then. So I told her I'd caddy for her at first, at least, to put her on to the tournament ropes. So she's entered."

"You don't mean that—that one you knew

"I do."

"But I don't understand. You-you

"Why not? I tell you, she's one of the steadiest and pluckiest players I've seen."

"But—but one enters from a club. She's

not a member of any club."

"She is as much as I am; and I'm entered for the men's cup, of course. She's entered from the Meadows-that's what we call our club. So 'm I. But Natalie, I thought you'd want to put her on to the ropes a bit yourself. Why, I've told you about her. She-

Play in the qualifying rounds at Oakmere was scheduled to begin at ten in the morning. It was not an hour by fast train from the city and the proper train left at nine. There

He sprang forward to meet her

was no need to start from Mrs. Gresham's till the usual hour for breakfast; but long before the alarm clocks rang in the rooms of the boarders who were not taking their vacations that week, West was awake and, as he went to his bath, he heard C. Linden moving about in her room. He dressed quickly, then, and went downstairs to the kitchen and, speaking to Mrs. Gresham, had came down.

She was calm externally but, knowing how excited she was underneath, he made her sit down with him and have breakfast before the first of the others came in.

"Before the first tournament that I qualified in," he said, as he took her suit case and her golf bag, "I had my shoes shined by a nigger wearing a rabbit's foot found on a golf course. There's one with a rabbit's foot keeping a stand a few blocks over there. He told me last night he caught the rabbit on a golf course. You don't need the polish; but neither did I. Just for luck."

She looked up from her neat little boots to his face, understood, and laughed. negro was quite certain, after a moment, that he found the rabbit on a golf-course. C. reached the station. The delay obviated a the first tee and soon started.

long wait. The train flew through country new to her, so he mentioned golf to her but once on the way out.

"Remember, to-day you play to qualify. You will play with an opponent—that is. you will play about the course with some other girl as if you were opponents. But don't bother about her score, or whether she's beating you. You will not play to win breakfast for two on the table-when C. Linden - from her particularly or for score by holes. You are playing for low score for the eighteen holes all around. The thirty-two women having the lowest scores will qualify to play for the first cup -the Valley Cup. Probably almost a hundred will start; but you will be in the thirty-two. You can make the course in near eighty-five. That will qualify vou."

They got into the bus which met the train. and drove to Oakmere with a dozen other players and their friends.

"I'll keep your clubs and meet you in front in a few minutes," he said, as they reached the Club House. "I'll get some one I know to play with you."

Around in front he introduced a tanned, jolly little woman who had her son, a boy of fifteen, for her caddy. West retained C. Linden's nervousness was going before they Linden's bag. They waited their turn at Behind them the porches of the big, white Club House filled with people watching; before them the course lay in long, sweeping, bunker-broken stretches of green, dotted with the white and bright-colored figures of the players, and the galleries of spectators already following favorites. West watched with satisfaction the inspiration of it catch C. Linden as she drove.

"Eighty-seven was great—great!" he said to her two hours later as they returned to the Club House. "I think you made it surely;

but we'll know to-morrow morning."

The little tanned woman, whose son, with great excitement was adding up a score of ninety-one and whose delighted husband had come for her in his big motor, insisted upon her opponent going home with her for the night. C. Linden looked to West; he smiled, left her to her new friends, and wandered back to the course where other players were finishing.

"The following players qualified in the order given below. They will pair and play in the first round to-day in the order of the first sixteen against the second sixteen. That is, the player qualified with the lowest score will play against number seventeen, the second against the eighteenth.

"I-Miss Natalie Byford.

"2-Miss--"

West hastily ran his eye down the column of the entries posted at the Club House for the number before C. Linden's name.

"17—Miss C. Linden."

"Good morning!" He heard her voice at that moment behind him. He turned about, smiling, but led her away a little as he saw her face.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "Did anything happen at Mrs. Sears'?"

"No, no! She was fine to me! I had an awfully good time with her. And she liked me better when I told her about the Meadows! Isn't she funny and—just nice all through?"

West agreed. "Then what's up?"

"She didn't qualify for the first flight, you know. She just missed it; it was too bad. So Harry—her son who caddied for her yesterday—wants to caddy for me to-day. I told him I'd be glad to have him."

"I see," West comprehended.

C. Linden reddened. "I didn't know Miss Byford was back yesterday," she blurted. "I suppose I was stupid, but you said if she came back she'd take me on the qualifying round."

"Yes; I did."

R. Lyman West carried Natalie's clubs during the play of the next two hours with progressive amazement at his emotions.

The first two holes of the match went against her, and he was undeniably glad—which emotion was explainable, however, as she had been conspicuously careless, and carelessness in golf, and underestimation of an opponent always should be punished.

Natalie tried to regain the two holes and played her best and most careful game; but met a game that still continued as steady and, upon occasions, as brilliant as it had started; and Natalie won back no holes. Still her caddy was glad. This was not so under-

standable.

After being able to get no better than a half for five holes running, she won the eighth, indeed, but immediately afterward lost the ninth and came into the "turn"—with nine of the eighteen match holes played—still two holes behind.

This brought them back beside the Club House to the tenth tee for the start of the second nine.

"How much is Natalie ahead?" the people asked, tramping through the grass soaked by the heavy rain which had fallen during the night, as the first pair came around.

"She's two down!"

"Hush!" Some one silenced ensuing astonishments, enforcing the rule forbidding communication with players in reference to the game. The gallery grouped about, inquiring only less audibly who Natalie's opponent was, and where she came from.

The little boys hired as forecaddies to watch the balls took their place down the course. C. Linden took her driver from Harry Sears and drove.

"You're a wonder," West whispered to her as she stepped back and he advanced to hand Natalie her club.

"Don't, please!" C. Linden requested, and suddenly he saw how she had been fighting the strain; and in a moment, as the gallery careless of the soaked grass trooped after the players, he knew that he had relaxed the tension for her in the wrong way. She played her next shot badly and the next, losing the hole, and, driving into a bunker on the next hole, she lost that too; and her advantage was gone.

He saw her get herself together on the next two holes, which she managed to halve; but now, with the applauding gallery following confidently through the wet grass after her, Natalie's game became more daring and brilliant. She took the next two holes and brought the match to the sixteenth tee, two

up, three to play.

Natalie had played the last two holes in par; her game was almost perfect now; she deserved her lead. Her opponent already had made a creditable showing, an entirely honorable first appearance, even if she lost the match now at this hole. But West recognized he found no satisfaction in that. He realized that a dumb, defiant determination told him that C. Linden could not lose this hole; she must not! He didn't want Natalie to win!

The sensation was undeniable as Natalie's club descended for her drive; he was 'pulling' inside himself for her to top the ball, or slice, and, now that it was in the air, for the ball to fly into a bunker. But it did not. And now, as C. Linden got her drive away with a fair, clean stroke and the ball flew not only even with Natalie's again but beyond it and on, he had a sudden jump of exultation as illuminating as his disappointment of the instant before. He wanted C. Linden to win! After Natalie's good second shot, C. Linden played her approach brilliantly—dead to the flag and holed in on the next stroke, taking the hole easily, three to five. Now she took the next hole, also. She brought the match all even to the eighteenth tee and, as she prepared to drive for the last hole, he saw with the still illuminating gratification that it was Natalie, not her opponent, who was nervous as the gallery gazed at her.

Having the honor, C. Linden knelt to tee her ball carefully for the last drive. They were at the north end of the course, playing the eighteenth hole back to the Club House. Between it and the tee, the course rolled in two little rises and hollows, the grass in the bottom of which one could just see from the As West looked over the ground, he saw all clear, except for the bunkers placed to trap a short drive, or one a little to the left. A long straight ball would strike only in the fair ground at the bottom of the second hollow where, he remembered, the present player's ball had flown upon the round of the day before and she had found an excellent lie for a good second stroke to the green. He saw that she seemed to remember it, as she looked over the course: she took position for a straight drive and carefully addressed the ball.

His gaze went then, capriciously, to Natalie's face. The moment before he had seen her watching her opponent uncertainly, nervously, as she had felt the impossibility of beating or, perhaps, even holding even this I'm going in with you and beat her—we'll beat

denly again begun to play; but, for the instant at least, West saw the anxiety was gone; she was relaxed, almost smiling. The expression of it was so brief, so subtle, that no one but he might have noticed it; indeed, he wondered if he did, as he could guess no cause for the quick change. C. Linden's ball, already in flight, was well away straight and far down the course directly to the smooth slope of the second hollow where it had struck and rolled far the day before; but now, as it struck, it did not bound or even roll! It seemed, instead, to disappear into the grass. Yet even then he did not comprehend, till he saw Natalie, smiling as she bent, tee her ball and take position for a drive, not straight ahead, but to the right; and he remembered that, after a rain, old players over the course knew that the soaked clay under the grass at the bottom of the second slope took long, straight drives and made them unplayable. He knew it was a condition which could not be seen from the tee, or guessed by one who had played over the course only on a dry day; and he knew also that Natalie had recalled it before her opponent drove and knew that she could not know.

Robert L. West reached Mrs. Gresham's so late that night that every light was out except the flicker on the stairs; but, as he opened the door, some one came down. He sprang forward to meet her.

C. Linden tried to prevent him, but he caught her and turned her face up to his in the flicker of light, so that he saw she had been

crying.

"It wasn't fair play!" he whispered to her "The meanest kind, because it wasn't cheating—anything you could call back, or even anything the rest of them could see! It was just she should have told you. It was the courtesy of golf and—sportsmanship! I couldn't say anything to her at the course after she won; but I told her so tonight. I tell you I told her!"

"Oh, I didn't want you to!" C. Linden protested. "I knew you would; but I told you I didn't want you to! It was only discourtesy to me, nothing against you!"

"No; it wasn't done against you!" he denied. "That is, it wasn't against you, as you! It was against fifteen dollars a week! And isn't that against me too? And fifteen dollars a week is going to show them! I'm not going into the foursome to-morrow with Natalie. She's going in with some one else. new, cool game which her opponent had sud- them all! Will you go in with me, Cvnthia?"

FIGHTING THE DEADLY HABITS

The Story of Charles B. Towns

By SAMUEL MERWIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE BY PAUL THOMPSON .

HAT a layman should give the medical world not only a new and accurate lot of information regarding the effects on the human system of alcohol and habit-forming drugs, but also a new and effective method of obliterating the craving for these narcotics, is remarkable enough. That a business man, developing this treatment and building up a private hospital in as efficient and unsentimental a manner as he would have built up a manufacturing or trading business, should steadfastly put behind him repeated offers to capitalize and commercialize his discoveries, should win his way into the confidence of that closest of close corporations, the medical world, should publish his most valuable secrets and devote his life to giving away broadcast the benefit of his discoveries and his experience,—this is extraordinary.

All this is what Charles B. Towns has done. He will never, now, be the millionaire head of a country-wide chain of moneymaking private hospitals. He will be, as he is, simply the experienced, enthusiastic leader of what is perhaps the first really intelligent crusade against these most insinuating and baffling enemies to the human character—alcohol and drugs.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a technical explanation of the Towns treatment. All that is a matter of medical record, and is within the reach of any physician. It is enough here to say that the treatment has been so perfected that by its use the narcotic craving is often eliminated within a few days, and that the old laborious and painful efforts at cure by slow reduction of the dose (particularly in the case of the opiates) are no longer The subject of this sketch is Towns the man; with a glimpse at some of the results that the personal experience of handling more than six thousand unfortunate by force. Towns replied that he would be on

victims of these abnormal cravings have worked in him.

Five years ago Towns went to China with an idea worthy of Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. The Chinese Government had undertaken the colossal task of putting down opium. Towns knew from long experience with drug addicts that the habit can seldom be broken without medical aid, and further that no really effective treatment for this curse has ever been known in all medical history—unless it were, as he believed, the method that he had perfected. Therefore, it seemed, the Chinese Government needed him. He carried with him to China the outline of a plan by which the Government could administer his treatment to a hundred million unfortunates without preliminary expense and at a very low cost to the individual. Provision was made, within the scope of the plan, for the treatment of millions of free cases.

He spent five months at Peking, making representations to the Government and privately treating several thousand cases with success, only to learn that the Government did not want him. He could not even get a permit enabling him to open a single public hospital. Something was wrong; he was baffled. It occurred to him to have chemical analyses made of the "cures" that had been officially adopted. He found that each contained morphin or some other derivative of opium. Each was worse than opium smoking. The Government of China had fallen among grafters in high places.

That settled it for Towns. He promptly rented a house, and put up signs announcing a treatment for opium smokers. Before noon of the first day he was informed that unless the signs were down by three in the afternoon the Minister of Police would take them down

"It's a queer business I'm in—this straightening out moral kinks. Here are all these poor fellows-trying to run the race of life with a handicap. come to me to be rubbed down, sponged off, given their fighting edge. to me to set them back on the scratch line, where they belong. hard enough, even when a man is fit"

them. Nobody came. The signs stayed up. Later the reluctant Government gave him the right to open hospitals anywhere in China, and accorded him the privileges and protection of a missionary. But his plans implied a vast organization and the active cooperation of the Imperial authorities. This he has not yet secured.

So Towns returned, after thirteen months, not wholly successful in his dream of revising the biggest and most unwieldy government in the world to a new sort of paternal activity,

hand at three to shoot the man that touched but with the foundation laid for a hitherto undreamed-of extension of his work. He had gone to China a mere enthusiastic individual; he returned a factor in the new international phase of the drug problem. One of his last acts before leaving China was to make his formula and the details of his treatment public in the proceedings of the International Opium Congress at Shanghai.

His New York hospital for the treatment of drug and alcohol cases had been running quietly along during his long absence. On his return he took hold of the local work with a

new energy. Before the China experience the little hospital had been only a little hospital; it now became a germ center of new ideas, ideas so big and so insistent that Towns was soon beating against the bars of social inertia and ignorance.

Towns looked about him and saw a world sodden with alcohol, dazed with drugs, and befuddled with tobacco. He saw the terrific pressure of commercial need and greed driving these habits in upon us from every quarter. He saw that many druggists were feeding the resulting abnormal desires almost with impunity. He saw physicians casually employing alcohol where it was neither indicated nor needed, and leaving in their wake a gloomy trail of morphinists—many of these latter actually victims of the hypodermic syringes left in their hands by physicians. He gathered information regarding conditions in the so-called prohibition States, and was himself astonished by what he found. In Vermont, for example, the inquiries of Dr. Ashbel P. Grinnell, Dean of the Vermont Medical College, had led to the conclusion that following the prohibition of liquor the drug habit had grown until reports from druggists indicated a consumption of opium and its derivatives amounting to one and one-half grains per day for every man, woman, and child in the State. And this apart from the alcoholic patent medicines that crowded in to take the place of the franker stimulants.

He saw, all about him, men and women going down under this scourge. He saw nervous women, an astonishing number of them, habitually taking trional, sulfonal, veronal, and the other coal-tar derivatives—and commonly under the impression that no bad habit would result. Many were even so informed by physicians. And he coined the phrase—driving a hard fist into the palm of the other muscular hand by way of emphasis—"I tell you, anything that acts like an opiate is an opiate!"

He saw that nearly every one of the more than six thousand cases that had passed under his own observation had a history of excessive tobacco smoking. He saw man after man, discharged from his hospital and free from desire for his fatal stimulant, resume tobacco smoking and thus lay the foundations for a relapse. And he launched the phrase—"Smoking is always a bad thing; and inhaling tobacco is just as injurious as moderate opium smoking!"

He saw thousands of misguided men and women, particularly among the lower classes,

take to cocain to soothe their nerves and stimulate their jaded faculties. He studied these cases for years. He arrived at a conclusion, summed up in the phrase—"Cocain provides the shortest cut to the insane asylum. It takes them there across lots!"

He saw sentimentalists and extreme religionists trying to reform the fallen by appeals to a confused and warped moral sense. He studied these cases. He arrived at the conclusion that it is unfair and useless to appeal to a diseased mind. He gave up wasting words on them. "The time to talk," he said, "is after the medical treatment is finished. What's the use? They aren't themselves. Their minds are muddled and twisted. Got to get that twist out first."

A great many of his cases came to him after a history of years in sanatoriums and "institutions." Many had spent long terms of years and tens of thousands of dollars in the pitiful struggle. In practically every case it was a story of attempted substitution of stimulants or of gradual reduction of the dose. And in practically every case it had been "so much a week, with extras."

Towns saw into all this—saw all around it and behind it, and arrived at several conclusions. One was that "withdrawal" and "reduction" are never cures. Such treatment may even be dangerous, particularly in the case of a confirmed alcoholic or morphinist. The first step must be a medical obliteration of the craving. Another conclusion was that, so far as the payment for his own work was concerned, there must never be a weekly charge. He would make a set fee for his treatment, including all "extras" and regardless of time. "Why," he said to me once, "if I charged by the week, every doctor and nurse I've got would be scheming to hold patients over from week to week. I don't care how good they might be; they'd do it unconsciously. They would know that was the way to help my business. No, sir! I name my fee. I keep them here as long as I think they ought to stay—five days—a week —ten days. It's generally hard enough to keep them as long as I want to, even at my own expense."

There will be a good many readers of this article who have had some experience with private sanatoriums. These will realize what a revolution this attitude on the part of Towns has meant. But, as he explains, he isn't "running a boarding house." He is running a hospital for the obliteration of abnormal cravings. He can and does obliterate these cravings. He knows he can do it. And



"You can't talk to me about tobacco. The tobacco user is in wrong. It undermines his nervous strength. It blunts the edge of his mind. It gives him 'off days,' when he doesn't feel up to his work. It always precedes alcoholism and drug addiction. I've never had a drug case or an alcoholic case (excepting a few women) that didn't have a history of excessive tobacco smoking. Inhaling tobacco is just as injurious as moderate opium smoking, and the same treatment is used to destroy the craving. There's a plain fact that has a jolt in it for some of you smokers.

"Moral talk and mental treatment aren't going to help a man much while the habit is on him. The first thing to do is to eliminate the craving—medically. When you've got that job done, you can try moral pressure, exercise, change of environment, anything you like. Some people I send up to Muldoon's or Bill Brown's to be set on their fect physically, some to Dr. Worcester for mental suggestion, some to other places or to nowhere at all, according to what they seem to need. But I never waste talk on them until my treatment is finished. What's the use? They aren't themselves. Their minds are muddled and twisted. Got to get that twist out first"

He had la-

bored patiently over

a long term of years

to convince these professional men of

the value of his dis-

coveries and the

sincerity of his purpose. They, in turn,

had done much to

cians.

so, without hesitation or evasion, he sets about doing that, and that alone.

But he had seen too far into his subject to be content with this personal treatment of the small number of cases that could be accommodated in his New York hospital. He was reaching hundreds and thousands, mostly among the more or less wellto-do. In the United States alone there were several millions that he felt needed his help. In the world at large there were literally hundreds of millions. To commercialize his method was absolutely out of the question for him. Propositions to relieve him of his burden, capitalize it and open Towns hospitals broadcast had frequently been made to him, and invariably declined in Townsesque language. He knew too well the pitfalls that lay in that direction; he saw too clearly that it would end in defeating his purpose. He was too experienced a business man to accept a business proposition. He wanted to see the whole world set right in this matter of alcohol and drugs; and he knew that to set out through the ordinary commercial

"There are nervous women all over the country that are taking the 'hypnotics' to make them sleep—veronal, trional, sulfonal, medinol, and the rest — who don't even know that they're using habit-forming drugs. . . . I've known of physicians giving patients heroin with the honest notion that it couldn't hurt them. Why, heroin is a derivative of opium and it's three times as strong as morphine! . . . The Hague Conference this year couldn't decide whether codein is a habit-forming drug. wish they had asked me -I have codein patients right along. I tell you—any drug that acts like an opiate is an opiate!"

channels would be merely to invite defeat. go a step farther than he had gone at He had from the start, though a lay- Shanghai and give the method to the medman, taken counsel with leading physical profession of America. Towns agreed.

educate him and broaden his vision. Dr. Alexander Lambert, in particular, had made a thorough study of the treatment that reached its climax in a sustained official test at Bellevue Hospital, New York. And considering that Mr. Towns is a layman, and that the "ethical" prejudices of many physicians are as narrow and limiting as they are, the physicians who read this will perceive that Dr. Lambert's course showed unusual courage. As it was, he was sharply criticized. Probably a man of smaller standing could not have carried it through. But Dr. Lambert's preliminary study of the treatment had convinced him that Towns was contributing two really new things to the medical world—the first, a thoroughgoing clinic for the study of abnormal addictions, and the second, an extraordinarily successful method of obliterating the craving. And he did carry it through. More, he persuaded Towns to In an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association Dr. Lambert stated in fullest detail the formula, the general method of treatment, and the collateral results of his study of the subject. And, incidentally, Dr. Lambert gave the fullest credit to Towns the layman, his genius and his discoveries at every stage of the work.

Other articles and pamphlets followed. Results and details of the treatment were tabulated in such form that a physician any-

where could employ By this time, of course, a great number of other professional men had become interested. Excepting perhaps those few openminded physicians who had worked close to him, it transpired that nobody in the world knew quite so much about these matters as Towns. He knew all varieties of individual addictions from deep personal experience in handling them. He had succeeded, in ten years of experiment, in perfecting his method, until he could straighten out the most refractory case in a few days or, at most, a week or two. He had studied the opium evil at its source. He had come at the problem

fresh, a layman, with a keen mind and an you that you can't lick anybody here. Not indomitable will.

a soul. Not a hallboy or a nurse. If you've

Above all this, he had happened, through one of the chances that Nature seems sometimes to arrange, to be the right man in the right place. The problem had stirred the genius within him and found an answer there. He became, as Dr. Cabot has said, "persuasive and dominant." Towns is not a rough man, in any sense. There is no "strong-arm" work whatever in his hospital. His sympathy for the unfortunate is as deep as his understanding of him. It is simply unlimited. But you can't beat Towns. You can't outwit him. You can't bully him.

Now and then some misguided person tries it. Not long ago, as I happen to know, a rather bad case of alcoholism was brought to him by friends of the doubly unfortunate man. This person was a young and exceedingly powerful man physically. He was a bully of a rather terrifying sort. He was accustomed to boast that he could "lick anybody." Towns was warned to be careful with him; but replied by merely ordering a room prepared — an ordinary bedroom, of

course, for Towns has no other sort. He makes no special preparations for rough characters. So far as I can see, after five years of observing his work, no one could possibly be rough in Towns' hospital. It simply wouldn't work.

It didn't work in this case.

Towns received the blustering giant with his usual utter self-command. He personally escorted him to the assigned room, asked the others to leave, and quietly closed the door.

"Now," he said, "they tell me that where you've been you could lick everybody. Is that so?"

The blusterer grunted, in some surprise.

"Well, let me tell

you that you can't lick anybody here. Not a soul. Not a hallboy or a nurse. If you've got any idea that you can in that head of yours, you can begin right here and now—with me."

It is quite impossible to convey, on the mere printed page, any adequate idea of what such a speech could mean, coming from Towns. The candid and dominant eye, the astonishing physical vitality (for a man of fifty or of any other age), the utter sense of mastery, the admonishing finger waved before a retreating nose. No, you couldn't defeat Towns. You could kill him, perhaps, but you couldn't defeat him. This

"The man that's drinking has no real nerve. He's got a lot of bluster, but give him just one look that shows him you mean business, and that'll be about all from him"



"The minute a man begins to edge off a little from the straight and normal thing in life, you want to watch out. He's in danger. That's where a good wife comes in handy. I tell you, you show me a man that's living straight and close drive hie mark hard and snall snith a class

a little flurry had taken place.

This dominant quality in Towns has been a factor in other than personal ways. It lies back of much that is bold and even revolutionary in his treatment. A quite characteristic remark was that made to a protesting physician in one of his first experimental cases—"We'll cure this fellow or we'll hand him a harp." They cured him. In particular he has had to use cathartics in a way that at first frightened the regular physicians. But it doesn't frighten them now. There is some reason for thinking that his treatment would have failed at this point if it had been in the hands of a man with less of the exploring and experimenting temperament. As it is, Towns, it is not too much to say, has taught the medical world something about the use of cathartics. And while the treatment would seem to be rigorous, it is follows: surprisingly easy on the patient. Many go

Medical and Surgical Journal: "I was struck at once by the small amount of suffering undergone by these patients as compared with the much severer suffering with which I had been previously familiar in watching the results of withdrawing mor-

It was Towns' marked personality that gave rise to some doubts as to the value of his treatment when administered by other hands. As one physician expressed it some years ago: "The Towns treatment would be all right if you could mix in about a grain of Towns with every capsule of the specific."

There can hardly be a doubt that Towns the man is a large factor in the success of the treatment. But the treatment does seem to have value when administered by others. On this point Dr. Cabot reports as

"We all know that the psychical element is through it with no more than a day or two of a considerable one in the treatment of all discomfort. Now and then one does not even drug habits, and especially of alcoholism,



"Cocain?—Do you know that cocain is still sold most everywhere? Do you know that contractors in some of the Southern States use it to attract ignorant black laborers to the job? In the underworld of the cities and among the ignorant poor its use is pretty common. Many

though most of us, I think, believe that its influence is not very durable in the treatment of confirmed morphinists. . . . Though I knew that Mr. Towns spent but little time with patients, I was anxious to find out whether the treatment could be carried out with equal success by anyone else.

"I was much interested, accordingly, in the establishment, in November, 1910, of a hospital near Boston in which the same treatment is carried out under physicians who had been trained in the Towns Hospital in New York. Any physician sending a patient to this hospital is invited to visit his patient frequently and to watch the treatment in all stages and in detail. Nothing whatever about it is secret. Although only six months have passed since the establishment of this institution, I have already seen results sufficient to confirm me in the belief that, aside from suggestion and any notable psychical impression, the treatment has great value, especially in the cure of the morphin habit, and that just as good results can be obtained here as in New York,"

To my own knowledge the treatment has been successfully administered by physicians far removed from the Towns Hospital in New York and from the similar hospital which was last year established in Boston under the eye of Dr. Cabot.

But there still cemains a problem so colossal that nobody but Towns would waste time considering it. All over the country and all over the world these abnormal vices are growing. In India, Turkey, and China opium is still produced and shipped broadcast about the world. Towns wants to see the unfortunate users of the stuff relieved of their craving, but he also wants to see something done in the matter of an international control of the production and distribution. Dr. Hamilton Wright, of our own State Department, and Bishop Brent, of Manila, the two commissioners from the United States to the series of International Opium Conferences, can both testify to the knowledge, the practical common sense, and the persistence of Towns in driving at this tangled, world-wide problem. He is at it all the time. He means business. He knows that it doesn't help much to straighten out a drug slave or an alcohol slave if society is all the time manufacturing more and more of them. And, on the other hand, he knows that prohibition is of no real value when unaccompanied by expert medical help—as witness Vermont. Prevention and cure must go hand in hand, or you arrive

nowhere. And it would not surprise me, for one, if the world sooner or later should discover that it must listen to Towns. Probably. in thinking this, I am looking a long, long way ahead; but then, so is Towns.

But perhaps the immediate problem that is uppermost in his mind is that of extending his treatment from city to city and from town to town throughout his own and fortyodd other States as rapidly as possible. If he were willing to accept commercial assistance, this would be easy at the start. But he isn't. His real concern is to see that the thing is done right. Like any carefully worked-out medical treatment it can be done wrong. It can work harm instead of good. It presupposes some decision and force of character in the physician who administers it. Dr. Lambert and Dr. Cabot, two men who have employed it with almost uniform success, are unquestionably more largely endowed with these qualities than we have a right to expect in the case of the average practitioner. Nevertheless, I believe the fact is now established that with reasonable intelligence and care the treatment can be applied anywhere, particularly with the advice and aid of Towns himself. There is, as I have said, no money consideration; and the prescriptions can be filled in any drug store.

It all seems to boil down to the fact that we are confronted with an odd and new situation. The world has blundered dreadfully with narcotics and stimulants. The commercialization of the alcohol traffic alone, with its alluring temptations on every hand, has laid a frightfully heavy tax on human vitality, efficiency, and happiness. The insidious pressure of the open and the hidden

interests that thrive off the opium and cocain trade is insistent and horribly costly. And underlying it all is the highly organized to-bacco traffic, tapping the pocket and the nervous resources of nearly every man in the world to-day.

Towns will tell you that we ought to have prohibition of use, economic control of production and distribution, and universal medical aid for the victims—that unless you have all these things, and all at the same time, you won't accomplish anything. He knows the condition; and he has perfected the treatment.

This is, of course, a large order. Just how he is going to bring about such a mighty revolution I, for one, confess that I do not know. But I do know Towns. It seems to me, after my own fairly long and close acquaintance with the man, that he ought to be in demand wherever the problems of drug addiction or inebriacy are under consideration. For he knows just a little more about these things than anybody else in the world. He could, as a consulting social engineer, save earnest bodies of humanitarian reformers from any crude blunders. For one thing, he knows pretty nearly exactly what you can and what you cannot do with the drunkard. And he knows what you must do first. Above all, he knows that any plan for reclaiming the unfortunate which violates the self-respect of the individual is a futile plan. He is not a sentimentalist; not a crank, in any sense. He is simply a very unusual man who has handled many thousands of difficult cases, who has had to study every aspect of these problems, and being an unusual man, has arrived at some sound conclusions.

THE CRY OF YOUTH

By HARRY KEMP

I HEARD Youth crying in the night: "Gone is my former world-delight; For there is naught my feet may stay; The morn suffuses into day, It dare not stand a moment still But must the world with light fulfill. More evanescent than the rose My sudden rainbow comes and goes Plunging bright ends across the sky—Yea, I am Youth because I die!"

THE BRIDGE

"EXCEPT YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN"

By ZONA GALE Author of "Friendship Village," etc.

HILUSTRATIONS BY EREDERIC DORK STEELE

that pressed close about him so that give the signal for him to spring out.

he could not move. It was a smothering dark, such as he had been used knew where he was. Below was a trout to know when sometimes he had lain to let stream, plashing and purling, and here were them cover him with leaves, face and all, and a rod and reel and a basket of lunch. A

ITTLECHILD woke in a dark place when it had seemed as if they would never

basket of lunch. But it should be lunch in a shoe box. . . . And things cleared more and he saw what had happened: He had grown up. A long time had passed of which he remembered nothing, and in that time he had been growing up. And now, at the plash of the trout stream and the look of the lunch, here he was suddenly back again, come to life.

Littlechild looked about him from the eyes of the man whom he inhabited. The trees! They seemed brand new trees. There was a nest, a crow's—no, a squirrel's. There the little fellow was, as flat as a skin against the bark of the tree. Where did that path go? Maybe to blackberry bushes. What a good lunch. Not too much butter on the sandwiches and yet none of the edges missed. Everything was like twelve years old and no school all day. There wasn't any school for him any more, of course, now that he had grown up. But what kind of man was this whom he had become? He must find out.

"Here I am," said Littlechild, faintly.

"Yes, I know," replied the man instantly. And the man was not in the least surprised, because he did not realize that it was the child he used to be who was speaking to him. He believed that he was thinking it all. And, having finished lunch, he lay back on the sloping sward and stared up into the laced, sun-shot green and thought that he had merely grown reminiscent and that the trout stream had made him remember. But really it was Littlechild in him who had waked and was talking to him as, now and then, the child wakes in us all. "I know," the man went on, "I've neglected you like the deuce. But, by Jove, I'm glad you're not done for entirely. It's awfully jolly to have you back -to sort of *be* you again."

"What have you been playing all this

time?" Littlechild asked.

"What have I been playing—oh, you mean doing?"

"Playing," repeated Littlechild.

The man thought things over. What had he been doing . . . playing . . . since last he had had to do with trout streams?

"I went with you when you first left home," Littlechild reminded him, "I remember the office you were in—I was there. We studied nights and went to see pictures and kept track of the stars——"

"Good Lord," said the man, "the stars."

"Had you forgotten? I'll show them to you to-night," said Littlechild, "crisscross my heart and yours."

At this, within the soft bow and stir of the the home waterfall, the same scar on a dif-

alder branches above, the man saw a woman's face. Not that Alicia Durlin's face was ever very far within the vast wash of vague thought that isled him round, but now the face came nearer, watching him, companioning him, dim, starry, exquisite, desirable—but very far away.

Littlechild went on: "You changed to another office, and I followed you there, too. And we made more money. I didn't always stay with you. I hated the way you began to do things. I used to wait outside for you and at first, when business was over, you used to be glad to get back to me. But after a while you pretended not to see me there, waiting. That wasn't good manners," said Littlechild severely.

"I know, I know," said the man indulgently, "but you didn't understand. It was

only business.'

"That may be," said Littlechild, "but it seemed to me like death. So I stayed away from you most of the time. I came sometimes to be with you when you went to hear music, and we were friends again. Sometimes when you got up early in the morning, I was there. But most times I stayed away. And you didn't want me. Do you know the day I went away and didn't come back?"

"No," said the man, "I never knew. I just discovered one day that you were gone.

When did you go?"

"Five thousand dollars—" said Littlechild.

"Was it then?" said the man.

He lay very still on the bank, and he thought that he was remembering how it was. But it was Littlechild going over it for him: the thing his senator had called "a little job." The man had waked at two in the morning on that day for decision, and had fought ("It was I fighting you," Littlechild reminded him) until daylight.

"But you took it," said Littlechild, "and that was when I went away. And everything since then I don't know about. Tell me."

The man sprang up and waded out into the stream and cast his line.

"You don't want to know!" he cried. "Come on—let's have some fun."

The water plashed and purled about the man's feet and splashed his high boots. Abruptly he felt a great impatience of those boots and he got to a rock and had them off and stood bare-legged in the summer water. And now the water splashed to his knees and was warm and cool and was underlaid with clean, pricking pebbles. There, on his leg was the scar that he got the day he swam over the home waterfall, the same scar on a dif-

come very near to see that bare, scarred leg in a trout stream. . . .

"Everything since then I don't know Tell me," Littlechild's voice went on in his heart.

So the man told. It felt pricky, like pointed pebbles, all over him, inside and out. But he told—he had to; only he thought

that he was merely remembering. The "little job" had been his start, had given him his "chance." There had been more five thousands, ten thousands. His name, their name, his and Littlechild's, stood for shrewd deals and big business. Now he was at the top—at the top, he kept saying it over to Littlechild. But he said it very hard, as if he were trying to persuade somebody of something.

"Don't you remember," said Littlechild, "how we used to mean to be a far-

mer?"

"Yes, yes — jolly little idiot," said the

"We used to draw hay-stacks and the hop-house, and hide the drawings. And we meant to be a great What about artist. the artist part?" asked Littlechild.

"Ah, well," said the man, "everybody can't be an artist."

۲

"Then there was another thing we used to think about," Littlechild said, "about a woman of our own. Where is she?"

In a kind of faint light against the blur of his thought the man saw Alicia Durlin's face once more, upon the heart of the wood. But he reminded himself that there were several reasons why he should not think of her, and one was a reason of her own making and one was of the world's making. "I've seen," he told himself now as he had told himself before, "a man and a woman who belonged to each other, but the woman could not touch his Littlechild gravely.

ferent leg, a man leg. It made his boyhood eyes or his mind or his pulse any more thanthan a waiter. And less than an orchestra. The thing was dead—and they had to go on with it. I can't risk that—I tell you I can't risk it."

"But," said Littlechild, "there was another thing we used to think about. About a child of our own—a son. Where is he?"

The man said nothing at all, and kept his

thought on his line. But the place away inside his thought. where things didn't think but where they felt instead, that kept shutting up like a hand closing on emptiness until the hand clenched.

"What about him?" said Littlechild.

"Everybody's got a son!" the man burst "Ours isn't out. needed."

"We used to think about a child of our own, about a son," said Littlechild mo-"What notonously. about him?"

Until a place where the sun struck through the water had changed from a magic threshold to a mere rippled surface, until the light was rushing westward in great flights so that one nearly knew when they passed, so long the man stayed in the stream or idled on the

bank. Once he went to sleep and woke, one hand beneath his cheek, the other curled against his chest, crooked at the wrist, like a paw. A swift sense of amusement, almost of reminiscence, shot through the man from his head to his feet.

"It's almost as if—" he said, and stretched himself like an animal roused from sleep "Wouldn't it be funny if a man is only a bridge from beasts with paws to Something Else?" he thought and, as he put things in his basket, whistled to show how little the thought was to be taken seriously.

"Wouldn't that be a nice game?" said

"And we meant to be a great artist"

"Hello!" said the man. "You there yet?" "I'm going back in town with you," Littlechild said, "I don't know how long I can stay, but I'm going."

"Look alive, then," said the man, "we've

got to catch the 5:20 at the crossing."

The 5:20, caught at the crossing, was crowded. But Cassoday didn't care—names, in the presence of a trout stream and some other things, do not greatly matter, but elsewhere the man's name was Cassoday. The day was in his blood. He stood on the back platform with a big hot broker whom he knew and whistled an aria.

"I don't know that tune," observed Littlechild, "but there used to be one that we sang around home, one with whip-poor-

wills in-

"Oh meet me when daylight is fading And deepening into the night -

Cassoday had not the remotest intention of whistling the air, but it whistled itself, or Littlechild whistled it for him, on through to "When you hear the first whip-poor-will call."

"What damn tune is that?" asked the broker uneasily.

"I'm hanged if I know," lied Cassoday.

"It puts me in mind . . ." said the broker vacantly. "What a dog's life a business man leads anyway," he ended it.

But Cassoday said to himself exultantly that he had not felt so young for ten years. In the middle of the river, from the upper deck of his ferry, he saw the long, lighted line of New York and the down-town buildings hung with squares of light like pictures, and something pounded at his chest as it used to pound when he had been in that first office and, nights, he had crossed on the ferry and had seen the City and had said to it: "I'll beat you—I'll beat you—I'll win out and beat you!" And now he had beaten. All that he had dreamed had come true. . . .

"But not all the things I dreamed," said "What Littlechild suddenly within him.

about . . ."

And the place within and within the man's thought, where things didn't think but felt instead, shut fast again, like empty hands.

He dined alone at his club—which is to say that he had no invited guests. But as he sat at his small table next a window, there was no lack of talk, talk such as he had never had in his club before. For the day was in his blood.

chicken soup we used to have the day after mother had had a boiled chicken dinner and dumplings. What's that? I don't know 'sole.' The fish we used to have was baked browner outside and whiter inside, with no hot gravy—oh, not like this at all. What's that? Mother wouldn't have done any filet tricks. But I can smell the roast beef when she was thickening the brown gravy just after she took the pan out of the wood stove oven don't you know how we stopped to sniff with every armful of wood we brought in? Endive? I can't place it—you know we used to run out and pick the lettuce last thing before we sat down at table—we got it from the shady part of the patch toward the wellhouse. Glace what? Yes, but don't you remember her apple puddings with cinnamon in the sauce? Apples off the seedling that grew by the corn crib—

Cassoday pushed back his chair.

"Wasn't it right, sir?" asked the waiter anxiously.

"Devilish right, thanks," said Cassoday.

In a smoking room he slid low in a chair, narrowed his eyes and bit down on his cigar. He was hurting so nearly all over that the hurt was unrelated and nameless. There was about him a sick, wounded feeling which had not come back for many a day, not since the days when he used to wake and writhe at the way he had done this and that. Somehow the trout stream and what he had thought was mere reminiscence of his boyhood had torn off a covering and left him smarting. He felt beaten upon by torrents of light that sharpened the look of everything that he had been * doing and made all his advantaging lie garish and tawdry, and that set him in some strange publicity for which he was not enough clothed.

So he slipped into thinking of what he often thought about when he wanted to escape business, or go to sleep, or just plain forget. In a kind of brightening light in the room-mirrored window that he faced, he set Alicia again—in spite of the reasons why he should not think of her. For to think of her was still like sinking into cherishing arms, because the woman understood him, understood him until talking with her was like having another sense, like being another man -the man, say, who had been among the dreams that Littlechild had had. Yet now some edge of the thought of her scraped along his mind so that he winced.

Cassoday had been for some time very near "What's this?" said Littlechild over the knowing the truth, that neither the armor "Green turtle. But I remember the of his reflection that men and women tire of

"He saw the long, lighted line of New York and the down-town buildings hung with squares of light like pictures" each other nor any other armor protected him, and that he loved her. Rather, he did know the truth, but before he had come to some high moment of knowing that he knew, Alicia I got to that pitch?" Durlin had quietly changed the course of her life and had virtually passed out of his. When he thought of her now it was not in the end of a high-backed couch in her father's drawingroom, with firelight on her hair, but in a world which he did not know and merely vaguely associated with bare floors and contracted diseases and a dissatisfaction with existing conditions—a dissatisfaction which struck him as oddly in bad taste and withal unwomanly. In fact, he was not very clear

thought of her was in the way of quiet, luxurious reflection about her, just as the observations of Littlechild were in the way of other things; and the two somehow merged to torment him in what now became one of the unheralded moments when a kind of home-sick longing for her caught him up, possessed him. And it was as if the

to some dimiy discerned "other side"; but she was living at Jefferson House, one of the smaller settlements, and he had been left looking after her with a disturbed sense, as if she had imagined for herself some new dimension into which she had passed without his being able to point to the way that she had taken. Adjustment to this new

"We used to think," Littlechild's voice was putting it,

child. . . .

restless seeking for her were one with the voice of Little-

"that it would be fun to come home and have a woman waiting. . . ."

"Lord Harry," Cassoday thought, "have

"And," said Littlechild, "what about. . . ."

"The only way to get rid of you," thought Cassoday privately—so privately that he believed Littlechild wouldn't hear—"is to go down to this Jefferson House place and call on her."

Jefferson House is in a street one block long, on the two sides of which the fivestory tenements hold 1400 folk. Sidewalks and fire escapes were in a disorder of men and women and babies, come forth in the hope of coolness, of ease. The street was a length of what she had done or how she had gone over

puddles in the sunken asphalt, of furtive cats, of hooting children. As Cassoday approached, a mob of them spied the flower in his buttonhole and in a second they were about him—"Give us a flower, Mister, aw, give us a flower!" Defensively he tossed the blossom among them and noted with surprise how the ragged scraps of humanity let it go to the cripple boy who stumped on a legbrace long outgrown. Into the comparative comfort of Jefferson House he escaped from them all with a relieved sense that they thereon ceased to exist.

Alicia Durlin came down to meet him a little as if she had been hoping that he would come; and how much she had been trying not to hope that he would come was as far removed from her face as the thought at the back of the head of any other sphinx. Her manner had the right degree of welcome as flowers give the right degree of fragrance, and how do they regulate that?

She sat beneath a huge, dark oil, a group of children, sewing, in slanting afternoon light. Beside her was an empty fire-place, and this and all the careful, built-up home-likeness of the room, so laboriously created from nothing, chilled Cassoday inexpressibly. Alicia seemed so little, so incompetent to cope with that unspeakable block, somehow so needlessly present in it. . . .

But he took things up where they had dropped them in her father's drawing-room. Alicia gratefully slipped into his mood of news-telling and gay comment, but her pleasure was an old one which she knew well: for always when she was with Cassoday some seeking of mood, of impulse was stilled, and there came instead an infinite content just to be there, just to have the hour keep on. He understood her far less than she understood him, he lived remote from many things which she held dear and indispensable; but a part of the thought at the back of the head of the sphinx eternal is that of the still happiness which Alicia had when she was with Cassoday.

His day was still in his blood and he went on about it like a boy: The trout he had caught and had not caught, the jolly little I love you. Love me . . ." stream, the walk through the birch wood, the bracing wind—a day for a god, he told her.

"And a goddess, please," she said, "I've been gay as an immortal myself. I gave an old ladies' party and we made mufflers. Black mufflers. I did my best to introduce the spectrum, but they thought color somehow wasn't for them.'

Cassoday looked at her, at the exquisite lightness of her, and the brightness. It came

to him with a sense of surprise that Alicia in this new setting was merely Alicia of the old setting, but with another grace. He had had a restless notion that she would be changed, that she would talk to him about the results of investigations, the need for safety appliances, the miserable details of housing. Instead, here was an Alicia utterly indisposed to enlighten him about anything. Here was no change at all. She was as exquisitely, if not so daintily, gowned as in her father's house. Why, thank heaven, she had disappeared into no unknown dimension. She was the Alicia whom he had wanted, starry, exquisite, desirable. . .

"There used to be a plan," said Littlechild distinctly, "about a woman of our own. What about her? Is this the one?"

But Cassoday was not conscious of the little voice. He merely knew, suddenly and quite simply, that Alicia was before all others that one. He knew, too, that he had known for some time and that he had kept free of the knowledge only by warding it away—but this woman, how could he have feared that through possession she would ever become less dear? She understood him, understood him until talking with her was like having another sense, like being another man,—the man, say, who had been among the dreams of Littlechild. . .

When the door had opened to admit that little cripple who, it seemed, had not ceased existing and who came to lay Cassoday's flower in Alicia's lap, she ran after the child as he was stumping out again, stooped over him, and Cassoday had never seen her face like that, glowing, mother-tender. . . . Yes! She was the one. And it was with only a sense of the surprising naturalness of telling her that, as she closed the door upon the child, Cassoday faced her, said her name, said some word that was like the sigh of one coming where he had longed to be. And in his eyes was something of the buoyancy of his day, with its youthfulness, its voice of old years, its immemorial seeking. . .

"Alicia!" he said, "Let's end all this.

Cassoday caught the momentary look in her eyes—as if the whole thought at the back of the head of the sphinx had become flesh and he understood the look, and it swept him with currents of new life. Yet she drew sharply away from him, evaded him, faced him almost accusingly.

"How can you?" she said, "How can you?"

"How can I?" Cassoday repeated in be-

wilderment. "Isn't the wonder, rather, how I can have helped telling you, dear?"

"I hoped you didn't care," she said only, "I've always thought you didn't care."

"Because you don't love me?" he demanded of her.

She stood looking down at the flower the child had given her. He noted the littleness

of her wrists, the slightness of her; how was it possible that she should thwart him in this tremendous thing? He had been too abrupt with her, he thought contritely, too direct—but she was suddenly tenfold dear to him. "Do you love me—do you, Alicia?" he said gently.

"Ýes," she answered, like a child, "of course

I do."

His arms were as tender as she had dreamed them, but from the kiss, that in spite of herself she had dreamed too, she strove away, a leaping anger in her eyes.

'Ah, you think

because I love you and because perhaps you love me that that means everything!" she cried hotly. "That it gives me to you, arranges a future, is final for us both. Every man thinks that. Don't you see that it doesn't do that at all?"

"Final! Why, yes," said Cassoday. "If love isn't final what is?"

"Something else," she answered; and now because of that in her face which he did not understand his hands that bound hers let her go; but it was still in a kind of patience at her mood, of sympathy with her flight from him and from love that he thought must be master, that he waited for her meaning.

"I don't think I can tell you," she said helplessly. "I—wish you knew. Can't you know? Oh, sit there," she bade, "I can tell you. I have so wanted you to know!"

With that marvelous sense of a veil lifted, the veil that lifts when two face each other and the simple fact of any great human relation, she looked at him and spoke to him; and it was as if they had suddenly got through with certain years and had leaped into the

familiarity of some future. here miraculously arrived.

"You took me

in to dinner at the Glosters'," she said, "a year ago, on the night I met you. You remember we were all going on, and at the Olders' dance afterward I heard some men speaking of you. They said you were a coming man, with a genius for success, at any cost. Afterward I asked my father about you. He used those same words, too-that you had a genius for business and for success — at any cost. And he told me of times when you

"She stood looking down at the flower the child had given her"

had succeeded brilliantly, he put it, and always-at any cost. Did it ever occur to you," she asked abruptly, "that I knew about your business?"

"Why, no," said Cassoday, "it never did. Why on earth should it interest you? Women-

"I know," she said, "women shouldn't bother to understand that sort of thing, you mean. Well, it isn't that any more. It's that women all over—everywhere—are trying their best to shut their eyes and not to understand the things they know about the business of the men they love."

"Good heavens," Cassoday said, aghast, "Alicia—surely this idiotic talk going about hasn't taken you in. . . . "

"I tried not to understand, too," she went

on steadily, "because—because I think I loved you first. Long before you loved me. After that night at the Glosters' you were never really one of the things I wasn't thinking about. You were always there, in my mind somewhere, from that night at the Glosters'. I loved to have you there—I thought about you when I wanted to get away from things or rest or just forget. Don't -don't-I thought I ought to tell you---"

"It's the way I've loved you!" Cassoday cried. "It's the way I Why, love you. Alicia, what's the use of all this what's the difference-

"All the difference," she answered, "all the difference. Don't you see, I know about things. I know what you did for Senator Gloster -what you have done for him over and over. I know what he stands for ---the greed, the in-

"'The kid I used to be, and the man I began to be-and I-we didn't mean it to be this way'" dustrial crime—you know, too, and you've was right, because I wanted so to believe in

backed him and doubled his power, over and over. I know what you both did to Judge Barron, and how his decisions favor business for you in hideous ways. I know about the men you've shut out and ruined, I know how you went into another state and got a legislature, —and I think of and threw away. I tried to think it was business, I tried to believe it was business, —oh, at first I wanted to believe that wrong

you. Then I studied things, to try to find that you were in the right and that you were helping to make prosperity for everyone, as they said. And the more I tried, the more I knew what it's all like. And that was how I found out about my father."

Cassoday looked away. Of course Alicia the men you used all along the way, used didn't understand, he told himself, but if she were judging her father by her own ideals there indeed was tragedy.

"I can speak of that, even to you," she

said. "But I found it all out—the women and the kind of success you've got—the kind of children that he uses in his work, uses and man you are, tell me if that's the way you throws away, as you throw men away—the used to hope you were going to be. I mean needless loss of life, the tenement that was in my name, my *birthday* present from him, and I had used the money and never knew, In the flood of a sense that swept him, never asked, never cared. That was when I current with his blood, Cassoday tried to

I talked with other women." "Other women," said Cassoday. "But I tell you that women don't grasp what it is we are doing. They get the details, but not

came away here, to this house. But first—

the big, ultimate results on the country. They don't see-

"They wish they didn't, some of them," said Alicia simply. "Elizabeth Gloster knows. She knows—and she knows about the men whom her husband has at their house—magnificent dinner guests, raconteurs, lovers of art. But she knows. So does Mrs. Barron. So does the wife of one of your partners they know. Why, women can't help knowing. They've got their own little housekeeping done—it's being done for them, and they've turned to the bigger housekeeping. And for ically. "The kid I used to be, and the man the first time of the world they see what men have been doing. They never knew before. But they're finding out, they've found out thousands of them. And they have to keep on—for the sake of the children. But there's one thing they don't have to do. They don't have to go voluntarily into a home that's made fine for them by money like that. They don't have to bring children into the world to be bred up by a man that earns money like that. They don't have to do it—even if they love the man."

"Alicia!" said Cassoday. "Good God. You utterly misunderstand. I'm not like that—indeed I'm not like that."

"Tell me those things are not true of you," she said. "Oh, if you knew how I wish you could."

"Why, in a sense they are true—but not the real sense, the biggest sense," he told her, "not in the way you think of them. It's all absolutely different. You're using other standards for them. You're mixing ideals. Alicia—come here. Oh, if I had you in my arms I could talk to you, I could make you understand—

She rose and crossed to him, and when he would have risen she stooped above him, with a gesture such as she had used to the crippled child. He looked up in her eyes that but a bridge between those two. And you were yearning, mother tender. . . .

"Tell me this," she said, "tell me this, because it's you—and it's I—and you must. Tell me if the way things are now with you—

years ago, when you began working—yes, and when you were a little boy."

fight his way back, to tell himself that what she said was absurd, that the ideas of a boy, of a youth were unreal, took no account of reality. But the flood caught him up, as if certain issues of life were liberated, and

about him beat a voice that silenced him, spoke for him, answered her: "Is this the way we planned it?" cried

Littlechild, "Have you played the way we meant to play? In that first office, on the nights we went to hear music—saw the stars -fought with each other about the Five Thousand? Did we mean to bring this kind of success to the woman we planned to have for our own? No, we didn't. No, we

didn't-

"No, we didn't," said Cassoday mechan-I began to be—and I—we didn't mean it to be this way."

She drew his face to her, stooped to him, kissed him.

"It's for the man I didn't meet then," she said. "Oh, my dearest, why couldn't you have kept you true for us?"

Cassoday stood up, and quietly and naturally his world fell from him. There he was in a publicity of his standards that was somehow cosmic, in a loneliness that was somehow cosmic too. And what, in this nakedness, was he for?

"We used to plan," said Littlechild clearly, "about a son of our own . . . what about him?"

But the way that this beat with the heart of the man was in the woman's words: Why couldn't you have kept you true for us?

"There's something else," Alicia said. "You have thought these things and lived in these things for years. For years—the great years of your life. How can we tell what that might mean—

She stood for a moment looking down at the empty, fireless hearth.

"Oh, Gilbert," she said, "the little child that might have been ours and the little child that used to be you—you were nothing didn't keep the bridge there."

Fleetingly there came back to Cassoday the memory of that morning's whimsical moment of reminiscence when he had waked, one hand beneath his cheek, the other curled at his chest, crooked at the wrist, like a paw. . . What if a man were only a bridge from

a beast with paws to Something Else?

"What am I to do?" he said. "The thing's got me. They've got me—out there in the City. It's as you say—I'm in it till it's a part of me. What am I to do? Oh God, if I had you to help me, Alicia, maybe I might know how!"

He put out his hands blindly. He read the sovereign longing of her eyes, and deep in his heart, where things never thought but where they felt instead, some hope that was fast shut, like empty hands, seemed summoning him to its release. Yes, out there in the City they had him, the City had him. In an hundred ways he was committed to it. But once he had used to challenge the City with his boyish "I'll beat you—I'll beat you. I'll win out and beat you!" What if he were to say it again?

"I can do it," said Littlechild simply.

Cassoday listened, but he thought that the words were his own and that he was thinking them.

"I can do it," said Littlechild, "I could have done it all along if you had let me stay. sacrifice they'll be glad to see us go. You heart and yours."

know that. I'll do it alone if you'll keep still and let me. They'll say you're a fool, but we'll know better. We'll know it's I who is doing it. So will this woman. So, some time, will a son of our own. . . . But we must remember things we've forgotten and we must look for the things we meant to be. And we'd better go back often and often to the trout stream and wade bare-legged in the water all day long— Tell her! Tell her I can do it!"

Cassoday hardly knew what he said to Alicia when he left her. It was nothing brave, nothing confident, nothing that did more than begin to understand. And he never knew how, looking from his face that night, was Littlechild, who spoke to her instead and made her know what things were going to be.

And outside when the street took him, with its press of children, of quarreling women, its glare of push cart torches, and when the City seemed to walk with him, like another body from which he never could get away, Littlechild's voice sounded above the turbulence as it had sounded at the stream, in the birch wood, in the wind, on that day for a god:

"Now look up," said Littlechild, "I said The City's got us—but if we get away at a I'd show you the stars to-night—crisscross my

FUNNY FACE

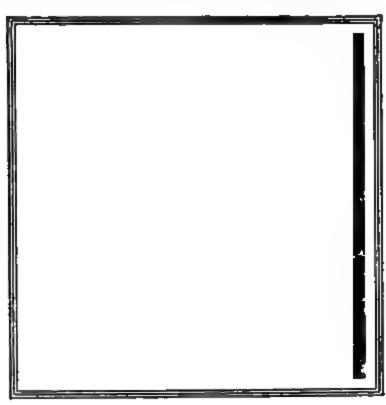
An Interesting Little Monkey

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

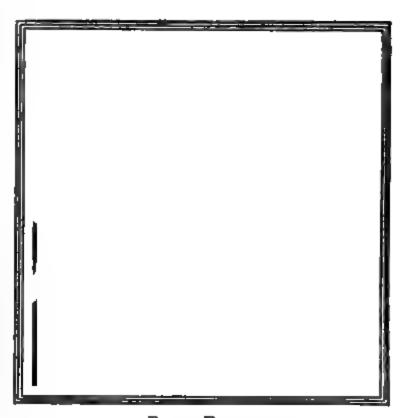
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

T was at the hippo pool camp that we first became acquainted with Funny Face.

Funny Face was the smallest, furriest little soft monkey you ever saw. I never cared for monkeys before; but this one was altogether engaging. He had thick soft fur almost like that on a Persian cat, and a tiny human black face, and hands that emerged from a ruff; and he was about as big as old-fashioned dolls used to be before they began to try to imitate real babies with them. That is to say, he was that big when we said farewell to him. When we first knew him, had he stood in a half-pint measure he could just have seen over the rim. We caught him in a little thorn ravine all by himself, a fact that perhaps indicates that his mother had been killed, or perhaps that he, like a good little Funny Face, was merely staying where he was told while she was away. At any rate he fought savagely, according to his small powers. We took him ignominiously



Funny Face and Darwin



Funny Face

by the scruff of the neck, haled him to camp, and dumped him down on Billy. Billy constructed him a beautiful belt by sacrificing part of a kodak strap (mine), and tied him to a chop box filled with dry grass. Thenceforth this became Funny Face's castle, at home and on the march.

Within a few hours his confidence in life was restored. He accepted small articles of food from our hands, eyeing us intently, retired and examined them. As they all proved desirable, he rapidly came to the conclusion that these new large strange monkeys, while not so beautiful and agile as his own people, were nevertheless a good sort after all. Therefore he took us into his confidence. By next day he was quite tame, would submit to being picked up without struggling, and had ceased trying to take an end off our various fingers. In fact when the finger was presented he would seize it in both small black hands; convey it to his mouth; give it several mild and gentle love-chews; and then, clasping it

with all four hands, would draw himself up like a little athlete and seat himself upright on the outspread palm. Thence he would survey the world, wrinkling up his tiny brow.

This chastened and scholarly attitude of mind lasted for four or five days. Then Funny Face concluded that he understood all about it, had settled satisfactorily to himself all the problems of the world and his relations to it, and had arrived at a good working basis for life. Therefore these questions ceased to occupy him. He dismissed them from his mind completely, and gave himself over to light-hearted frivolity.

His disposition was flighty but full of elusive charm. You deprecated his lack of serious purpose in life, disapproved heartily of his irresponsibility, but you fell to his engaging qualities. He was a typical example of the lovable good-for-naught. Nothing retained his attention for two consecutive minutes. If he seized a nut and started for his chop box with it, the chances were he would drop it and forget all about it in the interest excited by a crawling ant or the color of a flower. His elfish face was always alight with the play of emotions and of flashing changing interests. He was greatly given to starting off on very important errands, which he forgot before he arrived.

In this he contrasted strangely with his friend Darwin. Darwin was another monkey of the same species, caught about a week later. Darwin's face was sober and pondering, and his methods direct and effective. No side excursions into the brilliant though evanescent fields of fancy diverted him from his ends. These were, generally, to get the most and best food and the warmest corner for sleep. When he had acquired a nut, a kernel of corn, or a piece of fruit, he sat him down and examined it thoroughly and conscientiously and then, conscientiously and thoroughly, he devoured it. No extraneous interest could distract his attention; not for a That he had sounded the seriousmoment. ness of life is proved by the fact that he had observed and understood the flighty character of Funny Face. When Funny Face acquired a titbit, Darwin took up a hump-backed position near at hand, his bright little eyes fixed on his friend's activities. Funny Face would nibble relishingly at his prune for a moment or so; then an altogether astonishing butterfly would flitter by just overhead. Funny

most businesslike directness, Darwin disengaged Funny Face's unresisting fingers from the prune, seized it, and retired. Funny Face never knew it: his soul was far away after the blazoned wonder, and when it returned, it was not to prunes at all. They were forgotten, and his wandering eye focused back to a bright button in the grass. Thus by strict attention to business did Darwin prosper.

Darwin's attitude was always serious, and his expression grave. When he condescended to romp with Funny Face one could see that it was not for the mere joy of sport, but for the purposes of relaxation. If offered a gift he always examined it seriously before finally accepting it, turning it over and over in his hands, and considering it with wrinkled brow. If you offered anything to Funny Face, no matter what, he dashed up, seized it on the fly, departed at speed uttering grateful low chatterings, probably dropped and forgot it in the excitement of something new before he had even looked to see what it was.

"These people," said Darwin to himself, "on the whole, and as an average, seem to give me appropriate and pleasing gifts. To be sure, it is always well to see that they don't try to bunco me with olive stones or such worthless trash, but still I believe they are worth cultivating and standing in with.

"It strikes me," observed Funny Face to himself, "that my adorable Memsahib and my beloved bwana have been very kind to me to-day, though I don't remember precisely how. But I certainly do love them!"

We cut good sized holes on each of the four sides of their chop box to afford them ventilation on the march. The box was always carried on one of the safari-boys' head: and Funny Face and Darwin gazed forth with great interest. It was very amusing to see the big negro striding jauntily along under his light burden; the large brown winking eyes glued to two of the apertures. When we arrived in camp and threw the box cover open, they hopped forth, shook themselves, examined their immediate surroundings and proceeded to take a little exercise. When anything alarmed them, such as the shadow of a passing hawk, they skittered madly up the nearest thing in sight—tent pole, tree, or human form; and scolded indignantly or chittered in a low tone according to the degree of their terror. When Funny Face was very young indeed the grass near camp caught Face, lost in ecstasy, would gaze skyward after fire. After the excitement was over we found the departing marvel. This was Darwin's him completely buried in the straw of his opportunity. In two hops he was at Funny box, crouched, and whimpering like a child. Face's side. With great deliberation, but As he could hardly, at his tender age, have

had any previous experience with fire, this instinctive fear was to me very interesting.

The monkeys had only one genuine enemy. That was an innocent plush lion named Little Simba. It had been given us in joke before we left California, we had tucked it into an odd corner of our trunk, had discovered it there, carried it on safari out of sheer idleness, and lol it had become an important member of the expedition. Every morning Mohamet or Yusuf packed it—or rather him carefully away in the tin box. Promptly at the end of the day's march Little Simba was haled forth and set in a place of honor in the center of the table, and reigned there or sometimes in a little grass jungle constructed by his faithful servitors—until the march was again resumed. His job in life was to look after our hunting luck. When he failed to get us what we wanted, he was punished; when he procured us what we desired, he was rewarded by having his tail sewed on afresh, or by being presented with new black thread whiskers, or even a tiny blanket of 'Mericani against the cold. This last was an especial favor for finally getting us the Greater Kudu. Naturally as we did all this in the spirit of an idle joke our rewards and punishments were rather desultory. To our surprise, however, we soon found that our boys took Little Simba quite seriously. He was a fetish, a little god, a power of good or bad luck. We did not appreciate this point until one evening, after a rather disappointing day, Mohamet came to us bearing Little Simba in his hand.

"Bwana," said he respectfully, "is it enough that I shut Simba in the tin box, or do you

wish to flog him?"

On one very disgraceful occasion, when tain quite conservative point. Little Simba everything went wrong, we plucked Little did not mind. He was too busy being a god.

Simba from his high throne and with him made a beautiful dropkick out into the tall grass. There, in a loud tone of voice, we sternly bade him lie until the morrow. camp was bung eyed. It is not given to every people to treat its gods in such fashion: indeed, in very deed, great is the white man! To be fair, having published Simba's disgrace, we should publish also Little Simba's triumph: to tell how, at the end of a certain very lucky three months' safari he was perched atop a pole and carried into town triumphantly at the head of a howling, singing procession of a hundred men. He returned to America. and now, having retired from active professional life, is leading an honored old age among the trophies he helped to procure.

Funny Face first met Little Simba when on an early investigating tour. With considerable difficulty he had shinned up the table leg, and had hoisted himself over the awkwardly projecting table edge. When almost within reach of the fascinating affairs displayed atop, he looked straight up into the face of Little Simba! Funny Face shrieked aloud, let go all holds and fell off flat on his back. Recovering immediately, he climbed just as high as he could, and proceeded, during the next hour, to relieve his feelings by the most insulting chatterings and grimaces. He never recovered from this initial experience. All that was necessary to evoke all sorts of monkey talk was to produce Little Simba. Against his benign plush front then broke a storm of remonstrance. He became the object of slow advances and sudden scurrying, shricking retreats, that lasted just as long as he stayed there, and never got any farther than a certain quite conservative point. Little Simba

"And the Poor Dears haven't the shadow of a doubt they will live happily ever afterwards." —From a Private Letter.

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The New Machiavelli," "Tono-Bungay," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS



XIV

N the evening of the day when Trafford first tried to stand upon his leg, they talked far into the night. It had been a great and eventful day for them, full of laughter and exultation. He had been at first ridiculously afraid, he had clung to her almost childishly, and she had held him about the body with his weight on her strong right arm and his right arm in her left hand, concealing her own dread of a collapse under a mask of taunting courage. The crutch had proved admirable. "It's my silly knees!" Trafford kept on saying. "The leg's all right, but I get put out by my silly knees."

They made the day a feast, a dinner of two whole days' rations and a special soup instead of supper. "The birds will come," they explained to each other, "ducks and geese, long before May. May, you know, is the latest.

Marjorie confessed the habit of sharing his pipe was growing on her. "What we

shall do in Tyburnia!" she said, and left it to the imagination.

"If ever we get back there," he said.

"I don't much fancy kicking a skirt before my shins again— and I'll be a black, coarse woman down to my neck at dinner for years to come!" . .

Then as he lay back in his bunk and she crammed the stove with fresh boughs and twigs of balsam that filled the little space about them with warmth and with a faint sweet smell of burning and with flitting red reflections, he took up a talk about religion

they had begun some days before.

"You see," he said, "I've always believed in Salvation. I suppose a man's shy of saying so—even to his wife. But I've always believed more or less distinctly that there was something up to which a life worked always. It's been rather vague, I'll admit. I don't think I've ever believed in individual salvation. You see, I feel these are deep things, and the deeper one gets the less individual one becomes. One has an individual voice, or an individual birthmark or an individualized old hat, but the soul—the ish—quackish! They've lacked humility. soul's different. . . . It isn't me talking to you when it comes to that. . . . This question of what we are doing with life isn't a question to begin with for you and me as ourselves, but for you and me as mankind. Am I spinning it too fine, Madge?"

"No," she said, intent; "go on."

"You see, when we talk rations here, Marjorie, it's ourselves, but when we talk religion—it's mankind. You've either got to be Everyman in religion or leave it alone. That's my idea. Salvation's a collective thing and a mystical thing—or there isn't any. Fancy the Almighty and me sitting up and keeping Eternity together! God and R. A. G. Trafford, F.R.S.—that's silly. Fancy a man in number seven boots and a tailormade suit in the Nineteen Fourteen fashion sitting before God! That's caricature! But God and Man! That's sense, Marjorie." . .

He stopped and stared at her.

Marjorie sat, red-lit, regarding him. "Oueer things you say!" she said. "So much of this I've never thought out. I wonder why I've never done so. . . . Too busy with many things, I suppose. But go on, tell me more of these secrets you've kept from me!"

"Well, we've got to talk of these things as mankind—or just leave them alone and shoot pheasants." . . .

"If I could shoot a pheasant now!" whis-

pered Marjorie involuntarily.

"And where do we stand now? What do we need now-I mean the whole race of uskings and beggars together? You know, Marjorie, it's this,—it's Understanding. That's what mankind has got to, the realization that it doesn't understand, that it can't express, that it's purblind. We haven't got the promise—the intimation of eyes.

"I feel that man has now before all things to know. That's his supreme duty, to feel, realize, see, understand, express himself to

the utmost limits of his power."

He sat up, speaking very earnestly to her, and in that flickering light she realized for the first time how thin he had become, how bright and hollow his eyes,—his hair was long over his eyes and a rough beard flowed down to his chest. "All the religions," he said, "all the philosophies, have pretended to achieve too much. We've no language yet for religious truth or metaphysical truth; we've no basis yet broad enough and strong enough on which to build. Religion and philosophy have been impudent and quack-

they've lacked the honor to say they didn't know; the priests took things of wood and stone, the philosophers took little odd arrangements of poor battered words, metaphors, analogies, abstractions, and said That's it!' Think of their silly old Absolute,—ab-solutus, an untied parcel. I heard old Haldane at the Aristotelian once go on for an hour—no! it was longer than an hour as glib and slick as a well-oiled sausagemachine, about the different sorts of Absolute, and not a soul of us laughed out at him! The vanity of such profundities! They've no faith, faith in patience, faith to wait for the coming of God. And, since we don't know God, since we don't know His will with us, isn't it plain that all our lives should be a search for Him and it? Can anything else matter,—after we are free from necessity? That is the work now that is before all mankind, to attempt understanding—by the perpetual fining of thought and the means of expression, by the perpetual extension and refinement of science, by the research that every artist makes for beauty and significance in his art, by the perpetual testing and destruction and rebirth under criticism of all these things, and by a perpetual extension of this intensifying wisdom to more minds and more minds and more, till all men share in it, and share in the making of it. . . . There you have my creed, Marjorie; there you have—the very marrow of me." . . .

He became silent.

"Will you go back to your work?" she said abruptly. "Go back to your labora-

He stared at her for a moment without

speaking. "Never," he said at last.
"But," she said, and the word dropped got eyes for those greater things, but we've from her like a stone that falls down a

"My dear," he said at last, "I've thought of that. But since I left that dear dusty little laboratory and all those exquisite subtle things—I've lived. I've left that man seven long years behind me. Some other man must go on—I think some younger man—with the riddles I found to work on them. I've grown -into something different. I've got you and all the world in which we live and a new set of riddles filling my mind, how thought swings about thought, how one man attracts his fellows, how the waves of motive and conviction sweep through a crowd and all the little drifting crystallizations of spirit with spirit and all the repulsions and eddies and difficulties that one can catch in that turbulent confusion. I want to do a new sort of work now altogether. . . . Life has swamped me once, but I don't think it will get me under again;—I want to study men."

He paused and she waited, with a face aglow. "I want to go back to watch and thinkand, I suppose, write. I believe I shall write criticism. But everything that matters is criticism! . . . I want to get into contact with the men who are thinking. I don't matters, is the stronger for every man or note of criminality.

great work — the Reality. I want to become a part of this stuttering attempt to express, I want at least to resonate, even if I do not help. . . . And you with me, Marjorie,—you with me! Everything I write I want you to see and think about. I want you to read as I read. . . . Now after so long, now that, now that we've begun to talk, you know, to talk again----"

Something stopped his voice. Something choked them both into silence. He held out a lean hand, and she shuffled on her knees to take it. . . .

"Don't please make me," she stumbled through her thoughts, "one of those little parasitic,

about me—because you want me with you—. Don't forget a woman isn't a man."

"Old Madge," he said, "you and I have got to march together. Didn't I love you from the first, from that time when I was a boy examiner and you were a candidate girl, -because your mind was clear?"

"And we will go back," she whispered, "with a work-

"With a purpose," he said.

She disengaged herself from his arm, and sat close to him upon the floor. "I think I can see what you will do," she said. She mused. "For the first time I begin to see things as they may be for us. I begin to see a life ahead. For the very first time."

Queer ideas came drifting into her head. Suddenly she cried out sharply in that high note he loved. "Good heavens!" she said. "The absurdity! The infinite absurdity!"

"I might have married Will Magnet-... That's all."

She sprang to her feet. There came a sound of wind outside, a shifting of snow on the roof, and the door creaked. "Half past eleven," she exclaimed, looking at the watch that hung in the light of the stove door. "I don't want to sleep yet; do you? I'm going to brew some tea-make a convivial drink. And then we will go on talking. It's so good talking to you. So good! . . . I've an idea! Don't you think, on this special day, it might mean to meet them, necessarily, but to get run to a biscuit?" Her face was keenly into the souls of their books. Every writer anxious. He nodded. "One biscuit each," who has anything to say, every artist who she said, trying to rob her voice of any "Just one, you woman who responds to him. That's the know, won't matter."

She hovered for some moments close to the stove before she went into the arctic corner that contained the tin of tea. "If we can really live like that!" she said. "When we are home again."

"Why not?" he answered. She made no answer, but went across for the tea. . . .

He turned his head at the sound of the biscuit tin and watched her put out the precious disks.

"I shall have another pipe," he proclaimed, with an agreeable note of excess. "Thank heaven for unstinted tobacco." . . .

And now Marjorie's mind was parroting wives—don't pretend too much teeming with thoughts of this new conception of a life lived for understanding. As she went about the preparation of the tea, her vividly concrete imagination was active with the realization of the life they would lead on their return. She could not see it otherwise than framed in a tall fine room, a study in somber tones, with high, narrow, tall, dignified bookshelves and rich deep green curtains veiling its windows. There should be a fireplace of white marble, very plain and well proportioned, with furnishings of old brass, and a big desk toward the window beautifully lit by electric light, with abundant space for papers to lie. And she wanted some touch of the wilderness about it; a skin perhaps. . . .

ΧV

That talk marked an epoch to Marjone. From that day forth her imagination began to shape a new, ordered and purposeful life for Trafford and herself in London, a life

not altogether divorced from their former life, but with a faith sustaining it and aims controlling it. She had always known of the breadth and power of his mind, but now as he talked of what he might do, what interests might converge and give results through him, it seemed she really knew him for the first time. In his former researches, so technical and withdrawn, she had seen little of his mind in action; now he was dealing in his own fashion with things she could clearly understand. There were times when his talk affected her like that joy of light one has in emerging into sunshine from a long and tedious cave. He swept things together, flashed unsuspected correlations upon her intelligence, smashed and scattered absurd yet venerated conventions of thought, made undreamt-of courses of action visible in a flare of luminous necessity. And she could follow him and help him.

These were her moods of exaltation. And she was sure she had never loved her man before, that this was indeed her beginning. It was as if she had just found him. . . .

Perhaps, she thought, true lovers keep on finding each other all through their lives.

And he too had discovered her. host of Marjories he had known, the shining, delightful, seductive, wilful, perplexing aspects that had so filled his life gave place altogether for a time to this steady-eyed woman, lean and warm-hearted with the valiant heart and the frost-roughened skin. What a fine, strong, ruddy thing she was! How glad he was for this wild adventure in the wilderness, if only because it had made wait for her and despair of her and life and from the other bunk and start down-God, and at last see her coming back to him, flushed with effort and calling his name to him out of that whirlwind of snow. . . . And there was at least one old memory mixed up with all these new and overmastering impressions, the memory of her clear, unhesitating voice as it had stabbed into his life again long years ago, minute and bright in the "It's me, you know. It's Martelephone: iorie!"

And now both their minds were turned Londonward, where all the tides and driftage and currents of human thoughts still meet and swirl together. They were full of what they would do when they got back. Marjorie sketched that study to him—in general terms and without the paper-weight—and began to shape the world she would have about it. She meant to be his squaw and body-servant lie down and die together. . . . first of all, and then—a mother. Children,

she said, are none the worse for being kept a little out of focus. And he was rapidly planning out his approach to the new questions to which he was now to devote his life.

He designed a book, which he might write if only for the definition it would give him and with no ultimate publication, which was to be called: "The Limits of Language as a Means of Expression." . . . It was to be a pragmatist essay, a sustained attempt to undermine the confidence of all that scholasticism and logic chopping which still lingers like the sequelæ of a disease in our University philosophy. "Those duffers sit in their studies and make a sort of tea of dry old words—and think they're distilling the

spirit of wisdom," he said.

He proliferated titles for a time and settled at last on "From Realism to Reality." He wanted to get at that at once; it fretted him to have to hang in the air, day by day, for want of books to quote and opponents to lance and confute. And he wanted to see pictures and plays, read novels he had heard of and never read in order to verify or correct the ideas that were seething in his mind about the qualities of artistic expression. "It's grotesque," he said, "and utterly true that the sanity and happiness of all the world lies in its habits of generalization." There was not even paper for him to make notes or provisional drafts of the new work. He hobbled about the camp fretting at these deprivations.

"Marjorie," he said, "we've done our job. Why should we wait here on this frosty shelf outside the world? My leg's getting sounder—if it wasn't for that feeling of ice in him lie among the rocks and think of her and it. Why shouldn't we make another sledge

"To Hammond's?"

"Why not?"

"But the way?"

"The valley would guide us. We could do four hours a day before we had to camp. I'm not sure we couldn't try the river. We could drag and carry all our food."

She looked down the wide stretches of the valley. There was the hill they had christened Marjorie Ridge. At least it was famil-Every night before nightfall if they started there would be a fresh camping place to seek among the snow drifts, a great heap of wood to cut to last the night. Suppose his leg gave out—when they were already some days away, so that he could no longer go on or she drag him back to the stores. Plainly there would be nothing for it but to

And a sort of weariness had come to her as

a consequence of two months of half-starved days, not perhaps a failure so much as a

reluctance of spirit.

"Of course," she said, with a new aspect drifting before her mind, "then—we could eat—. We could feed up before we started. We could feast almost!"

XVI

"While you were asleep the other night," Trafford began one day as they sat, spinning out the midday meal, "I was thinking how badly I had expressed myself when I talked to you the other day, and what a queer thin affair I made of the plans I wanted to carry out. As a matter of fact they're neither queer nor thin, but they are unreal in comparison with the common things of everyday life, hunger, anger, all the immediate They must be. They only begin where those others are at peace. It's hard to set out these things; they're complicated and subtle, and one cannot simplify without falsehood. I don't want to simplify. The world has gone out of its way time after time through simplifications and short cuts. Save us from epigrams! It's as though an immense reservoir of thought had filled up in my mind at last and was beginning to trickle over and break down the embankment between us. This conflict that has been going on between our life together and my-my intellectual life; it's only just growing clear in my own mind. Yet it's just as if one turned up a light upon something that had always been there. . .

"It's a most extraordinary thing to think out, Marjorie, that antagonism. Our love has kept us so close together and always our purposes have been—like that." He spread "I've speculated again divergent hands. and again whether there isn't something incurably antagonistic between women (that's you generalized, Marjorie) and men (that's me) directly we pass beyond the conditions of the individualistic struggle. I believe every couple of lovers who've ever married has felt that strain. Yet it's not a difference in kind between us but degree. The big conflict between us has a parallel in a little internal conflict that goes on; there's something of man in every woman and a touch of the feminine in every man. But you're nearer as woman to the immediate personal life of sense and reality than I am as man. It's been so ever since the men went hunting and fighting and the women kept hut, tended

cultivation close at hand. For ages now men have been wandering from field and home and city, over the hills and far away, in search of adventures and fresh ideas and the wells of mystery beyond the edge of the world, but it's only now that the woman comes with them too. Our difference isn't a difference in kind, old Marjorie; it's the difference between the old adventurer and the new feet upon the trail."

"We've got to come," said Marjorie.

"Oh! you've got to come. No good to be pioneers if the race does not follow. The women are the backbone of the race; the men are just the individuals. Into this Labrador and into all the wild and desolate places of thought and desire, if men come you women have to come too—and bring the race with you. Some day."

"A long day, mate of my heart."

"Who knows how long or how far? Aren't you at any rate here, dear woman of mine? . . . (Surely you are here.)"

He went off at a tangent. "There's all those words that seem to mean something and then don't seem to mean anything, that keep shifting to and fro from the deepest significance to the shallowest of claptrap, socialism, Christianity. . . . You know,—they aren't anything really, as yet; they are something trying to be. . . . Haven't I said that before, Marjorie?"

She looked around at him. "You said something like that when you were delirious," she answered, after a little pause. "It's one of the ideas that you're struggling with. You go on, old man, and talk. We've months

—for repetitions."

"You know, Marjorie, I've always felt you're a finer individual than me, I've never had a doubt of it. You're more beautiful by far than I, woman for my man. You've a keener appetite for things, a firmer grip on the substance of life. I love to see you do things, love to see you move, love to watch your hands; you've cleverer hands than mine by far. . . . And yet—I'm a deeper and bigger thing than you. I reach up to something you don't reach up to You're in life—and I'm a little out of it. I'm like one of those fish that began to be amphibian, I go out into something where you don't follow—where you hardly begin to follow. . . .

"That's the real perplexity between thou-

sands of men and women. . . .

life of sense and reality than I am as man. "It seems to me that the primitive social-It's been so ever since the men went hunting ism of Christianity and all the stuff of modern and fighting and the women kept hut, tended socialism that matters is really airing—althe children and gathered roots in the little most unconsciously I admit at times—at one simple end, at the release of the human spirit from the individualistic struggle——

"You used 'release' the other day, Marjorie? Of course, I remember. It's queer how I go on talking after you have understood."

"It was just a flash," said Marjorie. "We have intimations. Neither of us really understands. We're like people climbing a mountain in a mist that thins out for a moment and shows valleys and cities, and then closes in again, before we can recognize them or make out where we are." . . .

Trafford thought. "When I talk to you, I've always felt I mustn't be too vague. And the very essence of all this is a vague thing, something we shall never come nearer to in all our lives than to see it as a shadow and a glittering that escapes again into a mist. . . .

"The practical trouble between your sort and my sort, Marjorie, is the trouble between faith and realization. You demand the outcome. Oh, I hate to turn aside and realize. I've had to do it for seven years. Damnable years! Men of my sort want to understand. We want to understand and you ask us to make. We want to understand atoms, ions, molecules, refractions. You ask us to make rubber and diamonds. And again we want to understand how people react upon one another to produce social consequences and you ask us to put it at once into a draft bill for reform of something or other. I suppose life lies between us somewhere, we're the two poles of truth seeking and truth getting; with me alone it would be nothing but a luminous dream, with you nothing but a scramble in which sooner or later all the lamps would be upset. . . . But it's ever too much of a scramble yet, and ever too little of a dream. Old necessity has driven men so hard that they still rush with a wild urgency —though she goads no more. Greed and haste, and if indeed we seem to have a moment's breathing space, then the Gawdsaker tramples us under.

"My dear!" cried Marjorie with a sharp note of amusement. "What is a Gawdsaker?"

"Oh," said Trafford, "haven't you heard that before? He's the person who gets excited by any deliberate discussion and gets up wringing his hands and screaming, 'For Gawd's sake, let's do something now!' I think they used it first for Pethick Lawrence, that man who did so much to run the old militant suffragettes and burke the proper discussion of woman's future. You know. You used to have 'em in Chelsea—with their hats. Oh! 'Gawdsaking' is the curse of all

progress, the hectic consumption that kills a thousand good beginnings. You see it in small things and in great. You see it in my life, Gawdsaking turned my life-work to cash and promotions, Gawdsaking—Look at the way the aviators took to flying for prizes and gate money, the way pure research is swamped by endowments for technical applications! Then that poor ghost-giant of an idea the socialists have;—it's been treated like one of those unborn lambs they kill for the fine skin of it, made into results before ever it was alive.

"It's natural, I suppose, for people to be eager for results, personal and immediate results—the last lesson of life is patience. Naturally they want reality, naturally! But the thing that matters for the race, Marjorie, is a very different thing; it is to get the emerging thought process clear and to keep it clear—and to let those other hungers go. We've got to go back on the side of pure science—literature untrammeled by the preconceptions of the social schemers—art free from the urgency of immediate utility,—and a new, a regal, a godlike sincerity in philosophy. And above all we've got to stop this Jackdaw buying of yours, my dear, which is the essence of all that is wrong with the world, this snatching at everything which loses everything worth having in life, this greedy confused realization of our accumulated resources! You're going to be a non-shopping woman now. You've to come out of Bond Street, you and your kind, like Israel leaving the Egyptian flesh-pots. You're going to be my wife and my mate. . . . Less of this service of things. Investments in comfort, in security, in experience, yes; but not just spending any more."

He broke off abruptly with: "I want to go

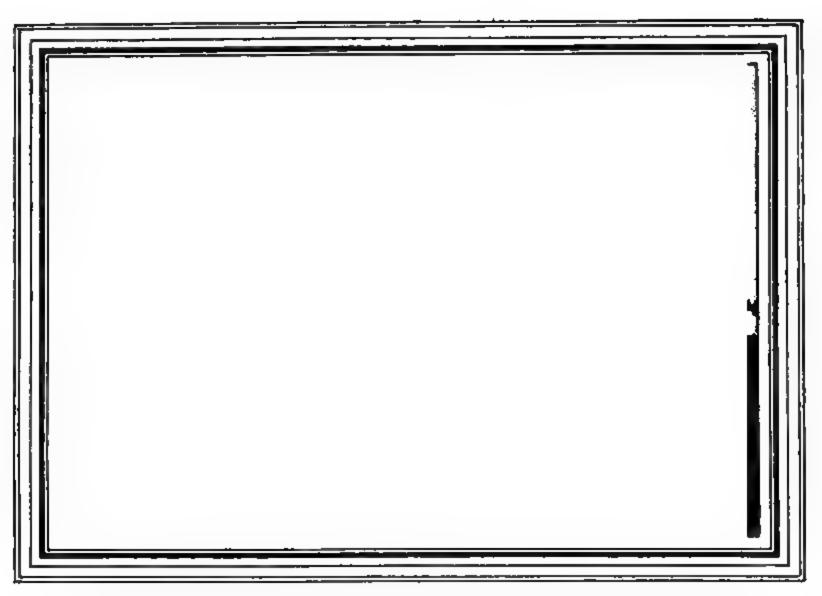
back and begin."

"Yes," said Marjorie, "we will go back," and saw minutely and distantly and yet as clearly and brightly as if she looked into a concave mirror, that tall and dignified study, a very high room indeed, with a man writing before a fine long-curtained window. . . .

She knew exactly the shop in Oxford Street where the stuff for the curtains might be best obtained.

. XVII

that man who did so much to run the old militant suffragettes and burke the proper discussion of woman's future. You know. You used to have 'em in Chelsea—with their hats. Oh! 'Gawdsaking' is the curse of all when we are back in London. . . . As big a



mess and as utter a discontent as sent us here." . . .

Trafford was scraping out his pipe, and did not answer for some moments. Then he re-

marked: "What nonsense!"

"But we shall," she said. "Everybody fails. To some extent, we are bound to fail. Because indeed nothing is clear; nothing is a clear issue. . . . You know,—I'm just the old Marjorie really in spite of all these resolutions,—the spendthrift, the restless, the eager. I'm a born snatcher and shopper. We're just the same people really."

"No," he said, after thought. "You're

ali Labrador older."

"I always have failed," she considered, "when it came to any special temptations, Rag. I can't stand not having a thing!"

He made no answer.

"And you're still the same old Rag, you know," she went on. "Who weakens into kindness if I cry. Who likes me well-dressed. Who couldn't endure to see me poor."

"Not a bit of it. No! I'm a very different Rag with a very different Marjorie. Yes, indeed! Things—are graver. Why!—I'm lame for life—and I've a scar. The very look of things is changed."... He stared at her face and said: "You've hidden the looking-glass and you think I haven't noted it——"

"It keeps on healing," she interrupted. "And if it comes to that,—where's my complexion?" She laughed. "These are just the superficial aspects of the case."

"Nothing ever heals completely," he said, answering her first sentence, "and nothing ever goes back to the exact place it held before. We are different, you sun-bitten, frost-bitten wife of mine." . . .

She thought intently.

"I am afraid," she whispered.

"But what is there to be afraid of?"

"Myself."

She spoke after a little pause that seemed to hesitate. "At times I wish, oh, passionately! that I could pray."

"Why don't you?"

"I don't believe enough—in that. I wish I did."

Trafford thought. "People are always so exacting about prayer," he said.

"Exacting?"

"You want to pray—and you can't make terms for a thing you want. I used to think I could. I wanted God to come and demonstrate a bit. . . . It's no good, Madge. . . . If God chooses to be silent—you must pray to the silence. If He chooses to live in darkness, you must pray to the night." . . .

"Yes," said Marjorie, "I suppose one

must."

does," she said. . . .

XVIII

Mixed up with this entirely characteristic theology of theirs and their elaborate planning out of a new life in London, were other Queer memories of strands of thought. London and old times together would flash with a peculiar brightness across their contemplation of the infinities and the needs of mankind. Out of nowhere, quite disconnectedly, would come the human, finite: —?" "Do you remember—

Two things particularly pressed into their minds. One was the thought of their children, and I do not care to tell how often in the day they now calculated the time in England, and tried to guess to a half mile or so where those young people might be and what they might be doing. "The shops are bright for Christmas now," said Marjorie. "This vear Dick was to have had his first fireworks. I wonder if he did. I wonder if he burnt his dear little funny stumps of fingers. I hope not."

"Oh, just a little," said Trafford. "I remember how a squib made my glove smoulder and singed me, and how my mother kissed me for taking it like a man. It was the best part of the adventure."

"Dick shall burn his fingers when his mother's home to kiss him. But spare his fingers now, Dadda. . . . "

The other topic was food.

It was only after they had been doing it for a week or so that they remarked how steadily they gravitated to reminiscences, suggestions, descriptions and long discussions of eatables, sound solid eatables. They told over the particulars of dinners they had imagined altogether forgotten; neither hosts nor conversations seemed to matter now in the slightest degree, but every item in the menu had its place. They nearly quarreled one day about hors d'œuvres. Trafford wanted to dwell on them when Marjorie was eager for the soup.

"It's niggling with food," said Marjorie.

"Oh! but there's no reason," said Trafford, "why you shouldn't take a Lot of hors d'œuvre. Three or four sardines, and potato salad and a big piece of smoked salmon, and some of that Norwegian herring and so on, and keep the olives by you to pick at. It's a beginning."

"It's — it's immoral," said Marjorie,

She thought. "I suppose in the end one eat, one shouldn't eat. The proper beginning of a dinner is soup, good, hot, rich soup. Thick soup—with things in it, vegetables and meat and things. Bits of oxtail.

"Not peas."

"No, not peas. Pea soup is tiresome. I never knew anything one tired of so soon. I wish we hadn't relied on it so much."

"Thick soup's all very well," said Trafford, "but how about that clear stuff they give you in the little pavement restaurants in You know—Croûte-au-pot, with lovely great crusts and big leeks and lettuce leaves and so on! Tremendous aroma of onions, and beautiful little beads of fat! And being a clear soup you see what there is. That's—interesting. Twenty-five centimes, Marjorie. Lord! I'd give a guinea a plate for it. I'd give five pounds for one of those jolly white-metal tureens full,—you know full, with little drops all over the outside of it and the ladle sticking out under the lid."

They weighed the merits of French cookery, modern international cookery, and pro-Trafford became very duced alternatives. eloquent about old English food. "Dinners," said Trafford, "should be feasting, not the mere satisfaction of a necessity. should be—amplitude. I remember a recipe for a pie; I think it was in one of those books that man Lucas used to compile. If I re-'Take a member rightly it began with: swine and hew it into gobbets.' Gobbets! That's something like a beginning. It was a big pie with tiers and tiers of things and it kept it up all the way in that key. . . . And then what could be better than prime British fed roast beef, reddish, just a shade on the side of underdone, and not too finely cut. Mutton can't touch it."

"Beef is the best," she said.

"And look at America! Here's a people who haven't any of them been out of Europe for centuries, and yet they have as different a table as you could well imagine. There's a kind of fish, Planked shad, that they cook on resinous wood—roast it, I suppose. It's substantial, like nothing else in the world. And how good too with turkey are sweet potatoes. Then they have such a multitude of cereal things; stuff like their buckwheat cakes all swimming in golden syrup. And Indian corn again!'

"Of course corn is being anglicized. I've often given you corn—latterly, before we

came away."

"That sort of separated grain—out of tins. Like chickens' food! It's not the real thing. "that's what I feel. If one needs a whet to You should eat corn on the cob,—American fashion! It's fine. I had it when I was in the States. You know, you take it up in your hands by both ends—you've seen the cobs?—and gnaw."

The craving air of Labrador at a tempera-ture of -20° Fahrenheit and methodically stinted rations, make great changes in the outward qualities of the mind. "I'd like to do that." said Marjorie.

Her face flushed a little at a guilty thought, her eyes sparkled. She leaned forward and

spoke in a confidential undertone.

"I'd—I'd like to eat a mutton chop like that," said Marjorie.

XIX

One morning Marjorie broached something she had had on her mind for several days.

"Old man," she said, "I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to thaw my scissors and cut your hair. . . . And then you'll have to trim that beard of yours."

"You'll have to dig out that looking-

glass."

"I know," said Marjorie. She looked at him. "You'll never be a pretty man again," she said. "But there's a sort of wild splendor. . . . And I love every inch and scrap of you." . . .

Their eyes met. "We're a thousand deeps now below the look of things," said Trafford.

"We'd love each other minced."

She broke into that smiling laugh of hers. "Oh! it won't come to that," she said. "Trust my housekeeping!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTH—THE TRAIL TO THE SEA

One astonishing afternoon in January a man came out of the wilderness to Lonely Hut. He was a French Indian half-breed, a trapper up and down the Green River and across the Height of Land to Seal Lake. He arrived in a sort of shy silence and squatted amiably on a log to thaw. "Much snow," he said, "and little fur." After he had sat at their fire for an hour and eaten and drunk, his purpose in coming thawed out. He explained he had just come on to them to see how they were. He was, he said, a planter furring; he had a line of traps, about a hundred and twenty miles in length. The nearest trap in his path before he turned northward over the divide was a good forty miles down the river. He had come on from there. Just to have a look. His name, he said, was Louis Napoleon Partington. He leave will be mine? Eh?"

had carried a big pack, a rifle and a dead marten,—they lay beside him, and out of his shapeless mass of caribou skins and woolen clothing and wrappings, peeped a genial oily brown face, very dirty, with a strand of blueblack hair across one eye, irregular teeth in its friendly smile, and little squeezed-up eyes.

Conversation developed. There had been doubts of his linguistic range at first, but he had an understanding expression, and his English seemed guttural rather than really

bad.

He was told the tremendous story of Trafford's leg; was shown it and felt it, he interpolated thick and whistling noises to show how completely he followed their explanations, and then suddenly he began a speech that made all his earlier taciturnity seem but the dam of a great reservoir of mixed and partly incomprehensible English. He complimented Marjorie so effusively and relentlessly and shamelessly as to produce a pause when he had done. "Yes," he said, and nodded to button up the whole. He sucked his pipe, well satisfied with his eloquence. Trafford spoke in this silence. "We are coming down," he said.
"I thought perhaps—" whispered Louis

Napoleon.

"Yes," said Trafford, "we are coming down with you. Why not? We can get a sledge over the snow now? It's hard? mean a flat sledge—like this. See? Like this." He got and dragged Marjorie's old arrangement into view. "We shall bring all the stuff we can down with us, grub, blankets —not the tent, it's too bulky; we'll leave a lot of the heavy gear."

"You'd have to leave the tent," said Louis

Napoleon.

"I said leave the tent."

"And you'd have to leave . . . some of those tins."

"Nearly all of them."

"And the ammunition there;—except just

"Just enough for the journey down."

"Perhaps a gun?"

"No, not a gun. Though, after all, well, we'd return one of the guns. Give it you to bring back here."

"Bring back here?"

"If you liked."

For some moments Louis Napoleon was intently silent. When he spoke his voice was guttural with emotion. "After," he said thoughtfully and paused, and then resolved to have it over forthwith, "All you Trafford said that was the idea.

Louis Napoleon's eye brightened, but his

face preserved its Indian calm.

"I will take you right to Hammond's," he said. "Where they have dogs. And then I can come back here." . . .

п

They had talked out nearly every particular of their return before they slept that night;

they yarned away three hours over the first generous meal that any one of them had eaten for many weeks. Louis Napoleon stayed in the hut as a matter of course and reposed with snores and chocking upon Marjorie's sledge and within a vard of her.

Next day was spent in the careful preparation of the two sledges. The y intended to take a full provision for six weeks, although they

to be down at Hammond's in four.

The day after was Sunday and Louis Napoleon would not look at the sledges or packing. Instead he held a kind of a religious service which consisted partly in making Trafford read aloud out of a very oily old New Testament he produced, a selected passage from the book of Corinthians, and partly in moaning rather than singing several hymns. He was rather disappointed that they did not join in with him. In the afternoon he heated some water, went into the tent with it and it would appear partially washed his face. In the evening after they had supped he discussed religion, being curious by this time about their beliefs and procedure.

He spread his mental and spiritual equipment before them very artlessly. Their isolation and their immense concentration not make out his pronunciation of the titlepersonal quality, and they listened to the gobble, gobble, gobble," he said, with a sol-

broken English and the queer tangential starts into new topics of this dirty mongrei creature with the keenest appreciation of its quality. It was inconsistent, miscellaneous, simple, honest and human. It was as touching as the medley in the pocket of a dead schoolboy. He was superstitious and skeptical and sensuous and spiritual, and very, very earnest. The things he believed, even if they were just beliefs about the weather or drying venison or filling pipes, he believed

> with emotion. He flushed as he told them. For all his intellectual muddle they felt he knew how to live very honestly and die if need be very

finely.

And then with a kindling eye he spoke of women, and how that some day he would marry. His voice softened, and he addressed himself more particularly to Mar-jorie. He didn't so much introduce the topic of the lady as allow the destined

reckoned that with good weather they ought young woman suddenly to pervade his dis-She was, it seemed, a servant, an Esquimau girl at the Moravian Mission station at Manivikovik. He had been plighted to her for nine years. scribed a gramophone he had purchased down at Port Dupré and brought back to her three hundred miles up the coast —it seemed to Marjorie an odd gift for an Esquimau maiden—and he gave his views upon its mechanism. He said God was with the man who invented the gramophone "truly." They would have found one a very great relief to the tediums of their sojourn at Lonely Hut. The gramophone he had given his betrothed possessed records of the Rev. Capel Gumm's preaching and of Madam Melba's singing, a revival hymn calling "Sowing the Seed," and a comic song—they could on each other had made them sensitive to that made you die of laughter. "It goes emn appreciative reflection of those dis-

"It's good to be jolly at times," he said with his bright eyes scanning Marjorie's face a little doubtfully, as if such ideas were better left for week-day expression.

Ш

Their return was a very different journey from the toilsome ascent of the summer. An immense abundance of snow masked the world, snow that made them regret acutely they had not equipped themselves with ski. With ski and a good circulation, a man may go about Labrador in winter, six times more easily than by the canoes and slow trudging of summer travel. As it was they were glad of their Canadian snowshoes. One needs only shelters after the Alpine Club hut fashion, and all that vast solitary country would be open in the wintertime. Its shortest day is no shorter than the shortest day in Cumberland or Dublin.

This is no place to tell of the beauty and wonder of snow and ice, the soft contours of gentle slopes, the rippling of fine snow under a steady wind, the long shadow ridges of shining powder on the lee of trees and stones and rocks, the delicate wind streaks over broad surfaces like the marks of a chisel in marble, the crests and cornices, the vivid brightness of edges in the sun, the glowing yellowish light on sunlit surfaces, the long blue shadows, the flush of sunset and sunrise and the pallid unearthly desolation of snow beneath the moon. Nor need the broken snow in woods and amidst tumbled stony slopes be described, nor the vast soft overhanging crests on every outstanding rock beside the icebound river, nor the huge stalactites and stalagmites of green-blue ice below the cliffs, nor trees burdened and broken by frost and snow, nor snow upon ice, nor the blue pools at midday upon the surface of the ice-stream. Across the smooth wind-swept ice of the open tarns they would find a growth of icy flowers, six-rayed and complicated, more abundant and more beautiful than the Alpine summer flowers.

But the wind was very bitter, and the sun had scarcely passed its zenith before the thought of fuel and shelter came back into their minds.

As they approached Partington's tilt, at the point where his trapping ground turned out of the Green River gorge, he became greatly obsessed by the thought of his traps.

them, all he hoped to find, and the "dallars" that might ensue. They slept the third night, Marjorie within and the two men under the lee of the little cabin, and Partington was up and away before dawn to a trap toward the ridge. He had infected Marjorie and Trafford with a sympathetic keenness, but when they saw his killing of a marten that was still alive in its trap, they suddenly conceived a distaste for trapping.

They insisted they must witness no more. They would wait while he went to a trap. . . .

"Think what he's doing!" said Trafford as they sat together under the lee of a rock, waiting for him. "We imagined this was a free, simple-souled man leading an unsophisticated life on the very edge of humanity, and really he is as much a dependent of your woman's world, Marjorie, as any sweated seamstress in a Marylebone slum. Lord! how far those pretty, wasteful hands of women reach! All these poor, broken, and starving beasts he finds and slaughters are, from the point of view for our world, just Furs. Furs! Poor little, snarling unfortunates! Their pelts will be dressed and prepared because women who have never dreamt of this bleak wilderness desire them. They will get at last into Regent Street shops and Bond Street shops and shops in Fifth Avenue, and Paris and Berlin, they will make delightful deep muffs, with scent and little bags and powder puffs and all sorts of things tucked away inside, and long wraps for tall women, and jolly little frames of soft fur for pretty faces, and dainty coats and rugs for expensive little babies in Kensington Gardens. . . . "

"I wonder," reflected Marjorie, "if I could buy one perhaps. As a memento."

He looked at her with eyes of quiet amuse-

"Oh!" she cried, "I didn't mean to! The old Eve!"

"The old Adam is with her," said Traf-"He's wanting to give it her. . . . We don't cease to be human, Madge, you know, because we've got an idea now of just where we are. I wonder, which would you like? I dare say we could arrange it."

"No," said Marjorie, and thought. would be jolly," she said. "All the same, you know—and just to show you—I'm not going to let you buy me that fur."

"I'd like to," said Trafford.

"No," said Marjorie, with a decision that was almost fierce. "I mean it. I've got more to do than you in the way of reforming. It's just because always I've let my life be He began to talk of all that he might find in made up of such little things that I mustn't.

Indeed I mustn't. Don't make things hard

"Very He looked at her for a moment. well," he said. "But I'd have liked to. . You're right," he added, five seconds later.
"Oh! I'm right."

IV

One day Louis Napoleon sent them on along the trail while he went up the mountain to a trap among the trees. He rejoined them -not as his custom was, shouting inaudible conversation for the last hundred yards or so, but in silence. They wondered at that, and at the one clumsy gesture that flourished something darkly gray at them. What had happened to the man? Whatever he had caught he was hugging it as one hugs a cat, and stroking it. "Ugh!" he said deeply, drawing near. "Oh!" A solemn joy irradiated his face, an almost religious ecstasy found expression.

He had got a silver fox, a beautifully marked silver fox, the best luck of Labrador! One goes for years without one, in hope, and when it comes, it pays the trapper's debts, it clears his life—for years!

They tried poor inadequate congratulations.

As they sat about the fire that night a silence came upon Louis Napoleon. It was manifest that his mind was preoccupied. He got up, walked about, inspected the miracle of fur that had happened to him, returned, regarded them. "Mm," he said, and stroked his chin with his forefinger. A certain diffidence and yet a certain dignity of assurance mingled in his manner. It wasn't so much a doubt of his own correctness as of some possible ignorance of the finer shades on their part that might embarrass him. He coughed a curt preface, and intimated he had a request to make. Behind the Indian calm of his face glowed tremendous feeling, like the light of a foundry furnace shining through chinks in the door. He spoke in a small flat voice, exercising great self-control. His wish, he said, in view of all that had happened, was a little thing; they would see it was a little thing. . . . This was nearly a perfect day for him, and one thing only remained. . . . "Well," he said, and hung. "Well," said Trafford. He plunged. Just simply this. Would they give him the brandy-bottle and let him get drunk? Mr. Grenfell was a good man, a very good man, but he had made brandy dear—dear beyond the reach of stretches. The Traffords, spectacled and

He explained, dear bundle of clothes and dirt, that he was always perfectly respectable when he was drunk.

It seemed strange to Trafford that now that Marjorie was going home, a wild impatience to see her children should possess her. So long as it had been probable that they would stay out their year in Labrador, that separation had seemed mainly a sentimental trouble; now at times it was like an animal craving. She would talk of them for hours at a stretch, and when she was not talking he could see her eyes fixed ahead, and knew that she was anticipating a meeting. And for the first time it seemed the idea of possible misadventure troubled her. . . .

They reached Hammond's in one and twenty days from Lonely Hut, three days they had been forced to camp because of a blizzard, and three because Louis Napoleon was rigidly Sabbatarian. They parted from him reluctantly, and the next day Hammond's produced its dogs, twelve stout but extremely hungry dogs, and sent the Traffords on to the Green River pulp-mills, where there were good beds and a copious supply of hot water. Thence they went to Manivikovik, and thence the new Marconi station sent their inquiries home, inquiries that were answered next day with matter-of-fact brevity: "Everyone well, love from all."

When the operator hurried with that to Marjorie she received it offhandedly, glanced at it carelessly, asked him to smoke, remarked that wireless telegraphy was a wonderful thing, and then in the midst of some unfinished commonplace about the temperature broke down and wept wildly and uncontrollably. . . .

VI

Then came the long wonderful ride southward day after day along the coast to Port Dupré, a ride from headland to headland across the frozen bays behind long teams of straining furry dogs, that leaped and yelped as they ran. Sometimes over the land the brutes shirked and loitered and called for the whip, they were a quarrelsome crew to keep waiting, but across the sea-ice they went like the wind, and down hill the komatic chased their waving tails. The sledges swayed and leaped depressions, and shot athwart icy common men altogether—along the coast. wrapped to their noses, had all the sensations then of hunting an unknown quarry behind straining, furious dogs, she heard him shouta pack of wolves. The snow blazed under ing: "You know—that old cart! Under the the sun, out to sea beyond the ice the water overhanging trees! so thick and green they glittered, and it wasn't so much air they breathed as a sort of joyous hunger.

One day their teams insisted upon ra- wasn't so fast as this, eh?" . . .

cing.

Marjorie's team was the heavier, her driver more skillful, and her sledge the lighter. and she led in that wild chase from start to finish, but ever and again Trafford made wild spurts that brought him almost level. Once, as he came alongside, she heard him laughing joyously.

"Marjorie," he shouted, "d' you remem-

ber? Old donkey cart?"

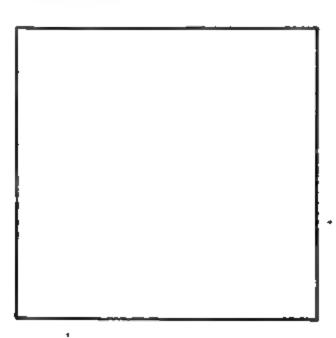
near again behind his pack of whimpering, and women beyond the seaward grey.

met overhead! You know! When you and I had our first talk together! In the lane. It

VII

At Port Dupré they stayed ten days, days that Marjorie could only make tolerable by knitting absurd garments for the children (her knitting was atrocious); and then one afternoon they heard the gun of the "Grenfell," the new winter steamer from St. John's. signalling as it came in through the fog, very Her team yawed away, and as he swept slowly, from the great wasteful world of men

The End.



AUTUMN

By WILLIAM ROSE BENET

UTUMN, like Atalanta, fleetly flees, Galey robes streaming, leaf-blown down the wind; And 'tis our pleading hearts that race behind Striving to clasp her by her golden knees, To stay her sorrowful beauty,—but the trees Glance with her brilliant flight. Oh, grave and kind, Hide ye no russet hoards, that we may find And fling the apples of Hippomenes?

Clouded about with birds, fawn-nuzzled, still Her speed outstrips us, and the woods are dead Of dream or color—all their incense fled! Across the burning marsh she gains the hill And breathless turns her beautiful bright head And mocks with pagan laughter, sweetly shrill.

The field for selection is on bad. so large that the task becomes diffireasons. But let us see if we cannot find certain standards of judgment that are above the whims of personal taste, even if we hesitate to call them rules or laws. The critic or layman who begins to lay down laws for his æsthetic verdicts is pretty sure, sooner neither approve nor understand anything new or different.

In seeking what constitutes a good drama, the reader may remember, we found the element of sincerity to play a large part. Conversely, the lack of sincerity is probably the most fruitful cause of failure—not failure always in winning a temporal public, but failure to achieve a work which shall satisfy more thoughtful attention and endure.

A very good case in point is George Broadhurst's "comedy drama," "Bought and Paid For," which ran all last season in New York and is this season to be presented by no less than four companies through the country. From the manager's point of view it is the best play of recent years, yet the critic is forced to call it a bad play, because it is not a sincere play, because it does not ring true. Let us see why.

Ostensibly, "Bought and Paid For" was written to illustrate a phase of the sex problem. A man of great wealth marries a hum-

INCE we wrote last month on good he is brutalized by drink, he has no consideraplays, we must write this month tion for her feelings, but, telling her roughly that he has bought and paid for her, breaks down the door of her chamber if she denies cult; moreover, plays are bad for so many him. Ostensibly, the play is a peep into the prostitutions that are practiced in the name of holy matrimony. Of course, there is a certain element of romantic untruth, of insincerity, in this drama to start with, because 9,999 working girls out of 10,000 do not marry rich men. They would like to, peror later, to fall a victim to formalism, and haps; hence they would prefer to see a play in which one of them does, rather than a true study of their condition. But we will waive that point, and permit the play to tackle the problem of the ten thousandth girl. How has the author handled this problem?

It is not a pretty problem; it is no prettier a problem than was set forth in Brieux's fine play, "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," which failed when Lawrence Irving acted it in New York. Brieux's play was scored for its "immorality" in some quarters; nobody has scored "Bought and Paid For." That is because the former drama was sincere and told the truth, while the latter is insincere and constantly runs away from the truth. If your problem is not pretty, you cannot write a pretty play—if you are honest in your purpose. But Mr. Broadhurst has constantly sought to write a pretty play-or so we must gather from the result. In real life, should you face the problem of this drama, should you find a girl of fine instincts married to a rich man and bent by force to ble working girl, and thereafter, whenever his will at moments when she could only

soberi ing point shou vital the othe "Bo Paid to its cause it does not allow that theme to work itself out in the hearts and minds of the

spectators, to

create its proper

FRANK CRAVEN The acting of Frank Craven, Julia Dean, Charles Richman and Marie Nord-strom had much to do with the suc-cess of "Bought and Paid For"

mood; and that again appears to be be- they on the stage? This is only an excuse, not cause the author was less intent upon tell- an argument. In life we may laugh through ing of life as he saw it than of writing a our tears, and so we may on the stage-when

MARIE NORDSTROM

MAN

For" y beinsinbesn't ршfishes

at ex-

e for s that in life comedy and tragedy jostle each other on every hand; neither ever exists simon pure, so why should

play which should catch the public. "Bought Mistress Quickly describes the death of Fal-

acting. But in life they are real tears, and so on a puppet child, set in a puppet play, just to the stage, unless the dramatist can carry his serious situation to the point where comedy does not intrude, but serves to heighten, any turning aside to comedy is a distinct blow to illusion, and hence to truth—to nature. We must admit that even Shakespeare kept comedy out of the murder scene in "Macbeth" and the last act of "Othello." Unless your audience is swept up into a mood in keeping with the gravity of the situation, your situation is a failure. "Bought and Paid For" never permits the audience to achieve the fitting mood. It never strikes the dignity of life.

Life! After all, there is but one end for serious art—to be the handmaid and interpreter of life. We may babble till doomsday of art for art's sake—but no such thing exists. Even the most trivial art exists, not for its own sake, but to furnish relaxation to man, to soothe or amuse him, to supply a need of his spiritual nature, no less than food exists to supply his bodily wants. The greater art lives in proportion to its truth, not to itself, but to nature—in other words, to its ability also to serve man, to interpret his problems, to supply his dreams, to shape his ideals. When we declare this or that play "isn't true to life," we are bearing unconscious testimony; and when we find the prize in England three years ago and which popular plays of the hour growing stale, fading into the limbo of forgotten things, it is because they were false to life, because they did not really answer any need of man, because they were bad plays.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" enjoyed some popularity for a time. Molasses taffy is occasionally relished, too, but not as a This conglomeration of conventionalized "New England types" first made famous in the so-called "by Gosh" dramas of a generation ago, of an angel child who talks like a female Rollo, of a mother without a wedding ring, was about as far removed from reality as it well could be without becoming downright ludicrous. The heart of a child is a subtle mystery, and not to be revealed by coarse and clumsy adult fingers. Because Rebecca was never a real child, any more than Paul Dombey was a real child, but only a little lay figure set up to appeal to the intensely interesting as a revelation of charsuperficial and gushing sentimentality of acter-witness Hamlet's. But it can never thoughtless spectators, she will soon enough be dramatic, only expository; and it cannot pass into the land of forgotten plays. "Peter be the climax of a play. The only partial Pan," sheer fantasy though it be, lives on, because it is eternally true. Tom Sawyer is a real boy, with all the badness and all the

staff, for instance, or when David Warfield is goodness of real boyhood. But Rebecca is make a story, just to show her paces, just to appeal to the sentimentality of the crowd. That's why "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is a bad play.

But sincere plays may be bad plays, too, for the want of technical skill. Some situations are essentially undramatic, for instance, and when an author tries to hinge his drama on such a situation, he produces a bad play; conversely, some situations are essentially dramatic, and when an author omits them the result is equally unfortunate. The drama is a thing to be seen and heard; it is a story not told by printed words but living persons. Hence the scenes which omit the sheer human element, the clash of one character upon another, the active principle in conduct (which does not, of course, necessarily mean physical activity), are almost always undramatic and disappointing; the play which permits the characters to do their most active work between curtains—shows us a bad man in one scene and a reformed man in the next, for example, without showing us the a crive process which reformed him—is pretty said to

Take, as a case in point, Josephine Preston Peabody's finely intended poetic drama, "The Piper," which won the Shakespeare was later acted at the New Theatre. In this drama the first act and the last act kept the interest to a high pitch, but there was a distinct sag in the middle, most noticeable at the end of Act III. This was due to the fact that the real contest of the play, which an audience could watch and comprehend in terms of living actors, lay between the Pied Piper and the mother of the little lame boy he had stolen away; but, instead of focusing on this contest, the author turned the struggle into one between the Piper and the figure of Christ on a wayside cross—between the man and the symbol of his conscience. Now, the stage is a visual art; and you cannot see a conscience. The third act ended not in a struggle between two living persons, but in a long soliloguy addressed by the Piper to the cross, in an attempt to portray in material terms a spiritual battle. A soliloquy may be success of "The Piper" was due to its ignoring of this fact.

Of the plays which are so constructed that



Commence of the same MARY NASH and HARRY VOSBERG in "The Woman," a play of superficial realism and underlying theatricality

acts, examples are numerous—and difficult the curiosity there arises the need for satisto recall. They are difficult to recall because fying this curiosity, not by an explanation, these are the plays which are soonest forgotten. Very often they are the work of Because so many dramatists, especially bebeginners or bunglers. The born dramatist is never more surely detected than by his ability to put the essential scene—what Sarcey called the scene & faire, and William Archer the obligatory scene—before the eyes of his audience. George M. Cohan is not Shakespeare, but he knows his business so far as he goes, and in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" he doesn't merely tell you that Wallingford and his pal invented a clothcovered carpet tack and then sold it to the town capitalists, in order to get out of their scrape. Having got them into the scrape, having excited the curiosity of his audience to know how they were going to pull through, Mr. Cohan shows what the audience most wants to see—he shows the actual invention

the really dramatic scenes transpire between suckers. In almost every play which excites but by an actual sight of what happened. ginners, set themselves a larger task than they can perform, prepare their audience for a situation which they have not the skill to

put on the stage, their dramas fail.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan, a capital story writer, recently wrote a play called "The Lady from Oklahoma," and it was tried upon the stage and failed. Since then she has rewritten it, and of the second trial we are not speaking now. We trust the new version will be a success worthy of the excellent theme. But the first version failed largely because Miss Jordan did not meet her obligations to her audience. Her heroine was the dowdy, uncouth wife of a Western Senator who had become infatuated with a modish woman of the world at Washington. of the tack and the process of selling it to the fight her rival, the wife came East, went to

a beauty parlor, took lessons in grammar and made considerable stir because of its elabodeportment, and left for Washington, to fight with equal weapons for her husband's love. Now, by all logic of preparation, the audience expected to see the two women engaged in this feminine battle. That was the meat of the play, the scène à faire. But the scene never came. The wife did her fighting off stage, and we saw only a series of tricks and counter tricks about a land grab bill instead of a battle of feminine allurements. That is why a very good play degenerated on its first trial into a bad one—more's the pity, because Miss Jordan has humor and observation and satire, and ought, with a better mastery of stage technique, to write fine comedies.

{

Perhaps all this is but another way of saying that one of the potent causes of dramatic esting point in their careers, and shows them failure is a failure to realize the difference working out their destinies before our eyes. between the book and the theatre, the failure If a dramatist doesn't do this, his plays are to realize that on the stage you mustn't tell soon forgotten. Can you imagine "Othelio" things, you must show them. "The Garden with the scenes omitted in which Iago

rate scenery and its crafty advertising. But it was a wretchedly poor play. It was a poor play for this very reason—it was all narrative and no action. The audience, in the first place, was not informed that Androvsky was an escaped monk, and so could not sympathize with his sufferings, and, in the second place, the "great scene" of the drama was almost entirely a confession, Androvsky telling of his past life in an endless monologue of events the audience should have seen at the beginning in the terms of visual drama. The audience in the theatre is there to see, not to be told; its interests are in the present, not the past. The true dramatist catches his characters at an interof Allah." seen last winter in New York, arouses the Moor's jealousy? How is Iago EDITH
WYNNE
MATTHISON
in
"The Piper"

· 经收益额 有一个人的人的人的人的人。



is the first question raised by the action; and it has to be answered before the play can go on. Your amateur or bungler would have it occur between acts, and tell how it happened later. But Shakespeare was large enough to show us on the stage. If any play —and there will be many in a season—leaves you with the feeling that what you most wanted to see was not shown to you, you may be sure it is a bad play. Tricks and explanations and confessions can never take the place of the sight of the actual characters in action.

In an article of this length, of course, we cannot begin to exhaust the varieties of badness in plays. A variety of which Mr. Belasco is not infrequently guilty is the mixture of superficial realism with psychological falsity—which amounts to an attempt to disguise theatricalism in a mask of naturalism. In "The Woman," for example, there is a real telephone switchboard and the operator appears to take and send real messages, and all the reality of a hotel lobby is caught besides—all, save the fact that the political plotters tell all their secrets to the telephone, or in hearing of the operator, and these secrets are an elaborate contraption which never could exist. The play, pretending to reflect conditions in Washington, is so unreal in its deeper phases that it is of no consequence.

Again, the play which obtrudes farce into comedy, which mixes its styles, which sets out, apparently, to be one thing and then becomes another, is a bad play. Nobody objects to farce or melodrama. But everybody objects to having his attention, his mood, suddenly switched, to taking a group of characters seriously for a time and then be forced to take them as a joke, or vice The line between comedy and farce is particularly ticklish, and only the skilled dramatist can keep it true. But it must be kept true, if your play is to be good. To insist upon this is sometimes considered a sign of pedantry; but experience confirms it. All enduring plays are true to their type.

But to catalogue all the causes of failure in plays would be, after all, to produce a are not true or they are not interesting. esting, and perhaps the secret of being interpurpose should be beneath contempt.

going to make this good man jealous? That esting is one which cannot be imparted, save by the gift of God. At most, it can only be guided. But, though truth may not always be interesting, falsity never remains so very long, and the enduring plays are always true plays, plays that reflect humanity justly or guide it aright. We come back, then, after all, for our final criterion of worth or badness to the test of life. Those of us who have the temerity to call "The Man From Home" a bad play, do so because it glorifies a jingo and proclaims the parochial brashness and even boorishness of Kokomo as an ideal. We do not accept them as an ideal, and we do not believe the world will either. Those of us who have the temerity to call "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" a bad play. do so not because it is a series of episodes and so technically unacademic, but because it preaches the prettily sentimental doctrine that characters are reformed by magic—and we do not believe that doctrine will work. When we call Percy MacKaye's "Anti-Matrimony" a bad play, it is not because we find it lacking in humor or satire, but because it satirizes a condition which does not exist—the pernicious influence of Continental drama and philosophy on American domestic life; and so we find it apart from When we call Winchell life and sterile. Smith's drama, "The Only Son," a bad play, it is because the brutal and sudden revelation of the mother as a faithless wife seems to be made solely to provide a plot, elicits no sympathy, explains in no wise the mysteries of sex, and only comes upon us with a brutal jar. It is not done for the sake of life, but solely for the sake of the theatre. We are perfectly willing that an author, solely for the sake of the theatre, shall make any humorous hypothesis he chooses in a farce; but when we are asked to take characters seriously, they must be truly studied and faithfully and tenderly set forth. We are beginning to realize that life is too precious a thing to make a monkey of even in the playhouse. We are beginning to realize that art exists not apart from life, but as a part of life; and hence truth is coming more and more generally to be regarded as the crowning test of drama, above all the technicalities of the schools. The first need of the dramatist is treatise on play-writing. In the widest sense, to have something to say, to believe it hard, all plays that fail, fail either because they and then to learn how to say it effectively. Truth and purpose without technique are Truth, unfortunately, is not always inter- abortive. But technique without truth and

THE PHYSICS OF BASEBALL

By HUGH S. FULLERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

is not to let it come down.

the laws governing inertia, velocity, dynamics, the curvilinear trajectory of projectiles, resisting power of air, attractive power of masses; and the ball-player, by experiment, deals only with the freak variants of these laws. Many times the student who

HE first law of physics is that all makes his college team is apt to think that the that goes up must come down; prof. was stringing him when he laid down always excepting the cost of liv- the laws of motion, mass and velocity. For The first law of baseball a baseball under skilled manipulation and control seems, like a trust, to come as near The difference between the violating all the laws as possible. The ball physics of the classroom and always is striving to do exactly what the of the diamond is that the student learns laws of physics say it should do, with half

a dozen forces striving to compel it to do something else, and with the bad boys in uniform trying to invent new methods of making it violate the law.

If the Supreme Court should find the law of gravitation unconstitu-



tional, or if ball-players could breathe in an absolute vacuum, basebali would be a simple proposition. The ball would keep on going in a straight line until some one stopped it. Line hits would continue to travel in a straight line until some fielder, standing on the needle point of infinity, jumped and pulled it down with one hand. All hits would look as if Ed Delehanty was at bat. But, with the exception of the St. Louis Browns' grand stand late in the season, no such thing as a vacuum exists. In the scientific development of baseball it probably will become necessary within a generation or two for the manager to be a post graduate in physics and for him to maintain a barometer, a wind pressure gauge and other scientific apparatus in connection with the bench. Already, in such crude ways as testing winds, studying the weight of the atmosphere, and the chemical composition of balls, the managers are commencing to recognize this.

There is a professor of physics in a great Eastern university who wrote me inquiring as to the physics of the spit ball, and who later lectured to his classes upon the subject. I asked several great pitchers to demonstrate for the benefit of the professor how they held the ball, swung their arms, released it with their fingers, and how much power they applied and to what point on the surface of the sphere. Among them was Clark Griffith, a master in theory, who used to be past-master in practice. I asked him to take the professor to the grounds and show him things. The result was a note from Griffith, in which he said:

"Don't send any more bugs to see me."

The point is that the players do not care what scientific phenomena they develop so long as the opposing batsmen take their healthies (i.e., swings) at the ball and miss. The college professor does not care much whether Walsh strikes Collins out three times with runners on bases so long as he can

demonstrate that the laws governing rotation, air pressure, friction, retarded and accelerated motion, etc., etc., are proved by the actions of the ball. So physics and baseball as studies have kept aloof from each other.

Yet every move in a ball game affords a problem. There are basic conditions which, in themselves, are worthy of study. Consider atmospheric pressure. Did you know that a man who can throw a baseball 350 feet on the Polo Grounds, New York, on a dead calm day, can throw the same ball almost 400 feet on the Denver ball park? Did you realize that a "tall" foul hit straight up at Philadelphia will not rise to within 15 feet of the height it would have risen under exactly the same initial power in Colorado Springs? Did you know that the San Francisco outfielders play on an average of 15 feet closer to the home plate than they would dare play in Phœnix, Ariz.? Did you know that a fast curve ball will "break" four or five inches farther in the same distance at Chicago than it will at Albuquerque, N. M.?

There is a professor of physics down East, and in a university which turns out good ball teams at that, who disputes these things. He can take the theorem of acceleration of fluidic motion out back of the laboratory and make it jump through hoops, but he is wrong in this. Any player who ever played in the Western League will flunk him on the proposition quicker than the prof. did who gave me my finals in physics. The Western League has for many years been an extremely interesting organization to baseball people because Tip O'Neill is president and Bill O'Rourke owns the Omaha club, but it is vastly more interesting to the student of physics, especially if he happens also to be interested in baseball. In the Western he can find queer problems in the statistics. ally two cities—Denver and either Pueblo or Colorado Springs, often all three—are in the league and

The first law of baseball is not to let it come down are located in a rarefied atmosphere. The other cities are situated down in the Mississippi valley region, where the atmospheric pressure is heavy. Study the averages year after year and you will find the mountain clubs at or near the top in

batting, and almost always leading in long hits. They play more than half their games in the rarefied atmosphere. Over one-third of all the long hits made in the eight cities will be found to have been made in the two mountain parks. Put twelve batters at St. Joseph, for instance. If their aggregate batting average is .250 there, one may be certain they will hit close to .275 in either Denver or Pueblo. The difference is accounted for by the double fact that a pitched ball will not curve as far in rarefied as in heavy atmosphere, and that, when it is hit, it will travel much farther. I have seen pitchers who seemed to possess all the speed of a Walter Johnson while working at Denver who lost it when they came down three thousand feet. One of the best known pitchers in the country to-day owes the fact of his major league existence to Denver's rarefied atmosphere. The scout who was sent to see him reported that he had a world of speed and good control, but that his curve and slow ball needed further education. He was purchased on the speed recommendation, and when he reported he turned out to be a slow ball pitcher with an excellent slow curve. The manager, who wanted speed, was angry, but before he could sell the pitcher, his slow twisters became so effective that he was kept and developed into a wonder.

In studying the physics of baseball let us commence with the chief implements of the game—the bat and ball. The ball is composed of a small cork core, sealed with a heavy layer of highly treated Para rubber, then wound with two kinds of woolen yarn, finished with a tight layer of linen thread, over which is a glue substance, upon which is a horsehide cover. The ball is semi-pneumatic, both the rubber and the glue upon which the cover is pasted tending to hold air. The difference even of a sixteenth of an inch in the thickness of the rubber makes the ball so fast that it scarcely can be handled. The makers experimented for years to get the ball tuned to the proper pitch of elasticity, and appear finally to have accomplished the aim of making a ball not too "dead" and not too lively. The shock of the bat against the ball dispels the air gradually and at the same time causes a molecular change in the rubber so that a ball, after being batted hard, loses much of its resilient power. The disarranging of the molecular force causes a ball which, to an outsider may seem as firm and solid as ever, to become a "mush," dead and lifeless, and likely to slow the

entire game if permitted to remain in play. The bats used are almost all of second growth ash of the finest and straightest grain and carefully dried. They are supposed to retain their resilient qualities indefinitely, but after a month or two of hard usage the bat no longer possesses the "drive" necessary for hard hitting. Yet bats that have lost "life" often will, when kept in storage a few months, recover their lost "ring" and be as good as ever, although the second time they "die" more quickly. This sense of feeling and hearing among players is a wonderful thing. I have seen a ball hit, and in an instant batter, fielder and catcher running at the umpire declaring something was wrong with The catcher knew from the sound, the batter from the way the bat felt when it met the ball, and the fielder because of the way in which the ball felt and acted when he stopped and threw it. The ball was found to be slightly lopsided.

The object of each batter is to "hit it on the trade mark" with that part of his bat between four and six inches from the end. He does not express it that way, but he aims to hit the center of mass of the ball with the center of percussion of the bat—so he says, "square on the nose." The center of percussion of the bat varies according to the grip of the batters' hands, and it is the object of the pitcher to force the ball to revolve so as to avoid meeting the center of

percussion.

A ball, weighing five and an eighth ounces and with a circumference of o inches, pitched at an approximate velocity of 280 feet a second over a distance of 60 feet, is struck squarely upon the center of percussion of a bat weighing 40 ounces and swinging at a velocity of 1,250 feet per second, will travel how far? Perhaps the professor of physics can figure it out, but if he does he is wrong. He would have to know more than those statistics before he could make the correct calculation. He should know the forearm strength of the batter, the muscle leverage, the meeting angle of ball and bat, the rotary motion of the ball, the condition of the atmosphere, direction of wind and a few other things. It is much easier to have Vean Gregg shoot up a fast one, let Larry Lajoie

With the exception of the St. Louis Browns' grand stand late in the season, no such thing as a vacuum exists

hit it, and measure the distance, than to take a post-graduate course and calculate it.

The physics I pretended to study said that a body in motion moves in a straight line at uniform velocity unless acted upon by some external force. The only thing I haven't seen in baseball is a ball moving in a straight line at a uniform velocity, so it is evident that a whole covey of external forces keep butting into baseball just to make it interesting and difficult. We'll take the book's word for it that the law is all right and study only the external forces. When a ball is hit, or thrown, or kicked or anything else, our old friend, Mr. Gravity (who is around even when Lew Richie is pitching), keeps getting into the game. Mr. Gravity is the force who makes it possible for Ty Cobb to climb the center field fence and drag in a fly ball, and Charlie Dooin to push his face into a concrete grand stand and catch a foul. He brings the ball down to them with a pull in the ratio of the mass of the earth to five ounces. Gravity is the friend of the tall, overhand pitcher who tries to throw the ball as nearly downward at the batter as possible, and the foe of the short, underhand twirler whose object in life is to make a baseball curve or slant upward.

Action, according to eminent physicists, produces an equal reaction in an opposite direction. A pitched ball, traveling 280 feet per second, striking a rigid object, will rebound in proportion to the striking velocity and the elasticity of the ball itself, minus the amount of energy lost through air resistance. When it is struck by a bat moving 1,250 feet per second, it ought to rebound 1,250 feet, minus 280 feet, minus the amount of power absorbed in contact, plus the elasticity of bat and ball, minus the amount of loss through air pressure. The professor says it does not, but can you figure out how far it will go? In practice the unknown external forces make the problem too complicated, and if the bat isn't held tightly the ball may drop "dead" right under the bat.

There is extreme loss of power in arresting the motion of the ultra resilient ball and imparting motion in the opposite direction. The ball dents the hard bat and the bat sinks into the ball. Touch a bat and ball together and the point of contact is extremely small. Let Lajoie hit a new ball hard, and when it comes back from over the fence there is a round spot, larger than the half dollar, marked on the surface, which must have been concave at the instant of contact. The ball,

twice and altered the amount of surface presented to the air. One may see how difficult any exact calculation must be.

Every ball that is pitched, or thrown, or batted has some rotary or oscillatory movement all its own further to complicate attempts to solve problems in baseball physics. The ball has a wonderful ability to absorb and to retain motion no matter how imparted. The spit ball, which was so fully and exhaustively treated in the lectures of my friend the revolve unnaturally, professor that I expect to see about one hundred and twenty Walshes graduate from his school in the next two years, is the result of skillful applying of an unnatural force to counteract the natural rotation of the ball. The professor disputes this. Possibly he does not know that a ball, gripped with the thumb and two fingers and thrown directly overhand, has a natural tendency to rotate upward and "hop," as the pitchers say. All to a projectile. It does good fast balls rotating this way take a sudden jump in the air. The spit ball pitcher

therefore, must have changed shape at least struggling for mastery. Each time the ball touches the earth it takes a different English. The infielder scoops the ball and throws. If he clutches the ball hard enough to kill all motion, all is well. If he seizes it lightly and throws with the same motion the ball takes fresh and renewed English as it leaves his hand and is more than likely to shoot out of reach of the baseman toward whom he throws.

> The pitched ball, manipulated so as to takes "English" in the air just as a billiard ball does against cloth and cushions. Many persons have told me that the atmosphere on a still day offers practically a uniform resistance not. We know now

> > that the air is filled with eddies, currents and pockets even on the calmest of days. But admitting that it is uniform in density, a ball does not follow the physical law of constant decrease in speed in ratio to the resistance of the air. It even is capable of accelerated or retarded motion, and of both in the same sixty feet. That is, a ball may be made to slow up and then resume a faster rate r of physics doubts nat any experienced or. They have seen and then proceed at may sound impossin the path of every .nuckle ball, it sud-

e with a pneumatic rrel of which gave it esired direction. It ation of the curve.

We shot bails under thirty pounds of pressure, making them curve sometimes a hundred feet. Putting the up curve motion on the ball (which always tends to curve in the direction of its rotation), we aimed the gun at a target exactly on a straight line, and the ball, going straight for perhaps a hundred feet, suddenly seemed to slack speed, then leaped upward and rose at a terrific rate until it passed over the cross bar of the flag-pole in center field, 70 feet above the ground. Yet the ball was not disobeying the laws of physics, rather proving them. In its terrific speed it had encountered an air billow which it could not penetrate, and it had bounced off this denser bunch of air and rolled upward.

One would think that if a baseball is hit into the air it will follow a ballistic curve in ratio to the angle of ascension reduced by the amount of air pressure. Physics says it should. It will not, and no man can draw the ballistic curve that any fly ball will follow. The greatest range of any projectile, in theory, is gained by an angle of 45 degrees. Military authorities know that, owing to air resistance, the greatest distance is attained at an angle just under 40 degrees. Having both the theory and the practice, therefore, ball-players to make home

runs should hit the ball at an angle of 40 degrees minus. One of Frank Baker's World's series home runs was near that angle, the other scarcely 30 degrees, and He will strike the ball at an angle of 39 deit went farther. As a matter of fact, even, if a ball-player could hit a ball at any desired angle, he could not be certain where it would go. It would depend too much upon the rotary motion of the ball. Last summer I saw a hard line hit driven straight at Charlie Herzog, of the Giants. He put up his hands to catch the ball, then suddenly threw his head aside just in time to avoid being hit in the face, the ball missing calculations ever devised beaten.

Mr. Gravity is the force who makes it possible for Ty Cobb to climb the center field fence and drag in a fly ball and Charley Dooin to push his face into a concrete grand stand and catch a foul

his hands by two feet. The ball had "shot" suddenly from its true path. In a game between Washington and Chicago late last fall, Walter Johnson hit a ball at an angle of close to 40 degrees, and with terrific force. I should estimate that it was nearly ninety feet high, at its greatest elevation. Had it followed the true ballistic curve, it would have passed over the center field fence. The ball suddenly stopped, started to drop straight downward. then caught in another current of air, and Bodie, who was running after the ball, overtook it coming toward him as if the batter had hit it from center field. Under conditions such as those a study of aëronautics would help players more than physics would.

It would be much pleasanter playing basebali were it not for these freakish external forces. If the atmosphere were stable and of uniform density, club owners would not have to send scouts seeking men who can calculate the landing place of a streak of lightning. They could hire undergraduates of some Boston technical school. They would adjust their glasses, glance toward the plate and figure something like this: "The striker is

Mr. John P. Wagner. His

hitting force is one and two-thirds horse power, equal to 745,000,000,000 ergs per second. His bat force equals 997.564 dynes. grees, plus, and if he hits in this direction the ball will alight upon the roof of Symphony Hall in 4 9-96 seconds. Therefore I may read my Browning until he runs around the bases."

The outfielder who "gets the jump" on the ball at the crack of the bat figures its trajectory at a glance, sprints desperately outward, and turns exactly upon the spot where the ball will alight, then catches it, has all the

never doubted it until I practised at second base with Malachi Kittridge and the lamented Tim Donohue throwing the ball down to me. Donohue threw faster, and seemingly harder, yet the ball came into the hands as lightly as if tossed. Kittridge's thrown ball came more slowly, but it jarred and bruised the hands. This peculiarity of throwers is understood well by players, and one of the first inquiries concerning a new player is whether he throws a light or a heavy ball, which refers to the striking force of the ball and not its weight. A ball revolving naturally and thrown over the finger tips, as a fast ball is thrown, revolving with a tendency to lift, is light. One that loses its rotary motion, and oscillates rather than rotates, is "dead" and heavy. Every player throws a different kind of ball, the variations depending upon the size of the hands, the length of fingers and the manner of holding the ball. A short-fingered player, compelled to grip the ball well back in the hand, throws a much heavier ball than the long-fingered man who holds it with the fingers alone, releases it over the tips, causing it to revolve naturally and speedily so that it lifts and floats into the hands. Catchers will tell you that "Kid" Nichols and "Cy" Young, two of the speediest of fast ball pitchers in the history of the game, were about the easiest to handle. Walter Johnson, who is declared by many to exceed in velocity any pitcher that ever hurled a ball, is hard on catchers. His fastest ball is light, but some of the others, especially when he throws slightly sidearm, come with deadening momentum.

Similar conditions prevail in infield throwing. Before criticizing the work of a first baseman one should study the manner of throwing of the other infielders. Many good first basemen have been ruined by having second and third basemen and shortstop all throwing different kinds of balls. The kind they dread most is the sidearm "snap" throw and the underhand snap, which cause the ball to dart and shoot down and sideways, close to the runner usually. The long throw of the third baseman is deadly when the ball

ceases to revolve and drops suddenly, coming like dead weight to the hands.

When you studied physics you learned that a mov-

Physics assumes that balls, thrown with rebound at the same angle or reflection. equal force, following the same angle of pro- Light will, probably sound does, but a base-jection over the same range, will be alike. I ball not. Still one would imagine that if two outfielders standing in exactly the same spot and position, threw the ball from exactly the same point at the same angle and caused it to bound into the hands of the catcher, the ball would hit the ground at or near the same spot in bounding. Watch Wilson, of the Pittsburgh team. He catches a ball fifty feet inside the right field foul line, throws, the ball strikes the grass of the infield ten to fifteen feet inside the first base foul line and bounds directly into the hands of the catcher. Let Frank Schulte, of the Chicago Cubs, catch the ball in the same spot. He will throw at a spot eight feet outside the first base foul line, yet the ball he throws also will bound directly into the hands of the catcher. The difference is that Wilson throws overhand, releasing the ball over the tips of his fingers so that when it strikes the earth its motion toward the plate being the same both in rotation and velocity. it bounds directly forward, without taking English in either direction. Schulte releases the ball with a slightly sidearm twist. The ball, striking the ground, takes reverse English and bounds back to the plate at an angle. Every outfielder must learn this, not from any standard work on physics, but from constant experiment.

The man who knew enough about physics, and also about baseball, could fill a book on the physics of pitching. It is simple, while seeming complex. It was not so very long ago that Tyng, the Harvard pitcher, developed a curve ball that started a protracted argument which finally resulted in a group of learned professors gathering to decide whether a ball actually could be made to curve in the air. The professors who doubted the possibility of a ball curving based their doubts upon the alleged insufficiency of air resistance. They admitted the theory, and doubted the fact. Every curve, shoot, "hook," "fadeaway," and slow ball depends upon the same principle, revolution and air pressure. The way a ball curves depends upon the force with which it is thrown and the amount of rotation. Its direction depends upon the amount of friction applied

by the fingers to a given point on the surface of the ball. The ball always curves in the direction of the heaviest friction aping object striking a plane plied by the hand and at a certain angle would away from the heaviest air





friction. The curve increases in the ratio of the amount of its revolution.

Perhaps the most frequent question asked of a baseball writer is, "How far can a ball be made to

curve?" Of course they mean by a normal pitcher not using mechanical assistance. I never have been able to find the limit of the curve, nor, indeed, to calculate the curve accurately although I have made some experiments. I refer to the actual curve of the ball due to its rotary motion and air resistance. I do not think that the real curve of the ball in 56 feet (distance from the pitcher's hand when he releases the ball, to the home plate) can be more than twenty inches. I have heard ballplayers declare the ball curves from six inches to five feet. I tried it once with Orval Overall, who had, I believe, the most sweeping and widest fast curve ball I ever saw.

We placed twelve big sheets of tissue paper between slats, eight of them at short intervals over the first fifteen feet in front of the plate, the rest scattered at wider intervals until the last one was six feet in front of the pitcher's slab, and, to my surprise, his hand struck the paper as the ball was released, proving the actual distance of the pitch is much shorter than usually supposed. Of course Overall's reach was much greater than the average, but I do not think the actual pitching dis-

> tance, from hand to plate, is more than 56 feet.

Overall pitched his wide overhand curve. The ball entered the first sheet four feet to the right of the string, which was placed through the center of the two plates at a height

of five feet, and almost six feet above the ground (he was pitching off a slight elevation). His hand hit the paper and tore a hole a foot lower, showing he had released the ball before his arm reached the extreme limit of its swing. The ball went through the second sheet, which was ten feet from the first, just four inches lower than through the first and a little over two and a half feet from the right of the line. It was less than a foot from the line when it struck the first of the

eight sheets placed closely together in front of the plate, and it tore through the next one a trifle higher. Then it began its true curve. Nine feet in front of the plate it "broke" and shot downward and outward and crossed the sheet at the home plate ten inches above the ground and nearly twelve inches to the "outside" (that is, for a right-handed batter) of the center of the plate. The ball had dropped five feet two inches downward, through the force of gravity, the angle at which it was pitched and the curve, and had angled and curved practically five feet. The closest calculation we could make was that the ball actually curved, as a result of its rotary motion, approximately seventeen inches.

The air resistance, which was disputed at the time of Tyng's experiments, has, of course, become a known factor with the study of the science of aëronautics. The amount of resistance can be computed closely by the use of the barometer. The ball curves in the direction in which it revolves. The amount of the curve depends upon the rate of rotation and the weight of the air. The entire science of pitching consists in the deft application of friction upon some point of the ball which makes it rotate in a certain direction, or which counteracts its natural rotation and cause it to "wabble" or float with little revolving motion. The slow balls, fadeaways, knuckle balls, all have as their object the prevention of rotary motion, or tance, from hand to give false rotary motion or "reverse

Therefore I may read my Browning until he runs around the bases

the second sheet, which was ten feet from the English." The ball that presents the most first, just four inches lower than through the air surface to the resistance of the atmosfirst and a little over two and a half feet from phere slows up quickest and yields more the right of the line. It was less than a foot rapidly to gravitation. The one that spins from the line when it struck the first of the oftenest (not necessarily fastest) curves most.

ON THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A LYNCHING

By WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

HIS is the fruit of that forbidden tree
Whereof the nation that doth eat shall die—
The tree of hate whose fruit is cruelty.
This nation eateth, and the feet are by
Of them that bore its brothers to the tomb:
The grave is ready, and the dead make room.

This is the end of Justice and of Law: The ages travailed and have brought forth this! Here closes the sweet dream the prophet saw. The seraph's song ends in the serpent's hiss. The phœnix mounts refurnished from the fire: The swine returns to wallow in the mire.

See these fanged faces leering round their prey! Are these the sons of unforgotten sires
That hewed the wilderness for Freedom's way,
And lit the midnight with her beaconing fires?
Not sons, but bastards, howsoever named!
In these ghoul forms the shape of man is shamed.
Here in this picture let the black man read
The noble white man's view of what is just!
His fathers were the victims of white greed;
His mothers were the victims of white lust;
And if he learned his lesson but too well,
Pupil or teacher—which deserved this hell?

Thousands of readers, but no heart is stirred. Hundreds of statesmen, but no move is made. Ten thousand prophets, but no trumpet word. Millions of men, cold, cruel or afraid. No brave blood burns with anger at the sight. God ring the curtain down—put out the light!

No, no, my country, no! Thou shalt not die;
The grave was never made that shall hide thee.
The old brave wind will yet come blowing by
And thou wilt leap to life and liberty,
And, striding o'er the obscene monster's maw,
Bind on resplendent brows thy down-slipped crown of Law!

PILGRIM'S SCRIP THE

Do You Really Know Where Your Tips Go?

FAMOUS professor in a great Eastern university brings up the subject of tips in the following letter to a member of our The New York Sun and other important newspapers have lately been publishing a good deal along the same line. The point is that the American public is beginning to learn that tips don't always go to waiters and others who give

personal service. The professor says:

"I can readily see that there are at least two kinds of tipping practice. In one case a person tips a waiter for service rendered and in the expectation that the waiter himself is to keep the tip. I do not particularly object to this. It is a personal matter between the servant and the served. I understand, however, that there is now an organized system of concessions designed to further the practice of tipping in order that persons who employ the servants may receive the benefit thereof. I am told that one of the popular hotels in Buffalo, for example, sells the concession for \$1500 a year. The concessionaire then furnishes the bell boys and the hat-checkers, paying them a certain wage and being responsible for them, and taking the profits in the way of tips. I understand that practically wherever the hatchecking at our main hotels and restaurants is in the hands of attractive girls, the girls are working for concessionaires, and that the public is taken advantage of for the benefit of such employers. It is increasingly difficult for one to find good service in some of the best hotels, largely because the same bell boy is not allowed to serve you with more than one article. If one boy brings you water another boy must bring you your paper.
It is expected that you will tip them both. The It is expected that you will tip them both. profits go into the pockets, I am told, of persons for whom they work.

"In my own practice, I no longer tip any person unless I first ask him or her whether the tip is going somewhere else. If they tell me that the tip will belong to them personally, then I exercise my judgment in giving it. If the tip is going to some employer, then I never give it."

A member of our staff makes the following sug-

gestion:

"It seems to me that the hotels might adopt the scheme we have down at our apartment house. We don't allow tips, but we contribute to a Christmas fund, the same as at a club. Our plan has only been running a few months, but I think they use it in other cooperative buildings. It has worked well with us and it leads to attention to the service itself, irrespective of the individual.

"My suggestion is that the hotel keeper might try a similar scheme. He might cut off all tipsthat is all direct tips and in his literature and in the bills of fare, etc., tell about his fund scheme and the administration of it, saying it would be divided every six months, or something like that, and that at the end of the period the proportion of payment was according to the length of service (that's the way it is in clubs)—that there was a certain just assignment of interest in this fund to the individual who left in the meantime, but that would be much smaller, just as an insurance policy is worth proportionately less if surrendered after, say, three years than if surrendered after five years. People leaving after a stop of a few days in connection with their bill could make a contribution. I think that most people, especially those stopping at a place for a long time if they had received good service and not been bothered about tips, would usually be very glad to make their proper contribution. Exactly the same could be done at restaurants. All a man would have to do would be to add to the bill itself something, if he wished to. If he didn't wish to, it would be all right. The service would not be affected by that fact or that expected fact."

A Reasonable Request

SEE by the latest report that the total amount of money paid out in pensions by our government has now reached over Four Thousand Million Dollars.

At the present moment 921,083 people are on the pension payroll, which foots up to \$160,000,-

ooo a year.

Now I want to apply for a pension. I think that I am entitled to it. I am a young man with an absolutely clean record so far as eligibility for a pension is concerned. I never received a dollar from the government. My father before me never did. My father did not go to war, never received a penny in pension money, never asked for it. On the contrary he paid taxes for fifty years, one dollar in four of which went back to pensioners. For a half century he continually acted as host in this particular. He was never a guest of the government's.

Isn't it about time for Uncle Sam to "blow me" to a good time—to invite me out to dinner or some such form of entertainment? If my father were still alive I would ask for the favor for him. But he is dead, and the custom is for sons, grandsons and great-grandsons to make these requests.

(Signed)

THE SON OF A VETERAN TAXPAYER.

The World Do Move

HE courts of a country move slowly and they make mistakes, but if we trace their operations through periods of twenty years instead of twenty months we find results square up pretty closely to public opinion. Here is a case in point: Some fifteen years ago a retail company was organized in Des Moines, Iowa, under the name of the Crystal Oil Company. It proposed to sell oil direct to the consumer, and to do this installed a line and tank wagons covering the entire city. The manager soon had a misunderstanding with the local manager of the Standard Oil Company, who proceeded to put on a competitive line of wagons and crush out the smaller company by the ruthless methods then in vogue.

Mr. Frank S. Dunshee, a lawyer of Des Moines, took an assignment of the Crystal claim in his own name and instituted an action for damages. He received no encouragement from the members of his own profession and was compelled to "smuggle the case along," as he says, for a number of years in order to keep it alive. Four or five years ago, however, the principles involved in his case began to occupy the public. mind. He became encouraged, finally took advantage of the interest. Not long ago, the Supreme Court handed down a decision sustaining the merits of his case. Some of the points in the court's opinion are most encouraging reading. Many authorities may be found holding that if a man do a thing which is otherwise lawful the fact that he does it maliciously and for the express purpose of injuring his neighbor affords the latter no remedy at law. If this be the correct view of the law a man may excavate the earth near the boundary of his own land for the mere purpose of seeing the foundation of the house of his neighbor slide into the pit thus prepared for it; he may dig through his own soil to the subterranean sources of his neighbor's spring or well and divert the water into a ditch where it will serve no purpose of use or profit to himself or anyone else; if a banker or merchant he may punish the blacksmith who refuses to patronize him by temporarily establishing a shop on the next lot and hiring men to shoe horses without money and without price until he has driven the offending smith to come to his terms or to go out of business; and if a farmer dependent upon a subterranean supply of water for the irrigation of his soil or watering of his live stock, he may contrive to ruin his competing neighbor by wasting the surplus not reasonably required for his own use. The laws of competition in business are harsh enough at best, but if the rule here suggested were to be carried to its logical and seemingly unavoidable extreme there is no practical limit to the wrongs which may be justified upon the theory that "it is business." Fortunately, we think, there has for many years been a distinct and growing tendency of the courts to look beneath the letter of the law and give some effect to its beneficent spirit, thereby preventing the perversion of the rules intended

for the protection of human rights into engines of oppression and wrong. It is doubtless true that under many circumstances an act is legally right and defensible without regard to the motive which induces or characterizes it, but there is abundance of authority for saying that this is by no means the universal rule and that an act which is legally right when done without malice may become legally wrong when done maliciously, wantonly or without reasonable cause.

We may concede to the appellants the undoubted right to establish a retail oil business in Des Moines, to employ agents and drivers and send them out over the same routes and make sales to the same people with whom the Crystal Oil Company was dealing but in so doing it was bound to conduct such business with reasonable regard and consideration for the equal rights of the Crystal Company to continue supplying oil to such of its customers as desired to remain with If, however, there was no real purpose or desire to establish a competing business, but under the guise or pretense of competition to accomplish a malicious purpose to ruin the Crystal Company or drive it out of business, intending themselves to retire therefrom when their end had been secured, then they can claim no immunity under the rules of law which recognize and protect competition between dealers in the same line of business, seeking in good faith the patronage of the same people.

To illustrate the principle the court laid down,

it quoted the following:

"To divert to oneself the customers of a business rival by the offer of goods at lower prices is in general a legitimate mode of serving one's own interests, and justifiable as fair competition. But when a man starts an opposition place of business, not for the sake of profit to himself but regardless of loss to himself, and for the sole purpose of driving his competitor out of business, and with the intention of himself retiring upon the accomplishment of his malevolent purpose, he is guilty of a wanton wrong and an actionable tort. In such a case he would not be exercising his legal right or doing an act which can be judged separately from the motive which actuated it. To call such conduct competition is a perversion of terms. It is simply the application of force without legal justification which in its moral quality may be no better than highway robbery.

"We think," the opinion went on to say, that "the doctrine thus stated is a healthful one, the application of which can give ground of complaint to no honest man and will work injury to no business conducted with due regard to fair and upright dealing. No man entering or carrying on business has any right to demand protection against fair competition and if he cannot meet it and succeed he must expect to fail, and for losses and injuries resulting the law offers him no remedy. But if competition be "war" in which "everything is fair," or if it be so regarded by those who participate therein, certainly the law will not give that doctrine its sanction."

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

HE dolts! the fogies! the dunderheads!—cried Adolescens Leo, our vigorous young recruit from Harvard, as he dashed a copy of the Alumni Bulletin to the floor—their ignorance of world-movements, democracy, sound tradition, everything that makes against stagna-

Young Harvard Outraged

Here is one of the greatest moral awakenings in America taking place right under their noses, and they call it "insubordination" and "a student outbreak!" Well, They'll we'll show them!

see where their stick-in-the-mud policy gets off!—and pulling his Panama over his brow, he rushed off in the direction of the Harvard Club, his eyes rolling in a fine frenzy of excitement.

The Observer enlightened us concerning this flare-up on the part of Leo, and informed us all about the progressive movement among the Harvard undergraduates. The Observer has access to all the facts, being great-grandnephew to Mr. Senex Flatus of Boston, the renowned pillar of conservatism and member of the Harvard Corporation from time immemorial. Alas! the reader has already guessed how far the Observer has strayed from the pious traditions of the Flatus family! The following is a digest of the Observer's narrative—only we have modified his disrespectful references to the attitude which, Mr. Flatus and his associates found necessary to assume towards a lamentable manifestation of the anarchist spirit.

It appears that last fall some forty Harvard students, composing the Men's League for Woman Suffrage, invited Mrs. Pankhurst to lecture before the student body. They applied to the University Corporation for a college hall in which the lecture might be given. They were refused—flatly.

contrary to all tradition. The students parleyed and considered. Then they asked for reasons, and got them in a fashion that reminds one of the famous argument with which Lord Peter overcomes the doubts of his brethren in the Tale of a Tub. The Corporation replied with a ruling that "the halls of the University be not open to lectures and addresses by women, except such as are invited by the Corporation."

So-said the Observer-it was sex-discrimination—the fine old spirit of '76! The disgusted students immediately began to ask themselves how long a leap into the dark ages Harvard had really taken. believe with fair reason that

Corporation really trying to stop free speech, except on questions that are not respectable. There is more freedom of speech at Harvard than at

Freedom of Speech

any other college that I know of. At the University of California the Socialist Club, last winter, was not allowed a single outside speaker. Yale and Columbia, I am certain, are less liberal than Harvard. So far as I know, no man in the instructing staff at Harvard has been interfered with in any manner on account of his political, economic, social or religious beliefs. There are a number of members of the Faculty who are actually preaching doctrines such as initiative, referendum, recall, single-tax and freetrade, which are undoubtedly very obnoxious to the majority of members of the governing boards, but there has never been any suggestion of restraining them. The students made such a rumpus at Harvard simply because they were afraid to have even the slightest backdown from the splendid liberal tradition which Eliot had left.

After the unintelligent Pankhurst ruling This was a stupefying surprise. It was that happened which always happens—the

The students engaged a hall outside the of humor? campus and Mrs. Pankhurst was enthusiover a thousand. But the meeting was about one part Pankhurst to three parts protest and six parts curiosity.

The undergraduate papers were full of protest. The Pankhurst ruling precipitated floating Liberal tendencies in many who had not hitherto thought much about such things. Protests appeared in the Alumni Bulletin. Eleven members of the Faculty

Protests from All Sides of Arts and Sciences put The themselves on record. Men's League petitioned the Board of Overseers to reverse the ruling; and the Corporation was prevailed upon to issue a second rul-

ing which removed the disability of sex, but provided that "the halls of the University shall not be open for persistent or systematic propaganda on contentious questions of or religious interest."

The poor Corporation of Harvard was in trouble again—serious trouble, this time, because the outside world woke up to what

Pickwickian Ruling .

was going on. If we were all obliged to take the aristocratic attitude,—even in university corporations—as seriously as it takes itself, life would soon become a very depressing affair. Fortu-

nately we do not have to do that; and hence the prevailing tone of comment outside was mildly jocular. The Corporation evinced the universal human susceptibility to ridicule, and constructed its own peculiar style of defense against the quills of the paragraphers. One could easily lose a hundred guesses as to what it was. Well, the Corporation explained that the ruling will not be enforced, except in the case of suffrage speakers, that it was not made to be enforced except against persons the Corporation did not consider proper, that things will go on precisely as before. It is a Pickwickian ruling, apparently, to be used and interpreted in a Pickwickian sense, but to be preserved on the statute-books and read for the edification of the conservative spirit. The Corporation, in in a democracy. short, seems to have gone on record as in favor of the law but considering circum- movement. Its fringes merge into all the stances, not in favor of its being carried out.

attempt recoiled further than it carried. to fail a little in imagination and the sense

President Lowell and his Corporation are astically greeted by an audience of something in the unhappy position of a man confronting a situation that breaks a life-long routine of thought and habit. The most helpless and bewildered person I ever saw was a noble lord in England last year, on the station platform of the Southwestern Railway. standing disconsolate amidst a tidy load of hand-baggage. The porters were all on strike. He was a very able-bodied young man, quite equal to carrying his own baggage, but he had never done it, and I presume it did not occur to him that he could do it. When life presented this extraordinary phase of a railroad station without porters, he was simply unable to understand it. The Corporation of Harvard, the embodiment of the conservative spirit, is facing a situation that the conservative spirit can not possibly deal with—and apparently it knows no other method.

The situation is this: About two hundred contemporaneous social, economic, political undergraduates, known as the Radicals, are making an energetic and intelligent effort to

connect themselves with human life. They are bent on learning how to think, and to think about subjects that their generation finds worth thinking about. They are determined to learn what

Radicalism and Thinking

the new conditions are that give rise to modifications of the older social, religious and artistic philosophies. They propose to learn and discuss the principles of these philosophies as far as they have been worked out. They intend to know what Anarchism really is, what its ideals are and how it works; what Socialism means and what its history so far amounts to; what steps democracy has lately taken and whither they lead; what changes are happening in industry and the wage system; what tariffs mean and the tendency towards the single tax. They intend to follow the progress of organized religion and the developments in art, literature, music—not as book-stuff nor for the sake of forming critical opinion, but as parts of In short, they are determined that their years in college shall do at least something to make them understand their place

The Socialist Club is the nucleus of the great system of undergraduate activities— If criticism is permissible, is it too much the college papers, the literary, debating, to say that the Corporation of Harvard seems political, philosophical and dramatic clubs.

Ferment

All these are leavened with the wholesome drama. ambition to think. Their idea is to stir up formed for the purpose of producing "original impersonal discussion, interest, criticism; to divide the University on public issues; to recent graduates of Harfind out everything possible about every- vard." thing that affects them; to find out what they ought to learn and want to learn, and demand instruction; to hunt up men who are in advance of thought and get them to come there that they have invariably and speak; to feel the stream of propaganda and fresh thought and new experience from the outside world. This movement has touched and awakened the whole student body of Harvard, one might almost say, to a sudden resurrection.

All the various phases of this great undergraduate movement appeared almost simultaneously. Out of the political clubs emerged Again the response was enthusiastic and the the Harvard Committee for Legislation, initiated and controlled by radical spirits,

The Socialist Club

introducing bills into the suite written by a freshman. Massachusetts legislature. Bills for woman's suffrage and radical Labor measures were initiated on the floor of the Assembly. Undergrad-

uate writers filled the college papers with politics and economics. Progressive members of the Faculty joined with this group for discussion of public affairs, listening to lectures from such men as Senator Bourne, Frederic C. Howe, Lincoln Steffens, Judge Lindsey, Charles Edward Russell, Governor Bass, William Kent, L. D. Brandeis, Victor Berger, William Allen White. Undergraduate Socialists drew up the platform for the party in the Cambridge municipal election, and two graduate members of the club ran for office.

At the Cosmopolitan Club where the foreign students gather, one may hear Hindoo revolutionaries denouncing British tyranny, Frenchmen expounding syndicalism and Chinese proclaiming the principles of the new republic. The literary and debating clubs attack every subject, from progressive Republicanism and the Lawrence strike to the home-grown questions of undergraduate morals and the hysteria generated by intercollegiate football. Class poets found their inspiration in radical doctrine. Pleas appeared in the college papers for equal educational advantages for the women students, and living wages for the University employees.

At the time the Socialist Club was founded, there appeared a remarkable movement to bring undergraduate life into vital contact Lowell going to impress his ideas upon Harwith all that is most significant in modern vard? That is the issue to-day. It is so in-

The Harvard Dramatic Club was plays by undergraduates and The club has pro-Intellectual

duced five plays a year; and its performances have been so serious and able

been criticized from the severely profes-

sional standpoint.

Simultaneously, also, the Pierian Sodality announced its purpose to encourage the creative spirit in music. As the Dramatic Club was encouraging student playwrights to do and dare, so the Pierian proposed to play pieces by undergraduate composers. work successful. One of the star numbers in an all-Harvard program played at the Cenand formed for the purpose of tennial Concert in 1908 was an orchestral

> Now, there is no use in treating all this -concluded the Observer—as mere obstreperousness. It is the operation of a real and healthy intellectual ferment. There have always been isolated Radicals at Harvard; but now they have come together and organized. Their enthusiasm is pervading the University. Those who do not go with them in their beliefs or their pursuits, share their curiosity. These men are immature, certainly, -but they will get over it. The whole point is that they are moved by the right spirit of laudable intellectual curiosity. They are in earnest and they want to know,—to know what life has to offer them and whether it is what they want.

> What an opportunity!—said the Responsible Editor. I've just received a letter from one of the student leaders. He says:

> "You see, this whole fuss was not on the question of whether we were to have free speech or not; but whether we were to continue the liberal traditions of the Eliot régime. As a result of President Eliot's administration Harvard is at present the most liberal university in the country, with the possible exception of Wisconsin. What we intend to do is to maintain such a state of affairs, and we objected to any signs of standpattism such as screwing down the clamps on college votes-forwomen agitation, and the maintenance of pocket rules to be enforced whenever opportune. We did not want to allow any manifestation of such reactionary prejudices as Pres. Lowell might happen to possess.

is commenting on it.

"Right here I want to say a few words about Lowell as compared with Eliot. If President Lowell's name is mentioned in conversation, the average Harvard graduate, or well-informed outsider at once thinks of such measures as bathrooms in the Yard and freshman dormitories. He reasons that such things are democratic, as opposed to the aristocratic Eliot, who never gave a hang about where or how the students lived. The answer is that President Lowell is a paternalistic democrat. He believes in handing down democracy from above. His theory is that the boys are immature, and should be taken care of. His limitation of the elective system, though quite harmless, is squarely in line with this attitude. He intends that the freshman dormitories shall be hothouses of forced democracy. Many members of the University—including influential professors —believing that a healthy democracy cannot be produced under glass, are strongly opposed to the freshman dormitories. Such men think with Eliot that "there cannot be too much freedom in a university" and accordingly are opposed to all restraints such as a limited elective system. Let the student go The good ones will be all the better for hearing Mrs. Pankhurst or Bill Haywood, and the poor ones we don't care about. We are not going to limit the opportunity of the fit for the sake of the by-product."

But another influential Harvard man thinks that Lowell is more democratic than

Eliot. As proof he says:

"Lowell has brought it about so that last year ninety-five per cent. of the Senior class roomed in the Yard. The rooms are drawn by lot. The richest men and the poorest men in the class may and do likely room side by side in Hollis. This has meant much for the democracy of the College. Lowell's chief interest is in the Freshman dormitories. He intends that in these dormitories the graduates from a private school shall not be allowed to room together in the same entry; that the boys shall all be mixed up and live

teresting and important that the AMERICAN is not universally popular with the swells, either undergraduate or graduate. Lowell is attempting to do the same thing at Harvard that Wilson attempted at Princeton, with much more tact and sense. Lowell spoke to me about the various radical groups at Harvard with the keenest interest and enthusiasm. Eliot, on the other hand, never took any interest in the undergraduate problem; assumed that the boys would be divided into social groups as they are outside, and was apparently quite content."

> If President Lowell is really democratic —went on the Responsible Editor—here is the opportunity for him and the Corporation to cooperate with a magnificent

movement,-not to oppose it or patronize it or control it or guide it, but to cooperate with it, and by cooperation such as William James William James might have Needed given, to show the undergraduate body of Harvard

The Spirit of

the one thing that it is perhaps most likely to lose sight of, the value of conservatism. For conservatism has value—it is indispensable. A liberal myself, I am thankful for nothing as for the opposition of conservatism. Our civilization would die of the unchecked triumph of us liberals as quickly as it would die of the unchecked triumph of the conservatives. Mr. Roosevelt can go back to the administration of Eubulus and find a society that died of the unchecked triumph of liberalism under a leader much like himself. Perhaps the young men of Harvard have so far only seen conservatism as an obstacle, to be swept out of the way as soon as possible; how wonderfully President Lowell and his Corporation could show them that it is nothing of the kind.

And out of this cooperation, how wonderful the birth of an academic society that should live and learn under this motto, the best motto that a university could have:

Whatever ideas may be brought to us from whatever source, we will hear them; if they are false we will explode them; if partly true we will sift them; if wholly true we will accept under like conditions, and eat in the same them,—but always provisionally, always pressdining hall. You can imagine that this idea ing onward and seeking something better.

The November 1000 MAGAZINE 15cts

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read:

To one who has a Bell Telephone at his lips, the whole nation is within speaking distance.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

Table of Contents of this Number on Third Advertising Page

ROBERTSON JAMES, brother of William and Henry James, died in Concord a few weeks before his illustrious brother. Unknown beyond a small intimate circle, many believed him to be the most talented of the three brothers. After his death this very characteristic poem was found.

THE BETTER THING WE SOUGHT TO BE

By R. JAMES

LTHO' I lie so low and still Here came I by the Master's will; He smote at last to make me free As He was smitten on the tree. And nailed there. He knew of old The human heart, and mine is cold. And I know now, that all we gain Until we come to Him is vain. Thy hands have never wrought a deed, Thy heart has never known a need That went astray in His great plan Since far off days when youth began. And in that vast and perfect plan Where Time is but an empty span— Our Master waits. He knows our want, We know not His—till pale and gaunt With weariness of life we come And say to Him, What shall I be? O Master, smite but make me free: Perchance in these far worlds to know The better thing we sought to be.

And then upon thy couch lie down, And fold the hands which have not sown, And as thou liest there alone. Perhaps some breath from seraph blown As soft as dew upon the rose, Will fall upon thee at Life's close. And thou wilt say, At last! At last! All pain is Love, when pain is past. Then to the Master once again-O keep my heart too weak to pray; I ask no longer questions vain Of Life and Love, of loss and gain, These for the living are and strong— I go to Thee, to Thee belong. Once was I wakened by Thy light, Long years have passed, and now the night Takes me to Thee. I am content; So be it in Thy perfect plan A mansion is, where I am sent To dwell among the innocent.



THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



LXXV

NOVEMBER, 1912

New Adventures in Contentment

THE FRIENDLY ROAD

By DAVID GRAYSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

I. - ILEAVEMYFARM

Is it so small a thing To have enjoyed the sun, To have lived light in spring?

T is eight o'clock of a sunny spring morning. I have been on the road for almost three hours. At five I left the town of Holt, before six I had crossed the railroad at a place called Martin's Landing, and an hour ago, at seven, I could see in the distance the spires of Nortontown. And all the morning as I came tramping along the crime. A friend of mine delights in walking fine country roads with my pack-strap resting warmly on my shoulder, and a song in my throat—just nameless words to a nameless tune—and all the birds singing, and all drunken or failed to pay his debts.

the brooks bright under their little bridges, I knew that I must soon step aside and put down, if I could, some faint impression of the feeling of this time and place. I cannot hope to convey any adequate sense of it all-of the feeling of lightness, strength, clearness, I have as I sit here under this maple tree-but I am going to write as long as ever I am happy at it and

when I am no longer happy at it, why, here at my very hand lies the pleasant country road, stretching away toward newer hills and richer scenes.

Until to-day I have not really been quite clear in my own mind as to the step I have taken. My sober friend, have you ever tried to do anything that the world at large considers not quite sensible, not quite sane? Try it! It is easier to commit a thundering to town bareheaded, and I fully believe the neighborhood is more disquieted thereby than it would be if my friend came home

> Here I am then, a farmer, forty miles from home in planting time, taking his ease under a maple tree and writing in a little book held on his knee! Is not that the height of absurdity? Of all my friends the Scotch Preacher was the only one who seemed to understand why it was that I must go away for a time. Oh, I am a sinful and revolutionary person!

When I left home last

"I surveyed new stretches of pleasant countryside"

dim thought-shapes which attend upon our lives? if you could have had such a truthful picture of me, you would have seen, besides a farmer named Grayson with a gray bag hanging from his shoulder, a strange company following close upon his steps. Among this crew you would have made out easily:

Two fine cows.

Four Berkshire pigs.

One team of gray horses, the old mare a little lame in her right fore-leg.

About fifty hens, four cockerels and a

number of ducks and geese.

More than this -I shall offer no explanation in these writings of any miracles that may appear—you would have seen an en- the humble servant, attending upon the tirely respectable old farmhouse bumping commonest daily needs of sundry hens,

week, if you could have had a truthful and hobbling along as best it might in the picture of me—for is there not a photog- rear. And in the doorway, Harriet Grayson, raphy so delicate that it will catch the in her immaculate white apron, with the veritable look in her eyes which she wears when I am not comporting myself with quite

the proper decorum.

Oh, they would not let me go! How they all followed clamoring after me. thoughts coursed backward faster than ever I could run away. If you could have heard that motley crew of the barnyard as I did the hens all cackling, the ducks quacking, the pigs grunting, and the old mare neighing and stamping, you would have thought it a miracle that I escaped at all.

So often we think in a superior and lordly manner of our possessions, when as a matter of fact we do not really possess them, they possess us. For ten years I have been thus

ducks, geese, pigs, bees and of a fussy and exacting old gray mare! And the habit of servitude, I find, has worn deep scars upon me. I am almost like the life prisoner who finds the door of his cell suddenly open, and fears to escape! Why, I had almost become all farmer.

On the first morning after I left home I awoke as usual about five o'clock with the irresistible feeling that I must do the milking. So well disciplined had I become in my servitude that I instinctively thrust my leg out of bed—but pulled it quickly back in again, turned over, drew a long, luxurious breath and said to myself:

"Avaunt cows! Get thee behind me, swine! Shoo, hens."

Instantly the clatter of mastery to which I had responded so quickly for so many years grew perceptibly fainter, the hens cackled less domineeringly, the pigs squealed less insistently, and as for the strutting cockerel, that lordly and despotic bird stopped fairly in the middle of a crow, and his voice gurgled away in a spasm of astonishment. As for the old farmhouse it grew so dim I could scarcely see it at all! Having thus published abroad my Declaration of Independence, nailed my defiance to the door, and otherwise established myself as a free person, I turned over in my bed and took another delicious nap.

Do you know, friend, we can be free of many things that dominate our lives by merely crying out a rebellious "Avaunt!"

But in spite of this bold beginning, I assure you, it required several days to break the habit of cows and hens. The second morning I awakened again at five o'clock, but my leg did not make for the side of the bed, the third morning I was only partially awakened, and on the fourth morning I slept like a millionaire (or at least I slept as a millionaire is supposed to sleep!) until the clock struck seven.

For some days after I left home—and I walked out as casually that morning as though I were going to the barn—I scarcely thought or tried to think of anything but the Road. Such an unrestrained sense of liberty, such an exaltation of freedom, I have not known since I was a lad. When I came to my farm from the city ten years ago it was as one bound, as one who had lost out in the world's battle and was seeking to get hold again somewhere upon the realities of life. I have related elsewhere how I thus came creeping like one sore wounded upon the field of battle, and how I found among our hills, in the hard, steady labor in the soil of the fields, with new

and simple friends around me, I found a sort of rebirth or resurrection. I that was worn out, bankrupt both physically and morally, learned to live again. I have achieved something of high happiness in these years, something I know of pure contentment; and I have learned two or three deep and simple things about life: I have learned that happiness is not to be had for the seeking, but comes quietly to him who pauses at his difficult task and looks upward. I have learned that friendship is very simple, and more than all else, I have learned the lesson of being quiet, of looking out across the meadows and hills, and of trusting a little in God.

And now, for the moment, I am regaining another of the joys of youth—that of the sense of perfect freedom. I made no plans when I left home, I scarcely chose the direction in which I was to travel, but drifted out, as a boy might, into the great busy world. Oh, I have dreamed of that! It seems almost as though, after ten years, I might again really touch the highest joys of adventure!

So I took the Road as it came, as a man takes a woman, for better or worse—I took the Road, and the farms along it, and the sleepy little villages and the streams from the hillsides—all with high enjoyment. They were good coin in my purse! And when I had passed the narrow horizon of my acquaint-anceship, and reached country new to me, it seemed as though every sense I had began to awaken. I must have grown dull, unconsciously, in the last years there on my farm. I cannot describe the eagerness of discovery

I felt at climbing each new hill, nor the long breath I took at the top of it as I surveyed new stretches of pleasant countryside.

Assuredly this is one of the royal moments of all the year—fine, cool, sparkling spring weather. I think I never saw the meadows richer and greener—and the appletrees are blooming and the catbirds and orioles are here. The oaks are not yet in full leaf, but the maples have nearly reached their full mantle of verdure—they are very beautiful and charming to see.

It is curious how at this moment of the year, all the world seems astir. I suppose there is no moment in any of the seasons when the whole army of agriculture, regulars and reserves, is so fully drafted for service in the fields—for it is the time of the plowing and planting. And all the doors and windows, both in the little villages and on the farms, stand wide open to the sunshine, and all the women and girls are busy in the yards and gardens. Such a fine, active, gossipy, adventurous world as it is at this moment of the year!

It is the time, too, when all sorts of traveling people are afoot. People who have been mewed up in the cities for the winter, now take to the open road—all the peddlers and agents and umbrella-menders, all the nursery salesmen and fertilizer agents, all the tramps and scientists and poets—all abroad in the wide sunny roads. They, too, know well this hospitable moment of the spring, they, too, know that doors and hearts are open and that even into dull lives creeps a bit of the spirit of adventure! Why, a farmer will buy a corn planter, feed a tramp, or listen to a poet, twice as easily at this time of year as at any other!

For several days I found myself so fully occupied with the bustling life of the Road that I scarcely spoke to a living soul, but Occasionally I strode straight ahead. stopped to watch some plowman in his field: I saw with a curious deep satisfaction how the moist furrows, freshly turned, glistened in the warm sunshine. There seemed to be something right and fit about it, as well as human and beautiful. Or, at evening I would stop to watch a plowman driving homeward across his new brown fields, raising a cloud of fine dust from the fast drying furrow The low sun shining through the dust and glorifying it, the weary-stepping horses, the man all somber-colored like the earth itself and knit into the scene as though a part of it, made a picture exquisitely fine to see.

And what a joy I had also of the lilacs blooming in many a dooryard, the odor often trailing after me for a long distance in the road, and of the pungent scent at evening in the cool hollows of burning brush heaps and the smell of barnyards as I went by—not unpleasant, not offensive—and above all, the deep, earthy, moist odor of new plowed fields.

And then, at evening, to hear the sound of voices from the dooryards as I pass quite unseen, no words, but just pleasant, quiet intonations of human voices, borne through the still air, or the low sounds of cattle in the barnyards, quieting down for the night, and often, if near a village, the distant slumbrous sound of a church bell, or even the rumble of a train—how good all these sounds are! They have all come to me again this week with renewed freshness and impressiveness. I am living deep again!

It was not, indeed, until last Wednesday that I began to get my fill, temporarily, of the outward satisfaction of the Road—the primeval takings of the senses—the mere joys of seeing, hearing, smelling, touching. But on that day I began to wake up; I began to have a desire to know something of all the strange and interesting people who are working in their fields, or standing invitingly in their doorways, or so busily afoot in the country roads. Let me add, also, for this is one of the most important parts of my present experience, that this new desire was far from being wholly esoteric. I had also begun to have cravings which would not in the least be satisfied by landscapes or dulled by the sights and sounds of the road. A whiff here and there from a doorway at meal time had made me long for my own home, for the

"Dinner, David."

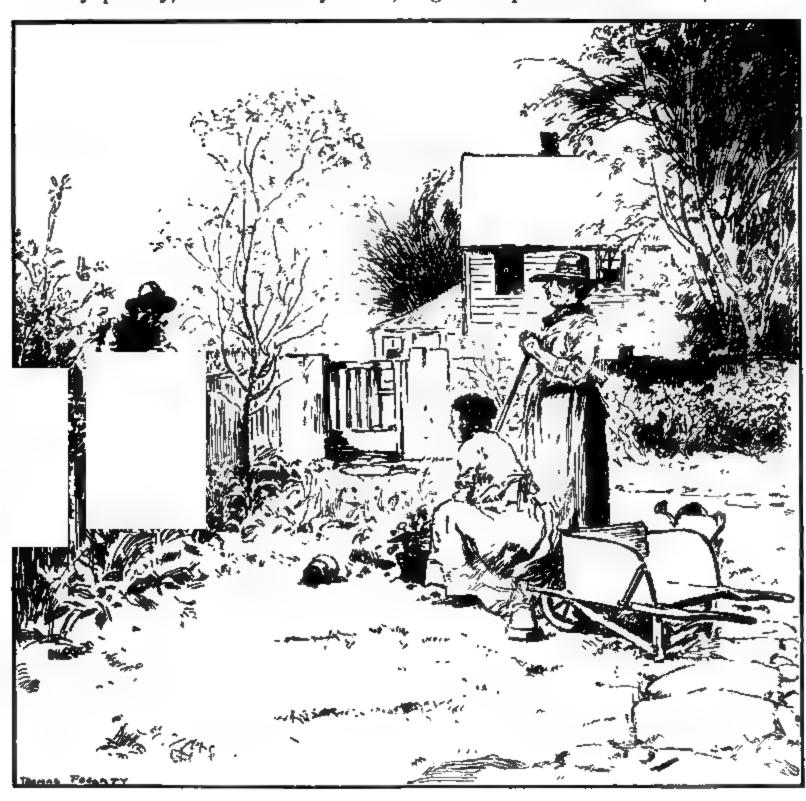
But I had covenanted with myself long before starting that I would literally "live light in spring." It was the one and primary condition I made with myself:—and made with serious purpose—and when I came away I had only enough money in my pocket and sandwiches in my pack to see me through the first three or four days. Any man may brutally pay his way anywhere, but it is quite another thing to be accepted by your human-kind not as a paid lodger but as a Always, it seems to me. I have wanted to submit myself, and indeed submit the stranger to that test. Moreover, how can any man look for true adventure in life if he always knows to a certainty where his next meal is coming from? In a world so

sight of Harriet calling from the steps:

save the adventure of poverty?

voluntary poverty, like involuntary riches, ing a fat pocket volume or so, and a tin

completely dominated by goods, by things, poverty. I have merely abolished tempoby possessions, and smothered by security, rarily from my life a few hens and cows, a what fine adventure is left to a man of spirit comfortable old farmhouse and certain other emoluments and hereditaments—but remain I do not mean by this the adventure of the slave of sundry cloth upon my back involuntary poverty, for I maintain that in- and sundry articles in my gray bag-includ-



"Such a fine gossipy world"

here, if I may so express it, is an adventure in achieved poverty. In the lives of such true men as Francis of Assisi and Tolstoi that which draws the world to them in secret sympathy is not that they lived lives of poverty but rather, having riches at their hands, or for the very asking, that they chose pov- attainment is perfection! erty as the better way of life.

is a credit to no man. It is only as we domi- whistle. Let them pass now. To-morrow I nate life that we really live. What I mean may wish to attempt life with still less. I might survive without my battered copy of Montaigne or even submit to existence without that sense of distant companionship symbolized by a postage-stamp, and as for trousers-

In this deceptive world, how difficult of

No, I expect I shall continue for a long As for me, I do not in the least pretend to time to owe the worm his silk, the beast his have accepted the final logic of an achieved hide, the sheep his wool, and the cat his perfume! What I am seeking is something as simple and as quiet as the trees or the hills—just to look out around me at the pleasant countryside, to enjoy a little of this passing show, to meet (and to help a little if I may) a few human beings and thus to get more nearly into the sweet kernel of human life. My friend, you may or may not think this a worthy object; if you do not, stop here, go no further with me; but if you do, why, we'll exchange great words on the road, we'll look up at the sky together; we'll see and hear the finest things in this world! We'll enjoy the sun! We'll live light in spring!

Until last Tuesday, then, I was carried easily and comfortably onward by the corn, the eggs, and the honey of my past labors, and before Wednesday noon I began to experience in certain vital centers recognizable symptoms of a variety of discomfort anciently familiar to man. And it was all the sharper because I did not know how or where I could assuage it. In all my life, in spite of various ups and downs in a fat world, I don't think I was ever before genuinely hungry. Oh, I've been hungry in a reasonable, civilized way, but I have always known where in an hour or so I could get all I wanted to eat—a condition accountable, in this world, I am convinced, for no end of stupidity. But to be both physically and let us say, psychologically, hungry and not to know where or how to get anything to eat, adds something to the zest of life.

By noon on Wednesday, then, I was reduced quite to a point of necessity. But where was I to begin, and how? I know from long experience the suspicion with which the ordinary farmer meets the Man of the Road—the man who appears to wish to enjoy the fruits of the earth without working for them with his hands. It is a distrust deep-seated

and ages old. Nor can the Man of the Road ever quite understand the Man of the Fields. And here was I, for so long the stationary man of the fields essaying the rôle of the man of the road. I experienced a sudden sense of the enlivenment of the faculties: I must now depend upon wit or cunning or human nature to win my way, not upon mere skill of the hand or strength in the bent back. Whereas in my former life, when I was assailed by a man of the road, whether tramp or peddler or poet, I had only to stand stockstill within my fences and say nothingthough indeed I never could do that, being far too much interested in everyone who came my way—and the invader was soon repelled. There is nothing so resistant as the dull security of possession: the stolidity of ownership!

Many times that day I stopped by a field side or at the end of a lane, or at a housegate, and considered the possibilities of making an attack. Oh, I measured the houses and barns I saw with a new eye! The kind of country I had known so long and familiarly became a new and foreign land, full of strange possibilities. I spied out the men in the fields and did not fail, also, to see what I could of the commissary department of each farmstead as I passed. I walked for miles looking thus for a favorable opening—and with a sensation of embarrassment at once disagreeable and pleasurable. As the afternoon began to deepen I saw that I must absolutely do something: a whole day tramping in the open air without a bite to eat is an irresistible argument.

Presently I saw from the road a farmer and his son planting potatoes in a sloping field. There was no house at all in view. At the bars stood a light wagon half filled with bags of seed potatoes and the horse which had drawn it stood quietly not far off tied to the fence. The man and the boy, each with a basket on his arm, were at the farther end of the field, dropping potatoes. I stood quietly watching them. They stepped quickly and kept their eyes on the furrows: good workers. I liked the looks of them. I liked also the straight, clean furrows, I liked the appearance of the horse.

"I will stop here," I said to myself.

I cannot at all convey the sense of high adventure I had as I stood there. Though I had not the slightest idea of what I should do or say, yet I was determined upon the attack.

Neither father nor son saw me until they had nearly reached the end of the field.

"Step lively, Ben," I heard the man say with some impatience, "we've got to finish this field to-day."

"I am steppin' lively, dad," responded the boy, but it's awful hot. We can't possibly finish to-day. It's too much,"

"We've got to get through here to-day," the man replied grimly.

I know just how the man felt; for I knew well the difficulty a farmer has in getting help in planting time. The spring waits for no man! My heart

went out to the man and boy struggling there in the heat of their sloping field. For this is the real warfare of the common life.

"Why," I said to myself with a curious lift of the heart, "they have need of a fellow just like me."

At that moment the boy saw me and missing a step in the rhythm of the planting, the father also looked up and saw me. But neither said a word until the furrows were finished, and the planters came to refill their baskets.

"Fine afternoon," I said, sparring for an

opening.

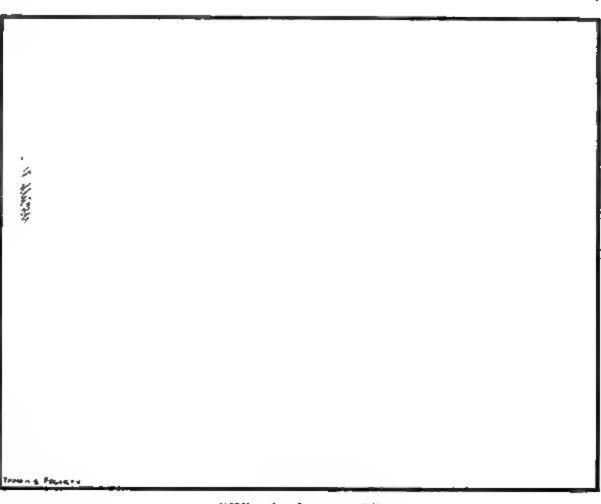
"Fine," responded the man rather shortly, glancing up from his work. I recalled the scores of times I had been exactly in his place and had glanced up to see the stranger in the road.

"Got another basket handy?" I asked.

"There is one somewhere around here," he answered not too cordially. The boy said nothing at all, but eyed me with absorbing interest. The gloomy look had already gone from his face.

I slipped my gray bag from my shoulder, took off my coat and put them both down inside the fence. Then I found the basket and began to fill it from one of the bags. Both man and boy looked up at me questioningly! I enjoyed the situation immensely.

"I heard you say to your son," I said, "that you'd have to hurry in order to get in



"Who is that man?"

your potatoes to-day. I can see that for myself. Let me take a hand for a row or two."

The unmistakable shrewd look of the bargainer came suddenly into the man's face, but when I went about my business without hesitation or questioning, he said nothing at all. As for the boy, the change in his countenance was marvelous to see. Something new and astonishing had come into the world! Oh, I know what a thing it is to be a boy and have to work in trouting time!

"How near are you planting, Ben?" I asked.

"About fourteen inches."

So we began in fine spirits. I was delighted with the favorable beginning of my enterprise; there is nothing which so draws men together as their employment at a common task.

Ben was a lad some fifteen years old—very stout and stocky, with a fine open countenance and a frank blue eye—all boy. His nose was as freckled as the belly of a trout. The whole situation, including the prospect of help in finishing a tiresome job, pleased him hugely. He stole a glimpse from time to time at me and then at his father. Finally he said:

"Say, you'll have to step lively to keep up with dad."

"I'll show you," I said, "how we used to drop potatoes when I was a boy."

And with that I began to step ahead more quickly and make the pieces fairly fly.

"We old fellows," I said to the father,



"must give these young sprouts a lesson once in a while."

"You will, will you?" responded the boy, and instantly began to drop the potatoes at man?" a prodigious speed. The father followed with more dignity, but with evident amusement, and so we all came with a rush to the end of the row.

"I guess that beats the record across this

field!" remarked the lad, puffing and wiping his forehead. "Say, but you're a good one!"

It gave me a peculiar thrill of pleasure; there is nothing more pleasing than the frank admiration of a boy.

We paused a moment and I said to the man:

"This looks like fine

potato land."

"They ain't any better in these parts, he replied with some pride in his voice.

And so we went at the planting again: and as we planted we had great talk of seed potatoes and the advantages and disadvantages of mechanical planters; of cultivating and spraying, and all the lore of prices and profits. Once we stopped at the lower end of the field to get a drink from a jug of water set in the shade of a fence corner, and once we set the horse in the thills and moved the seed further up the field. And tired and hungry as I felt I really enjoyed the work; I really enjoyed talking with this busy father and son, and I wondered what their home life was like and what were their real ambitions and hopes. Thus the sun sank lower and lower, the long shadows began to creep into the valleys and we came finally toward the end of the field. Suddenly the boy Ben cried out:

"There's Sis."

I glanced up and saw standing near the gateway a slim, bright girl of about twelve in a fresh gingham dress.

"We're coming," roared Ben, exultantly. While we were hitching up the horse, the man said to me:

"You'll come down with us and have some

supper."

"Indeed I will," I replied, trying not to make my response too eager.

"Did mother make gingerbread to-day?" I heard the boy whisper audibly.

"Sh-h-" replied the girl, "who is that

"I don't know,"—with a great accent of mystery -, "and dad don't know. mother make gingerbread?"

"Sh-h-he'll hear you."

"Gee, but he can plant potatoes. dropped down on us

out of a clear sky." "What is he?" she asked, "a tramp?"

"Nope, not a tramp. He works. But, Sis, did mother make gin-

gerbread?"

So we all got into the light wagon and drove briskly out along the shady country road. The evening was coming on, and the air was full of the scent of blossoms. We turned finally into a lane and thus came promptly, for the horse was as

eager as we, to the capacious farmyard. A motherly woman came out from the house, spoke to her son and nodded pleasantly to me. There was no especial introduction. I said merely, "My name is Grayson," and

I was accepted without a word.

I waited to help the man, whose name I had now learned -it was Stanley-with his horse and wagon, and then we came up to the house. Near the back door there was a pump, with a bench and basin set just within a little cleanly-swept, open shed. Rolling back my collar and baring my arms I washed myself in the cool water, dashing it over my head until I gasped, and then stepping back, breathless and refreshed, I found the slim girl, Mary, at my elbow with a clean soft towel. As I stood wiping quietly I could smell the ambrosial odors from the kitchen. In all my life I never enjoyed a moment more than that, I think.

"Come in now," said the motherly Mrs.

Stanley.

So we filed into the roomy kitchen where an older girl, called Kate, was flying about placing steaming dishes upon the table. There was also an older son, who had been at the farm-chores. It was altogether a fine, vigorous, independent, American family. So we all sat down and drew up our chairs. Then

his head, said in a low voice:

"For all Thy good gifts, Lord, we thank Thee. Preserve us and keep us through another night."

I suppose it was a very ordinary farm meal, but it seems to me I never tasted a better one. The huge piles of new baked bread, the sweet farm butter, already delicious with the flavor of new grass, the bacon and eggs, the potatoes, the rhubarb sauce, the great plates of new, hot gingerbread and at the last, the custard pie—a great wedge of it, with fresh cheese! After the first ravenous appetite of hardworking men was satisfied, there came to be a good deal of lively conversation. The girls had some joke between them which Ben was trying in vain to fathom. The older son told how much milk a certain Alderney cow had given, and Mr. Stanley, quite changed now as he sat at his own table from the rather grim farmer of the afternoon revealed a capacity for a husky sort of fun, joking Ben about his potatoplanting and telling in a lively way of his race with me. As for Mrs. Stanley, she sat smiling behind her tall coffee pot, radiating good cheer and hospitality. They asked me no questions at all, and I was so hungry and tired that I volunteered no information.

After supper we went out for half or three-

quarters of an hour to do some final chores, and Mr. Stanley and I stopped in the cattle yard and looked over the cows, and talked iearnedly about the pigs, and I admired his spring calves to his heart's content, for they really were a fine lot. When we came in again the lamps had been lighted in the sitting room and the older daughter was at the telephone exchanging the news of the day with some neighborand with great laughter and enjoyment. Occasionally she would

we paused a moment, and the father, bowing turn and repeat some bit of gossip to the family and Mrs. Stanley would exclaim-

"Do tell!"

"Can't we have a bit of music to-night?"

inquired Mr. Stanley.

Instantly Ben and the slim girl, Mary, made a wild dive for the front room the parlor—and came out with a first-rate phonograph which they placed on the

"Something lively now," Mr. said Stanley.

So they put on a rollicking negro song called, "My Georgia Belle," which, besides the tuneful voices, introduced a steamboat whistle and a musical clangor of bells. When it wound up with a bang, Mr. Stanley took his big comfortable pipe out of his mouth and cried out:

"Fine, fine!"

We had further music of the same sort and with one record the older daughter, Kate, broke into the song with a full, strong, though uncultivated voice—which pleased us all very much indeed.

Presently Mrs. Stanley, who was sitting under the lamp with a basket of socks to

mend, began to nod.

"Mother's giving the signal," said the older son.

"No, no, I'm not a bit sleepy," exclaimed

Mrs. Stanley.

But with further joking and laughing the family began to move about. The older daughter gave me a hand lamp and showed me the way upstairs to a little room at the end of the house.

"I think," she said with pleasant dignity, "you will find everything you need."

I cannot tell with what solid pleasure I rolled into bed or how soundly and sweetly I slept.

This was the first day of my real adventures.

The next instalment of "Adventures on the Friendly Road" is entitled "I Whistle" and will appear next month.



All the candidates are making a bid for the Progressive vote—it looks as if the old order had changed, no matter which one is elected. Progressives give their differing solutions of the dilemma

Gruer air aucquate expression or the common good. Such an undertaking implies a body of people in every State consciously committed to the

same program and organized to reduce it to political action.

1

By the test of my own

By JANE ADDAMS

The New Party

mum wage boards as England has established for the relief of women in "sweated" industries.

(2) I have known night-shift girls whose lives were shortened through sheer exhaustion

(3) I have witnessed the wife and children ing industrial conditions, and having seen of a convict struggle unaided with bitter

experience I can confirm totally without protec-the need for almost every one of the social tion in America, although twenty-nine coun-economic measures advocated by the Pro-tries of the civilized world have prohibited gressive party; having lived for twenty- all night work for women. three years in the midst of the most perplexpoverty while his prison earnings were added to the profits of a prison contractor, but could not be utilized for the support of his

family.

(4) I have seen strong young immigrants incapacitated during their first three months in America, as the result of working in sand blasting or lead enameling, although in the fatherland they would have been adequately

protected from industrial diseases.

(5) I know many honest artisan families constantly haunted by the dread that illness or non-employment may at any moment separate their members and scatter them into public institutions because America has neglected the insurance systems so well established in other great nations.

(6) I constantly see promising boys and girls grow discouraged in one unskilled occupation after another, through lack of training in those continuation and trade schools which have been so widely established in

Germany.

(7) And I have further seen the provisions

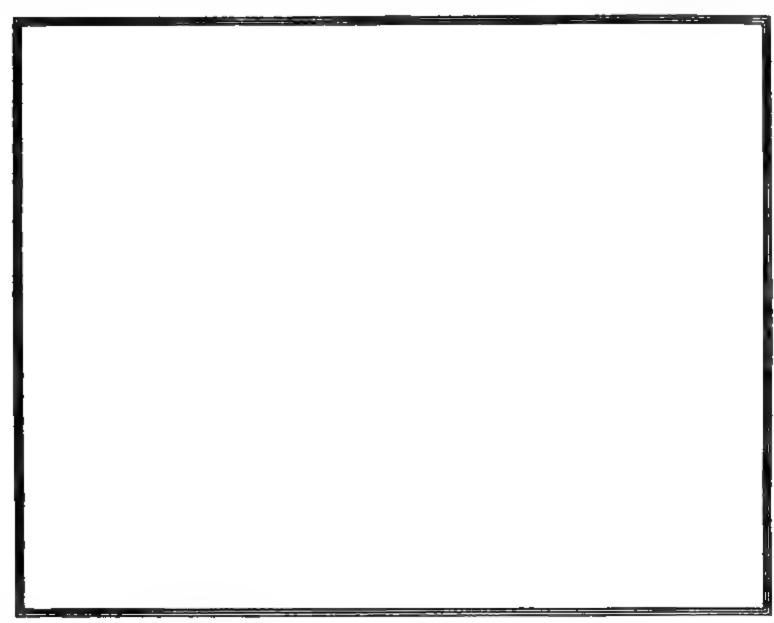
of the Illinois Child-Labor Law menaced by nation-wide combinations of capital, because there is no Federal control in regard to the premature labor of children.

(8) I have lived through periods of strikes and labor disturbances, when the wildest assertions were made as to the amount of wages paid, the fines imposed, and the pace exacted, and yet there was no possible method of securing accurate information because no publicity has been legally required as to such

matters in America.

(9) I have witnessed the entire Hull-House neighbor filled with bitterness and resentment, when injunctions were unfairly used in labor disputes and (10) contempt of court pushed quite outside its legitimate province, and yet there was no method available for quiet and legal redress, without which well-ordered self-government is impossible.

(11) I have known immigrants massed into tenement houses helpless and idle for many months because the Federal Government, so quick to reject the unfit at the port



Photograph by Fin Watson Schulpe

THE FOREMOST WOMAN IN AMERICA

No single person's indorsement of the Progressive Party has had influence comparable to that of Miss Jane Addams. She is known and loved by thousands and respected by millions. Miss Addams is the first woman to have a place on the executive board of a National Political Party

fit into localities where labor is in demand and

agricultural skill sorely needed.

(12) I have seen philanthropic enterprises carefully developed by public-spirited women, such as industrial schools and juvenile courts, when they were made an integral part of government, languish and fail of their highest usefulness because their founders and promoters could have no further part in them; I have seen other beneficent measures, such as old-age pensions and epileptic colonies, fail of accomplishment because women without the franchise had no opportunity to insist that the State should provide adequate care for the old and sick.

During these twenty-three years the social workers throughout the country have met annually in conference, discussing together such programs of ameliorating legislation as might lift the heaviest burdens from the poor and protect them from political and industrial exploitation. They gradually came to place their hopes on increasing publicity, such as might be secured through scientific surveys and federal investigations.

It was the social workers who first proposed the Immigration Commission which was appointed by President Roosevelt; they also suggested a special study of the women and child wage-earners in the United States and the establishment of a Children's Bureau. appearing before congressional committees in behalf of these measures; and they recently urged President Taft to appoint an Industrial Commission which might investigate the protean relations between capital and labor.

In spite of the valuable publicity resulting from such commissions and the advanced legislation in such States as Wisconsin, many social workers, with thousands of other people throughout the nation, have increasingly felt the need for a new party which should represent "the action and passion of the times," which should make social reform a political issue of national dimensions, which should inaugurate an educational campaign with leaders advocating its measures to the remotest parts of the country, which should send representatives to Congress and to the State legislatures who had been publicly committed to social reform and who are responsible to constituents for specific measures.

Only such a party could crystallize the advanced public sentiment to be found in various localities, and make of it a force for national progress.

A few weeks ago a great convention in

of entry, has no machinery for directing the Chicago brought together from every State in the Union men and women haunted by the same social compunctions, animated by like hopes, revealing to each other mutual sympathies and memories. They urged tried methods for righting old wrongs and for establishing social standards in industry. For three days together they defined their purposes and harmonized their wills into a gigantic cooperation. They placed at the head of their new party, "born of the nation's awakened sense of justice," two men of political sagacity who had shown an unusual understanding of the social demands of the people.

> I am happy to have been a delegate to this convention because I believe that the platform was a reaction to felt needs, and that with the establishment of equal suffrage, direct primaries, the initiative and referendum, the political organization of the nation can never again get so far away from the life

and needs of the people.

I am further convinced that because Colonel Roosevelt possesses a unique power "to put the longing of the multitude into words that they do not forget and to banish their doubts and fears by the sheer force of his personality and the vital power of his courage," that no other man in America is so able to focus the scattered moral energy of our vast nation and to direct it into practical reforms.

WHY I PREFER WILSON TO ROOSEVELT

By HERBERT QUICK

ROGRESSIVES like myself who regard the thing rather than the name are blest with an embarrassment of riches this year. It is a proof of the enormously rapid progress of the progressive movement in American politics that we, who have in the past fully expected that reactionary forces would in any given case control both old parties, save when the perennial Bryan might wrest dominion temporarily from them, are now actually given a choice between two genuinely progressive candidates and two really advanced platforms. More wonderful still, these two are the real contenders for the victory. Standpatism, represented by the once great Republican party, is matched with Socialism for third place. It is a most astounding revolution.

Having a choice, I go leisurely about making it, as one who may have anything on the bill. I was for Roosevelt as against Taft. There was no reason to believe that the Democrats were to have any party revolution, and therefore Taft seemed the real danger. That passed away with the overthrow of breathed easier. We were to have a show for a good man anyhow. Then the Colonel formed his new party, and we begin to pick and choose. We had hoped for Wilson or Roosevelt—after the La Follette campaign was blanketed—and behold! we have both, and a brand-new party to boot! It is avarice.

the future. That is certain. Who shall lead

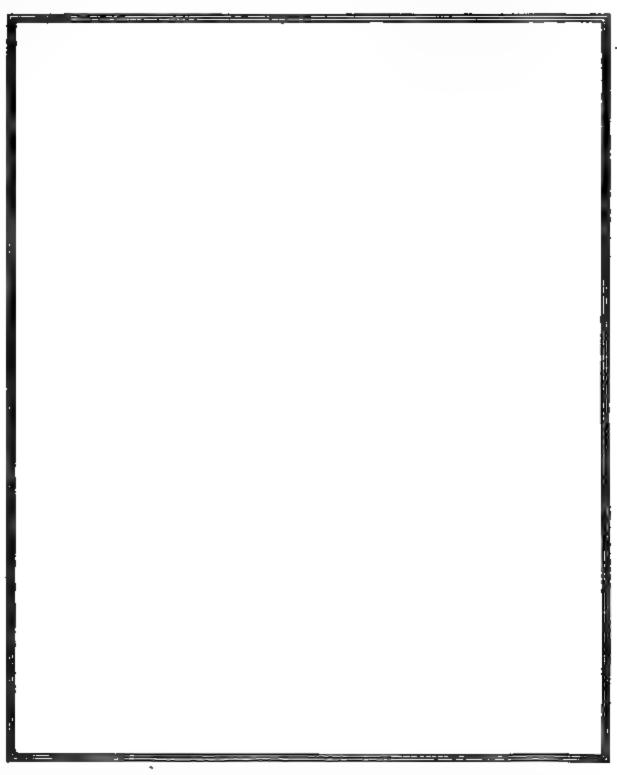
for such a variety of reasons that it is difficult to set them forth here. But, in brief, I shall try.

As between two progressives, character must weigh heavily. I think Wilson temperamentally the better progressive. Independence of malign influences is a prime requisite in progressive work, and Wilson has shown himself to be possessed of this quality in a wonderfully high degree. He never truckled to or bargained with bosses when president of Princeton, when Governor of New Jersey, nor when he met the crucial test of temptation in this campaign. At Baltimore his strength was a rock of independence.

Roosevelt has always been ready to dicker with bosses and collogue with monopoly. I presume his followers believe him to have put such things behind him forever. If so, and I am far

from denying his reform, let him be given time out of office to prove it.

I regard Wilson as the better fundamental the bosses at Baltimore. Old progressives democrat. In this day when our chief task, after all, is the perfecting of our democracy, this is more important than anything else. Roosevelt seems to say, "Hand this government over to me, and I'll make you the greatest nation on earth." His position on the trust question is a phase of this attitude. Now I would rather hand the government riches beyond the dream of progressive over to the Colonel than to leave it with Aldrich, Penrose, Cannon, and Crane, but I Progressive policies will rule the nation in prefer to that, even, the election of the man who even as a college student worked out the movement officially? I am for Wilson the defects in our governmental system, and



FATHER OF THE "GATEWAY AMENDMENT" This important plank for the easier amendment of the Constitution in the Bull Moose platform was first proposed by Herbert Quick, who "put it across" in the Iowa Democratic platform in the late 'ninetics. He has been agitating it ever since practically alone. He regards it as the most important plank in any political platform this year. Nevertheless Mr. Quick is for Governor Wilson

rule through laws. If the above seems hostile to the Colonel it is too strong. I'm not hostile. I just prefer Wilson, and am trying to give reasons.

A President needs to be a good judge of men. As between a good judge and a bad one, I am for the progressive who judges well. Roosevelt is one of the worst judges of men in the world. He selected a great many splendid men for place under him, but the big places he too often gave to bad men, from the progressive viewpoint. He made very bad appointments to the Federal bench, chaffering in the Senate vote market with the bosses for support for his administrative policies, and paying with boss-selected judges. He did not seem to see what a horrible thing this is. I do not believe that Wilson would do such a thing. I do not believe Wilson capable of such a tragic mistake—to call it nothing worse—as Roosevelt made when he forced William H. Taft into the White House, after failing to perpetrate the still worse blunder of forcing in Elihu Root. And I see no reason for thinking the Colonel any better judge of men now than then.

The Colonel is definitely in favor of abandoning the effort to keep up competition in the industrial field. His policy seems to be to accept monopoly as normal, and to regu-This means socialism as the next step, for regulation as a substitute for competition must fail. I am not ready to abandon the field to monopoly, for I believe that individual initiative has not been tried out under fair conditions, such as free natural opportunities and unrestricted trade. I therefore prefer Wilson to Roosevelt because he is for competition in the industrial field as against monopoly—even regulated monopoly. If we have to go to Socialistic ownership of factories, I prefer the longer course of further experiment with competition, rather then the Colonel's short cut.

I regard Roosevelt as a real progressive who earnestly seeks to serve his country for the people's good. He is a big figure, and I want things to happen so as to make him useful for a long time. He has had wonderful luck, as well as great skill and efficiency. He has always sailed with the wind. He is doing a good work as a private citizen—better, I feel sure than he could do in the White House. He needs the test of defeat. He will be all the better, if he is what his followers think him, for four years of the sweet uses of adversity. His new party, too, will ripen in four years, fault in his character.

is devoted to the policy of letting the people is now in that period of youth wherein it rapturously ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud. It is in the Frémont period. Four years hence it may reach the Lincoln stage of development. I want it to give us an Emancipator when it wins, not merely a Pathfinder. And I want the abecedarians in politics and the neophytes in reform who do so infest it to have four years to stand and wait before they go into power. They need it. They may find, many of them, that reform bores them—and the party should be purged of those susceptible of boredom before it is given power.

> Wilson is a man of the most extraordinary fitness for the task of the Presidency. He stands for a complete progressive program. The progressives adopted some planks which are good, and which are not mentioned in the Baltimore platform. But in so far as they are fundamentally democratic I assume that a fundamental democrat like Wilson favors them whether they happen to be in the platform or not. The general principle includes the specifications under it. I shall not allow the Colcnel's party to wean me from as good a progressive as he or any of his followers by the simple method of out-

promising.

Roosevelt took the Canal Zone by what amounted to violence or worse. I am proud of the Canal, but we shall grow more and more ashamed of the way we entered on the Canal project as we improve in national morals. There are some ticklish things to settle growing out of the opening of the big ditch, and I don't want the man who made this bad start to have the settling of the issues. I prefer Wilson in that connection. He possesses a clearer mind, and more poise. Roosevelt would have been a bad man to sit in Lincoln's place when Great Britain took Mason and Slidell from the mail-steamer Trent. The point is, that in my opinion, our international relations for the next few years -German, Mexican, Japanese, Britishrequire a man of the Lincolnian poise, rather than the Rooseveltian dash. I have no doubt that the Colonel understands international good manners quite as well as does the Governor—but he refuses to conform to them. We don't want a man who will pound the table and cuss. The Panama affair shows that pounding the table and cussing is one of the most excusable things the Colonel does when international temptation besets him. In short, I regard precipitancy as a rooted The Panama affair and may need ripening to fit it for power. It and the Tennessee Coal and Iron episode

both indicate this—and the latter shows his leaning to the fostering of monopolies.

I care little for the third-term bugaboo, and I do not think the Colonel is doing anything wrong or false to his promises in running; but as between two progressives, even if other things were equal, I feel like supporting the man who has not had two terms.

I want to see the progressivism of the Democratic party perfected by four years of the sane, wise, neobryanism of Wilson. The Colonel's party can't be made to attract all the progressives. I want the Democratic party solidified in its present faith, as it will be by Wilson in the White House.

Finally, I am for Wilson, because I don't want the election thrown into the House as it will be if he is not victor. The House deadlocked, and must stay deadlocked until after election. Nothing can break the deadlock except enough deaths between now and December to change three of the four Congressional delegations of Maine, New Mexico, Rhode Island, and Nebraska in their political complexions, and all the same way. This cannot hap-Whether or not we have any law covering this anomalous case is doubtful. If the Presidential Succession Act applies, Hon. Philander C. Knox, as Secretary of State, will go before the Chief Justice, March 4th next and ask to be sworn in as President because neither the Electoral College nor the House has been able to elect! Or William H. Taft will hold over until his successor is elected and qualified. I don't care to see either of these things happen—or any uncertainty arise,—especially with the Colonel as one of three rival pretenders to the succes-The revered fathers of 1787 seem never to have thought of such a situation. I do not want any failure to elect. It would present as bad a situation as we had in I should favor Wilson for many other reasons, but if the case hung in the balance, this point would decide me-for I think the Presidential fight should end on election day. In short, Wilson!

TÄFT'S CLAIM FOR RE-ELECTION

By CHARLES E. TOWNSEND

R. TAFT has served as President for less than three and one-half years, and yet his administration, measured by constructive progressive legislative ac-

complishment, is unsurpassed by that of any other President in our history.

He was nominated in Chicago in 1908 on a platform approved by the most progressive element of the Republican party and he has come nearer to fulfilling its provisions than any other President came to accomplishing the pledges of the platform upon which he was elected.

Briefly let me call attention to the records: The tariff plank of the platform of 1908 directed the President to call an extra session of the 61st Congress to revise the tariff. It declared for a protective tariff equal to the difference in cost of production here and abroad, plus a reasonable profit to the American industry; it declared for a maximum and minimum provision in the proposed tariff legislation. This is the substance of that plank. Has it been fulfilled?

The President called an extra session. The result of the work of the Ways and Means committee of which Mr. Payne was chairman was laid before the House. report contained the maximum and minimum provision. It also provided for a corporation tax and for a tariff board to determine the difficult task imposed by the platform, of finding out what the difference in cost of production here and abroad is. House passed the bill and sent it to the Senate. That body deliberated upon it for long weeks, during which time the President labored unceasingly to secure such changes in existing tariff rates as would make the bill comply with his ideas of what rates should be imposed. After the bill passed the Senate it went to conference. The President was in frequent communication with the conferees urging them to reduce certain duties which to him seemed too high. No one could have worked harder than he did to secure this result. Finally a bill was agreed upon and was presented to the President. It was not just what the President desired, but it was better than the existing law and he must either sign or veto it. To veto it would be to retain the Dingley law. To sign it was to reduce rates on iron products from 10 to 60 per cent.; to put leather on the free list and reduce the duty on boots and shoes 40 per cent.; to reduce the duty materially on lumber and on chemicals, and on hundreds of other articles; to secure a corporation tax and a tariff board. I submit that he would have been less than a real statesman if he had not approved the Payne bill.

The platform also declared for free trade with the Philippines except as to limitations

Photograph copyrighted by Paine Studio

ONCE FOR ROOSEVELT, NOW FOR TAFT

There are a number of prominent men in public life, known as progressives, who intend to vote for Mr. Taft. We were in doubt whom to invite to this symposium as representatives of this class. A friendly adviser, high in the councils of the Republican party, suggested Senator Townsend of Michigan, who at one time (before he became Senator) was the spokesman for Roosevelt in the House of Representatives

on the importation of sugar and tobacco. about this condition than any other liv-This provision has been fulfilled.

It declared for a postal savings bank system, and such a system is now the law.

It commended the Sherman Anti-trust law and condemned the failure of other administrations to enforce its provisions. President Taft has enforced that law as it never was enforced before, and he has shown no partiality. By this course he has secured some of his most bitter enemies.

It demanded help to workers by estabbureau, and an investigation of foreign connow accomplished facts.

It commended the Employers' Liability Act. That act has been strengthened under this administration, and a workman's compensation act has passed the Republican Senate and is now being held up in a Democratic House.

It approved the proposition of Federal aid for road improvement, and such a provision has been enacted into law.

It committed the party to the conservation of our natural resources and more real constructive progress has been made in this matter during the last three years than during any previous adminis-This adtration. ministratio **n** has been conserving and not talking merely.

It indorsed all proper efforts to secure the peace of the world, and President Taft has done more to bring

ing American.

It approved the civil service law and the President prevented an emasculation of that law by vetoing a bill passed by both houses whose effect would have been to destroy most of the benefits of that service. .

It approved the railroad legislation on the statute books, but asked that the interstate commerce law be amended so as to give to railroads the right to make traffic agreements, subject to the approval of the Interstate lishing an eight-hour day, a children's Commerce Commission, and that legislation be enacted to prevent the over-issue of stocks tract labor conditions. All of these are set bonds by interstate carriers. The

President early in his administration urged upon Congress by a message to it, the necessity and desirability of such action, but the Congress refused to take it.

This is a partial record of the present administration in its relations to the platform upon which it went into power. Look over the history of the country and see if there is another administration with a better record of performance.

The beginning of the insurgent movement occurred during Roosevelt's administration, but he was a regular and the insurgents with the exception of five or six of the most conservative,—of which I was one,—were not with President Roosevelt. The disposition of the political professional insurgent is to antagonize the administration of his own party. He can obtain notoriety in no other manner so well (and from the day Mr. Taft became President until now, he has had bitter, unrelenting opposition from members of his own party).

It will be remembered that in consequence during the Congressional campaign in 1910 enough Republicans throughout the country remained away from the polls to enable the Democrats to secure the House of Representatives and to reduce the Republican majority in the Senate to about eight. And yet, I repeat, that even with Congresses so constituted, President Taft has more real progressive legislation to the credit of his administration than has any other President since Lincoln.

I shall vote for him because he is more a statesman than he is a politician. If this fact had been reversed he would now be practically unopposed for reëlection.

I shall support President Taft because a careful, unbiased and intelligent study of all the candidates for President compels me to select him as the sanest, the most practically progressive, the most unselfish, and the most reliable of them all.

I shall support him because under his administration the general prosperity of all our people has never been so great nor so universal.

I shall support him because government was never before so clean and its administration never before upon such a sound business basis.

I shall support him because of some of the enemies he has made. Every great corporate law breaker, every millionaire who has been indicted under President Taft's administration for violating the law, is opposing him. It is true that many of these "malefactors of great wealth" prefer reform now with

Jacob's voice, yet methinks I can still detect the hand of Esau.

I shall support Taft because he is the duly certified nominee of the Republican party, and while I deprecate many convention methods, including some which attended the conventions of 1912, 1908 and 1904, yet after carefully reviewing all the evidence I am satisfied that the convention which renominated Mr. Taft was quite as free from bossism and coercion as any other convention held this year.

I am a Republican. The Republican party has some unworthy men among its leaders, but no other existing party has fewer of this class. Its principles are right and the rank and file of its membership are the most progressive, the most patriotic and intelligent of our people.

Its bad men can be deposed and will be deposed. I feel that it is my duty to work in that party to bring about the greatest good to my country. I could not desert it even if I had been disappointed in my personal ambitions or desires, for I am a Republican from principle. Mr. Taft has been true to the platform upon which he was elected and true to the principles of his party.

SOCIALISM, THE LOGICAL OUT-COME OF PROGRESSIVISM

By VICTOR L. BERGER

HY am I going to vote for Debs? As good a man as Eugene V. Debs is I am not going to vote for him in the sense one is voting for Wilson, Taft or Roosevelt—I simply vote the ticket of the Socialist party. I have no hope that the Socialist party will elect its candidate for president in this election. With us the Socialist movement and its principles are paramount—not the candidate.

The Socialist party stands for the collective ownership of all the social means of production and distribution in the interest of the whole people.

Socialists say that this step is the necessary and natural outcome of the concentration of wealth and of the development of capitalism.

Antagonists of Socialism in the past claimed that collective ownership of an industry was impossible because the personal supervision and control of the owner was absolutely necessary to the success of any enterprise.

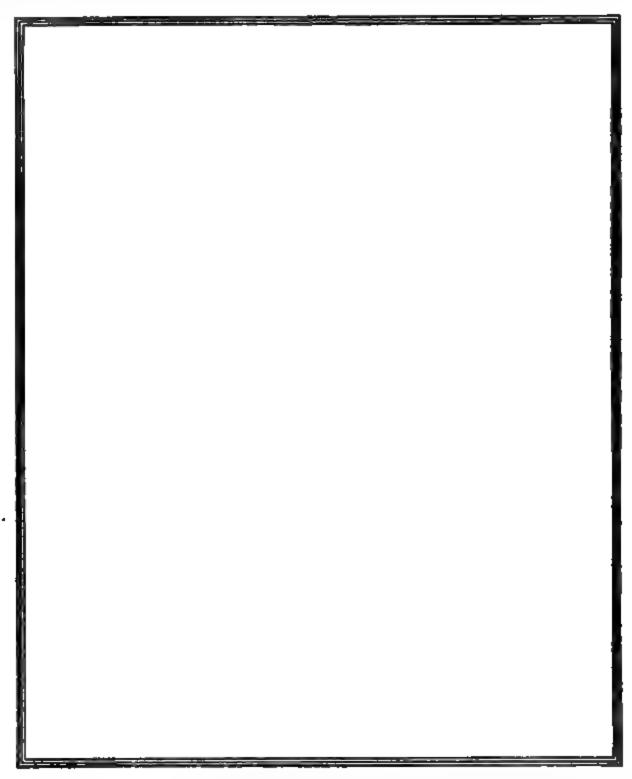
To-day we see that the greatest undertakings are those in which the stockholders and owners have nothing to do with the management of affairs and are only drawing dividends.

In all of our large industrial concerns stock companies, railroads and trusts—business is managed and carried on by a few paid officials. These men might just as well be ally, involves a complete change of our paid by the state, or the nation (as the case may be), to carry on the enterprise in the in-

weakness of our political spoils system, notwithstanding.

This idea, carried out gradually and logiceconomic and political system.

Political equality under the present systerest of the people, as paid by a few wealthy tem is a snare and delusion. The wage



THE SANEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL SOCIALIST IN THIS COUNTRY

Victor L. Berger, the first Socialist ever to sit in Congress has fought unfalteringly for twenty-five years. He is the man who made possible the Socialistic victory in Milwaukee, and he commands respect everywhere for his honesty and common sense. He is a superprogressive. Berger is for many of the things progressives want, but he cannot see why they stop at these: he goes much further

men to carry it on for their individual profit. Moreover, we find that whenever the nation, state or community has undertaken to a living is not on terms of equality with his own and manage any large industry, railroad, mine, factory, telegraph, telephone, mill, or canal, etc., this invariably redounded to the are incompatible. benefit of the commonwealth—the inherent

worker who depends upon a master or upon the master class for an opportunity to make master.

Political liberty and economic despotism

The Socialist party proposed to supple-

ment our political democracy by industrial democracy.

No one dreams of abolishing private property. On the contrary, we propose to secure private property to every citizen, to the many million men and women who under the present system have no chance of ever having any. Productive capital only is to be owned in common, by the nation, the State or the municipality as the exigencies of the case may require. Business will be carried on for use and not for profit. This is the case now in the post-office, water works, public school, etc., wherever owned and managed by the people.

Such is the aim of the Socialist party.

The usual argument in defense of the present vicious system is not that it is right or good, but that it is here and must stay.

We Socialists think this a foolish assertion. We believe the American people great and strong enough to get rid of anything that is not good or harmful.

The Capitalist system did not always exist. It followed the Feudal system, which replaced a system based upon ancient chattel slavery.

The Capitalist system has undoubtedly done some good in this world. The Capitalist system was useful. It has concentrated economic forces and has made possible the production of wealth on a very large scale.

The Capitalist system was a step in the evolution to freedom, but only a step. It has now outlived its usefulness. It has become oppressive to the great majority of the people. Therefore it must pass away.

The growing restiveness of the people generally—the willingness of the trusts and other great industrial undertakings to accept governmental control—the crumbling of the two great Capitalist parties—the fact that the most intelligent of their politicians are trying to steal Socialistic planks and adopt them for their own platforms,—are so many signs of the change that is upon us.

The Socialist party has not a majority as yet. But Socialistic ideas have permeated the great majority. The trusts and economic evolution on one hand—and the natural discontent of the people with the lowering of their standard of living on the other hand, are working for Socialism.

Therefore, we laugh at the contention that the Socialist party is still comparatively small. Every great party has had a small beginning—and the Socialist party is growing exceedingly fast.

The phrase of "getting on the band wagon" is a stupid phrase. Who is on the "band wagon?" Not the common citizen, not the av-

erage voter. The scheming financiers, and the sleek office seekers are on the "band wagon."

To the common citizen, the working man, the underpaid clerk, the disappointed professional man,—to the disinherited of every description—we Socialists say:

Better vote for what you want, even if you do not get it, than vote for what you do not want and get it!

Why should we wait with our work until the majority of the votes is with us? The majority is always indolent and often ignorant. We cannot expect them to be anything else with their present social surroundings.

The majority have never brought about consciously and deliberately any great social change. They have always permitted an energetic minority to prepare the way. But the majority was always there when the fact itself was to be accomplished.

Therefore, our sole object in State and nation for the next few years is to elect a re-

spectable minority of Socialists.

We want a Socialist minority respected on account of its numbers,—respected because it represents the most advanced economic and political intelligence of the day—respected because it contains the most sincere representatives of the proletariat, the class that has the most to gain and nothing to lose.

Given such a respectable minority in Congress and in the Legislature of every State of the Union within the next few years—the future of our people, the future of this country will be safe.

A TEST OF FAITH IN DE-MOCRACY

By HERBERT CROLY

AD Theodore Roosevelt been nominated by the regular Republican convention and Woodrow Wilson by the regular Democratic convention, the voting problem of the intelligent reformer at the coming election would not have been essentially changed. His task would still have been to balance one against the other a complicated group of competing claims for his support. He would have to select the candidate, who was in his opinion the more genuine and effective servant of the cause. Or as both candidates were nominated by the progressive wings of their parties, his decision might well have been determined by the platform which contained his favorite brand of tariff reform or trust legislation. But however he voted, he would have been obliged to make his vote count

against some men and policies, in which he believed and in favor of some men and policies which he repudiated.

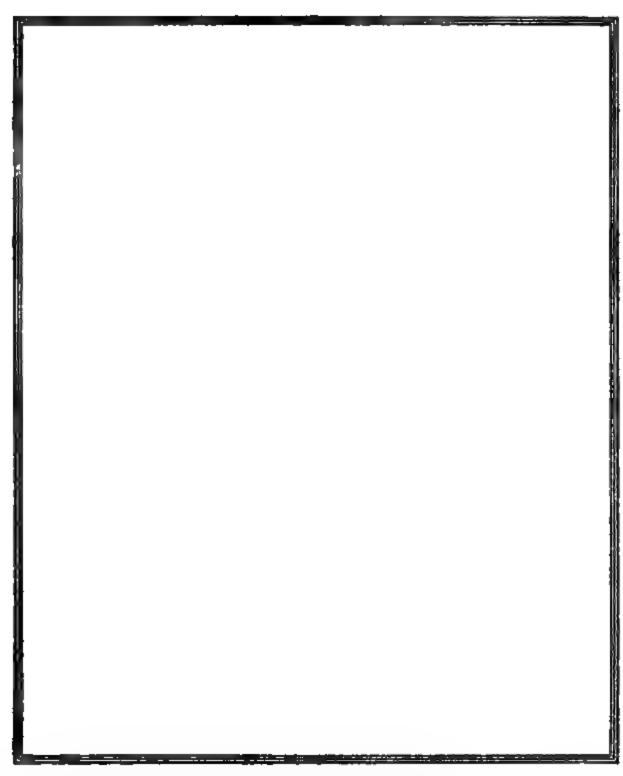
The formation of the new national Progressive party has emancipated the progressive voter from these difficult and discouraging alternatives. Its salient result is to make preferences for particular candidates or for one special kind of tariff or trust legislation of minor importance. The sincere and ardent reformer has finally been given a chance to exercise a decisive and momentous choice. The new party, devoted exclusively to his own cause of progressive democracy, has not merely freed him from meaningless and embarrassing partisan ties, but it has given life and power to the exercise of his will as an elector. He need no longer vote with a discretion which kills enthusiasm. His vote becomes an affirmation of faith—a dedication to personal service. He cannot be too grateful to the men who, by nominating Mr. Taft against the declared will of the Republican party, perpetuated from their own point of view the incredible blunder of driving sincere progressives outside of its ranks. As a consequence of the first Chicago convention they were forced either to form a new party or else to trust their cause entirely to the old. Democracy.

The old Democracy made a tempting bid for their support by the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and there are many progressives who believe that this nomination made unnecessary the formation of a third party. But such an opinion ignores the realities of American partisan organization. The old Democracy is even less fit to be the particular agent of the progressive cause than are the Republicans. No question need be raised as to the ability or sincerity of Mr. Wilson. He is a leader for whom under former conditions any progressive might have rejoiced to vote. Neither need we question the reality and the significance of the victory which William J. Bryan won at the Baltimore convention. But in this as in so many other cases the machine merely yielded—knowing very well that its opportunity would come. It yielded just as the New York Republican machine yielded to the pressure in favor of the nomination and renomination of Charles Hughes. and without any greater change of heart and disposition. Why should those progressives, who as Republicans have just been delivered from the necessity of compromising with the Republican machine, assume unnecessarily the duty of compromising with the Democratic machine? Of two things one. If the Democratic party continues to preserve the sively to the work of constructive liberation.

harmony, which Mr. Wilson in his campaign addresses has so much admired, progressives do not want to be Democrats. If the Democratic party is going to be disrupted by a righteous quarrel, as the Republican party has been, the third party is doing the insurgent Democrats a service by building for them a future sanctuary.

A sincere progressive should not be prevented from joining the new party by a preference for Mr. Wilson; neither should he be prevented by a dislike of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. In my opinion Mr. Roosevelt has earned the support of progressives by accomplishing very much more than any other political leader to promote the cause of American political and economic reform, but I shall not vote for him chiefly for that reason. A thoroughly progressive party and a thoroughly progressive platform call more loudly for allegiance than can any single leader. No one who believes in the platform and wishes to associate with the party should allow a dislike of Mr. Roosevelt to stand in the way. His leadership is indispensable just at present. because his extraordinary personal popularity with the American people endows the new party at once with volume and momentum. But in the long run a national party waxes as big as its purpose and program, and becomes bigger than any one of its leaders. Mr. Roosevelt very well knows that he is only the temporary instrument of a great cause. Those who allow Mr. Roosevelt's personality to obscure its light are showing the same kind of political intelligence as those to whom the cause has no light except that radiated by Mr. Roosevelt. The cause itself, which is nothing less than that of human liberation, was old when Mr. Roosevelt was born, and it will be young when he is dead.

American progressives are peculiarly fortunate in obtaining this opportunity of forming an effective organization for the promotion of their cause just at the very moment when progressive democracy had reached a clear and full consciousness of its aims and necessary instruments. Why should any progressive allow his vote to count against taking full advantage of such an opportunity, because he has his own special views about the tariff and the trusts? The general cause is much more important than any of its aspects. A nation can be progressive, as Germany is, with a protective tariff, or it can be progressive, as Great Britain is, without a protective tariff; but it cannot be efficiently progressive without a party devoted exclu-



THE MAN FROM WHOM COL. ROOSEVELT GOT HIS "NEW NATIONALISM"

In his now famous Osawatomie speech, Col. Roosevelt first voiced his "New Nationalism." He gives credit for this phrase to Mr. Croly, who first used it in "The Promise of American Life," one of the most radical and far-reaching books on political philosophy ever published in this country

for this work. It takes over the Democratic individuals. If its members do not continue tradition of popular rule; it takes over the to display higher moral and intellectual en-Republican tradition of national responsi- ergy than has any other American party, it bility; and by virtue of a combination of the will fail to accomplish more than a fraction two principles it will hereafter make the of its program. Unusually hard and disin-American nation expressly responsible for terested work and unusually costly personal the realization of a social democratic ideal.

the new party a more powerful spiritual im- The very existence of the party is an evidence pulse than has been attained by any other of faith. Its endurance will constitute a still political movement of our generation. The severer test of faith. Those who lack the organization is likely to become an effective faith, let them remain outside; but if a man humanizing and liberating influence in the has seen the light and shared the faith, the future of the American democracy, because National Progressive party has a right to work on its behalf has already proved to claim him as its own.

The new party is the only one fully equipped be a source of moral awakening to so many sacrifices are indispensable. The expectation The result has been to give to the life of that they will be made is a matter of faith.

FAKING AS A FINE ART

Confessions of a Newspaper Writer Who for Twelve Years Served Under the Master Faker of the Business

A newspaper faker, after twelve years' constant writing without telling once the whole truth and nothing but the truth attempts to write truth. The result of his amazing confession concerning the master faker of metropolitan journalism, proves, rather than disproves, the adage "Truth is stranger than fiction" which he has attempted to deny for a dozen years. Every story he confesses to have faked, may be found in the files of the newspapers he served. Not one of the fakes is more amazing than the truth now revealed concerning the methods and works of the Master of Faking who taught him his trade.

ERGHAND is a St. Vitus's dancey man with a seventy-horse-power brain propelling a one-cat-power body. He is an editor. He radiates ideas and throws them off as a pinwheel showers sparks. More or less bright young men, in various stages of newspaper development, catch the ideas as they fall and build up words around them until they become the "stories" which, printed, entertain, amuse, instruct or horrify a couple of million people. Berghand took me in the secondary degree of my development and instilled into me, at from thirty-five dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week, the principles and lack of principle of metropolitan newspapers. He has had enormous influence over ideas and the "angle" at which I observe public, semi-public, and quasi public, also private, affairs. I reflect his mental and moral attitude toward my employers and toward the reading public. As I have worked for him more than twelve years and written hundreds of "stories" built from his ideas, it is plain that, as he has influenced me to write, so has he influenced hundreds of thousands who read. I often have wondered whether Berghand is a force for good or evil. Sometimes I think him totally lacking in conscience or regard for truth. At others I think he does great good and, closely analyzing the stories I have written, I find few instances wherein he has done any specific harm. In the huge majority of cases he has pointed a moral, and upheld right and justice.

This is a confession made, not for the sake of confessing, but as a study of the methods of metropolitan newspapers and the art of "faking." I am going to tell how I was educated as a faker, and of the different schools of faking, of which Berghand is dean. Many who read this will recall some of the stories, for this is true. The fact is that, having worked for twelve years without writing a story that was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth I want to see whether or not I have forgotten how. Every story about which I shall tell will be found in the files of the newspapers on which I served under Berghand. I worked for him when he was City Editor of one paper, when he was News Editor of another, and when he returned to become Idea Man for the first paper. In each of these capacities he has won fame in the newspaper world. In each capacity he developed the art of faking to its highest degree. But in the positions he used three methods. As City Editor he printed the truth, but "built it up," magnified and added to it, colored it to suit himself. Either that or he invented stories and found real people, not averse to publicity, to "stand for them." As News Editor, dealing largely with foreign affairs, he manufactured stories about real people and real happenings. It was as Idea Man for one of the greatest newspapers in America that he reached the highest stage of development as a faker and invented the system of writing fiction as if it were true and truth as if it were fiction.

I never shall forget my first meeting with Berghand. He had sent for me. I had known his reputation and expected to meet an imposing, serious, brainy, magnetic man. A small, very nervous man was sitting in a big mail box in the corner of his private office, his knees hugged under his chin. His face broke

to serious abstraction as an idea leaped into his brain. One could see the ideas come and go. The smile meant a good idea, a quick shake of the head its rejection. Afterwards I learned that sitting in the mail box was his favorite place for thinking.

"Ready for work?" he asked sharply.

"Yes. If salary suits," I responded, rather taken aback by his abruptness.

"It'll suit if you do," he retorted quickly. "I'll try you. I want a good story about this man who burned himself."

He handed me a three-line

clipping from an afternoon paper which said and dared not arise, also the snow was that John Jones, 1492 Brown Street, was badly burned when gasoline set fire to his clothing.

I found Jones in a hospital swathed in cotton. He was an engine repair man. His clothing, saturated with grease and oil, caught are and he was severely scorched. Berghand appeared annoyed when I reported the facts to him.

"You went to see him?" he asked. "That's the best way to spoil a good story. The facts aren't worth two lines. I wanted a good story."

"All right. You shall have it." I replied, nettled by his tone.

I wrote a story called "How Mr. Jones put himself out." According to the story Mrs. Jones had found moths in a suit of clothes her husband wore while working around the house and soaked the clothes in into quick laughs and changed like a flash gasoline. Mr. Jones went to tend the furnace

> before the clothing was dry and attempted to light a match on the seat of his trousers. A moment later he leaped through the basement window and commenced rolling and turning somersaults in the deep snow of the yard. The wives of two neighbors were passing and looked on in astonishment. Jones saw them. He sat up, pulled snow over himself with one hand until buried to the waist, while tipping his hat with the other. He was uncertain how much damage had been done to the rear of the trousers

Berghand, a small, very nervous man was sitting in a large mailbox in the corner of his private office

soothing.

I was amazed when Berghand hurried to

my desk and said:

"That's the idea. Exactly what I want. Deal in essential facts. Get names spelled correctly. Use commonplaces, things everyone knows, to support unbelievable statements. Build up. Never tear down."

"But the story isn't true," I argued.

"He burned himself. His name is Jones. They are the essential facts. Build up around Add color. Add motion. them.

EVERYTHING POSSIBLY true. might have happened. The injection of commonplace statements completes the con-

vincingosity of it."

"Convincingosity," was his theory personified. I grasped the idea. In a week Berghand relieved me of taking assignments of "straight" news and detailed me to work as his private staff. The work was easy, amusing, and I, half unconsciously, began shaping my thoughts to fit his theories. We would take a pile of newspapers, pick out inconsequential news items, invent a lot of harmless but lively details, and give the story an entirely new interest. The proof that the method was successful is that I know of a dozen cases where reporters for rival papers were called upon the carpet by editors and berated soundly for overlooking the most important part of stories. For instance, there was a great university near by from which little news of interest ever was obtained. It was issuing a set of publications, lectures, etc., of the faculty. Berghand secured a set of the volumes and for two months, three times a week, by digging through those lectures and picking out startling statements and omitting the qualifying paragraphs we story. "Let's make it a good one." "scooped" our rivals until there was a complete change of reporters by editors striving to get the news that we manufactured from the books. And, further, every other newspaper in the city would "follow" our stories, and interview the lecturers, strengthening our story by quoting the saving and qualifying phrases.

Berghand noticed a one-line item saving Jacobs Brothers had applied for a license to conduct a pawnshop. I saw the brothers Jacobs and agreed to write a story telling of their opening. They were overjoyed at the prospect of a free advertisement. I wrote of their opening, but the principal part of the story was that they were contemplating applying to the stewards of the jockey club which then was conducting a great race meeting, for permission to open a branch pawnshop in the betting ring at the track so that bettors going broke might pawn their watches and jewelry between races. Everyone was pleased except the stewards. That story was

printed all over America.

Many mornings I found an envelope filled with written suggestions, and clippings with notes of suggestion. Occasionally, too, I stumbled upon some real news that fitted my purpose. Other reporters marveled at my 'pull" which excused me from the hard assignments, but during that period I wrote details we invented were true. I recall one—

Everything four times as much of what appeared in print than any other member of the staff.

One story particularly pleased Berghand. He had suggested that I drop in at a meeting of a beekeeper's association. They were exhibiting devices for preventing swarming. I think there must have been twenty different ones. The result was a first-page story of an industrial crisis among bees that was destroying the reputation of the busy little bee, how the bees were organizing a general strike, and how the beekeepers had combined and were exerting their inventive genius to prevent a honey famine.

One of the most successful fakes during that time was started by some one else, and improved upon by the Master Faker. Sunday is a dull day and the city editors had a habit of detailing men to go to the zoölogical gardens and get animal stories for Monday morning. The reporters got together one Sunday and persuaded the head animal keeper to let them publish a fake story. It was rather commonplace, concerning the alleged escape of a non-existent sea lion from the pool to open water.

"Fake," said Berghand as he read the

Thereupon he sent telegrams to every country correspondent on that water or its tributaries merely inquiring if anything had been seen of the escaped sea lion. The response was appalling. The correspondents needed only the hint. That day the sea lion was seen by at least twenty correspondents—and Berghand printed all the reports, one after another. Thus spurred the correspondents went to it in earnest. The following day the sea lion was reported at every point within two hundred miles. The story spread like ripples on water. In five days the lion was sighted over half the world and an enthusiast at Southampton cabled that he was heading toward the North Sea. Then a cruel correspondent up on Lake Superior killed him and wired that he was sending the skin as proof. I always suspected that Berghand did it himself, for one of his peculiarities is that he tires quickly of his own stories and believes the public does.

During the time we were together in that capacity I wrote perhaps twenty-five hundred such stories, not one actually harmful, many truly moral. Not one was the entire truth. We never had a libel suit, not more than a dozen complaints and those half jokingly made. Many times the persons named not only did not complain, but insisted that the

a story of a man who eloped with the wrong girl and discovered it just in time. When he came to the office I feared we had overstepped the limit. He brought some cigars and laughed heartily inquiring who told me. I insisted that newspaper etiquette forbade telling. He laughed again and remarked:

"You newspaper fellows are awful liars. You said that girl was nineteen years old and pretty. Now honestly, she was thirty-eight if she was a day and homelier than a mud

fence."

He gave me more cigars, invited me to the wedding to the real girl and went away much pleased. The fact that there never had been any other girl except in my imagination left

me marveling.

Berghand accepted an offer to become News Editor of a sensational afternoon sheet. His old position was offered me—but I preferred to go with him to the new position for salary ostensibly, but the truth is that Berghand had foundered me on journalistic lotus leaves. Before he began training me to his ways of adding flounces, frills and furbelows to the facts, and putting Eve-old yarns into hobble skirts and panniers I was a good reporter. I had the faculty for "digging" and "mixing" and extracting the meat of the news from victims without too much pain. I had enjoyed the rush, the excitement, the clash of wits with rival reporters and the satisfaction of finding truth that some one was striving to conceal. It was a game and an interesting one. I had some tact and a wide circle of acquaintances in all strata of society, and was rated a good news writer. Berghand had spoiled me. I now could find better news with less exertion. My imagination was stimulated. I found myself unconsciously reading new things into stories as I scanned papers, reading not what actually happened, but how much better it would have been had it happened otherwise. I had learned to make things sound real, by using commonplace things known to everybody, to support an extraordinary thing that might possibly have happened.

I thought I had mastered the game of newspaper faking, but when I joined Berghand on the afternoon paper I discovered that I was just leaving the primary grade for grammar school. The paper is a peculiar one. It receives scarcely any news by cable and the minimum of telegraphic news and has no news service beyond that of its allied papers, yet it ranks as one of the great papers of the United States. I had worked on country dailies of under six thousand circulation that

received and paid for four times as much legitimate telegraphic news as does this paper, which claims almost half a million circulation. In the two years that I worked there I never saw but two pieces of legitimate cable news in the office. Most of it was "grapevined" either by some one in the office, or was stolen or manufactured in one of the other cities included in the newspaper circuit and forwarded over leased wires. The news service, consisting of an exchange of "news" between a number of allied papers, is a huge joke. To illustrate. One morning I faked a story in all its details. It was telegraphed to the other papers. Late that afternoon the same story was telegraphed back to us with a San Francisco date line, and reporters were sent out to hunt up the "local end" of the

Berghand was in his element. He had charge of all news, all feature, supervision of both city and telegraph editor and direction of the "make-up." He figured in advance "new angles" on stories to keep them alive and interesting through twelve or more editions. He planned the big stories and features for the "Texas and New Mexico," the "Oriental," "Morning Glory" and other editions which were printed early to fill with real news.

To the uninitiated it may be necessary to state that this paper commenced to print Friday editions Thursday afternoon at four o'clock. One issue of the Sunday paper also was "put to bed" Thursday night. It was necessary to give these early editions the appearance of being up to date. It was necessary to anticipate, and yet guard against developments that might make the accounts ridiculous. As papers for the next day were being printed before the "Last Final Sporting' of that day was out the task required skill and imagination. The chief source of news supply was the columns of rival papers, and as four editions were printed before the morning papers were out the task was even more difficult. News features that could be carried through all editions until noon, when the reporters had gathered enough information to make it pass as a real newspaper, were indispensable, and it was for this purpose, principally, that Berghand wanted me.

It was a peculiar staff. Four rewrite men wrote practically the entire paper while perhaps a dozen "picture chasers," low-salaried boys, were employed to do the leg work and telephoning. I was "Utility," the man next to me was "Sobs" who could wring the "heart interest," beyond him was "Heavy"

I hereby acknowledge with due thanks the favor of "Virginia" Bradley, who permitted me and the X-ray man to photograph one of his buggy horses to our hearts' content

who handled financial, political and weighty matters, and beyond him was a sour, picklefaced fellow called "Josh," who wrote the alleged humor. Berghand supplied practically all ideas. Understanding his methods so well naturally the heavy share of the re-write fell upon me. Imagine turning out eighteen columns of type—25,000 words, half a novel -each day, six days a week. I worked hard, but forgot it in wondering at the work of Berghand. The "car barn bandits" were waiting to be executed in Chicago and one of my duties was to write a daily story about them and to suggest the illustrations. These were exciting times. I remember one morning about the time these murderous boys were captured Berghand flew into a furious

"Some one stole my type of bloodhounds,"

he almost screamed.

"Your what?"

"My type of bloodhounds. I wanted half a page picture of the type of bloodhound that is chasing the bandits."

To illustrate how this master faker worked. One morning he came rapidly down the line of desks.

"Story about one of the car barn bandits reading 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" he jerked out. "Never read it before. Opens new thoughts."

"What doing, Sobs?"

"Story about Ghetto woman, heartbroken, deserted," grinned Sobs.

"Make her society woman, settlement worker. Hint that man is Yale graduate. Nobody interested in common people. What doing, Heavy?"

"Gas combine story."

"Say Perkins and Rockefeller crowd backs it. Strong on ciphers. Make box table showing how much Rockefeller, Morgan, Perkins, Hill, Carnegie and Astor groups are worth. Write head: 'Are these millions to crush the user of gas?' What doing, Josh?"

"Tailor suing photographer who had shop

upstairs."

"Say photographer opened skylight and stole all tailor's heat."

Every half hour or so he made the rounds, suggesting stories, urging improvements, creating stories. It sounds incredible, but it is true, he was evolving an edition an hour out of his brain.

Sometimes it was necessary to fake even Berghand. Once he ordered me to secure X-ray photographs of the brains, hearts and lungs of the horses that were to run in one of the great races, claiming one could tell by the brain, heart and lung development of the colts which would win. I mentally pictured the owners of \$40,000 colts permitting it, but was too wise to offer objections or state that

it was impossible. I hereby acknowledge with due thanks the favor of "Virginia" Bradley, who permitted me and the X-ray man to photograph one of his buggy horses to our hearts' content. I wrote the captions. The most clearly developed negative was labeled "Showing wonderful lung development of The Picket," and in a follow story we claimed credit for showing the triumph of science by picking the winner of the Brooklyn Handicap by use of the X-ray.

It all sounds funny now. But it was serious work. If during the years we were together we did harm it was in that period. One day I went to the Chief of Police to secure a sensational story on the cause of crime and vice in the city. The Chief, an honest and thoughtful man, said:

"If you ask me the chief cause of vice and crime in this city I will say Berghand."

During the war between Japan and Russia I was detailed to handle all war news. Military maps, army lists, topographical charts, photographs and a bushel of clippings were given me. I was instructed to familiarize myself with the army organizations and take entire charge. Having shagged a gun two years at school and gone to one encampment with Co. F, Fourteenth O. N. G. I felt perfectly competent to handle the war. I became the greatest war correspondent of all. I wrote eye-witness stories that would have made Oyama wonder where he was during the battle. I was with the Japanese fleet at Port Arthur. A couple of weeks later I was sending stories from the interior of the fortress. Then I joined the Japs and led three or four gallant assaults per day against the walls, never failing to kill enough men to enable Berghand to fill the seven-column line with red ink ciphers in one hundred and twentyfour point Clarendon, which is the type that, in our country newspapers days, was the biggest practicable that we could get hold of.

It was at Liao Yang I achieved a triumph as an eye witness. Lest some reader may think this exaggerated I shall tell, as nearly as possible, what happened. I had gone home at four o'clock that afternoon. At nine Berghand telephoned ordering me back to the office. He was waiting.

"A great battle has been fought," he said. "Yes?"

"The Japanese have been victorious."

"I want a full-page story by an eye witness."

"Yes."

"The battle was at Liao Yang. The Rus-

sians are in full retreat. On second thought I'll take seven columns in twenty-four point on the first page with seven-column head, write about three hundred and fifty words graphic stuff for that, then finish first page in two-column measure and all the second page. I'll have a four-column picture for page two."

"All right. Give me the dispatches."

"We have no dispatches."

"No?"

"No. Our other paper has two hundred and fifty words Associated Press. It is not allowed to send us any A. P. stuff."

"What is there?"

"We have the headlines of the other paper. I had them telegraphed on. That isn't

against the rules."

I read the headlines and, unhampered by facts, leaped to the fray. One shudders to think such things may creep into history. I stood with Marshal Oku's staff on a hill to the left and watched the battle. Just then I was strong for the First Sibreskis, the Russian regiment that stood the brunt of every battle, and for Mitschenko's Cossacks. If you remember the battles from the Yalu to Mukden were strikingly similar. Nodi led, Oku struck the Russian right, then came the crushing assault on the center. Always with the Sibreskis—the First Siberian Rifles, bearers of the Czar's ikon, stand the assault, covered the retreat and, yielding sullenly, sent word to recruit again. Some day the true story of the First Siberian Rifles will be written.

At Liao Yang I sent Mitschenko's Cossacks, green and gilt and gold, crashing into the ranks of the brown men. Four times the huge Cossacks bent the advancing line. Then I hurled Oku's horde forward and broke the Russian right. I centered the fight in a cornfield running upward from a little creek, over open ground to the hills beyond, where the guns were. There was a stone wall, and along that wall I wrought horrible carnage. Hour after hour I sat on my horse watching the short, quick rushes of the brown men and shattered them again and again as they recoiled from the grim resistance of the stubborn Siberians, who, as they died, stabbed with their bayonets and held aloft their ikons. Then I set fire to Liao Yang, pictured the Sibreskis doggedly dying to save the army as it wallowed in mad flight through the mud of the pass to temporary safety. I rode forward with the staff and followed the wave of Nipponese, who wild with lust of blood and victory, swept over the field of carnage. I followed up the hill over the heaped corpses of the Siberians, into burning Liao Yang.

Hour after hour I sat on my horse watching the short, quick rushes of the brown men

Then, seeing the Russians had made good their retreat I remounted my trusty steed and galloped to the telegraph office to send the breathless world the first story of an eye witness of the world's greatest battle to the

world's greatest newspaper.

Considering the fact that it was 220 miles to the nearest seaport where I could reach ship and that the nearest available cable was at Hong Kong I galloped some to reach Hong Kong, write 7,500 words and cable it to the paper in less than eight hours. Still no one complained and I still treasure a note congratulating me. A couple of years later Little, who was at the battle, got home and as we greeted each other, he examined my eyes.

"Marvelous, marvelous eyes!" he exclaimed. "I read the story of Liao Yang. Marvelous eyes! You saw things eighteen

miles away through a range of hills."

We rather quieted down after the war and I made a specialty of Russia's internal troubles. A sample will do. One morning, about seven o'clock of a dull day, Berghand sent for me.

"What might happen in Russia this morn-

ing?" he queried.

"I don't know. What for?"

"I've got to have a story to lead the paper. What might happen?"

"Let's see—why, the Black Hundred may

sentence the Czar to death."

"Good, good!" he exclaimed. "'Czar Sentenced to 'Death'! Good seven-column headline. Write about a thousand words."

proves, among other things, that emperors do not sue for libel.

I mentioned seeing two genuine cable dispatches in the office. One was on the Martinique disaster. The other came at the period of Russia's internal ferment. The message was handed to me with orders to write 1,500 words as rapidly as possible. It read thus:

St. Petersburg, Jan. 14.—Attempt assassinate Czar way church unsuccessful.

Confidentially it is easier to write 10,000 words about nothing than 1,500 words from six. Facts are dangerous.

I strove to analyze the message. church." Clearly if the Czar was on his way to church the attempt was made in the Nevsky Prospekt, for he worshiped at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, which is at the other end of the famous boulevard along the Neva from the Winter Palace. weather bulletin that morning had announced snow in Russia. Therefore the Czar would ride in the royal drosky. Times being troublous the Czarina would not be with him. Iswolsky, the Procurator, would be with him and also my old friend Mitschenko, who had been made the Czar's personal bodyguard. If a bomb had been thrown, I figured, some one would have been hurt, probably some of the Cossacks who rode besides the sleigh, but as no mention was made of anyone being hurt it was evidently not a bomb. It would be impossible for anyone to reach the Czar We led the paper with the story, which with a knife or to conceal a shotgun or rifle.

By deduction I decided a revolver was the weapon. I pictured the Czar, with the Procurator of the Holy Synod reclining at his side among the silken cushions; Mitschenko, the hero of Liao Yang and Mukden, sitting stiffly erect, the green and gold Cossacks galloping alongside. A man stepped from the silent sullen ranks of citizenry and fired at him. The Cossacks spurred their iron shod steeds over the insensate (always good) bodies of helpless women and children until the new fallen snow was crimsoned with the blood of the common people. It was a good story. Berghand said it was; a fine, colorful, adjectively perfect story.

An hour later a wretched contemporary that insists upon the old-fashioned idea of buying news, appeared. It had a one-column headline over a two hundred and fifty word cable message dated St. Petersburg. It gave a terse account of the attempt to kill the Czar. middle of the Neva performing the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the river when an artilleryman in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, on the opposite bank, fired a cannon in that direction. Otherwise my deductions were all right. And-believe it or not-Berghand censured me for "reckless perversion of facts."

Berghand and I had been together on that paper nearly two years when he took me to dinner one evening and asked me to go back with him to the paper we formerly had served. He had received an offer and wanted me with him. I told him I would do so gladly if the salary was satisfactory as I was weary of the eternal grind.

"I, too, am tired of it," he said seriously. "A man is too much hampered by facts there."

I shall strive to tell next month how we escaped the fetters of fact and reached the It related that he was in an ice kiosk in the climax of the art of newspaper faking.



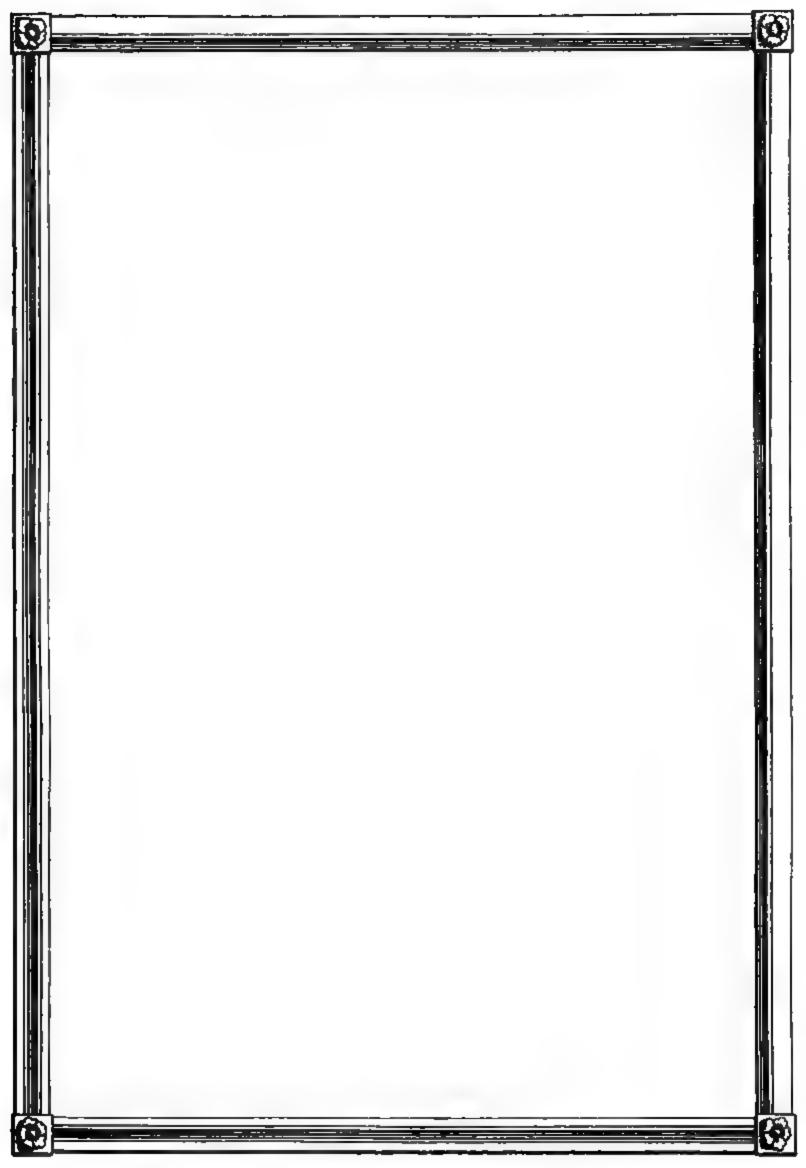
INTERESTING

A man who increased the wealth of a state by thirty millions. A girl who paints smokestacks. wonder of modern novelists. A courageous fighter willing at any time to commit political suicide. man under thirty at the head of the United Press

P. G. HOLDEN

F you were told that one man had increased the wealth of one State by thirty million dollars you would be inclined to be skeptical, yet that was the declaration of Governor Cummins of Iowa with reference to the contributions of Professor P. G. Holden to the knowledge of corn raising in that State. Professor Holden occupies a chair in the Iowa State College of Agricul-

ture, and outside of this holds a unique position, which has been aptly characterized as that of the "evangelist of scientific agriculture." He has done more than any one man to popularize the work of the Iowa Agriculture College among the farmers. He soon discovered, in his college work, that the farmers were not going to the colleges or to college men to learn how to farm; but, on the other hand, had very little use for the scientific farmer. To change this condition became the professor's ambition. His thinking



PROFESSOR P. G. HOLDEN

Of the Iowa State College of Agriculture, who taught the people of his State how to raise more and better corn. Since he began his work, nine years ago, the average yield of corn in Iowa has increased 27,000,000 bushels annually

on the subject evolved big ideas, which resulted in the establishment of the farmers' short courses, special seed-corn trains, the county demonstration work on the county poor farm, the State Corn Show, and finally the National Corn Exposition. These have made it possible for him to go to the farmers instead of waiting for them to come to him.

Professor Holden is an enthusiast whose enthusiasm is contagious. His convictions are deep-seated and anything he believes in he can make others see as he does. For this reason he was able to go to presidents of railroads and convince them that it was to their interest to run special seed-corn trains and

pay all the expenses.

These special trains would have been failures if Professor Holden had not known how to tell what he knew. He did most of the speaking, until his assistants had learned how to talk to farmers in their own language. Farmers will accept scientific facts from Professor Holden as readily and gladly as chil-

dren will take sugar-coated pills.

Part of his success is due to the fact that he exploits only one idea at a time. When he went out on his first seed-corn train his slogan was "Test your seed corn," saying nothing about the preparation of the soil, fertilization, or cultivation. He asked the farmer to study his own cornfield and he would discover that about one fourth of the stalks were "loafing around all summer, doing nothing." This was due to poor germination of the seed, and the latter required as much cultivation and care as the thrifty stalk. The effectiveness of this sort of teaching is shown in the increase of an average of 27,000,000 bushels annually in Iowa, since Professor Holden began his work in that state.

VICTOR ROSEWATER.

MAYME PIXLEY

DON'T know. I reckon that it is because I have tagged after Pappy since I was a little girl."

This was Miss Mayme Pixley's reason for adopting the perilous occupation of smokestack painting, when I questioned

her concerning it.

"Tagged after Pappy!" That was reason enough, even for smokestack painting, to one who had all her life tagged after a father, even down to the valley of the Great Divide. But unless you have also tagged after a father or brother, and helped them mend things, or skipped rocks across the river, or

taken your turn with them on a horizontal bar, the words will mean nothing to you. You will still be unconvinced that painting smokestacks rising two hundred and fifty feet in the air is listed among the desirable callings for young women.

"But," I persisted, "how did you really

happen to follow this trade?"

"Happen' is right," she said. "I was raised on a farm and have always worked side by side with Pappy since I was twelve. I had six sisters and they took the housework and the cooking upon themselves, for my mother was too much of an invalid to work. There were six to help her and not one to help Pappy.

"Finally, I began to help him plow, and hoe, and shoe the horses on the farm. When I was nineteen we came to Jeffersonville, Indiana, to live. Then he again took up his trade of painter-painter of smokestacks.

"One day he fell, and unless the contract was fulfilled he would lose money. I went out to his helper and I told him we must finish the job. We did. That was my first

attempt at smokestack painting.

"Now I am quicker than he is, and he often stays down and pulls me up and keeps his eyes on the rope. But when we are called to a distant city we work together on the same smokestack—it's company for us both then. And, too, he would be very lonesome if I did not go around with him.'

I watched her pull herself up another smokestack, absolutely unconscious of the gaping crowd in the street below, and of the congested traffic, brought forth by the unusual sight of this slim girl of twentythree painting away, first with one hand and then with the other, as she talked gaily with "Pappy," all the while meeting his strokes on the other side of the stack.

Miss Pixley affects no masculine airs and no particular style of dress. I suggested that she wear dark bloomers while at work. attract enough attention as it is," she replied. "I do wear bloomers under this short skirt and it is not in the way."

Unconsciously your mind will conjure up a monstrosity of some sort, and you will think the young painter a person of blunt sensibilities. You are mistaken. She is small and has finely chiseled features. Her work in the open air has given her a most becoming coat of tan. Her eyes are brown and she has a straightforward way of looking at you.

The work pays well, and Miss Pixley is ambitious for her family to own a home. She gets all the big contracts from the large dis-

	MISS MAYME	PIXLEY	
Of Jeffersonville, Indiana.	This young woman took up	p the trade of smokestack painting	because her
father, who is in the busine	ess, was injured and she foun-	d that she could help support the far	nily ouickly
-	•	and goes about her business earnestly ai	, , ,
by taking up his trade. She	has customers in three states a	ind goes about her business earnestry ai	и епистепицу
		35	
		33	

tilleries, electric-light plants and big flour mills around Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio.

She was putting some last contemplative dabs on the lower part of the stack as we talked and was still in her "swing." As she got up I said: "If women are given the suffrage this winter, will you vote?"

That rusty old smokestack got a few energetic dabs of paint that were not coming to it:
"You bet I will!" she flashed back.

ELLA HUTCHISON ELLWANGER.

ARNOLD BENNETT

HEN, a year ago, Arnold Bennett came over here on his first visit to America there was naturally a lot of curiosity among writing people to meet the man who had been called—and that by an excellent judge—the only first-rate British novelist, barring H. G. Wells, of the last decade. The writer of this sketch chanced to be one of a group of men who got together after their first meeting with Bennett, to talk him over.

Said one of them, in substance, this:

"Well, sir, this man Bennett is the most cocksure person I ever met in my life—he's so absolutely certain of himself and of his work."

Said another:

"He's as diffident as a débutante—hasn't any of the parlor tricks of the average successful literary man."

Said another:

"He talks mighty little."

"Yes," put in the fourth, "but you bet he sees a lot. Yes—and hears a lot, too. He's the best listener I ever saw."

The fifth man—he had been a newspaper reporter—said:

"Bennett would make a great reporter. He fairly sops up the local color."

And the sixth and last—a man who held an

editorial job on a newspaper—said:

"Did you think so? Now I figured him out as a born editor. It struck me that he was always looking past the surface to find the currents—that he accepted a visible fact only for the sake of the motive that laid behind it."

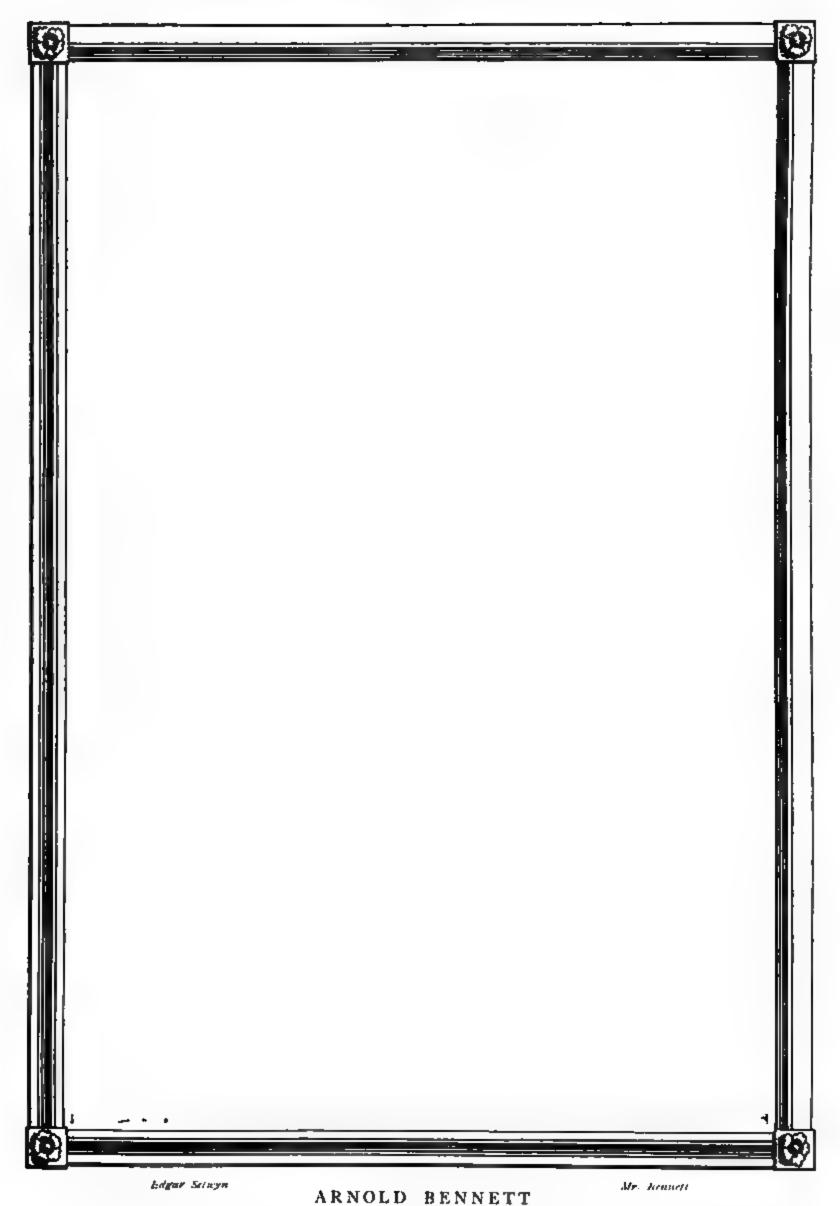
I guess all six of them were right. It is because he is as many-sided as a box of dice that Arnold Bennett—or Enoch Arnold Bennett, to give him all the names that the baptismal gave him—is what he is in literature. Also he is probably the hardest worker of his generation; I started to say of any generation. It was in 1900, twelve years ago,

that Bennett resigned his post as editor of a woman's magazine, to devote himself entirely to writing. Before that, though, several of his works had been printed, including a novel, "The Man from the North," a volume of plays called "Polite Farces," and a handbook, "Journalism for Women." Since 1000 he has turned out ten complete novels, two volumes of short stories, four or five plays, seven volumes of belles-lettres, seven fantasias, and any number of essays. This is not taking into account much of his work of the present year, which by all reports is to be one of his fat years, including, as it does, his American notes, called "Your United States," now being published, and at least one novel. Besides, having certain leanings toward socialism, he writes regularly under a pen name for The New Age, and in between times he contributes regularly to the progressive weekly and monthly magazines of England. And finally, he finds time to write —not dictate, but to write with his own hand long, chatty, intimate letters to his friends in his own country and in ours.

How does he do it? The answer is Arnold Bennett. He was born, 1867, at Hanley-in-the-Potteries, one of those smoking, smutting, clanging "Five Towns" that his pen has since made famous. He spent his boyhood at an endowed school, and matriculated in the London University. From the university he went to his father's office, his father being a solicitor in this town of Hanley; later he was a clerk in a solicitor's office in London; later still an assistant editor of a magazine called Woman; then editor-in-chief; and then he broke away from a fixed income and an office job to write.

And that positively is all that Arnold Bennett does—he writes. He has, so far as my own limited acquaintance with him goes, no fads and no hobbies. He doesn't golf, or fish, or hunt, or bridge. He loves music and pictures, but he doesn't play well and he doesn't collect pictures. He hates travel and he abhors excitement. He is not an afterdinner speaker nor a judge of wines. He writes. He sees life and then he writes it down. I would say that life is his hobby and writing it between the covers of a book his trade.

And since he was born among commonplace surroundings and reared in a commonplace way, he writes of the commonplace people and the commonplace things, only investing them with the passionate romance of commonplaceness, which, after all, is the greatest of all romance. Nothing melodramatically



Mr. Bennett's new serial story, "The Regent," will begin in next month's American Magazine. It is a theatrical story, and reveals the author's extraordinary grasp of all the interesting details in the world of actors, playwrights and managers

thrilling ever happened in his own life, nothing melodramatically thrilling ever happens in his books. He sets down life as he has lived it and as he knows it, not as somebody else has lived it or imagined it. Some of his books have no "climaxes" and no "situations" in them at all. In those of his books that have climaxes the climaxes come naturally, with no straining, no preliminary setting of stage properties; come with no regard for chapter or verse; in short, they come as they might come in your life or mine. Every one of Bennett's novels is a great biography, and if ever he wrote a biography it would be a great novel.

He is terribly methodical, which is what you would expect of such a man. His writing is the most exact, clerkly, monkish writing you can imagine; the old simile of copperplate doesn't begin to describe it. A page of his manuscript is like a page out of some old missal. Sometimes he even illuminates the initial letter of a new chapter! He is as sure of the way he writes as of what he writes —and that is very sure. He set out—he admits it himself—to be a successful writer, and he was never in doubt of the ultimate result even when his first books moldered and gathered dust on the bookdealers' shelves and the mention of his name meant nothing to the casual hearer. He is never in doubt, now that success has come.

He is a business man in literature. He makes most of his own contracts; his publishers will tell you he can drive a good bargain—it is the careful, methodical solicitor's clerk standing behind the writer. Humorists say he is a great serious writer, serious writers say he is a great humorist; essayists admit him a great novelist, and novelists concede that he writes better essays than almost anybody who uses the English language. And meanwhile Arnold Bennett writes and writes.

Personally he is a smallish, slightly wearied-looking man, with a small impediment in his speech, a large leather-backed notebook in either side coat pocket, a Turkish cigarette in his fingers, and in his head the brightest, quickest brown eye you ever saw—an eye that is interested in everything that has happened, or is happening or is going to happen.

Mainly he writes of the dingiest, noisiest, smokiest corner of northern England, and mainly he lives in the sunniest, quietest corner of southern France. And having paid this country one visit, he professes to be fond of us—particularly of our cities and our women—and says he is coming back again. He should be fond of America, too—it was in

America that Arnold Bennett's tremendous characterizations of human beings found a national audience before his own countrymen came to a realization of his powers.

IRVIN S. COBB.

WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST

of New York, with a debt of \$1,-082,000,000, or more than the debt of the United States, and having a total expenditure for every day in the year of approximately \$950,000, is a man's job; but when to this is added the nominating of a Presidential candidate, an active part in the leadership of a new national party, and opposition to a persistent fight on the part of political admirers to force acceptance of a gubernatorial nomination, the job becomes one seeming to demand dynamic power and staying qualities.

This much activity, and even more, has been crowded into the last few months by

William A. Prendergast.

Prendergast is a new man in national politics, and there is no accident about his rise. Behind him is half a lifetime of hard effort. Before the split came in the Republican party, it was sought to weld progressives and reactionaries by having Prendergast named for Vice-President, instead of Taft's present running mate, "Sunny Jim" Sherman. Theodore Roosevelt, however, recognizing Prendergast's merit, picked him to place his name in nomination at the Republican Convention last June, and this delayed honor came Prendergast's way at the Progressive Convention two months later.

Prendergast was born in Manhattan Island forty-five years ago. His parents took him to Brooklyn when a boy, and he has been there ever since. His first work was as doorman in a New York wholesale drygoods house. In that position he somehow became possessed of the idea that his future was in finance, and so well did he nurse his ambition that in eight years he was credit man of the firm that first employed him. As a credit expert Prendergast spread his activities over the United States.

When still in the early twenties he was one of the organizers of the National Association of Credit Men, traveling into every State for this purpose, and as a result finally being selected for the authorship of the standard work on the subject, entitled, "Credit and Its Uses."

WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST

A man who could have been candidate for Governor of New York on the regular Republican ticket, and who was offered the Vice-Presidency on the Taft ticket. His friends thought he committed political suicide by turning these things down, but apparently his courage and fearlessness in fighting for his principles never wavered

Politics attracted Prendergast when he was nearing thirty, and, unusually gifted as a public speaker, he soon was drafted as a Republican candidate for Congress. His first public trust was as Register of Kings County. He entered the office in 1908, to find its work and records several years in arrears. It took him just fourteen months to bring the work up to date, reorganize the whole system of operation, and thereby place himself directly in line for the nomination for Comptroller of the City of New York. Prendergast was elected to this office by the largest vote ever cast for any candidate in the history of the city, and, as when Register, his wholesale turning over of things in the Department of Finance has stamped his administration with individuality and fearlessness.

Under Prendergast the financial methods of New York have been simplified and centralized; but an even more striking sign of the man is his care for the health of the 1,000 or more clerks serving under him. He found the Department of Finance housed in quarters almost inconceivably congested and even squalid, with room after room having its record of needless consumptive tragedies. Prendergast was the first Comptroller to interest himself in this sad situation; he cleared the musty, moth-eaten quarters, let in the light, and gave New York its first real lesson in one duty toward municipal

employees.

Prendergast was one of the hardest-hitting opponents of William Barnes, Jr., the New York political boss, chiefly instrumental in forcing Taft's nomination at Chicago. This was no new experience for Prendergast, as he fought in the same spirit six years ago when Barnes resorted to every political means to prevent the second nomination of Charles E. Hughes for Governor of New York. Prendergast had stood behind Hughes in his overthrow of race-track gambling, a thing Barnes advocated. When Prendergast came to the platform it seemed that Barnes had defeated Hughes, but in a speech that carried the convention off its feet Prendergast declared the honor of the Empire State demanded the return of Hughes to the Governor's chair. and drove Barnes in retreat.

Prendergast's spirit as a Progressive is that of the Crusader. He is in the Progressive fight with his whole heart, and risking his political neck a second time.

Theodore Roosevelt sums up Prendergast in this wise: "In this Progressive battle I have found none abler than he."

WILLIAM BULLOCK.

ROY W. HOWARD

NE of the most interesting and romantic figures in the quasi-public life of the newspaper profession is Roy W. Howard, General Manager of the United Press Association. The buoyancy of youth is the main pillar of the United Press. Mr. Howard himself is now in his twenty-ninth year, and for six years has been the editorial head of this agency, which embraces a membership of more than 475 afternoon newspapers, with a large added clièntéle of Sunday morning newspapers. The average age of his large staff of editors and correspondents in America and Europe is considerably under thirty years. As a boy Mr. Howard was a cub reporter on the Indianapolis News, and later was sporting editor of the Star, in the same With rapid strides he passed through the various reportorial and subeditor experiences in the employ of newspapers in Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and in March, 1906, found himself in New York as correspondent of the Scripps-McRae League. A few months later the United Press Association was formed through the amalgamation of three evening news agencies, and Mr. Howard became the New York manager. Since that time he has by successive promotions come to be the head of the concern and the chairman of its board of directors.

Every successful business—certainly every newspaper-must work toward an ideal. The slogan of the United Press is "get the truth." But what is the truth? It is not always possible to tell, and the United Press editor, like everyone else, merely strives for the attainment of the ideal. He does it conscientiously, and no sincere business man in his private correspondence strives more diligently to honestly represent his private interests than the United Press man endeavors truthfully to report the affairs of public interest. He may write about what is visual, quote from the sayings or writings of people, and give such definite conclusions as he may be sure of. He must tell both sides, all sides. of every question and never advocate. He lays down the facts and his readers may draw their own conclusions. Omission of important news facts is tantamount to suppression, and Mr. Howard holds his editors and reporters guilty of failure quite as strictly for the sin of omission as for any other fault. He contends that the newspapers that he serves are entitled to the truth, and that the

publication of the whole truth is the most important cog in the machine of democracy.

A concrete example of the vital public importance of this policy was shown recently in the instance of the strike of the textile workers at Lawrence, Mass. From the outset of that now celebrated conflict the United Press regarded it as extraordinary news, and reported to its papers in all sections of the country full details of the great struggle between the textile manufacturers and 28,000 revolting employees. When the strike developed a situation which not only outraged the broad humanitarian impulses of the American people, but violated the constitutional rights of individuals involved, the United Press was true to its responsibility. and as a result of its accurate representation of that labor conflict the whole nation was aroused. It was unpleasant news, and the lines of prejudice and special interest were tightly drawn. Every department of the city and State governments seemed to be working actively against the strikers; the police were not above misrepresentation; higher city officials were silent or actually misinformative; mill officials gave biased statements; the strike leaders made large claims, and the section of the press that swallows Big Business whole misrepresented the situation outrageously. On the theory that a free press cannot maintain its prestige as the Fourth Estate on a regimen of news deceit, misrepresentation, or concealment, the established policy of the United Press called for reports written without favor or fear, describing all sides of that conflict. Thus the nation was aroused to a situation in a sister commonwealth wherein constitutional rights were being ignored, parents denied the privilege of transporting their children to another State, and men and women mercilessly clubbed for no offense; and, in fact, official anarchy reigned in sorry contrast to the fine spirit of democracy and brotherly love exhibited by the polyglot mass of striking men, women, and children.

As the United Press was the only news agency to give the newspapers of the country the whole truth about Lawrence, and as it is known that it was the reading of these accounts that moved Senator Miles Poindexter personally to investigate Lawrence, it is fair to state that it was this exposure that resulted in Congressional interference and inquiry, and the Federal probe by Commissioner Charles P. Neill of the Department of intelligence of which depends the success of Labor.

This illustration of the positive democratic necessity of free and independent reporting of news facts has many counterparts in the history of the United Press Association. A recent conspicuous example, from another point of view, but perhaps quite as vital to public policy, was the report the United Press correspondents cabled of the coronation of King George and Oueen Mary. The American newspaper men of the conventional school on that occasion wired highly colored word pictures of the splendid spectacle, the sparkling trappings of the Royal Family, beauty of the women, awesome dignity of the men, gaiety of the crowds, and the worshipful homage of the King's subjects, cheering, madly waving flags, and tossing hats as the gorgeous pageant traversed the labyrinth of vibrating humanity in London's streets. The correspondents of the United Press, all American-trained, on that occasion reported all that was true of the brilliancy and dignity of the occasion; but they also saw in the event news facts which had escaped rival correspondents and were of especial importance to Americans. United Press papers that evening told, among other things, of the enormous expenditures made for the extravagant coronation display, truthfully estimated the enthusiasm of the crowds from observation rather than from preconceived ideas, and these sharpeved American reporters did not miss the fact that lunch baskets thrown away by prosperous Englishmen seated in the expensive street stands were eagerly seized and rifled for crumbs by half-starved men and women of the miserable London army of unemployed people.

Critics of American newspapers are constantly contending that newspaper readers are becoming less inclined to follow editorial columns, but are forming their own judgment upon public questions from the facts as presented in the news columns. To whatever extent this may be true, the responsibility to the public of a press association is direct. and therefore vitally important to American This spirit of truth-telling in institutions. press association reporting has had the effect of brightening and humanizing telegraph news, once the dullest feature of many newspapers. Press Association has become an important factor in the process of making that vague, fluctuating and complex thing called Public Opinion the American King, according to the

the republic.

NINE TERRIBLE MEN

By EDGAR WALLACE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

the Forest of O'tomb', so native report had it.

Nine terrible men who lived on an island set in a swamp. And the swamp was hard to come by, being in the midst of a vast forest. Only a monkey or a leopard could find a way to the inhabitants of this island—they themselves being privy to the secret ways.

No man of the Isisi, of the N'Gombi, of the Akasava or of the river tribes, attempted to track down the nine, for, as it was generally known, most powerful ju-jus guarded all paths that led to the secret place.

Nine outlawed men, with murder and worse upon their souls, they came together, God knows how, and preyed upon their world.

They raided with impunity, being impartial as to whether Isisi or N'Gombi paid toll. By night they would steal forth in single file, silent as death, no twig cracking in their path, no word spoken. As relentless as the soldier ant in his march of destruction, they made their way without hindrance to the village they had chosen for the scene of their operations, took what they wanted and returned.

Sometimes they wanted food, sometimes spears—for these lords of the wood were superior to craftsmanship—sometimes a woman or two went and never came back.

Such lawless communities were not uncommon. Occasionally very ordinary circumstances put an end to them; some there were that flourished, like the People-whowere-not-all-alike.

The nine terrible men of the O'tomb' existed because nothing short of an army corps could have surrounded them, and because, as Sanders thought, they were not a permanent body, but dispersed at times to their several homes.

Sanders once sent two companies of Houssas to dislodge the nine, but they did nothing, for the simple reason that never once did they get within shooting distance. Then a source of great worry.

NHERE were nine terrible men in Sanders came himself and caught little else the Forest of O'tomb', so native than a vicious attack of malarial fever.

He sent messages to all the chiefs of the people within a radius of a hundred miles to kill at sight any of the nine, offering certain rewards. After three palpably inoffensive men of the Ochori tribe had been killed and the reward duly claimed, Sanders countermanded the order.

For two years the nine ravaged at will, then a man of the Isisi, one Fembeni, found grace.

Fembeni became a Christian, though there is no harm in that. This is not satire, but a statement with a reservation. There are certain native men who embrace the faith and lose quality thereby, but Fembeni apparently was a Christian and a better man—except. . . .

Here is another reservation.

Up at Mosunkusu a certain Ruth Alldyne labored for the cause, she, as I have previously described, being a medical missionary, and pretty to boot.

White folk would call her pretty because she had regular features, a faultless complexion, and a tall well modeled shape.

Black folk thought she was plain, because her hips were not as they should be by convention, nor was she developed according to their standards.

Also from the N'Gombi point of view her fair long hair was ridiculous and her features "like a bird."

Mr. Commissioner Sanders thought she was very pretty indeed—when he allowed himself to think about her.

He did not think about her more often than he could help, for two reasons, the only one of which that is any business of yours or mine being that she was an enormous responsibility. He had little patches of white hair on either side of his temple—when he allowed his hair to grow long enough for these to become visible—which he called, grimly, his "missionary hairs." The safety of the solitary stations set in the wilds were a source of great worry.

same absurd position as those who sneer at Nelson, or speak slightingly of other heroes.

themselves adrift from the material life which is worth the living, they endure hardships incomprehensible to the uninitiated, they suffer from tempestuous illness which find them hale and hearty in the morning and leave their feeble bodies at the edge of death

"And all this they do," said Bosambo, of Monrovia, philosophically and thoughtfully, "because of certain mysteries which happened when the world was young and of a famous Man called Hesu.* Now I think that is the greatest mystery of all."

Sanders appreciated the disinterestedness of the work, was immensely impressed by the courage of the people who came to labor in the unhealthy field, but all the time he fret-

fully wished they wouldn't.

His feelings were those of a professional lion tamer who sees a light-hearted amateur stepping into the cage of the most savage of his beasts; they were the feelings of the skilled *mateodor* who watches the novice's awkward handling of an Andalusian bull a troubled *mateodor* with a purple cloak held ready and one neatly shod foot on the barrier, ready to spring into the ring at the novello's

The "missionary patches" grew larger and whiter in the first few months of Ruth Alldyne's presence at Musunkusu, for this village was too near to the wild N'Gombi, too near the erratic Isisi for Sanders' liking.

Sanders might easily have made a mistake in his anxiety. He might have sent messengers to the two peoples—or gone in person threatening them with death and worse than

death, if they harmed the girl.

But that would have aroused a sense of importance in their childlike bosoms and when the time came, as it assuredly would come, that their stomachs were angry against him, some chief would say:

"Behold, here is a woman who is as the core of Sandi's eye. If we do her harm we

shall be revenged on Sandi."

And since children do not know any other to-morrow, than the to-morrow of good promise, it would have gone badly with the lady missionary.

Instead, Sanders laid upon Bosambo, chief

You must understand that missionaries of the Ochori, charge of this woman, and are very good people. Those ignoramuses Bosambo he trusted in all big things, though who sneer at them place themselves in the in the matter of goods movable and goods convertible he had no such confidence.

When Fembeni of the Isisi was converted Missionaries take terrible risks; they cut from paganism to Christianity, Sanders was fussing about the little creeks which abound on the big river, looking for a man named Oko, who after a long and mysterious absence had returned to his village, killed his wife and fled to the bush.

The particular bush happened to be in the neighborhood of the mission station, otherwise Sanders might have been content to allow his policemen to carry out the good work, but no sooner did news come that Oko had broken for that section of the N'Gombi country which impinges on Musunkusu, than Sanders went flying up river in his steamer because something told him he had identified one of the nine men.

Wrote Sergeant Ahmed the Houssa, who prided himself on his English, to his wife at headquarters:

At daylight when search for murderer was officially resumed, came our lord Sundah very actively angry. By orders I took left bank of Kulula River with three men, being ordered to shoot aforesaid Oko if resistance offered. Abiboo (Sergeant) took right or other bank and our lord searched bush. Truly Oko must be a very important man that Sundah comes officially searching for same, saying bitter reproach words to his humble servants.

Ahmed's picture of his chief's agitation may be a little exaggerated but I do not doubt that there was a substratum of fact therein.

On the second day of the hunt, Sanders' steamer was tied up at the Mission station and he found himself walking in the cool of the evening with Ruth Alldyne. So he learnt about Fembeni, the Isisi man who had found the light and was hot and eager for salvation.

"H'm," said Sanders, displaying no great enthusiasm. But she was too elated over her first convert to notice the lack of warmth

in his tone.

"It is just splendid," she said, her gray eyes alight, and her pretty face kindling with the thought, "especially when you remember, Mr. Sanders, that I have only an imperfect knowledge of the language."

"Are you sure," asked the incredulous Sanders, "that Fembeni understands what it

is all about?"

"Oh, yes!" She smiled at the Commissioner's simplicity. "Why, he met me half way as it were, he came out to meet the truth,

"Fembeni?" said Sanders thoughtfully,

The Third Person of the Trinity is so called in some dialects,

"Lord, I shall put them all away save one, for that is the blessed way"

aright he is not the sort of person who would get religion if he did not see a strong business end to it."

She frowned a little. Her eyebrows made One." a level line over resentful eyes.

said coldly.

He looked at her, the knuckle of his front

finger at his lips.

She was very pretty, he thought, or else he had been so long removed from the society of white women that she seemed beautiful only because she stood before a background of brutal ugliness. Slim, straight, grave eyed, complexion

faultless though tanned by the African sun, features regular and delicate, hair (a quantity) russet brown.

Sanders shook his head.

"I wish to heaven you weren't monkeying about in this infernal country," he said.

"That is beside the question," she replied with a little smile, "we are talking of Fembeni and I think you are being rather

horrid." They reached the big square hut that

Sanders had built for her and climbed the wooden steps that led to the stoop. Sanders made no reply, but when she had disappeared into the interior of the hut to make him some tea, he beckoned Abiboo who had followed

him at a respectful distance.

of the Isisi."

He was stirring his tea whilst the girl was giving him a rosy account of her work when Fembeni came, a tall man of middle age, wearing the trousers and waistcoat which were the outward and visible signs of his inward and spiritual grace.

"Come near, Fembeni," said Sanders

gently.

The man walked with confidence up the steps on to the stoop and without invitation drew a chair toward him and seated himself.

Sanders said nothing. He looked at the

man for a very long time, then: "Who asked you to sit in my presence?"

he said softly.

"Lord," said Fembeni pompously, "since I have found the blessed truth-

Something in Sanders' eyes caused him to rise hurriedly.

"You may sit—on the ground," said Sanders quietly, "after the manner of your people, and I will sit on this chair after the manner of mine. For behold, Fembeni, even the blessed truth shall not make black white

"I think I know the man: if I remember him or white black, nor shall it make you equal with Sandi who is your master.

"Lord, that is so," said the sullen Fembeni. "vet we are all equal in the eyes of the Great

"Then there are a million people in the "I think that is unworthy of you," she Isisi, in the N'Gombi, the Akasava and the Ochori who are your equals," said Sanders, "and it is no shame for you to do as they do."

Which was unanswerable, according to

Fembeni's sense of logic.

The girl had listened to the talk between her novitiate and the Commissioner with rising wrath, for she had not Sanders' knowledge of native peoples.

"I think that it is rather small of you, Mr. Sanders," she said hotly, "it is a much more important matter that a heathen should be brought to the truth, than that your dignity

should be preserved."

Sanders frowned horribly—he had no society manners and was not used to dispu-

"I do not agree with you, Miss Alldyne," he said a little gruffly, "for whilst the Isisi cannot see the ecstatic condition of his soul which leads him to be disrespectful to me,

they can and do see the gross materialism of his sitting body."

A thought struck him and he turned to the That thought made all the difference

between life and death to Fembeni.

"Fembeni," he said, relapsing into the "Go you," he said, "and bring me Fembeni language of the Isisi, "you are a rich man by all accounts."

"Lord, it is so."

"And wives—how many have you?"

"Four, lord."

Sanders nodded and turned to the girl.

"He has four wives," he said.

"Well?"

There was a hint of defiance in the questioning "Well?"

"He has four wives," repeated Sanders,

what is your view on this matter?"

"He shall marry one in the Christian style," she said flushing. "Oh, you know, Mr. Sanders, it is impossible for a man to be a Christian and have more wives than one."

Sanders turned to the man again.

"In this matter of wives, Fembeni," he said gently, "how shall you deal with the women of your house?"

Fembeni wriggled his bare shoulders uncomfortably.

"Lord, I shall put them all away save one," he said sulkily, "for that is the blessed way."

"H'm," said Sanders for the second time that morning.

He was silent for a long time, then:

"It is rather a problem," he said.

"It presents no difficulty to my mind," said the girl stiffly.

She was growing very angry, though Sanders did not realize the fact, being unused to the ways of white women.

"I think it is rather horrid of you, Mr. Sanders, to discourage this man, to put obstacles in his faith—"

"I put no obstacle," interrupted the Commissioner. He was short of speech, being rather so intent upon his subject that he took no account of the fine feelings of a zealous lady missionary. "But I cannot allow this to happen in my district. This man has four

wives, each of them has borne him children. What justice He turned a cold eye

or what Christianity is there in turning loose three women who have served this man?"

Here was a problem for the girl and in her desperation she used an argument which was unanswerable.

"The law allows this," she said; "these things happen all over the world where missionary work is in progress. Perhaps I could bring the women to understand, perhaps I could explain——"

"You couldn't explain the babies out of

existence," said Sanders brutally.

That ended the discussion, for with a look of scorn and disgust she passed into the hut, leaving Sanders a prey to some emotion.

He turned a cold eye to the offending Fembeni.

"Also this have I bought for you," said Fembeni—" paying one bag of salt"

"It seems," he said, "that a man by becoming a Christian has less mouths to fill.

Now I must investigate this matter."

Fembeni regarded him apprehensively, for if a woman is questioned, who knows what she will say. And it was fairly unimportant to the man if he had one wife or forty.

There was no possibility of searching any further that night for the erring Oko, and Sanders was rowed across the river in his canoe to interview the wives of the new convert.

He found one woman who viewed the coming change with considerable philosophy and three who were very shrill and very voluble.
"I ord" said one of these three in that

"Lord," said one of these three in that insolent tone which only native women assume, "this white witch has taken our man—"

"I do not hear well," said Sanders quickly, "yet I thought I heard a word I do not like."

He whiffled his pliant stick till it hummed a tune.

"Lord," said the woman, dropping her voice and speaking more mildly, "this Godlady has taken our man."

"God-ladies do not take men," said Sanders, "rather they influence their spirits that

they may be better men."

"Fembeni will be no better and no worse," said the woman bitterly, "for he goes to the forest by night. Often he has arisen from my side and when he has gone, behold the Nine Terrible Men have come from nearby and taken that which they wanted."

She stopped abruptly. There was horror in the eyes which met the Commissioner's:

in her anger she had said too much.

"That is foolish talk," said Sanders easily. He knew there would be no more information here and he played to quiet her fears.

He strolled through the village, talked a while with the headman and returned to his canoe.

Once on the Zaire he summoned Abiboo.

"Take three men and bring Fembeni to me," he said, "and be very ready to shoot him, for I have heard certain things."

He waited for ten minutes, then Abiboo

returned—alone.

"Fembeni has gone into the forest," he said, "also the God-lady."

Sanders looked at him.

"How?"

"Lord, this Fembeni is a Christian and desired to speak with the God-woman of the new magic. So they walked together, the God-woman reading from a book. Also he had a gift for her, which he bought from a French trader."

"I see," said Sanders.

He poured himself out a stiff glass of devil." whiskey and his hand shook a little.

Then he lifted down a sporting rifle that hung on the wall of his cabin, broke open two packets of cartridges and dropped them into his coat pocket.

"Let the men come on quickly," he said,

"you commanding."

"Lord, there are other sergeants," said Abiboo, "I go with you, for I am at your right hand, though death waits me."

"As you will," said Sanders roughly.

He went through the missionary compound, stopping only that a boy should point out the direction the two had taken, then he moved swiftly toward the forest, Abiboo at his heels.

He followed the beaten track for a hundred yards. Then he stopped and sniffed like a dog.

He went on a little farther and came back on his tracks.

He stopped and picked up some pieces of broken glass and turned aside from the path, following his nose.

Ruth Alldyne had supreme faith in the power of the word which makes martyrs.

"You must have no doubt, Fembeni," she said in her halting Isisi, "for with Light, such as the Word brings, all things will be made plain to you."

They were beyond the confines of the little mission station, walking slowly toward the forest. She read little extracts from the book she carried, and so full of her subject was she that she did not observe that they had passed the straggling trees, the outposts of the big forest.

When she did notice this, she turned:

"More I will tell you, Fembeni," she said.
"Lady, tell me now," he begged, "for Sandi has made me doubt."

She frowned. What mischief can a materialist work! She had liked Sanders. Now for one resentful moment she almost hated him.

"There are white men who doubt," she said, "and who place pitfalls in the way——
"Also this have I bought for you," said

Fembeni, "paying one bag of salt."

From the leather pouch at his side he produced a long flat flask.

She smiled as she recognized the floral label of the abominable scent beloved of the native.

"This I bought for you, Teacher," he said, and removed the stopper so that the unoffending evening reeked of a sudden with the odor of musk, "that you might protect me against Sandi, who is no God-man but a devil."

She took the bottle and hastily replaced

the stopper.

"Sandi is no devil," she said gently, "and

will do you no harm---'

"He has crossed the river," said Fembeni sulkily, and there was a curious glitter in his eyes, "and he will speak with my wives, and they will tell him evil things of me."

She looked at him gravely.

"What evil things can they say?" she asked.

Sandi will bring his rope and I shall die."

She smiled.

"I do not think you need fear," she said and began to walk back, but he stood in front of her and at that instant she realized her danger and the color faded from her face.

"If Sandi comes after me to kill me," he said slowly, "I shall say to him, 'Behold I have a woman of your kind, and if you do not

pardon me, you will be sorry."

She thought quickly, then of a sudden, leapt past him and fled in the direction of the

He was after her in a flash. She heard the fast patter of his feet and suddenly felt his arm about her waist.

She screamed, but there was none to hear her, and his big hand covered her mouth.

He shook her violently.

"You live or you die," he said, "but if you

cry out, I will beat you till you die."

He half carried, half dragged her in the direction of the forest. She was nearly dead with fear; she was dimly conscious of the fact that he did not take the beaten path, that he turned at right angles and moved unerringly through the wood, following a path of his own knowing. As he turned she made another attempt to secure her liberty. She still held the scent flask in her hand and struck at him with all her might. He caught her arm and nearly broke it. The stopper fell out and her dress was drenched with the vile per fume.

He wrenched the flask from her hand and threw it away.

Grasping her by the arm he led her on. She was nearly

"They can lie," he said shortly, "and exhausted when he stopped and she sank an inert heap to the ground. She dare not faint, though she was on the verge of such a breakdown. How long they had been traveling, she had no idea. The sun was setting: this she guessed rather than knew. for no sunlight penetrated the dim aisles.

Fembeni watched her; he sat with his back to a tree and regarded her thoughtfully.

After a while he rose.

"Come," he said.

They moved on in silence. She made no appeal to him. She knew now the futility of speech. Her mind was still bewildered. Why—why—why? it asked incoherently.

Why had this man professed Christianity? "Fembeni," she faltered, "I have been

kind to you."

"Woman," he said grimly, "you may be kinder."

She said no more.

The horror of the thing began to take shape. She half stopped and he grasped her arm

roughly.

"By my head, you shall live," he said, "if Sandi gives his word that none of us shall hang—for we are the Terrible Men and Sandi has smelt me out."

There was a gleam of hope in this speech. If it was only as a hostage that they held

her. . . .

Night had fallen when they came to water. Here Fembeni halted. He searched about in the undergrowth and dragged to view a section of hollow tree trunk. Inside were two sticks of ironwood, and squatting down before the lokaki he rattled a metallic tattoo.

For ten minutes he played his tuneless rhythm. When he stopped there came a faint

reply from somewhere across the lake.

They waited, the girl and her captor, for nearly half an hour. She strained her ears for the sound of oars, not knowing that the water did not extend for more than a hundred yards and that beyond and around lay the great swamp wherein stood the island headquarters of the Nine.

not represent the sample of the strained her ears Sandi never water did not extend for more than a hundred thing.

The first intimation of the presence of others was a stealthy rustle, then through the gloom she saw the men coming toward

her

Fembeni grasped her arm and led her forward.

He exchanged a few words with the newcomers in a dialect she could not understand. There was a brief exchange of questions and

then the party moved on.

The ground beneath her feet grew soft and soddened. Sometimes the water was up to her ankles. The leader of the men picked his way unerringly, now following a semicircular route, now turning off at right angles, now winding in and out, till she lost all sense of direction.

Her legs were like lead, her head was swimming, and she felt she was on the point of collapse when suddenly the party reached dry land. A few minutes later they reached the tumbledown village which the outlaws had built themselves.

A fire was burning, screened from view by the arrangement of the huts, which had been built in a crescent.

The girl was shown a hut and thrust inside. Soon afterwards a woman brought her a bowl of boiled fish and a gourd of water.

In her broken Isisi she begged the woman to stay with her, but she was evidently of the N'Gombi people and did not understand.

A few minutes later she was alone.

Outside the hut about the fire sat eight of the nine terrible men. One of these was Oko of the Isisi, a man of some power.

"This woman I do not like," he said, "and by my way of thinking, Fembeni is a fool and a son of a fool to bring her unless she comes as other women have come, to serve us."

"Lord Oko," said Fembeni, "I am more skilled in the ways of white folk than you. And I tell you that if we keep this woman here it shall be well with us. For if Sandi shall catch you or me, or any of us, we shall say to him: 'There is a woman with us whom you greatly prize, and if you hang me, behold you kill her also.'"

Still Oko was not satisfied.

"I also know white people and their ways," he said, "Sandi would have left us, now he will not rest till we are scattered and dead, for Sandi has a memory like the river which never ceases to flow."

A man of the Akasava suggested an evil

"That we shall consider," said Oko.

He had already decided. He had none of the subtlety of mind which distinguished Fembeni. He saw the end and was for crowding in the space of life left to him as much of life as his hand could grasp.

They sat in palaver till early in the morning, the firelight reflected on the polished

skin of their bodies.

Then Oko left the circle and crept to the girl's hut. They saw him stoop and enter and heard a little scream.

"Oko has killed her," said Fembeni.

"It is best," said the other men.

Fembeni rose and went to the hut.

"Oko," he called softly, then stooped and went in.

Facing him was a ragged square of dim light, where a great hole had been cut in the farther side of the hut.

"Oko," he called sharply, then two hands of steel caught him by the throat and two others pulled his legs from under him.

He went to the ground, too terrified to resist.

"Fembeni," said a soft voice in his ear.
"I have been waiting for you."

He was rolled on to his face and he made no resistance. His hands were pulled behind and he felt the cold steel bands encircle his wrist and heard a "snick" as they fastened.

He was as expeditiously gagged.

"As for Oko," said Sanders' voice, "he is dead, and if you had heard him cry, you also would have been dead."

"Lord," said one of these three . . . "This white witch has taken our man"

That ended the one-sided conversation, Sanders and his sergeant sitting patiently in their lair waiting for the rest of the men to come.

With the morning arrived a detachment of Houssas under Sergeant Ahmed, following the trail Sanders had followed.

There were four dead men to be buried including him who had stood on guard at the

edge of the swamp.

There was a white faced girl to be guarded back across the swamp to the seclusion of the forest, and with her went the women of the outlaws' village.

Fembeni and his four companions stood

up for judgment.

"One thing I would ask you, Fembeni," said Sanders, "and that is this: you are by

some account a Christian. Do vou practise this magic or are you for the ju-jus and gods of your fathers?"

"Lord," said Fembeni eagerly, "I am a Christian in all ways; remember this, master,

I am of your faith."

Sanders, with his lips parted and his eyes narrowed, looked at the man.

"Then it is proper that I should give you time to say your prayers," he said. "Abiboo,

we hang this man last."

"I see that you are a devil," said Fembeni, "otherwise you would not follow us in the night with none to show you the way. Now I tell you, Sandi, that I am no Christian, for all God-folk are foolish save you, and I know that you are no God-man. Therefore if I am to hang, let me hang with the rest."

Sanders nodded.



THE EARNING POWER OF POPULATION

By ALBERT JAY NOCK

Author of "The Things That Are Caesar's," "World Scouts," etc.

N my way to this office yesterday I saw a child two years old, weak, rachitic, miserably poor. breath of life only fluttered in its nostrils. It was tended by an older child as wretched as itself.

The birth of this child added \$849 to the value of New York City real estate.

Who earned that money?

Not the child, clearly. The little thing had no earning power and no prospect of ever having any. Not the child's family. Perhaps they earned their bread, such as it is, but nothing more.

What earned that money was the fact that the child was born in New York,—the fact that one more unit was added to the

city's population.

Again. The New York police department is very good about letting poor people sleep in the parks on hot nights. At midnight on the ninth of June last—the first very hot night of the season—I counted a hundred men asleep in Madison Square. There were many more, but counting them was a dispiriting business and I stopped at a hundred.

value of New York real estate—just by being there as part of the permanent population.

Who earned that money? Not the men themselves, poor souls! In earning power, in ambition, in self-respect, they were far from equal to any such contract. Yet somehow they were responsible: for the fact remains that as part of the city's permanent population their presence added nearly \$85,000 to the value of real estate.

Every New Yorker Adds \$849

Every soul added to the population of New York—each child born, each person moving in—by the very fact of birth or removal, add3 \$849 to the city's real-estate values.

New York's realty values are \$849 higher to-day only because that sickly child is here. They are \$84,000 higher because the hundred poor denizens of the park are here. Not for anything these people have ever done or are likely ever to do, but because the permanent population of New York is increased by so many units.

What is true of New York is true of every These hundred men added \$84,000 to the other city, town and village under the sun.

Land values increase as population increases. The amount of increase due to each unit of population can be calculated with little difficulty.

Where Does the Money Go?

Now, having found where the money comes from, let us ask where it goes. Who gets it? Not the child, not the vagrants. One class, and one only, is directly benefited by their presence as factors in the population of New York City.

These are the owners of land, the landlords
—"land-lords" as we very properly call them.

They get the money.

Do they earn it? No. The value of their land depends upon the mere presence of other people. Some of our land-owners here in New York City have never even seen their property. Land values are created by the community. They do not depend upon an owner's industry or ability except his ability to "hang on."

An acre of miraculously fertile oasis—if there is such a thing—in the desert of Sahara is worth nothing. A thousand years from now, probably, it will be worth no more than it is at present. The reason is that there is no population there and no likelihood that

there ever will be any.

On the other hand, the acre of bare sand and rock that our office-building stands on at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street is immensely valuable. If the owner or owners had ever spent a dollar for improvements, this value would be precisely what it is now. This value is created by the fact that five million people have established themselves permanently around this piece of land.

These facts are beyond argument. What we call "the real-estate business" (barring mere brokerage) depends upon their validity. Everyone knows that the surest and safest way to get rich without working is to forecast a growing neighborhood and buy as much land as one can hold "for a rise." Do not improve it, do not use it. Leave the land exactly as you find it, hold it until the increase of population and the industry of your neighbors give it a satisfactory value and then sell it or lease it for all the traffic will bear.

Paying for Your Own Value

This absorption of public property into private hands is the greatest graft there is. A friend of mine told me an amusing story

the other day that might come in here very well as an illustration.

This friend wanted to buy a home-site up in Massachusetts, and at the place of his choice there were two vacant lots side by side, both owned by the same person. He was offered the pick of the two for \$1,200. Deciding shortly that he would like both, he offered to buy them together for \$2,400. But the owner demanded \$2,600; and when my friend in great astonishment inquired the reason of the raise, he received this answer:

"If you buy one of the lots and improve it your improvements add \$200 to the value of the other lot,—I could get that price from

another intending purchaser."

And so he could. But still it strikes one as a little strong to make a man pay \$200 speculative value determined by his own prospective improvements. It rather reminds one of Mr. James T. Field's delightful story of his free-lecture experience in that same Massachusetts. No one met him at the train, the doorkeeper did not know him, and he had to pay twenty-five cents to hear himself talk. Yet if the landlord's principle was correct, it is hard to see why he was not entitled to that \$200 from my friend quite as much as he would be from another.

The truth of the matter is, he was not entitled to it from anybody. Values belong to those who create them. The community earns the social value of land and the community should have it.

The Community Earns Ground Rent

The community of New York confers enormous social value upon the bit of ground our office building stands on. Put this building at Montauk Point, L. I., and it would not earn enough income to pay the elevator boys.

The social value of land is public property. Appropriate it to public use instead of letting it go as private graft, and the question of taxation is forever settled. The community can pay its own expenses out of its own earnings twice over. Leave the citizen in undisturbed possession of all he earns. Free him from all forms of taxation that bear against his industry and the fruits thereof. But cause all land values created by the community to revert to the community for its support.

This is done by the simple method of levying all taxes against ground rent—against the market price of the privilege conferred by the community upon the ownership of land.

The tariff, the excise, the income and inheritance taxes, and the unspeakable abomi-



nation called the general-property tax are all levied against industry and production. Therefore industry and production suffer. Under the other system, industry and production would be wholly free, and taxes levied only against the natural income of privilege.

Because that is what the ownership of land precisely amounts to. It is the privilege of using land or keeping other persons from using it. Land is not, nor can be, private property in the same sense that a watch, books, furniture are private property. Watches, books, etc., are the product of labor. Their output can be increased or diminished. When one buys a watch one can determine the productive labor that went into it and tell to the fraction of a farthing what that labor was worth.

Why Land Is Not Private Property

But land is not the product of labor, and the supply of it is fixed. There is no more land now than there ever was. There never will be any more. It cannot be manufactured. Moreover, the ownership of any piece of land is a mere convention. Title deeds do not reach back to Adam. Land, viewed naturally, is one of the common properties of mankind, like the air. It seems absurd to talk of a monopoly of air because we can't get one. But because we can get a monopoly of land and are used to it, it does not seem absurd. Land, however, is as much a necessity to the existence of mankind as the air, and a monopoly of land, in proportion to its completeness, is as destructive of human rights as a monopoly of the air would be.

The monopoly of land is not only a privilege, but it is the great fundamental privilege underlying every other. Every reformer, every trust buster and tariff tinker cries aloud against privilege and spares not. But very few of the foes of privilege see their real adversary. The political insurgents, for instance, think they are fighting privilege, but really they are beating the air. The root privilege out of which all others grow is the monopoly of land. Lay the ax of natural taxation to that root and the branches will die untouched.

For name, if you can, any monopoly (except a patent or copyright) that does not depend upon the monopoly of land. A railroad?—what does it amount to except for the right of doing business over a narrow strip of burden of taxation.

land so many miles long? A telegraph company? What is it worth without the privilege of planting poles and stretching wires over land? Telephones, light and power franchises, the Standard Oil Company's pipe lines, the Steel Trust's plants and ore beds,—separate these from land monopoly and the equipment would be junk and the charters and franchises waste paper.

Land Tax the Natural Tax

Tax the social value of land and there would be no further need for anti-trust legislation or of laws for the control of public utilities. There would be no need for labor legislation, for if the land is kept in competition for labor in a free market, as under natural taxation it would inevitably be, wages, hours, and conditions of labor would regulate themselves automatically. But to legislate against monopoly and leave untouched the source of all monopoly, is like treating smallpox with salve or typhoid with an amulet. An amulet may be a first-class amulet, and it may have had all manner of incantations said over it, and the man who wears it may believe in it; but amulet or no amulet, as long as he keeps on drinking sewage so long will he keep on having typhoid fever.

So, as long as we swallow the current doctrine of property in land, so long will we have social injustice, in spite of a whole era of tariff-mongering, trust-busting, and outbursts of perfervid oratory against privilege.

So long as privilege in land monopoly exists, other forms of privilege will exist. They cannot be abated by Supreme Court decisions, by political palliatives and makeshifts or by an irruption of political insurgency. Minor graft will not cease until we abate the greatest graft of all. Nor can we abate this except by means of natural taxation.

The first step toward natural taxation is constitutional freedom of the taxing power. Then by the abolition of the general-property tax and the substitution of special taxes (as in Canada), the burden of taxation can be gradually increased upon land values (including franchises) and lessened upon productive industry. One subject of taxation after another can be exempted, and the economic worth of natural taxation left to prove itself out as land values progressively assume the whole burden of taxation.

THE RAMBUNCTIOUS RHINO

B, STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR

the hippopotamus, the gerenuk, and the camel, one of Africa's unbelievable animals. Nobody has bettered Kipling's description of him in however, hear pretty well. the Just-so Stories,—"a horn on his nose, The novice, then, is subpiggy eyes and few manners." He lives a self-centered life, wrapped up in the porcine contentment that broods within nor looks abroad over the land. When anything external to himself and his food and drink penetrates to his intelligence he makes a flurried fool of himself, rushing madly and frantically here and there in an hysterical effort either to destroy or get away from the cause of disturbance. He is the incarnation of a living and perpetual Grouch.

Generally he lives by himself, sometimes with his spouse, more rarely still with a third that is probably a grown-up son or daughter. I, personally, have never seen more than three in company. Some observers have reported larger bands, or rather collections; but, lacking other evidence, I should be inclined to suspect that some circumstance of food or water rather than a sense of gregariousness had attracted a number of individuals to

one locality.

The rhinoceros has three objects in life to fill his stomach with food and water. to stand absolutely motionless under a bush, and to imitate ant hills when he lies down in the tall grass. When disturbed at any of these occupations he snorts. The snort sounds exactly as though the safety valve of a locomotive had suddenly opened and as suddenly shut again after two seconds of escaping steam. Then he puts his head down and rushes madly in some direction, generally up-wind. As he weighs about two tons, and can, in spite of his appearance, get over the ground nearly as fast as an ordinary horse, he is a truly imposing sight; especially since the innocent bystander generally happens of progress.

HE rhinoceros is, with the giraffe, he becomes aware, in the majority of times, of man's presence. His sight is very poor indeed: he cannot see clearly even a moving object much beyond fifty yards. He can,

The novice, then, is subjected to what he calls a "vicious charge" on the part of the rhinoceros, merely because his scent was borne to the beast from up-wind, and the rhino naturally runs away up-wind. He opens fire; and has another thrilling adventure to relate. As a matter of fact, if he had approached from the other side, and then aroused the animal with a clod of earth, the beast would probably have "charged" away in identically the same direction. I am convinced from a fairly varied experience that this is the basis for most of the thrilling experiences with rhinoceroses.

But whatever the beast's first mental attitude, the danger is quite real. In the beginning he rushes up-wind in instinctive reaction against the strange scent. If he catches sight of the man at all, it must be after he has closed to pretty close range, for only at close range are the rhino's eyes effective. Then he is quite likely to finish what was at first a blind dash by a genuine charge. Whether this is from malice or from the panicky feeling that he is now too close to attempt to get away, I never was able to determine. It is probably in the majority of cases the latter. This seems indicated by the fact that the rhino, if avoided in his first rush, will generally charge right through and keep on going. Occasionally, however, he will whirl and come back to the attack. There can then be no doubt that he actually intends mischief.

The fact of the matter is that the rhinoceros is neither animated by the implacable mandestroying passion ascribed to him by the amateur hunter; nor is he so purposeless and haphazard in his rushes as some would have us believe. On being disturbed his to be up-wind, and hence in the general path instinct is to get away. He generally tries to This is because the rhino's get away in the direction of the disturbance, scent is his keenest sense; and through it or up-wind, as the case may be. If he catches sight of the cause of disturbance he is apt to try to trample and gore it—whatever it is. As his sight is short, he will sometimes so inflict punishment on unoffending bushes. In doing this he is probably not animated by a consuming destructive blind rage; but by a naturally pugnacious desire to eliminate sources of annoyance. Missing a definite object, he thunders right through and disappears without trying again to discover what has aroused him.

Owing to his size, his powerful armament, and his incredible quickness, the rhinoceros is a dangerous animal at all times; to be treated with respect and due caution. This is proved by the number of white men, out of a sparse population, that are annually tossed and killed by the brutes; and by the promptness with which the natives take to trees—thorn trees at that—when the cry of faru! is raised. As he comes rushing in your direction, head down and long weapon pointed, tail rigidly erect, ears up, the earth trembling with his tread and the air with his snorts you suddenly feel very small and ineffective.

If you keep cool, however, it is probable that the encounter will result only in a lot of mental perturbation for the rhino and a bit of excitement for yourself. If there is any cover you should duck down behind it and move rapidly but quietly to one side or another of the line of advance. If there is no cover, you should crouch low and hold The chances are he will pass to one side or the other of you, and go snorting away in the distance. Keep your eye on him very closely. If he swerves definitely in your direction, and drops his head a little lower, it would be just as well to open fire. Provided the beast was still far enough away to give me "sea room," I used to put a small bullet in the flesh of the outer part of the shoulder. The wound thus inflicted was not at all serious, but the shock of the bullet usually turned the beast to one side, and as usual, he went right on through. If, however, he seemed to mean business, or was too close for comfort, the point to aim for was the neck just above the lowered horn.

In my own experience I came to establish a "dead line" about twenty yards from myself. That seemed to be as near as I cared to let the brutes come. Up to that point I let them alone on the chance that they might swerve or change their minds: as they often did. But inside of twenty yards, whether the rhinoceros meant to charge me, or was merely running blindly by did not particularly the trail.

matter. Even in the latter case he might happen to catch sight of me and change his mind. Thus, looking over my note-book records, I find that I was "charged" fortyodd times; that is to say, the rhinoceros rushed in my general direction. Of this lot I can be sure of but three, and possibly four, that certainly meant mischief. more came so directly at us, and continued so to come, that in spite of ourselves we were compelled to kill them. The rest were successfully dodged.

As I have heard old hunters, of many times my experience, affirm that only in a few instances have they themselves been charged indubitably and with malice aforethought. it might be well to detail my reasons for believing myself definitely, and not blindly,

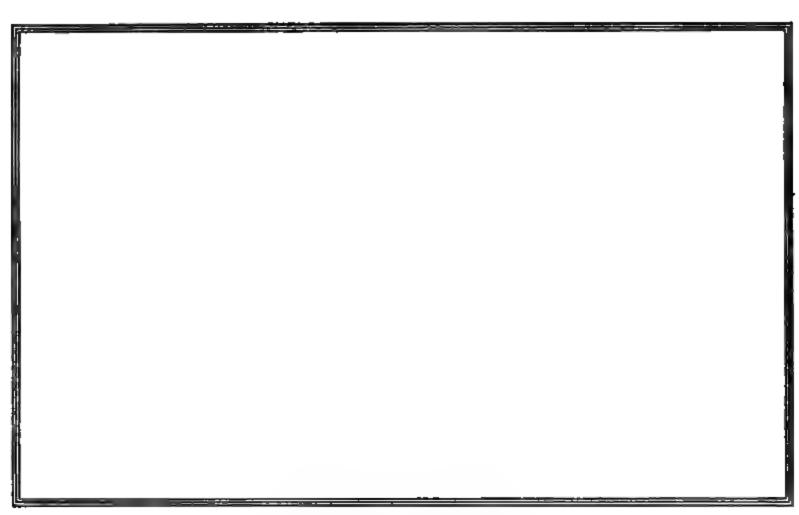
attacked.

The first instance was when B— killed his second trophy rhinoceros. The beast's companion refused to leave the dead body for a long time; but finally withdrew. On our approaching, however, and after we had been some moments occupied with the trophy, it returned and charged us viciously.

It was finally killed at fifteen yards.

The second instance was of a rhinoceros that got up from the grass sixty yards away, and came headlong in my direction. At the moment I was standing on the edge of a narrow eroded ravine, ten feet deep, with perpendicular sides. The rhinoceros came on bravely to the edge of this ravine:—and stopped. Then he gave an exhibition of unmitigated bad temper most amusing to contemplate—from my safe position. He snorted, and stamped, and pawed the earth, and ramped up and down at a great rate. I sat on the opposite bank and laughed at him. This did not please him a bit; but after many short rushes to the edge of the ravine, he gave it up and departed slowly, his tail very erect and rigid. From the persistency with which he tried to get at me, I cannot but think he intended something of the sort from the

The third instance was much more aggravating. In company with Memba Sasa and Fundi I left camp early one morning to get a waterbuck. Four or five hundred yards out, however, we came on fresh buffalo signs, not an hour old. To one who knew anything of the buffalo's habits this seemed like an excellent chance, for at this time of the morning they should be feeding not far away preparatory to seeking cover for the Therefore we immediately took up



Stewart Edward White and his first rhino

After hours of hard work in the hot sun, and many interruptions and misfortunes which I will not relate in this particular connection, we came at last upon one of the big bull buffaloes of the herd—asleep under an outlying bush at the very edge of the thicket.

Luck seemed with us at last. The wind was right, and between us and the bull lay only four hundred yards of knee-high grass. All we had to do was to get down on our hands and knees; and, without further precautions, crawl up within range and pot him. That meant only a bit of hard hot work.

When we were about half way, a rhinoceros suddenly arose from the grass between us and the buffalo, and about one hundred

yards away.

What had aroused him, at that distance and up-wind, I do not know. It hardly seemed possible that he could have heard us, for we were moving very quietly; and, as I say, we were down-wind. However, there he was on his feet, sniffing now this way, now that, in search for what had alarmed him. We sank out of sight and lay low, fully expecting the brute would make off.

For just twenty-five minutes by the watch that rhinoceros looked and looked deliberately in all directions while we lay hidden, waiting for him to get over it. Sometimes he would start off quite confidently for fifty or sixty yards, so that we thought at last we were rid of him; but always he returned to the exact spot where we had first

seen him, there to stamp, and blow. The buffalo paid no attention to these manifestations. I suppose everybody in jungleland is accustomed to the rhinoceros' bad temper over nothing. Twice he came in our direction, but both times gave it up after advancing twenty-five yards or so. We lay flat on our faces, the vertical sun slowly roasting us, and cursed that rhino.

Now the significance of this incident is twofold: First, the fact that, instead of rushing off at the first intimation of our presence, as would the average rhino, he went methodically to work to find us; second, that he displayed such remarkable perseverance as to keep at it nearly a half hour. This was a spirit quite at variance with that finding its expression in the blind rush or in the sudden, passionate attack. From that point of view it seems to me that the interest and significance of the incident can hardly be overstated.

Four or five times we thought ourselves freed from the nuisance; but always, just as we were about to move on, back he came, as eager as ever to nose us out. Finally he gave it up; and, at a slow trot, started to go away from there. And out of the three hundred and sixty degrees of the circle where he might have gone, he selected just our direction. Note that this was down-wind for him; and that rhinoceroses usually escape up-wind.

We lay very low, hoping that, as before,

he would change his mind as to direction. necessary. He fell just twenty-seven feet— But now he was no longer looking, but traveling. Nearer and nearer he came. We regular swish—swish—swish of his thick legs brushing through the grass. The regularity of his trot never varied, but to me lying there directly in his path, he seemed to be coming Memba Sasa touched me lightly on the leg. fairly over us, I saw it must be now or never. indubitably catch the first movement of my have time to deliver even an ineffective shot. Therefore, most reluctantly, I placed the begin to do the dodging. ivory bead of the great Holland gun just to the point of his shoulder and pulled the trigger. So close was he that as he toppled forward I instinctively—though unnecessarily of course—shrank back as though he infested scrub he gets fairly to hating them. might fall on me. Fortunately, I had picked

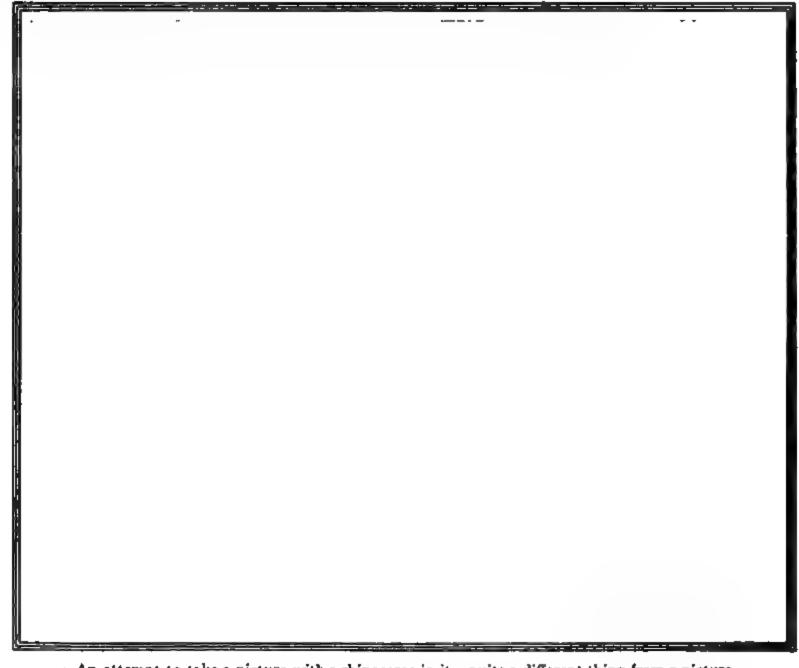
nine yards—from where we lay!

The buffalo vanished into the blue. We could see plainly his little eyes, and hear the were left with a dead rhino—which we did not want-twelve miles from camp, and no water. It was a hard hike back, but we made it finally, though nearly perished from thirst.

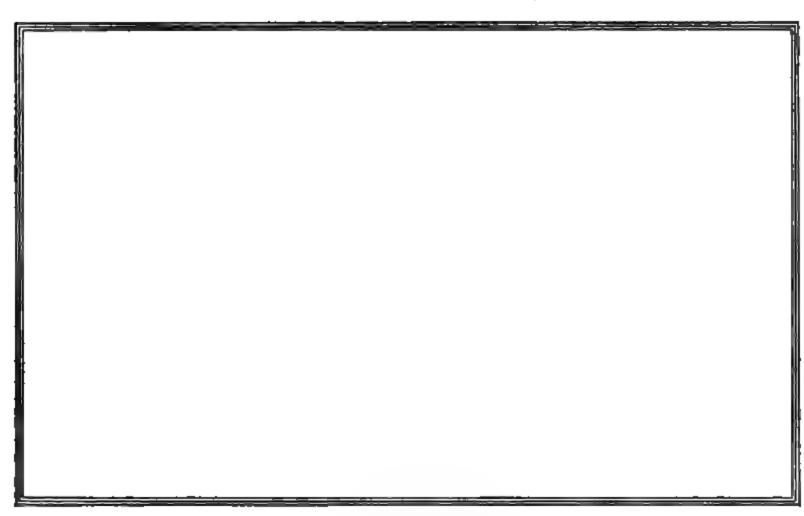
It has been stated that if one stands peron altogether too fast for comfort. From feetly still until the rhinoceros is just six our low level he looked as big as a barn. feet away, and then jumps sideways, the beast will pass him. I never happened to I hated to shoot, but finally, when he loomed meet anybody who had acted on this theory. I suppose that such exist: though I doubt If I allowed him to come closer, he must if any persistent exponent of the art is likely to exist long. Personally, I like my own gun and so charge right on us before I would method, and stoutly maintain that, within twenty yards, it is up to the rhinoceros to

> After the traveler has seen and encountered eight or ten rhinos, he begins to look upon them as an unmitigated nuisance. By the time he has done a week in thick rhino-

They are had enough in the open plains, my spot properly, and no second shot was where they can be seen and avoided; but in



 An attempt to take a picture with a rhinoceros in it—quite a different thing from a picture of a rhinoceros



Taken at 25 yards

the tall grass or the scrub they are a continuous anxiety. No cover seems small enough to reveal them. Often they will stand or lie absolutely immobile until you are within a very short distance, and then will out-rageously break out. In thorn scrub they are the worst; for there, no matter how alert the traveler may hold himself, he is likely to come around a bush smack on one. And a dozen times a day the throat-stopping abrupt crash and smash to right or left brings him up all standing, his heart racing, the blood pounding through his veins. It is jumpy work, and is very hard on the temper. In the natural reaction from being startled into fits one snaps back to profanity. The cumulative effects of the epithets hurled after departing and inconsiderately hasty rhinoceroses may have done something toward ruining the temper of the species. It does not matter whether or no the individual beast proves dangerous; he is inevitably most startling. I have come in at night with my eyes fairly aching from spying for rhinos during a day's journey through high grass.

Fortunately, in the thick stuff especially, it is often possible to avoid the chance rhinoceros through the warning given by the rhinoceros birds. These are birds about the size of a robin that accompany the beast everywhere. They sit in a row along his back occupying themselves with ticks and a good place to roost. Always they are peaceful

and quiet until a human being approaches, then they flutter a few feet into the air. uttering a peculiar rapid chattering. Writers with more sentiment than sense of proportion assure us that this warns the rhinoceros of approaching danger. On the contrary, I always looked at it the other way. The rhinoceros birds thereby warned me of danger and I was duly thankful.

The safari boys stand quite justly in a holy awe of the rhino. The safari is strung out over a mile or two of country, as a usual thing, and a down-wind rhino is sure to pierce some part of the line in his rush. Then down go the loads with a smash and up the nearest trees swarm the boys. Usually their refuges are thorn trees, armed, even on the main trunk, with long sharp spikes. There is no difficulty in going up; but the gingerly coming down, after all the excitement has died, is a matter of deliberation and of voices uplifted in woe. Cunninghame tells of an inadequate slender and springy—but solitary -sapling into which swarmed half his safari on the advent of a rambunctious rhino. The tree swayed and bent and cracked alarmingly, threatening to dump the whole lot on the At each crack the boys yelled. This attracted the rhinoceros, which immediately charged the tree full tilt. He hit square; the tree shivered and creaked; the boys wound their arms and legs around the slender support and yelled frantically. Again and again the rhinoceros drew back to repeat

ninghame reached the spot, the tree, with its despairing burden of blackbirds, was clinging to the soil by its last remaining roots.

In the Nairobi Club I met a gentleman with one arm gone at the shoulder. He told his story in a slightly bored and drawling voice, picking his words very carefully, and evidently most occupied with neither understating nor overstating the case. It seems he had been out, and had killed some sort of a buck. While his men were occupied with this, he strolled on alone to see what he could find. He found a rhinoceros that charged viciously, and into which he emptied his gun.

"When I came to," he said, "it was just coming on dusk, and the lions were beginning to grunt. My arm was completely crushed, and I was badly bruised and knocked about. As near as I could remember I was fully ten miles from camp, A circle of carrion birds stood all about me not more than ten feet away; and a great many others were flapping over me and fighting in the air. These last were so close that I could feel the wind from their wings. It was rawther gruesome." He paused and thought a moment, as though weighing his words. "In fact," he added with an air of final conviction, "it was quite gruesome!"

The most calm and imperturbable rhinoceros I ever saw was one that made us a call on the Thika River. It was just noon, and our boys were making camp after a morning's march. The usual racket was on, and the usual varied movement of rather confused industry. Suddenly silence fell. We came out of the tent to see the safari gazing spellbound in one direction. There was a rhinoceros wandering peaceably over the little knoll back of camp, and headed exactly in our direction. While we watched, he strolled through the edge of camp, descended the steep bank to the river's edge, drank, climbed the bank, strolled through camp again and departed over the hill. To us he paid not the slightest attention. It seems impossible to believe that he neither scented nor saw any evidence of human life in all that populated flat; especially when one considers how often these beasts will seem to become aware of man's presence by telepa-

his butting of that tree. By the time Cunthy.* Perhaps he was the one exception to the whole race, and was a good-natured rhino.

> The babies are astonishing and amusing creatures, with blunt noses on which the horns are just beginning to form, and with even fewer manners than their parents. The mere fact of an eight hundred pound baby does not cease to be curious. They are truculent little creatures, and sometimes rather hard to avoid when they get on the war-path. Generally, as far as my observation goes, the mother gives birth to but one at a time. There may be occasional twin births, but I happen never to have met so interesting a family.

> Rhinoceroses are still very numerous.—too numerous. I have seen as many as fourteen in two hours: and probably could have found as many more if I had been searching for them. There is no doubt, however, that this species must be the first to disappear of the larger African animals. His great size, combined with his 'orrid 'abits, mark him for early destruction. No such dangerous lunatic can be allowed at large in a settled country, nor in a country where men are traveling constantly. The species will probably be preserved in appropriate restricted areas. It would be a great pity to have so perfect an example of the Prehistoric Pinhead wiped out completely. Elsewhere he will

diminish, and finally disappear.

For one thing, and for one thing only, is the traveler indebted to the rhinoceros. The beast is lazy, large, and has an excellent eye for easy ways through. For this reason, as regards the question of good roads, he combines the excellent qualities of Public Sentiment, the Steam Roller, and the Expert Engineer. Through thorn thickets impenetrable to anything less armored than a dreadnought like himself he clears excellent paths. Down and out of eroded ravines with perpendicular sides he makes excellent wide trails, tramped hard, on easy grades, often with zigzags to ease the slant. In some of the high country where the torrential rains wash hundreds of such gulleys across the line of march it is hardly an exaggeration to say that travel would be practically impossible without the rhino trails wherewith to cross.

^{*} Opposing theories are those of "instinct"; and of slight suses—such as grasshoppers leaping before the hunter's feet not noticed by the man approaching.



THE ULTIMATE DISCOVERY

The Story of a Romantic Sequel

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS

URBANK took life with an easy philosophy, and yet, as he neared the town he had left some twelve years before, he was conscious of a strange tightening in his throat for which his philosophy suggested neither reason nor remedy. He was unaccustomed to sentimental stirrings within himself, and to nothing else could his present emotion be attributed. He was returning, on the impulse of a whim, to the place where he had spent the first four or five years of his career. He had heard the word so often applied to the work he had done that in his thoughts he himself had come to use it. In Warren he had been proud of his first newspaper position, and had felt himself a man of sufficient income to warrant his making love to the only girl in the place who was unfailingly more interested in him than in herself. He thought of her now--Lucy!

Time lent her memory a glamour which had not been hers in former days. He recalled her lanky figure, the thin, dark face, somewhat sallow, the heavy hair which she had not known how to arrange becomingly, and the dark eyes which were her only beautiful feature. In that time long ago he had found inspiration in Lucy's eyes! When he looked into their admiring depths he had believed himself capable of all that the girl had hoped for him; her admiration of his writing and her faith in his powers were as the breath of life in his nostrils; he thought himself very much in love, and his vanity fed unstintingly upon her adoration. He had asked her to marry him, and she responded with an ardor which he had not foreseen. He found himself enswathed in her love; her care for him wrapped him about, and her passion aroused in him a reflected glow which was pleasing enough to

himself, and all-satisfying to the girl. Her ambition for him had been boundless; it was at her instigation that he gave up his place on the newspaper to try his fortune in the larger city. That she was willing to wait for him she assured him; they could write to each other. and she could still be his inspiration and directress, until such time as he should be able to give her a closer place.

So to the city Burbank had gone, and from the beginning the world had smiled upon him. What the admiring Lucy believed to be genius was that ready facility whose result is apt to be far more lucrative, if not so lasting; his phrases, epigrammatically turned, took the public fancy, and in a year or two his book was advertised in every list of "best sellers," and he found himself welcomed in the circle of which he had always hoped to be able to There he had no need of Lucy's inspiration; her youthful enthusiasm no longer appealed to him. He thought of her undeveloped awkwardness, her crudity, the very emphasis of her adoration, with a pitying indulgence, and considerately refrained from comparing her with the women he had come to know in the city. Long before his general interest in his new acquaintances resolved itself into a warmer feeling for any one of them, he told himself that he had outgrown his Lucy: her letters were unabatingly admiring and affectionate, but he came to dread their postscripts, with their inevitable warning for the care of his health; their fullness of affection and sincerity, and, above all, their unflagging faith in the ultimate bond that should exist between them, jangled upon his sensibilities. He often forgot to answer the letters, more often neglected to do so. He admitted to himself that his feeling for her had been no more than that of a man for the only girl available; but it was not until his interest became centered in some one else that he had found courage to break with Lucy.

At the time it had seemed the only thing to do, and he had seen nothing ignoble in it; he found platitudes in plenty to justify himself. Lucy did not reply to his letter, and he felt relieved that she had made it so easy for him. But now that he had reached the perspective of the years, the state of his mind and heart at that time were seen in their true proportion, and his mind insensibly took refuge from the realization of what he had then done in the recollection of what he had since accomplished; his thoughts dwelt with the greater satisfaction upon what he termed his career, because, in his moments of introspection, he could find He was still watching the child when the train so much less to be proud of in the man he had came in; the little family group were the first

been than in the number of books he had written and the number of dollars he had acquired. The woman who replaced Lucy in his attention had been replaced in turn by another and another; each had ministered to one of the many phases of his vanity, and with each he had so far attained satiety that only the memory of the ungraceful and unbeautiful Lucy still retained for him a shadow of glamour.

Burbank had no more definite intention than merely to revisit the scene of his early love, to wander about for an hour or so in the streets once so familiar, possibly to walk past the house where Lucy lived. He scarcely imagined seeing her, although the charm bestowed by the passage of time made even Lucy's crudities attractive to him; and, indeed, Burbank was not beyond going back to what had once appealed to him, were it only in order to measure his own growth by the standard of what formerly sufficed him. When, therefore, he found himself again in Warren, he began to wish for Lucy; her dark, plain face would be more welcome to him now, he thought, than the half-artificial beauty of the women who had been his later inspirations, and her very homeliness held a stronger appeal for him because of his surfeit of the charms of others. That Lucy herself might have changed with the years did not suggest itself as a possibility, even when he found that the town had altered almost beyond recognition. A row of small brick buildings had arisen on the site where Lucy's welcoming home had stood, and at sight of them his heart sank, as if Lucy's self were buried beneath them. He wandered about the streets, feeling himself an alien, and finally retraced his steps to the station; the Warren of his young manhood was as dead as its first romance, and his sense of loss made it seem as delectable as Lucy's unquestioning faith, and as irreparable.

He found he had only two or three minutes to wait for a train, and, accustomed as he was to observing the people about him, he passed the time in looking from face to face; but all alike seemed as uninteresting as the new Warren. Only the children were worth notice; there were two on the platform, a boy of eight or nine and his younger sister; the boy was talking to the lady with them, and his sister was tenderly mothering two toy bears. The pretty make-believe of the little girl amused Burbank, but the air of elegance and wellbeing of the lady was so distasteful to him, full as he was of the memory of the badly dressed Lucy, that he could not look at her.

to mount to the car, and Burbank, on the outskirts of the crowd, the last. As he stepped up, his eye fell upon a toy bear upon the platform—the little girl had lost one of her treasures. He lifted it, smiled at its half-human, babyish expression and still sitting posture, and carried it into the car with him.

The children were a few seats beyond the lady, and had just discovered their loss. The boy was scrambling on the floor, searching for the bear, and tears were in the little girl's eyes as she looked up at Burbank's touch. There was no other vacant seat in the car, and on the strength of his fortunate rescue he made bold to sit with the children, with whom he was soon in conversation. They had been in Warren for the day, they told him, to see their grandmother; they lived at the next place beyond. In answer to his question the little girl told him her name.

"My name is Lucy Reeves Harding," she said, "and his is Roger Harding."

For an instant Burbank's heart seemed to stand still. Lucy Reeves Harding—Lucy Reeves! His Lucy! He turned the child's face up to his own—the dark eyes, the heavy hair—Lucy! He stood up and looked down the car for the mother; she was watching them, and when Burbank turned she nodded and smiled. When he reached her side she looked at him with the gaze whose steady directness he so well remembered, but it was not until later that he fully realized the new ease and poise of her manner.

"I recognized you in the station," she said.
"And you would have let me pass you by?"
he reproached her.

"You seemed so much more interested in the other lady!" she explained, nodding toward the child, and they laughed together.

"Ah, you may taunt me now with all serenity," he cried, "with those beside you!"

Her lips parted as if for speech, but she only looked at him, and flushed a little.

"Oh, you do well to smile," he said. "I have nothing like those to show for my years!"

"But you have so much else," she said, and her tone caused him to look at her keenly; his vanity was always sensitive, and he wondered if she really meant what she implied. She read his thought as surely as if no chasm of years lay between them. The train was stopping at the place where she lived, the children had joined them, and she had only time to smile again, and to offer him her gloved hand and say.

"I wish you could tell me all about it!"

"May I come?" he found himself beseeching, with an unaccustomed eagerness. She

nodded graciously, and spoke from the platform as the train moved out:

"Yes, do," and told him the name of a street.

Burbank went back to his place with a sense of bewilderment, of loss, of resentment. This his Lucy, the thin and awkward girl whose manner had held the nervous self-assertiveness of the shy? It was indeed Lucy, for he had spoken with her; but another Lucy altogether. This was a woman whose elegance surprised him no less than the development of a gracious charm which was more than beauty. His Lucy's face had not held such roundness of curve, and her hair had been brushed back under hats whose flat ugliness did nothing to add to her face; this other Lucy's mass of hair was crowned by a small hat whose fashionable costliness he at once recognized. He found her face wonderfully alluring. It haunted him during all the day, and he fell to comparing the girl he had known with this woman he had met: his Lucy and—his mouth twisted whenever he thought of it—Harding's Lucy!

H

It had been Burbank's intention to return to New York the next day, but he was reluctant to leave without seeing Lucy again. With his never-failing introspection, he told himself that his newly awakened interest in her was only curiosity as to the change that was so evident; but during the restless hours of that and the succeeding days his memory recalled every look of the old Lucy, every caress, every beaming glance and ardent word, and contrasted them with all that his imagination supplied of what they might now be. The idea tantalized him, possessed him. He knew women well, and from his knowledge of others he could infer what Lucy had become; but between him and the new Lucy there lingered the shadow of the old. He recalled the charming face that had smiled at him in the car, only to remember that the same face had been pressed against his own many a time with an ardor which scarcely stirred him then; but now the memory of what had been forced his pulses into quick measure. The cool and guarded evenness of her voice scarcely veiled his recollection of the words of exuberant adoration she used to speak. In those days he had called her his, and he had of his own volition repulsed her; now she was neither to be taken nor left by him; she was another's. He had learned from other women in the interval, and he could foresee much of what the new Lucy would say and do; his sleep was broken by the vision of what the more developed Lucy, still the possessor, beneath her calm, of the old fire, would be likeas another's.

If it was the desire to meet her and speak with her again which kept him near the place where she lived, it was the tormenting fact of her belonging to some one else that restrained Burbank from going to her at once. imagination played with his memory for several days, before he found courage to seek her out at the address she had given. Even then, the very eagerness with which he at last rang the bell was almost offset by a reluctance to ask for her by the new name.

Mrs. Harding was at home, the maid told him, and he was presently welcomed by a person whose existence he had utterly forgotten, a younger sister of Lucy's. When she spoke to him he remembered her; she had been prettier than Lucy in the old days, and always less shy; now Lucy's development of beauty had outmeasured hers, and the sister's manner was so animated as almost to border upon agitation.

"Lucy told us of having met you," she said, "and her namesake is loud in her praises of the bear's rescuer."

He laughed. "That rescue was the most fortunate deed of my life," he declared.

"Yes, we had lost sight of you for years," she said. Burbank felt a trifle uneasy. "But we have heard of you, and read you!" she hastened to add.

"That is more than I deserve," he said. He had been touched in a place which was now very sensitive, but his meditations of the past few days had so chastened him that he could meet his punishment bravely. "I don't deserve a thought from any of you!"

It was now the lady's turn to look uneasy. "Oh, I am sure Lucy would not agree with you there!" she said. "I am sure she has always thought of you with all kindness!"

Burbank shrugged, and bowed a little. "Why should she not?" he questioned. "The years have given her far more than she lost through me."

His voice held a trace of bitterness, and Lucy's sister looked at him with a faint question in her eyes. "You have heard, then?" she suggested.

"I have seen!" he replied.

The lady looked at him with slightly raised eyebrows. "Yes, Lucy has improved in looks," she said, with a sisterly lack of enthusiasm, "but---

"Improved!" he cried. "Has she not everything dear to the heart of woman?"

tested. "Of course Uncle Arthur's money makes a difference, and her singing is a great deal, a very great deal."

"Her singing?"

She leaned toward him, with her excited "Then you have not heard? Oh, her singing is wonderful! She is just home, you know, and will begin her concert work next fall."

"Ah," he said. "And Mr. Harding does not object to that?"

"Mr. Harding? Why, of course we both should like to keep her with us, and the children adore her; but her voice is really wonderful, wonderful. We couldn't be selfish about her."

Burbank stared. "The children?" he asked, rather weakly.

The lady saw his bewilderment, and began to laugh. "Why, what on earth are you thinking?" she exclaimed. "I believe you thought they were Lucy's children! Why, Lucy is not married! I am Mrs. Harding!"

Burbank stood up quickly, and as quickly sank down again. Mrs. Harding was still laughing, but he was sure that she must hear the pounding of his heart. He was conscious of a wild longing to escape, to go somewhere to hide, and to be alone with his joy. For the first time in his life he shrank from observation. He was indubitably and intensely glad that the wonderful new Lucy was not married, did not belong to another man. Later it came to him that her being unmarried made her no more his Lucy as of old; yet the comfort remained that she was not the possession of another.

His accustomed self-control had received so unexpected a shock that Mrs. Harding, watching him, read very well what was passing in his mind. At length Burbank returned her look, recovered himself and laughed with her, mentally thanking his stars that the little lady was probably not clever enough to take advantage of his confusion. That he was deceived in this, however, her first words proved.

"Oh, but just the same, she is no longer the Lucy of those days, you know!" she teased.

"Ah, don't!" Burbank besought, bending "The nightmare has turned toward her. itself into a dream; don't make me wake up!" Again they laughed together, and Burbank added, "Besides, no woman ever forgets!"

She shook her head at his audacity. "Forgets—no! But possibly it's the very fact that she remembers---"

"Now you are hard on me," declared Bur-"Oh, not quite everything!" the lady pro- bank. "Oh, I deserve all you can say, and

more; but you see I did her no harm, only great good!"

Mrs. Harding pondered. "You mean she wouldn't have grown so without-

"Would she?" Burbank persisted.

"Well," the lady said, "there certainly have been other things." She looked vaguely off through the window,

and Burbank's heart contracted; had he been accustomed to meeting emotional crises within himself, he would have had at his command a readier self-control; but heretofore he had only encountered such crises in others. It was as if he had been teaching theoretically, and, on trying to demonstrate practically, found his own powers unequal to the task he set others. Then, too, the most unaccountable of passions was moving him for the first time; he suddenly found himself even more acutely jealous of the undefined "other things" than he had been of the man whom he had not doubted was her husband.

For a few moments he could not speak; he was consumed with a desire to know more of the things which might have influenced Lucy, but for the life of him he could not ask.

"She really sings," Mrs. Harding said, as

if merely continuing her former sentence. Burbank laughed in relief, and flushed. "Ah yes, her music," he said, with great satisfaction. "But a woman needs more than that

to become what our Lucy is." Mrs. Harding looked at him with amusement. "Well, our Lucy has had more," she

Burbank's courage had returned, however. "She ought to have the world at her feet," he

declared blithely. "She is adorable." "You discovered that in your moment on the train?" Mrs. Harding questioned.

Burbank detected the sarcasm, but he was remembering his uneasy days since that meet-

ing. "I discovered more than that," he declared.

"Yes, Mr. Harding says that is Lucy's charm. People are always making discoveries about her, yet she remains unexplored. One enjoys the sight of it!"

Burbank saw that she was teasing him again, but he determined in an instant to be bold, to declare the intention which was now a part of him, and to throw himself upon her mercy; surely she could not resist the plea he would make, and he felt that she would be a valuable ally.

"Dear lady," he said, leaning forward and should have told me!" speaking earnestly, "I have been a fool and blind, but I have recovered my senses and my merrily. "Oh, Howard," she cried, "your sight. I am going to get back what I once heart! Your heart, indeed!"

gave up; I am going to make the great ultimate discovery!"

He looked into Mrs. Harding's eyes to watch the effect of his declaration, but the change was not the one he had expected. At first she seemed slightly startled, then an expression of reserve came into her face, whose cause Burbank believed he divined.

"Ah, do not remember that old time against me!" he begged. "No one, no one can hate myself as I do, can regret that as I shall have to regret it all my life."

Mrs. Harding looked away nervously, clasped and unclasped her hands, and arose. At the window she spoke. "My dear Mr. Burbank," she said, "I'm afraid that is very true."

Burbank stood by his chair as if stunned, while her words sank into his consciousness. There was no mistaking their kindly intent, but they sounded a knell to his hopes. "You are trying to tell me there is some one else," he managed to say, at last.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, and he crossed the room and stood beside her. "Please tell me," he besought her. Even to her unaccustomed ears his voice sounded strained.

"I am not sure," she said, after another pause. "I am not sure that there is, but I am sure that there ought to be."

Before he could reply, they saw Lucy herself, with the two children, coming toward the house. She nodded brightly and waved to the two at the window, and almost at once was with them. In the slight interval, however, Burbank had recovered his self-command.

Lucy came into the room with the beauty

of the day in her face, and he realized that his impression of her on the train had done scant justice to her; she was finer, infinitely more beautiful, than he remembered. Her gladness at seeing him was unmistakable, and although he realized that it was unflattering to him, all his fears vanished at the cordiality of her greeting.

"And you let me think you were Mrs. Harding!" he reproached her, after a while.

She laughed. "What did it matter?" she asked.

"Matter?" He looked tender reproach at her—he had learned how to look and say many things since the last time he was alone with her. "Matter, indeed! The circumstantial evidence was strong, but my heart

Lucy shook her head at him, and laughed

Ш

During many succeeding days Burbank lingered on, going to see Lucy as often as he dared; for one of the first discoveries he made was that she possessed an aloofness of which there had been no sign in the old days. Then, he could go to her house at any time, and she would come to him from any task, in the free and easy way of dwellers in small places where it is taken for granted that many household tasks are performed by the ladies of the family.

Now, however, he knew that nothing of the sort occupied her hours: indeed, she made no pretense of being busy, saying only that he was not to come. One day his jealousy led him to make an excuse for her, but she laughed it away, and supplied no other.

"Ah yes, of course you have your practising," he had said, when she shook her head at his request to be allowed to come on the following afternoon.

She raised her eyebrows and laughed a little. and Burbank spent the interval before his next visit in misery, wondering why it was that she kept him away. She had been so glad to have him come, in those old days! Then, she would have been the first to suggest his coming; now, she did not refuse his excuse because it was not the true reason, as the old Lucy would have done; she laughed at it because she would admit no excuse for whatever she might care The old Lucy had been too ardent to possess coquetry, and if the new Lucy showed none, Burbank was keen enough to realize that it was because she was fully aware that she did not require its aid. He could also analyze a great part of her fascination, and yet it was the part he could not understand that held him most firmly—and unhappily—enthralled. Such gracious ease he had frequently met in other women whose lives had been largely cosmopolitan; Lucy had lived abroad while studying, and it was not surprising that she had acquired such a manner. He had known others with as kindly a spirit and with readier wit; even her fine intelligence he had seen surpassed; but what he found most tantalizing and most alluring in the new Lucy was the fact that there was a veil of indefinable mystery about her character which he could not penetrate. After using all the art of which he was master, he found himself still a stranger, while he recalled—ah, how well did he not remember!—that there had been a time when she belonged to him, hair, cheek, lips, and beating heart; now he did not dare to touch her hand. For the first time in all his intercourse with women he felt something larger than a pleased vanity; somewhere in his nature a chord was touched which had a fuller note than any that had yet been sounded.

Had he been less in love he might have thought that she wilfully withdrew; he probably would have told himself that the woman who avoids personalities is afraid of them. But this new Lucy seemed so immeasurably above everyone else he had known that he could think of her only as a creature apart, unlike the mass of womankind that his pen had so often depicted, and beyond all the tests and measurements he applied to the others, less and less understood, but more and more to be adored, as she daily seemed to grow farther beyond his reach.

That the veil which surrounded her was but the incense of his own passion he did not suspect; master analyst of the emotions of others, he was under the spell of real feeling for the first time, and his observance of others in like state helped him no more to an understanding of the mystery, now that he was face to face with it himself, than if he had been some country swain bewildered by its first Indeed, it did not occur to him to doubt that what he now felt was something very different from the emotions of other lovers; his usual sense of humor was in such abevance that he believed himself the only man who had ever been bewitched by the mystery of the feminine appeal.

The hint dropped by Mrs. Harding in their first interview, that there was, or ought to be, some one else in Lucy's life, came back to him from time to time; but after Lucy laughed away the excuse he tried to make for her keeping him at a distance, it took unto itself new force, and haunted him persistently. However prepared one may be for something unpleasant, its actual arrival loses none of the force of shock, and Burbank felt as if he had received a blow over the heart when he came upon them one afternoon. He heard her singing before he reached the house; the windows were open to the spring air, and her voice carried far. She had always refused to sing for him, and he waited a while outside. listening, stirred, entranced; then the song ceased, and he heard a man's laugh, and her voice answering. His first impulse was to go away, to leave never to return; then his desire to see the man became stronger than any other feeling, and he went in. The man had been playing her accompaniment, and Lucy was standing beside him; the two were discussing some phrase of the song, and it was evident that they knew each other very well.

Lucy had not altogether forgotten her old habit of blushing, and Burbank expected to see her flush when she introduced them; instead, he resentfully detected a lurking mockery in her smile, and wondered why she always seemed to laugh at him when his work was spoken of; for the other man at once recognized him as Burbank the author, the Burbank. He had been accustomed to meeting the advances and praise of strangers, but before Lucy's smile he felt abashed, and the little he said—a modest reserve was one of his manners—sounded complacently affected.

Thereafter the two men met several times in Mrs. Harding's drawing-room, and it was after an evening wholly taken up with music, when Burbank had sat as the outsider, and the other man, at the piano, as the one who shared Lucy's interest and absorbed most of her attention, that his worst moments came. He spent the night in wakeful misery, having come at last to the lover's Mount of Olives, facing the sacrifice he was to make upon the morrow.

On the next afternoon he found her out of doors, playing with the children; it was when he saw her with the little girl, who had eyes like her own, that he loved her most. When they were alone in the drawing-room, Lucy turned to him with sweet anxiety in her eyes.

"You are not well to-day, Howard," she said, and Burbank felt his heart leap at the tenderness in her tone. It recalled their old intimacy, but at once he put that memory away from him.

His agony was too real for him to wish to prolong it by playing with the subject; he would speak at once. "I have come to say good-bye," he said.

Lucy looked wonderingly into his face, and then very slowly her own became suffused with color. "You are going away?" she asked quietly

Burbank found it beyond his power to reply, and she looked away, as if the sight of his suffering were unendurable. Her hands were resting on the arms of her chair, and he observed all her relaxed gracefulness; from the beauty of the coils of her dark hair and the noble strength of her shoulders, to the lightness with which her foot touched the rug beneath, she seemed to his hungering eyes the most desirable creature they had ever beheld; his mind was recording this impression of her for future memories, and for the first time Burbank's recollection of her as the old Lucy was utterly lost in his realization that she was the Lucy of the present, the Lucy of the future, the Lucy of all his dreams that were to come; it

dreams she would be far more his own Lucy than she had ever been in the time, long ago, when he had held her carelessly in his arms and felt her kisses upon his face. His love transfigured her, and the sacrifice he was prepared to make put her at last beyond any comparison with what she had been.

When he did not speak, she turned to him again, and framed her question differently, evidently trying to break the tenseness of the moment. "You are going away, Howard?" she asked. He could only look at her. "Why are you going now? Little Lucy has been counting on you for her birthday party."

They had come to include him in that way in their family life; it was the first thing of the sort he had known, but its novelty was not its strongest appeal to him.

When he became brave enough to look into Lucy's eyes, he saw that she would make no further suggestion for his staying, and he could not read behind their serene surface; whether she really wished him to go or to stay, whether she understood why he meant to leave, or even whether she were vaguely sorry for him, he could not tell; again his senses were dulled by the strength of his emotion. He was blind with love's blindness, the self-absorption of desire.

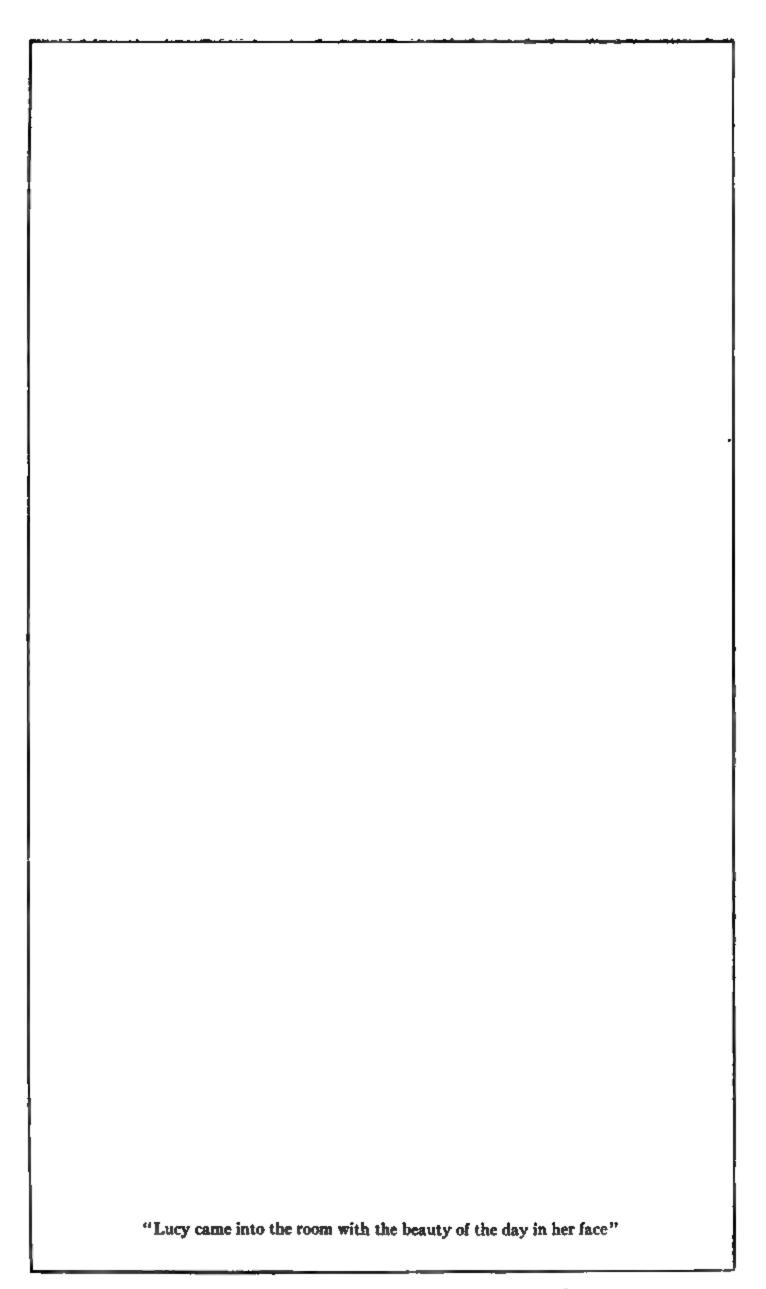
"Yes," he said at last, "yes, I shall go, Lucy. It is the only reparation I can make."

He could not look at her as he spoke, and therefore did not see the change in her face. For an instant she was puzzled, then her eyes smiled, and not without amusement; but, lest he see, she did not turn her face toward him. He waited, hurt at her indifference, longing for a word which might justify his lingering; but none came, and he arose and looked down at her.

"Good-bye," he said.

Still she did not move, or seem to have heard. In his absolute self-abnegation he felt no resentment at her coldness; she was right in whatever she might do. He went to the door; there he paused, turned—and looked back to find her gazing at him. At first he could not believe what they told him; but as he looked, her face softened, not to a smile, but to something deeper, tenderer; it was as if there passed across it a shadow of all the pain, the suffering, the grief, joy, love, and self-forgetfulness of all the wives and mothers of the old, old world. In a moment he was at her feet, covering his face with her soft palms; and presently he found himself kissing them again and again, and saying,

Lucy of all his dreams that were to come; it "Lucy, Lucy!" until she, bending forward, was revealed to him that even in those barren laid her cheek gently against his forehead.



IV

Later, he said to Mrs. Harding: "I have made the ultimate discovery, after all, you see!"

The little lady looked across the lawn to where Lucy, in the twilight, was playing a ring game with the children. "Well, no," she said, "I don't see! I don't see that you have at all! If any discovery has been made, it is Lucy who has made it, not you!"

He, too, looked at Lucy with the children.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

But Lucy's sister made an apparent change of subject. "She would have been a greater artist," she said, "than you are."

Burbank turned to her. "Oh, but she will still have her music!" he cried. "How can you think that I should let her give that up?"

"Oh, but she will not still have it," the lady paraphrased him. "She will be too much your wife for that!"

Burbank looked hurt. "I have not done as I should have done, by any means—no one knows that as well as I do. When I realize what I might never have discovered! But I is the ultimate discovery!"

am not quite a monster—and it seems that is what you are trying to make me out!"

Mrs. Harding laughed, and for the first time he noticed that her laughter was a little like Lucy's. "Oh no, I don't think you are that!" she teased. "But still, Lucy will not have her singing, in the larger sense. She will give up her career, and do everything she can to promote yours-you will see!"

Burbank considered. "Then I shall certainly be a great failure as a husband," he said thoughtfully, "if I let her sacrifice everything for me."

Mrs. Harding looked at him with a faint pity. "Lucy will never think you a failure as a husband," she said. "She will never think of it as a sacrifice at all, but as a sort of higher mission!"

The children were coming up now, holding Lucy's hands, swinging back on them with childhood's reluctance toward bedtime. Their mother looked over her shoulder at Burbank. before she went indoors with them.

"And perhaps it is!" she said, smiling at him and Lucy. "Who knows? Perhaps that

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

By SUSAN DYER

S one who ponders o'er some little store Of treasures left by the forgotten dead,— A glove, a broken chain, a book oft-read, That for remembrance silently implore,-So, reverently, I turn these pages o'er, Wrung by the pathos of a beauty fled, And hear far voices murmuring, and the tread Of dancing feet upon a shadowy shore.

A garland this, long hidden in a tomb, Crumbling to scented dust beneath our sight: A blush of afterglow that thro' the gloom Reveals the fading heights in faery light: A shimmering memory of warmth and bloom, Sweet wraith of Spring, that haunts a winter night.

THE DRAMA OF WAGES

By MARY FIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. BENDA

ND will things always be like this, this filthy street, these dirty people?" "Ah no, dearie!" chirruped my host amiably. "Why when I first come to Chicago, eighteen years ago, from the County o' Galway, I used to think that things was glued to by the will o' God, but now I sees that they ain't; that they changes.'

"And what makes them change?"

The answer came like a shot. "Money!" She waited for the word to lodge in my mind and then finished. "It's nothin' but poverty as keeps folks from bein' better off! It's the lack o' money as is the root o' all evil!"

We sat in the kitchen, Mrs. Subelac and I, inhaling the odor of cabbage soup, of steaming clothes that hung from ropes strung across the ceiling, and catching whiffs of beer from the tin can which three big, barefooted men over at the table passed to one another as they jabbered in Polish and dealt from a pack of greasy cards.

"Lab'ers," said Mrs. Subelac. "Now they work; now no work. No trade, no; just big, strong, to push, to lift, to carry, to pull. No speak English. Make the five, six, seven dollars the week. The mans who work they pay for the eatings of all. A little potatoes, a little soup, a little sausage. Who can say who turn come next to have not the work."

While she spoke, a powerful, barefooted man in shirt and trousers came into the kitchen from one of the adjoining bedrooms. He went to the sink, took down the dishpan from its nail, slapped cold water over his face and hands, and dried himself on the dish towel.

"I got fourteen mens. Got one man, the mens make the fun of him, he take his wash in pan by self in bedroom." She laughed at the idiosyncrasy of her "swell" boarder.

"Have you any girl boarders? Where are

they?"

"Got four. Come, I show you."

She led me under the dripping clothes into

covered the mattresses. There were no pillows. On one of the beds were two long, drab bundles, motionless and rigid as mummies.

"They work nights," chatted Mrs. Subelac.
"Work in the pies. Make the seven dollars the week. These sleep days; two other,

sleep in the bed nights."

The long, golden braid of one of the girls lay across the mattress like a vein of pure gold. The landlady pulled down the blankets to exhibit her boarders. They did not stir; they were sound asleep as little children. How strong and rosy were those faces beneath the soiled gray blankets!

"They seventeen year old. Just come to America, all alone. Worked on farm in Galicia, four dollars month. When she come to America, first thing she buy with pie money. is sma-pair-shoes and corsets so to look like swell American girl. In Galicia girls-

But I did not hear about girls in the fields of Galicia. I was thinking about girlhood in the pie factories of Chicago. I was thinking that some of the ingredients of pies, ingredients unknown to the devouring public, were youth and strength and beauty, which Nature had intended for a deeper, profounder purpose than the mixing of custards or the rolling out of crusts.

"This such good job," I vaguely heard Mrs. Subelac saying. "Many, many scrub in hospital, in office, in res'trant, downtown, on kneebones, all night time, five, six dollars.'

We returned to the kitchen where Mrs. Subelac explained her system of housekeeping. It was a simple, coöperative system urged upon them all by the pressure of poverty. The girls paid two dollars a month for their bed space, the men three to four dollars, according to their income or the number occupying the bed with them. The rent includes breakfast,—black coffee in which they soak rye bread. Then before leaving for work, each boarder orders the meat he wishes for his dinner,—a pound of wurst, of chuck steak, of kidney-meat retailing at ten or a dark room off the kitchen in which there twelve cents a pound. There is a friendly were three dirty beds. A pair of gray blankets pooling of the common stock of potatoes, of cabbage and of beer. Each one is expected to leave something on his plate for the landlady and her family, as this is her return for services of cooking and washing. Two and a half dollars covers the expense of food for the girls; three and a half to four dollars for the men.

At night they smoke and drink in the little kitchen nudging the girls, telling coarse stories, and laughing big, gruff laughter; or they gather in the warm saloon where the tinsel cheer, the crude democracy makes them forget the long day of monotonous toil in reeking slaughterhouse or shrieking steel mill.

And this is the way that vast numbers of Polish, of Lithuanian, of Italian and Greek groups solve the problem of living on a low and precarious wage; solve it by living in brutal intimacy, which soon destroys all sense of personal dignity, all sensitiveness of soul. It is men and women like these, fighting savagely for life with the primitive tools—the pick, the shovel, the human muscle—who, ignorant of American life, constantly drag down to the poverty level the standard of living which American organized labor has so tediously built up.

"Yet things ain't glued to!" Mrs. O'Connor, the prophetess of change had told me. Could it be that a dream was treasured in the hearts of these men, back of their heavy, inscrutable faces?

One night I knocked at the door of the home of a dozen Greeks, who lived, self-governing and colonywise, on the top floor of a tenement.

"Come!" called a chorus of voices.

I opened the door. Instantly the sickening odor of the tanneries where these men worked rushed toward me. The men were all home. One of them over by the stove was taking his turn preparing the dinner. The rest of the men sat in a circle, their faces, smiling through the clouds of smoke, turned toward a member of the group who held on his knee a little baby.

"Bebe from down the stairs," explained one of the men, basting a long Greek sentence together with a few English words. "He mother, she Italian; he father, he Greek."

As they took turns playing with the baby, I talked with them, asked them if they were satisfied with life and what they hoped for.

These men of Athens, like the men of Austria, of Lithuania, and of Sicily, had reared an altar not to an unknown God, but to the very definite God of Achievement.

And what is the achievement of which they world for women. dream? What is the vision that hovers in if there's boarders."

their tobacco smoke, lurks in the dregs of their black coffee, or shines on the foam of their beer? The dream of the man at the bottom is the dream of things material, palpable things. It is the dream of more meat, more room, more work, a better job, a home, a shoe-shining stand, children, a peddler's cart, and above all and beyond all, more, more, always more wages.

And what of the man who marries and tries to live on the cheap wage?

Mrs. Dorn, in her basement on Grand Avenue, told me.

"I got six rooms, four boarders, three children, and a rent twelve dollars. I used to have nine boarders, but when the baby was born, I chased out five. It was too hard on me. The day my baby was two days old, I had to get up and cook for the bunch, and I didn't feel so awful good. My husband works by a foundry for eight dollars, but the work ain't steady, and he drinks. They get so hot, the men, and if they drink water it sweats right out of 'em like nothin', and makes 'em limpy as rags so they can't work."

A baby's feeble peep interrupted her. I followed her into the bedroom, musty and heavy with a certain human odor. There was just space enough to stand between the bed and a little cot. From beneath big feather quilts she extracted a little child.

"Look, Jimmy ain't awake yet." She pointed to another small face almost smothered under the feathers. "I brought them quilts from Ungarn with. I had a lot more, but there is such a poor lady as is dyin' upstairs all alone with her lungs, and they was takin' her up a collection, an' I couldn't give nothin' so I gave out my feathers. And Stephie, the oldest boy, is out in the John Worthy, the reforming school. He got in with a gang, an' stole scrap-iron to go to the nickel show. Ever sence he seen the scen'ry in the theaters, he's teasin' to go live in the country."

She took the baby back into the kitchen, dabbed its face with suds from the washtub, and as she dressed it in its filthy, tattered clothes, she told me of her life and its struggles.

"I got four children buried on me; county buried 'em. I'm married nine years."

"Why did they die?"

"I was workin' pretty hard, I guess, always had boarders. But they're better off, 'specially sence they was all girls. This ain't a world for women. Still you can get on in life if there's boarders."

"At night they smoke and drink in the little kitchen, nudging the girls, telling coarse stories, and laughing big, gruff laughter"

"And what do you eat, all of you?" She handed me her grocery book. The monotony of its pages! Potatoes, sugar, oatmeal, cabbage, potatoes, beans, soupmeat, beans, rye bread, cabbage—over and over again, bought in small quantities because of the small wage, and because in quarters like these there are no cupboards, no clothes-

"You know, one time things got so worse that seemed like I couldn't stand 'em no longer. So one night I put all the children to bed and my man hadn't come home yet. Then I wrote a note and put it by his plate, tellin' him as how I couldn't stand it not no longer. I turned the lamp down low, locked the door, and went down Indiana Avenue to the lake. There was such a big grain house there, and

comin'. I thought if that He could forgive a dyin' thief, may be He could forgive me dyin' who wasn't no thief. Then I got up and walked out on a kind of sidewalk over the water, and just as I go to jump, honest, this is as true as the Word of God, something grabbed my legs round my knees, and a voice plain as mine now speakin' said, 'Oh, ma, ma; come home!' Now, I ain't one to have her head go queer, but 'twas Jim's voice, the baby then. I couldn't move, his arms was round my knees so strong. Suddenly, I seen how perhaps my man had come home, drunk, and perhaps was takin' it out on the childrens. I turned and ran; run like the lake might rise and take me over like it done to the 'Gyptians. At last I got home. There was the kitchen, just as quiet as the lake. I listened. At a door was open, and I went in to pray; to first I thought I was hearin' the water, you tell God how things was, and another baby know, so even-like and like cryin', but 'twas

the breathin' of the childrens. And my man hadn't come yet after all. Say, I just dropped on my knees, in this here kitchen, right where that there tub is settin', and thanked God for savin' my life! Now I say, God bends your back but He don't break it. I took some more boarders."

anywhere?"

"Oh, yes. I have time to play with the baby; and last year I went to a picnic on the 10th of July with the Salvation Army. the paper napkin yet."

"I suppose you can't save a cent? What would you do if your man fell sick, or the

children?"

"I'd have to chase the boarders back."

"And if your man was to earn more money, say fifteen dollars a week, what would you do?"

She hesitated a moment, nervously lacing and unlacing her skinny fingers. "I'd buy a lot of my own in the cemetery for the babies, and then right away I'd move out of this basement to where there was sun."

I thought about things being "glued to."

"And will things always be like this with

you?"

"Oh, no!" Her voice seemed to leap. "You see, my husband's awful ignorant." They don't learn 'em in the old country. But the boys will learn a trade, and then things will be different with more wages."

"Yes, you bet, de boarder mek de end meet." That was what Mrs. Fermenti told me one afternoon as we sat together in the district called "Little Hell." Above me, below me, in front and rear tenement, Sicilian women and children screamed and scolded and chattered as they "finished pants."

Only once did Mrs. Fermenti stop for a moment her frantic sewing by which she made two dollars a week, and that was to glance up when the door opened and a little curly-haired girl, her shoulders bent by a heavy sack, came into the kitchen.

"What's in the sack, Angel?"

"Pertaters. They're unloadin' a car on the tracks and these rolls off."

"Angel, how old are you?"

"Me? I'm twelve, but I'm gettin' fourteen pretty soon and then I'll go with Theresa, she's my sister, to work at the seed fac'try. Theresa brings home swell pictures of flowers. Once she did a sin, and snitched a package of pansy seeds, but it was a mistake. They came up lettuce."

"And where's your father?"

Mrs. Fermenti spoke. "He, my man, he go to jail f' lilla time. He work summer time on tracks. Mek de ten dollar de week. Alla winter no work, nota bit. He go crazy. One day he fight for job with nother man. He pulla knife. And right away go jail."

And what if Theresa or the mother was "And do you ever have any fun? Ever go taken sick? Who would provide for the other three children? Who would pay the seven dollars rent—"cheap, because in the winter the water freezes up"—and the six-dollar-aweek grocery bill? From whence would come the one dollar and eighty cents now left from the combined earnings of the family and that now went for clothes, shoes, medicine, car fare. and recreation?

> More boarders, charity, or closer quarters the only three solutions possible of the

low-wage question.

The men and women of the Northern races. with their higher demands of life, do not marry on these low wages. The peoples of the South, the Sicilian peasants, the Poles, the Croatians, with their lower standards of living, ignorantly attempt the impossible, and the results are written in the little green mounds in the cemeteries, in the rickety bodies of the children who survive, in the records of juvenile courts, jails, dispensaries, and charity offices.

Thirty-seven per cent. of the male workers of the State of Minnesota, according to Mr. McEwen, the commissioner of labor, receive less than two dollars a day, live on the cheap wage. Almost two fifths of the people of that great industrial State with its mines, its storehouses, its factories, its grain elevators, live on less than twelve dollars a week!

Mrs. Subelac, her boarders, Mrs. Dorn. Mrs. Fermenti, the little Dorns and little Fermentis, the husbands working and being laid off, all sink into nothingness if remembered as individuals of the race, but rise to mighty significance if interpreted as symbols of that great number, that thirty-seven per cent., who with their petty struggles and unheralded heroisms, their crude strivings and bitter defeats, lie at the foundation of the pyramid of American life.

THE FIRST RAISE

"And what did you do with the threedollar raise?"

"Well, sir, I chucked them three dollars extra in the bank! Ain't I seen how sickness comes on, and how mens is laid off, and how you starve and worry! I'm used to livin' on twelve dollars in four little rooms, but say, I ain't used to no bank account!"

It was not alone for herself that Mrs. Petroni spoke but for large numbers of her people who, like herself, had just come out of great tribulation. In the first months and even years of a higher wage, excessive, niggardly thrift often makes inroads into real

economy, and a foreshortened vision distorts future value.

"What does your

father get?"

"Say, he's a cheap skate for fair! Don't get but eight, nine dollars a week. You can't raise your American kids on that! Come over to ma's, across the street."

"Ma" was home, stirring a macaroni soup. Wages! There was the whole story in contrast! In place of the bareness and order of Mrs. Petroni's was the filth, the accumulation, the chaos of Mrs. Torsetti's. A smell, thick, indescribable, drenched the place. A litter of children swarmed over the floor.

"Oh, for the land's sake; mother," scolded the daughter, "get something decent to eat!" Then turning to me: "They raises Italian kids on macaroni and sour wine. I have meat and milk. It's healthier! Save's on the doctor!"

"When the door opened and a little curly-haired girl, her shoulders bent by a heavy sack, came into the kitchen. 'What's in the sack, Angel?' 'Pertaters. They're unloadin' a car on the tracks and these rolls off'"

Mrs. Petroni, with the privilege of a married daughter, scolded on. "For Heaven's sake, ma, why don't you wash yourself up! You look fierce! And the kids! My God!"

Mrs. Torsetti, who had remained silent, stirring her soup like an uncanny old witch, suddenly burst into a volcano of language. "She says how she can keep clean without soap!" interpreted the daughter with a hard, bitter laugh. "She says folks must wash themselves with money. That it ain't

brooms you sweep with, it's money. That's

no joke!"

people who, like herself, had just come out of great tribulation. In the first months and even years of a higher wage, excessive, nigher skirt and the soup spoon.

"Lord! Come! Don't stay here!" Mrs.

Petroni rushed to the door. "It makes me sick, it does, and yet what you going to do with no money!"

Outside on the street she rattled on, her dark eyes ablaze with indignant passion. "They say that Italian girls are goin' to the bad in America! Do you wonder! In Italy girls and fellers marry when they're young. In this here country, a feller's got to wait till his wages is good and steady. And what's a girl goin' to do meantime? Set in a punk house like that without pleasures, or marry someone your father says and get a lot of. kids like I done to get out of it! American streets is better'n Italian houses, believe me!"

Fifteen dollars! A suitcase maker's home!

On the resplendent stove, a chicken was simmering in a copper kettle. I found Mrs. Markovitz washing her face at the sink with scented soap.

She dried her hands and face on a towel, a

real towel, a hand towel.

"When my husband made more money, we moved, first thing, where there is more sun for the children. We got five rooms now and we ain't got no boarders. Hones', it's this way when you got boarders, you ain't got really a home. Now we got! I hope to God we can keep it!"

She settled back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction. "I took my little sister out

from Russia; she's here, too, but your family ain't like boarders. She's in the degraded room at school where they puts the greenies when they first come to America. I think it's swell to get an education, 'cause then you marry up a dentist or a lawyer. Here's her picher."

She took down the picture-postal album from the shelf, gaily decorated with paper napkins. Suddenly she recollected herself. "Why look at us! Settin' in the kitchen.

Come in the parlor."

We stepped into the sacred little place, stiff and shiny with its highly shellacked furniture, backed rigidly against the wall. An enlarged crayon photograph of a terrified bride and frightened-looking groom hung on the wall. Written on their young, anxious faces, I read again the words: "We got a home; I hope to God we can keep it."

"So soon as there was more money comin' in," explained Mrs. Grabstein, "we decided to live swell! We got only one boarder now. You see, we couldn't move ourselves around on pa's ten dollars, but since Annie went to the shop and Mosie to the fact'ry, it ain't so fierce."

With great ceremony and dignity, Mrs. Grabstein then ushered me into the parlor, pushing aside green rope curtains. She tip--toed to the window and cautiously raised the The sun came streaming in upon her workworn face, now alight with pride; upon a brilliant green rug splashed with pink roses; upon two huge chairs and a divan—"solid m'hog'ny"—upholstered in leather and whose claw feet clutched glass balls. Sofa cushions, stuffed to bursting, sat stiffly on the three precious objects. In the exact center of the room, directly under the gas jet, stood a high pedestal on which was a large punch bowl, around whose edge hung, on picture hangers, a dozen little glass cups.

"What's it for?" I asked gravely.

"I should know!" shrugging her shoulders. "The man said it was an 'inducement.' He throwed it in with the set. We paid one hundred and thirty dollars for the three pieces. It's stylish, ain't it! It's a hornament! Course, a workingman can't really set on those furnitures. He'd be oneasy for fear he'd scratch 'em, and they wouldn't take 'em back. 'Sides, for settin', they really ain't so comfortable. My Annie can bring her company in if she likes, but most ways I say parlors is for pillows!"

"So you're buying on easy payment?"

"Easy payment! Hard payment it is!

Easy payment with everybody workin' their nails out!"

And yet, perhaps, these children of Israel were right in selling themselves into years of slavery to the easy-payment man in order that they might realize their dream of living swell; right in the wise, blundering way of the poor and ignorant.

"Sometimes you live up to your debts," Mrs. Farney told me. "I want to tell you, that there ain't nothin' in all the world to raise a man so high as a piano! Why my man was just gettin' his thirteen dollars in a piano fac'try and seemed like he'd never pick up another cent. One day a piano agent come to see if we didn't want to buy a piano on tenyear-payment. Crazy-like, I said yes. Well, say, in a few days come the piano! We was all turrible excited that night, an' the minute pa come in the house he sensed somethin' was up."

"'What in hell's the matter with all of

youse?" says he.

"'Nothin'," says I, holdin' my peace till he was et.

Then he went into the front room and seen the piano. "My God!" says he, but not

angry.

"Well, I could go on tellin' you day by day what that piano had done for us. We skimped and saved and at the end of two weeks, comin' on the first payment, pa got his wages raised. Seems he walks right up to the boss and says, says he, 'See here, I'm workin' here five years now. I'm a fam'ly man and I got regular payments of a piano!' And the boss smiles and says: 'That's so! Why, hang it, you ought to be raised!' And they raised him three dollars. And since then, pa's bought a rug and fancy chairs to keep the piano company, an' Hattie takes lessons off the settlement and learns a piece called 'Star o' the East.' So that piano has et up the raise in wages."

"The first thing I done, dearie, was to get a bathroom. Say, if you was to know how many years, seven it is, sence I began thinkin' stiddy on bathrooms! Then one day, Joey got run over by the express company and got his leg broke and two hundred dollars for it. Then comin' on same time, my old man was raised by the Western Electric and Mikey went for a messenger boy. Right away I moved so quick, you couldn't see me for goin' out of the alley where we lived into this here place with a bathroom, and I had all the fam'ly's photos enlarged so's any of

"Ma" was home, stirring a macaroni soup. A smell, thick, indescribable, drenched the place.

A litter of children swarmed over the floor

the children's dyin', I could remember 'em anyhow."

"And Joey's all right."

"He's a little crooked yet-

"And do you eat better too?"

"Sure. I do my own bakin' now, an' we way! First you got nothin' to eat and you holler for bread, and whin you git it, you holler for butter, and whin you got butter you holler for jam, an' so it keeps up. Ain't it so?"

"And Mikey's a messenger boy? Didn't

he want to go to school?"

"Not him! He'd rather get his four dollars and fifty cents a week. He thinks he's a regular man, what with his smokin' and stayin' out nights."

The price of a bathroom, I thought. How long to wait and then to realize it through the limp of a child, and to pay for it with the lost

morals of Mikey.

And so the story of wages repeated itself. Now it was toys, the extravagances of a doll, in a Bohemian home on Sixteenth Street. Now it was bigger, broader hair ribbons on little girls. Sometimes it was a fancy shirtwaist, and again it was a collar and tie. With an increase of two dollars the shawl was discarded for a large hat with sweeping plumes Dingy calico disappeared for dainty muslin. Colored water pitchers and glasses to match replaced the tin cup at the sink.

"We moved to this flat where there is hot water," said a trim German woman. "When my husband got his wages raised that's what we did. It makes such a difference in helping you keep clean. When you have to heat every drop of water you use, it's nothing but drudge, drudge, all day. They used to say, 'Handsome is as handsome does,' but I think it's the other way round: Handsome does as

handsome is!"

"It isn't so much what you buy, as how you feel." That was the way Mrs. Herstein explained the result of a higher wage. "You got more self-respect and you hold your head higher. Course, you eat better and so you feel better. You don't always have to buy wilted stuff, and you get more variety. That all makes your mind feel better. You can read nights, and you sleep better. How can I tell you what a few dollars does! It's like yeast; it just raises you right up, through and through. We take a newspaper and a magazine, and the baby has milk and eggs."

As she spoke I noticed a long scar on her arm.

"What's that?"

"The Cossacks ripped my arm with a saber in the massacres at Kiev. They shot my father and brother. My brother was educated. He used to say: 'Minnie, it's ignorance makes poor wages, as well as poor wages have butter! Some style, eh! Say, it's this makes ignorance.' So we're going to send the children to the university and give them a chance to learn. I got great faith in books."

> Who can tell this drama of wages, this divine comedy of life? What is this strange, subtile element which we call temperament, this elusive factor in society which upsets the deductions of the sociologist and escapes the computations of the statisticians, and is, after all, the deciding factor in human progress? Like a great white light, the temperament of a people refracts through a dollar into pianos or chicken, into sunlight or French slippers, into bathrooms or books; and it is these very prismatic colors into which the uniform white light breaks, that lend variety and beauty, pathos and humor to the homes of the working people, and that give to the philosopher, faith in the upward movement of mankind.

> And how many workingmen share in this upward movement? Says Mr. McEwen: "Two dollars and fifty cents a day seems to be the minimum wage that permits a family of five to enjoy those necessities and comforts that insure efficiency and constitute a proper standard of life." And then he says that seventy-two per cent. of the male workers of the State of Minnesota are paid less than this minimum wage, less than fifteen dollars a week, that wages have not increased equally with rents and food prices, and as a result workingmen are living in poorer houses and poorer quarters than those of their industrial status twenty years ago.

> And if wages are inadequate for the necessities of life, what is to become of the necessary luxuries, of the parlors and the green rugs, of the pillow shams and pictures, of the fancy waists and brass clocks, of all the rudimentary tendrils by which man climbs out of the darkness of ignorance and poverty into the sunlight of culture and beauty? And will not society itself be living on the low wage if Jenny has no place but the street to take her beau; if Mr. Grabstein doesn't make his payments on his "swell furniture"; if Mrs. Petroni cannot raise her children American; and if Mrs. Herstein cannot give her boy the education she dreams for him?

Mrs. Erickson did not receive me in the

kitchen. We sat, instead, bolt upright, in a crisp, hushed parlor, rigid with starched curtains and presided over by austere Erickson ancestors.

"My man has worked steady since he was twelve years old. He ban seventeen years with one company, a machinist, and he tak his twenty-two dollars a week. We got this cottage paid for now, two thousand dollars, and in seven years he tak a pension, thirty dollars a month. That's better than belonging to a union. A man skol look out for himself. His foreman and boss did, and they rose."

"And what do you do evenings? And

Sundays?"

"Why we read the Swedish papers and go to bed. He's tired; I'm tired. 'Sides what's the use of running to silly moving pictures and sitting up wasting gas! I got two girls. Olga, I skol make a stenographer; and Ellen—she's kind of wild—and I skol make a telephone operator of her."

Mrs. Erickson then took me through her sun-flooded, immaculate cottage. From the kitchen windows I could see a back yard, a-flutter with dazzling white clothes, across which lilac blossoms threw their quivering

shadows.

"Yes, a back yard's fine for drying clothes, but those lilac trees is in the way for stretching curtains and Jens is going to dig them up, and we'll put chicken coops there. . . . No, I don't know who lives next door. I don't bother about my neighbors. I got enough to look after on my own door stoop."

Mrs. Frank's home was the replica of Mrs. Erickson's. Her husband made his twenty dollars a week, had worked for five years for Northwestern Machine Shops without a vacation. No, he never complained; it only got one into trouble. No, he wasn't a union man. They had three children, enough with

shoes the price they were!

"And doesn't your husband become a machine without wacations?" I asked Mrs. Peterson, the wife of yet another well-paid workingman, but she didn't seem to understand.

The village was filled with plodding, steady workingmen who moved for years with the monotony, the precision, the silence of a well-greased piston rod! And against this inhuman condition, this soul-crushing process no one revolted simply because a little cottage

was being bought, a lot in the cemetery was being paid for, and in twenty-five years, if one remained docile and silent, he would receive a little pension!

I walked on down the quiet street, vaguely wondering if these homes were the ultimate flowers of existence. Well-fed, rosy children played in the tiny fenced-in yards. Babies slept in perambulators in the sun. I missed the swarms, the droves of children one sees in the city streets, and I realized how the high cost of living has resulted in a rapid diminution of the birth rate among the more farsighted wage-earners.

What was the matter with this subdued village, where men were earning good wages, lived in cottages, wore best clothes, and had back yards and cemetery lots? What was the meaning of this ominous silence, so like that which follows the cessation of racking pain and resembles so closely the rigidity of death? Was Austin the promised land of the workers?

Suddenly I met Ellen, Mrs. Erickson's little girl who was "kind of wild."

"Ellen," I said, "what's the matter with Austin?"

Her laugh rippled out like the sudden trill of a bird in a leafless tree. "Matter with Austin? I know! It's dead! It's just work, work, just for yourself, and never any fun! Mamma says I'm going to be a telephone operator, but I'm not!" How refreshing that youthful voice of protest sounded in this village of dread submission. "Telephone work is just you and your switchboard. I want to go to Chicago and work somewhere with a bunch. You don't have any fun when you work by yourself! You get to be like, like—well, Austin."

Ellen, Ellen, where did you learn these things? Where does youth learn its lessons? What was it she demanded of life as well as food and clothes and a cottage? Joy, she asked for; joy and the right to "work with a bunch."

Some day the whole human race will make the same demand of life. The thirty-seven per cent., the seventy-two per cent., joyless Austin, are not finalities. Some day they, too, will demand that life's achievements be wrought with others, and in joy. Mrs. O'Connor and Ellen, the voice of youth and of age, assure us that "things ain't glued to."

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

ROM West Fifty-sixth Street in New York City, United States of America, to Metter Alley, Shanghai, China, is ten thousand, one hundred and twenty-nine miles and a quarter. Henry Potter made the distance in six years, two months and four days. He left New York in a private car at an average speed of fifty miles an hour and two hundred dollars a day. He entered Metter Alley on foot and spent, during the last quarter of a mile of his long journey, the precise sum of \$0.00, his total wealth.

There were other differences, besides that of money, between the well-dressed, well-fed, jovial young man who left the American metropolis and the ragged, ill-nourished, shaking creature who sought the smoky shelter of Sam-shew-sing's corrugated-iron-roofed shanty in a Shanghai purlieu. These differences were the result of ten thousand, one hundred and twenty-nine and one-quarter steps downward. Let us descend with Henry Potter.

Thomas Potter, Henry's father, had made his money in Pittsburg. Having it firmly in his possession he retired, as Pittsburgers say, to New York. There he awaited the graduation of his son and heir from Princeton, amusing himself meanwhile with making a little more money, eating a little more than was good for him, enjoying the society of fellow-millionaires and building an immense house. When Henry had got his diploma, sung his last on the steps of Old North and entered the world by way of Twenty-third Street, Thomas looked at him over the breakfast table and said, "Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" very loudly.

As this was the invariable preface to Thomas's most trifling remarks as well as to his most resonant decrees, Henry kept judiciously silent and went on with his meal. Having thus heralded speech, Thomas said very mildly,

"I suppose you're ready to go to work."
"I suppose so," his son answered carelessly. "What shall it be?"

"Pittsburg," Thomas proceeded. "Pittsburg and the business. I made my start in Pittsburg. My son shall do the same. "You will assume charge of my office there as second vice-president. It is really the central portion of my business that will come to your desk, sir. You will quickly pick up the details it is needful for you to know and you will also get a view of the larger—almost world-wide sweep of—ah—the business."

Henry sighed. "Well, everybody's got to work, I guess, so I might as well buckle down. I did think of a run across to London and a shy at Scotland with some of the fellows—but duty's duty!"

"That spirit is very gratifying," said his father warmly. "You will start on a salary of fifty thousand a year. You will receive that from the beginning, my boy. Your expenses will naturally be heavy. You will live like a gentleman. It's expected of a Potter."

It is four hundred and eighty-six miles from New York to Pittsburg.

One year later Henry was awakened at eleven a. m. on Sunday morning by his man. "A telegram for you, sir."

Henry cast a glazed eye on the yellow envelope. "Another?" he muttered. "Burn it. I'll take the ten o'clock to New York."

"It's eleven now, sir."

"Then fix me for the two o'clock. Coffee! Martin."

At midnight Thomas looked at his son's white face and dull eyes. "Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" he rumbled.

"What on earth were all those telegrams about?" Henry asked peevishly, pouring himself a drink.

"Didn't you read 'em?"

"No. Too busy. Knew you wanted to see me. Here I am!"

Thomas kicked his way back and forth across the heavy rug. "I want to know what you mean by your crazy infatuation for that woman."

"So that's it! I thought old Maxwell was hatching something."

"Still, there may be the makings of a man somewhere about you, though you don't look it" 81

"If it weren't for Maxwell my business would have been to the dogs before this," was the grim answer. "I'm much obliged to him. Now what about this woman?"

"I presume that you respectfully refer to Vandola Vert? She's the classiest,

prettiest girl in ten cities-

"I care nothing about that. Maxwell thinks you want to marry her. She's on the stage and while I don't grudge you young fellows your pleasures, marriage is out of the question and-

From Pittsburg to Fairfield, Iowa, is six hundred and twelve miles. Among his many interests Thomas Potter possessed a wagon manufactory in Fairfield and thither went his son Henry, general manager on a salary of

eight thousand a year.

"You can live well there on half your income and save one-half," Thomas remarked. "At least you will see no Vandolas and other butterflies that never saw a meadow. There's an old fellow named Peet-Pett-Peck-Peterby, who's run that factory twenty-five years. He knows the wagon business from hickory to axle-grease. A year with him will do you good."

Nine months later Thomas Potter sat at his desk in New York and roared "Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" and his secretary leaped in his polished chair. "Take this letter and put the copy in my private files," said his

employer:

DEAR HARRY:

Your letter of the 14th noted. Mr. Peterby's letters have gratified me by their reports of your attention to business. I am glad of your extension of the sales department and see with satisfaction that you wish to become settled down.

In view of your record I have notified the San Francisco branch that you will take charge there as manager. You will receive a salary of \$12,000 a year for the first year and I have excellent hopes that you will show the same diligence there as in Fairfield.

Referring to your letter again, I may say that I do not see my way clear to approving of an engagement between you and Miss Price. From what you say of her I feel sure that she is a very deserving and excellent young woman, but you and I must consider whether she is the lady to carry the burden of your social position.

It is unlikely that Miss Price, living in Fairfield, has the trained character and broad outlook so needful to the wife of a man who must sooner or later be the head

of the Potter interests.

I enclose a check for \$10,000 as a reminder to you of my affection.

Your aff. father, THOMAS POTTER.

"I guess that will take his mind off Miss Sadie Price," he remarked to the secretary, giving him Henry's letter to file.

himself, "I'd cash the check and beat it with They could live in fine style on ten Sadie. thou-

From Fairfield, Iowa, to Oakland rier is twenty-four hundred and seventy-six miles. Henry Potter made the distance in four days with the aid of the liquids supplied by the buffet. He landed in San Francisco under the escort of six red-caps whom he fee'd royally.

Two years afterward he was sitting in a delicately furnished music room in a costly house on Jackson Street and trying to catch the exact color of the eyes of a tall, handsome woman opposite him. She refused to look up.

"I've always sworn your eyes were blue," he laughed. "When I last saw them they were gray—steel gray."

She looked up suddenly. He started. "Why, you're crying, Edith!"

She nodded mutely.

"What on earth is the matter? Darling! Let me-

Edith shook her head determinedly. "No! Don't! Can't you see?" she said in a low "I can't marry you, Harry."

"But you said you cared for me-you

promised-

"I know! But I can't!"

He took her two hands in his. "Now tell me what's the matter." He straightened himself handsomely. "Speak out, darling!"

Her steady glance rested on him till his own eyes fell. She withdrew her hands gently. "You have so many awful-wicked habits, Harry! I—I am a clean girl! You would make me utterly miserable!"

"You would save me!" he muttered.

She shook her head again, mutely. His coarse laugh rang out. "So that's it! I suppose some of the poverty-stricken goodygoodies that hang around you have been chattering! You don't know what love is! And I had faith in you! Just like——"

It is two thousand and ninety-one miles from San Francisco to Honolulu. Henry Potter telegraphed Thomas, cashed a draft for five thousand dollars and ten days later lounged on the lanai of the Moana Hotel with a long glass ready to his hand and a very dirty, uncouth man opposite him.

"You say you know Honolulu like a book," remarked Henry. "Well, I'm quite a scholar when it comes to books. I like the looks of you. We'll see what these Hawaiian Isles have to interest the curious and well-heeled

foreigner."

It is four and one-third miles from the "If I were Henry," said the secretary to Moana Hotel to Bishop's bank.

months after his arrival in Honolulu Henry Potter made the trip in response to an urgent telephone summons and was informed that his balance was exhausted. The accountant referred him to a cablegram, which, being interpreted by the aid of an A B C Code-Book, stated that Thomas Potter would honor drafts drawn on him by Henry Potter to the total amount of five thousand dollars and no

"I'll have the five thousand now," said Henry, carelessly picking up a pen. a thousand in cash and the rest in exchange on any old bank in the Orient."

"Hongkong? Yokohama?" suggested the

accountant.

"Either," said Henry. "I've seen your Honolulu inside, outside and wayside. What I don't know about this town wouldn't amount to the daily cable report in an afternoon paper."

From Honolulu to Yokohama is three thousand three hundred and ninety-four miles.

Exactly four years after he left Princeton Henry sat in a Yokohama hotel, with a glass of gin beside him, and wrote to his father as follows:

DEAR DAD:

I had a very fair time in Honolulu but saw no chance to do any business in our line. Here in Yokohama I feel sure I can find an opening though of course the Japs try to make out that they can do without our products.

I'll try my luck here a while. You know we have no agent here so I would suggest that I open an agency and get together a small sales force. I already have

an eye on some good men.

I know you think I left San Francisco hurriedly and without sufficient explanation. The real explanation was a woman. Fascinating and—well, I remembered the advice you gave me about that Fairfield affair and I simply ran away—couldn't do anything I knew you'd disapprove.

It was really a serious affair. I'm sorry, but I saved the Potter bacon socially and I'm going to get a fresh start here just to show you what I can do before I

come back to New York.

I have some money but not enough to start the business here right. Suppose you give me a credit here and I'll hustle and show you what I can do.

Why don't you drop business a while and come across and have a look at the situation yourself? We could plan the whole thing together.

Affectionately,

HARRY.

"This last paragraph ought to land the old boy," Henry mused with pride in his episto-"Ask him to come out himself! lary skill. Great idea! You couldn't get him here with a traction engine, but it'll put him off the scent. And that story about the girl! Hits him right where he lives! Hard on Edie, but the old man must have something to chew on.

Society! what lies are told in thy name by poor beggars who have to shake the paternal purse once in a while!"

One year later Henry Potter, obese, puffyeyed and husky-voiced, swaggered into the hotel followed by a boisterous company who talked loudly of their preparations for the evening.

"Nothin' like havin' a rippin' time, old sport," said one, "and Yokohama's the place to enjoy yourself! Say, loan me-

But Henry was staring at a card which the clerk handed him. It bore the name of Thomas Potter. He turned on his companions swiftly. "Say, you fellows! I'll meet you at Ushida's at six. Busy now!" They trooped out. Henry spoke in the ear of the desk clerk. That functionary nodded. "Yes, he came in with the passengers from the Mongolia. He said he would be back for dinner."

Henry hurried to his room and stared at himself in the mirror. "Nothin' doin'," he said thickly to his image. "Beat it, Henry!" He fumbled amid the raffle of papers, bills and magazines on the table and finally found a daily paper. "Steamer Bremen for Shanghai, 8 p. m.," he read aloud. He counted the money in his pockets and sighed. "Not much to go on. But Shanghai is my

It is ten hundred and seventy miles from Yokohama to Shanghai. Henry Potter arrived there with one hastily packed trunk, a couple of bags and eight hundred dollars in

cash.

Two weeks after his son, Thomas Potter also landed in Shanghai, portly and very grim. He went from hotel to hotel till he found the one he sought, a small place in the suburbs. Here he put up under the name of P. Thomas and spent a week watching the guests go to and fro. At four o'clock on the eighth day a young man in a soiled suit of white duck, battered straw hat and dusty shoes entered and called for his key. Thomas Potter rose and walked to the desk. The newcomer did not see him but took his key in a shaking hand and started for his room under the guidance of a boy. Thomas stopped him at the door.

"Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" he rum-

Henry whirled around, grinning in sickly fashion.

"I missed you in Yokohama," Thomas "I've waited a week here to said puffily. find you."

"Away on business—little trip," Henry said with a poor attempt to be airy.

"I know the kind of business, my son," Thomas responded sternly.

"Well, come in, anyhow!"

They entered the shaded room and Henry proceeded to plunge his bursting head into cold water. Slightly refreshed he opened his bags and extracted clean clothes. He dressed without shaving, while his father sat in silence.

"Now don't lie to me," Thomas said pres-

ently, after a preliminary volley.

"What's the use?" demanded his son.

"None. For five years you have traveled your own road. You have cost me two hundred thousand dollars and my pride."

"You miss the pride more than the money, don't you?" was the remark in a hard

voice.

Thomas-digested this and rose. "I find that words are useless. I shall act. You can have no more of my money, my son."

"Then I'll go to jail for my hotel bill."

Thomas panted. "I—I'll settle that," he said heavily. "I'll do that much. But you are on your own resources from this day."

"I wish you would tell me what they are,"

Henry said reflectively.

"Work! Honest work!"

"What work can I do? Who would give me work?"

Thomas almost smiled his triumph. "Do you mean to say you are willing to go to work?"

"It looks as if I would have to, doesn't it?"
His father was melted. "I knew there was a decent strain in you," he said, with assumed roughness. "You have your good points, my boy. I'm deuced glad you haven't put the fat in the fire by making a rotten marriage. That's one credit. But—no more of this wildness. Man, I've followed your trail from San Francisco to this place by the gossip—scandalous tales! Incredible!"

Henry laughed. "Look here, while we're talking this over, why didn't you keep me in New York?"

"Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" said Thomas. "I thought it would be better for you to make your own way—with plenty of money and my backing, of course. A young man amounts to nothing in New York unless he has a reputation of making good somewhere else."

Henry got on his feet, swaggering on the dying effects of what he had drank the preceding hundred hours. "Well, I made my own way, didn't I? All by myself! Now—suppose I turn around and make my way back to New York and the paternal millions?"

"Not on my money!" was the disgusted reply. "You're a pretty picture! You'd make any father proud! Ahumph! Humph! A-hem! That road is not traveled twice the same fashion, my son. I'll get you a position—a good one—right here in Shanghai. I guess Thomas Potter isn't unknown to a few people here. When you make good, then we'll talk about your coming back."

"All right. Gimme something to start on, anyway," quoth Henry. "I owe a few little

bills."

"Of course," his father assented. "I understand that you can't be pinched. I'll fix it so you can have an extra sum above your salary. I'll inquire what is supposed to be a good allowance here for a young man with a position."

The next morning Thomas was very busy. In the afternoon he found Henry in bed and announced his achievements. "A good job in an exporting house, the equivalent of twelve hundred dollars a year with the prospect of more at the end of twelve months. Simpson's Exporting Company. I have arranged that an extra fifty dollars be paid you each month by the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank. I will catch the steamer to-night for San Francisco. I'll expect you back in two years, son."

Henry laughed and invited his father to supper. "Pleasure after business," he re-

"Well, well, you've sown your wild oats. Now for a steady and respectable career, Harry."

Having seen his father off Henry returned to the hotel, drank three cocktails, called a

rig and---

It is one-quarter of a mile from the office of Simpson's Exporting Company to Sam-shewsing's dive in Metter Alley. Henry Potter made the distance in one year, one month and four days.

He entered the hot, foul shanty, tossed his ragged hat into the face of a sleeping Chinese and held up before his filmed eyes a gold ring with a small stone in it. Sam-shew-sing rose, slipped his bare feet into straw sandals and plucked the bauble from Henry's hand.

"I b'long your flend," Henry said, licking dry lips. "I likee gin and smoke. You

ketchum chop-chop. Sabe!"

The ring vanished into some recess in Samshew-sing's filthy garments and a black bottle of "square-face" appeared. Henry uncorked it with his teeth and stared round among the shadows of the den. "Anybody here join me?"

"IT'S YOU!"

There was a stir in one of the smokeblackened shelves and a woman swung her feet out and dropped to the earthen floor. Henry gasped. "A white woman!"

"With a thirst," she answered in a low experience, I regret to say."

voice.

They drank.

It was a hot autumn afternoon. The breeze from the great river eddied in Metter Alley and revolved slowly the mingled odors of decaying garbage, frying pork and blistering tar-paint. Sam-shew-sing's open door calmly. gave a vista of rutted road, a dry gutter and a green latticed gate across the way.

turned back into the hovel with a yawn. The girl was on the shelf that served as a couch. mixing a pellet for her pipe. She glanced up

to say, "Been smoking long?"

"Never yet," Henry told her. "Heretofore I've enjoyed the social vices—wine and song. I have no money to buy wine and song has palled."
"You're a toff!" was the unexpected asser-

tion from the couch.

"A toff," Henry repeated gravely. dam, you have hit the nail on the head!"

The girl gave the opium pellet a final roll and dropped it on a little sheet of tin. Her eyes glanced over the tatterdemalion who spoke thus nonchalantly. She examined him from his neatly clipped hair to his patent leather shoes. She nodded. "A toff! You must have come a long ways to get down to this."

"It was a long way," Potter confessed, helping himself to more liquor. "A long way, my dear, with many sights by the roadside. But this is the end of it!"

"So you've come to Sam-shew-sing's at last! Where chits are no good and checkbooks unknown! Well, there's one consolation: you can't get any lower!"

She heated the pipe bowl again and blew out the candle. Henry took a seat on a stool

"Going to sleep?" near her.

She shook her head. "No. I don't sleep

so much now. I just dream.

"Impertinent, I know," he proceeded. "But what do you dream about?"

"Digging worms in a soft garden to go fishing with my brother," she answered simply. He stared. "You're joking!"

"No. When I was a little girl that's what I used to do."

"I never fished with worms," Henry Potter mused aloud. "I always had a fly-book."

Under the influence of the drug the girl suddenly turned querulous. "Of course! you

toffs! I suppose you never went barefoot nor stole apples nor walked on home-made stilts nor swung in a barrel-stave hammock?"

"All that is outside my—er—extensive

"Money in every pocket, fine clothes, college, champagne and gold-tipped cigarettes "Well, you're instead," she said crossly. down to Sam-shew-sing's planks and rotten dope now. That's one satisfaction."

"I fail to appreciate it," he remarked

Her mood changed again. He caught her drowsy whisper: "Poor fellow!" It seemed Henry took it all in for five minutes. He to express a profound, womanly pity. It stirred him to the ugly depths. He kicked the stool away and reached for the half-

empty bottle.

It was midnight when he awoke, as a battered American alarm clock and a darkened doorway told him. He sat up on the hard. polished board, bumped his head against the shelf above him and swore viciously. The Chinese was broad awake and sitting at a little table with a couple of his countrymen. Their beady eyes were intent on a game of dominoes. He saw that several sleepers occupied the bunks about the room, which was filled with the dull, acrid smoke of opium. He got up and tapped Sam-shew-sing on the shoulder. "Ketchum bottle?"

The Chinese made an impatient gesture. Henry followed its direction, spied the gin and helped himself generously. Then he rolled a cigarette and sat down on the

His thoughts were dismal indeed. Accustomed as he was to clean linen and the best of food, he was revolted by his own filthy garments while his stomach cried loudly for delicate victuals. He knew the hopelessness of asking for an omelet dressed with fresh herbs and he was also sure that his soiled clothes must last him as they were. "I'll have a whiff of that pipe they praise so highly," he thought despondently. "I might as well take the final step first as last."

He had taken a second half tumblerful of gin when some one entered through the doorway with a brisk, assured step. He peered across the room and saw the white woman, gaudily dressed and swinging a big garden hat by the ribbons. Changed as she was by dress and manner he recognized her and was glad she had returned, for no reason except that she seemed to make the horrible den less loathsome—a good indication of the depths to which the once meticulous Potter was descended.

She paid no attention to the Chinese nor the other occupants of the room, but came

over and stood in front of Henry.

"Now I know who you are," she said in her customary low voice. "I knew you were a toff, but I never suspected that you were you!"

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

She tossed her hat into her bunk and smoothed her hair down. "I sing at Sit Que's café," she retorted. "You came there several times with your pals. Threw money around like sand. Oh, yes!"

He wrinkled his eyelids and cocked his head "I believe I do see that you are on one side. the lady who sang," he said slowly. "I

never met you."

She shook her head. "I'm not the sort," she said briefly. "I smoke hop, but I'm straight, my friend."

"And—in—Sam-shew-sing's!" he said lazily, feeling the warmth of the liquor through

his aching limbs.

She flushed angrily. "Yes! Why? Because I don't go after the money! I make enough to keep body and soul together and have a smoke and dream of old times. That's me! I'll last another three months and then—" She snapped her fingers.

"Death? Hell? Eh?"

"No. Heaven!"

"What a fortunate outlook! I regret that I can't expect any change for the better in my future. Well, the world wags!"

"I'll make a cup of tea and we'll have a dip into the Chink's rice pot," she said abruptly.

"I am with you. Why this kindness to me? I am filthy and unshorn and forlorn and . penniless—except what credit I have with our honest friend here."

She smiled wanly. "I'll tell you why presently. I've been thinking. There's some-

thing I want you to do for me."

He drank the tea and picked at the rice till even a feverish determination to fortify his rebellious stomach could not make his throat swallow another morsel. Then he drank more gin, lit a cigarette and watched the girl —he decided that she could not be over twenty-one-take down her hair and put a vast mother-hubbard gown over her street dress. She sat down and faced him.

"I want you to tell me how you happen to be here," she said earnestly. "First, how

old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

toboggan?"

He shook his head. "I don't really know."

"I mean, how long since you've seen the end-this!" she indicated the hovel scorn-

"I parted with my last cent twenty-four hours ago, if that's what you mean," he said. "I was kicked out of my hotel yesterday morning when I tried to sneak in and get some clean clothes."

"All right! Forget it," she said angrily. "A girl at the café said you were a good sort. Seems you gave her money to get her sister into a hospital. Well, I told her you were here."

She cast a quick glance at the Chinese, assured herself that they were intent on their game and flicked a knotted handkerchief into Henry's hand. "She sent it to you. Now beat it while your shoes are good. Get out of here. Get clean clothes and a job. You at the end of your rope? Nonsense. You don't smoke. Be a man."

Potter untied the knot and ten sovereigns rolled into his palm. He silently knotted them up again and tossed the handkerchief into her lap.

"Nothing doing with me," he said gently.

"I'm low. But not that low."

The girl leaned forward, earnest eyes on his. "Say, she meant it! You're a toff! You're not down and out! Get a job! Go to work! Be a man! Take the coin and get a start. You can pay it back."

Potter shook his head and drank another half tumblerful of the raw gin. "Kid, you don't know me. That fifty bucks would last me fifty minutes and then—back to Sam-

shew-sing's! I'm a dead bird."

She frowned. "It's a chance for you," she persisted, slowly. "You look like a good sort, dirty as you are. But a month here and you are done for! Say, ain't there a fatted calf waiting for you somewheres?"

"Not that I know of."

"Or a girl?"

"Cut it out," he said roughly.

"Don't be so saucy! I'm quite entitled to ask after your lady friends. It doesn't become you to play the toff here. You're a tramp, a beachcomber, Mister Man. You're in a hop joint in Metter Alley and I guess you'd better act according." She rose and commenced to dicker with the Chinese for the

Six days later Sam-shew-sing refused Henry Potter another bottle of liquor and in the ensuing altercation the white man was "And how long since you've been on the kicked out into Metter Alley. After half an hour's crawling about in the darkness the girl's intercession got him back within the

"Fool! I thought I'd made a man of you!"

shelter of the den; sick and despairing and crushed. He sat on the earthen floor and sobbed. He had reached the abyss.

The girl considered him at length, sitting on the edge of her bunk, elbows on knees. In her eyes was an expression of almost maternal compassion.

When he was slightly composed she gave him a stiff drink, rolled him a cigarette and made him sit on a stool.

"Now, friend," she said calmly, "Have you had enough?"

He tried to resume a jaunty air. "Ouite a helping, thank you!"

"Where's your home?"

"New York," was the sulky answer.

"If it "That's a long ways," she sighed.

were closer you might make it."

"It's ten thousand, one hundred and twenty-nine miles," he remarked. "I have it all totted up in my pocketbook. I mean to say, I had it. The pocketbook is gone where the woodbine twineth."

"Ten thousand one hundred and twentynine miles!" she repeated slowly. were only a man you could make it!"

"It took me six years to come," he said

"You couldn't get back in ten," she re-

plied, looking at him curiously.

Under the stimulation of the fiery gin he laughed. "I made it in several stages: Pittsburg, Fairfield, Iowa; San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Shanghai. Last stop: Samshew-sing's hop joint in Metter Alley."

"Has your father any money?"

"A Croesus! A Pittsburg millionaire!" "And he threw you over? Then you

haven't got any mother!"

Henry laughed. "Lemme tell you about the old man," he chuckled. He related the story of Thomas's visit to Shanghai. She "I see. refused even a smile. You'd be ashamed to go back now."

"He's proud as the devil. He wouldn't look at me if I turned up broke and without a shave. If I blew in with good clothes, rings on my fingers and patent leather boots on my toes and money in pocket, he might have the veal. When prodigal sons come home from foreign parts nowadays, my dear, they get no welcome unless they bring a little foreign capital with 'em."

"And you've been kicked out by a Chink!"

she said reflectively.

"Not again." His brow darkened ominously. "Then it's the police and the jail for you," she interposed. "And that's no recommendation!"

He fell instantly despondent again. "Oh, I'm a hopeless case. What's the good of talking about it? Why don't we discuss your soul a little?"

She looked at him steadily. "I'd worry less about my soul if I could get you out of You're so disgusting I can barely talk to you, but I'd really like to make a man out of you."
"In love with me?"

She shook her head. "Not even a little. I'm fussy, of course. Still, there may be the makings of a man somewhere about you, though you don't look it."

"Flattered, indeed!"

"I know-you think that's the lowest degradation, to have a café girl put up her nose. Well, you needn't put on airs. But I would like to get you started again."

Something in her tone broke through the hard shell of his recklessness. He got up and sought a basin and cold water. He spent ten minutes over his toilet and came back and sat

"I believe you really care," he muttered. "I've been a pretty poor kind of scoundrel several times and an awful ass all the time. But I—I really would like to repay a kindness which takes no account of dirty clothes, a week's beard and the reek of gin. So you

have hopes for me?"

"It's a long ways back," she said mourn-"I know what it would cost you. It isn't simply a matter of going back to New York a prodigal son. You'd fall for the same thing again. It's the going back the way you came! If you were really a man, you'd do that. You'd go back over the old road and reach your father's house with a clean record behind you. Oh, but it would be hard!"

The silence was broken only by the click of the ivory dominoes on the table. Potter sat, chin on his palm, and thought as he had never thought before, while the girl twisted her fingers together and swallowed constantly something in her throat.

Presently Henry said musingly, "Ten thousand, one hundred and twenty-nine and a quarter."

And a quarter?" she repeated.

"My last respectable appearance—and my final appearance—was one quarter of a mile from Metter Alley, in the office of the excellent Simpson. My dear, that quarter of a mile will stump me!"

She looked at him searchingly, with quivering lips. Henry went to the basin and once more scrubbed his face with cold water. When he came back she reached into the dark bunk and pulled from its hiding-place a knotted handkerchief. It flicked into his

palm again. He kept it.

"Clothes and your board," she said hastily. "You can pay it back. My God, be a man, and don't throw me down! I don't want ever to see you again till you can walk into Sit Que's sober, well-dressed, with money in your pocket and say, 'Kid, I've got back the quarter of a mile!' Just that, and I'll be happy, perfectly happy! Then you leave Shanghai and go the rest of the way!"

Henry sought the den over till he found a scrap of rice paper. He appropriated Samshew-sing's ink-saucer and brush and made the following schedule:

Sam-shew-sing's to Simpson's	⅓ mile
Shanghai to Yokohama	
Yokohama to Honolulu	3394
Honolulu to San Francisco	
San Francisco to Fairfield, Ia.,	
Fairfield, Ia., to Pittsburg	
Pittsburg to New York City	486
	10,1291/4

He handed her the paper. "I remember all those distances because I used to have to know'em in the shipping end of the business. I'm glad the first number is a fraction. It looks easy, at least."

She held the figures in tense hands. "Anyou'll go back—every mile of the way?"

He nodded, his eyes shining with renewed hope. "Every foot, every mile, all the way to my father's house on West Fifty-sixth Street!"

She was strangely excited. She put the paper away and drew him to the door, past the absorbed Chinese. The dawn was whitening the eastern sky and a fresh wind blew from the Great River. "Hurry!" she whispered. "To-day! and never come back here! All I ask—all I want—"

"What is it?"

"Let me know—just drop a card to Marcelle at the café each time you make another stage on your way back. That's all."

He glanced at her pallid face and weary eyes. She was shivering. He patted her on the shoulder. "Go back and get warm. I'm all right. I'll send you the ten pounds as soon as I can."

Then, under a sudden impulse, he stooped and kissed her.

He went up the alley, his bare head high with new resolve.

Let us ascend with Henry Potter.

П

For a week he devoted himself to physical recuperation. He sought out a cheap lodging in a part of the city removed from his old haunts, purchased some decent, inexpensive clothes and then tried to remedy the sins of years by a strenuous course of walking, bathing and water-sipping. At the end of seven days he stared at himself in the cracked mirror and shook his head. Some of the unhealthy flesh added by years of luxurious living was gone, but muscle and robust color had not yet arrived. Still, he observed that he looked different than he remembered to have looked since he left college. "Maybe I'm sober," he mused. "At least I'm miserable enough."

That he could jest at all was sign of his vitality, for the week had been one of absolute agony, varying from the acute wretchedness of the morning hours to the burning misery of the evening; from physical weakness to mental self-abhorrence. Remorse and shame were his companions and his cheek was constantly flushed with mortification. The long road he had traveled in six years with carefree joviality, selfish absorption and heedless lavishing of time and money and strength seemed in retrospect a long career of inexplicable silliness, rascality and disgrace. A thousand times he was driven out of doors by the stinging lash of memory reawakening and a thousand times he managed to refrain from the liquor he craved, control himself and suffer.

Now he was come to the hardest part of his task. Simpson, the exporter, stood like a horrible menace at the entrance of the homeward road—Simpson, the calm, the respectable, the formal, the businesslike. Henry remembered his final interview with him. At the time he had flung out of the office with a sense of having put Simpson in his place. He recalled the scene with a heavy blush.

"It's got to be done," he muttered to himself. "Can't leave Simpson behind. Here goes!"

The polyglot Chinese porter at the warehouse received Henry doubtfully. He did not think Mr. Simpson could be seen.

"I must see him," Henry said resolutely.

"Ask him for just three minutes of his time."

The porter glanced at Henry's clothes, his face and his eyes, seemed favorably impressed and departed. He was gone some time and Henry felt the cold sweat of physical weakness oozing in his palms. The eyes of the clerks within the glass cage, apparently

bent on their books, he knew to be scanning him and exchanging glances. His face grew crimson. He was on the point of retiring to come another time when he was informed that Mr. Simpson would see him. He marched into the familiar private office, closed the door behind him and nodded to the gray-haired man at the big, orderly desk.

"What is it, Mr. Potter?"

"Two things," said Henry, trying to control his voice. "When I left you here you remarked that I had cost your firm several hundred dollars. I wish to pay that back. Secondly, I would like a place—any place—in your establishment, on trial."

"In the first place," was the prompt reply, "I charged the loss against my desire to do your father a favor. In the second place, I don't feel that I care to increase the account by giving you any kind of a position in my

house."

Henry's wits were working more smoothly. "I could get another position, sir, with another firm, in spite of my record with you. There's always a job for the repentant prodigal whose father is worth millions. I'm trying to forget that fact. I realize my criminal foolishness. I'm determined to make good, and my only way to make good lies through your office. I'll take any wages and any work you think best, so long as it will pay my board and lodging—which isn't much."

"And come down on your father as

usual?"

"I intend to surprise him agreeably," Henry said firmly. "It is a very hard thing for me to do, but I beg to call your attention to the fact that I am exceedingly sober——"

"No money!"

Henry held out his hand with two gold coins therein. "Sober, sir, in my right mind and not trying to borrow or steal. If you will consider these amazing facts, sir, you may think of my application more favorably."

"You were in a opium dive ten days ago,"

was the chilly reply.

"Quite true. Can I have a job for a month?"

Mr. Simpson looked absurdly abused. "I'll allow you fifty dollars gold a month and you can keep books—on trial—under my Chinese clerk."

Henry realized that this was a job usually given some stray pensioner but promptly accepted it. Fifteen minutes later he was trying to steady his fingers around a pen and decipher the yellow bills he was to enter on a page that was by no means plain before him. "This is going to be the longest quarter of a

mile in the entire circuit of the terrestrial globe," he murmured to himself.

One month afterward Mr. Simpson paid him fifty dollars in gold and looked at him inquiringly. Henry answered the mute question. "I'd like to keep the job, sir."

"For another month, then." Mr. Simpson

dismissed him curtly.

That night Henry Potter entered Sit Que's café at eight o'clock, the dullest hour of the evening. Marcelle was singing a dismal ditty to empty tables to the accompaniment of an old piano pounded industriously by a long-fingered Portuguese. Henry stood in the shadow of a mechanical organ till her song was concluded and then walked forward to where she rested, fanning herself. A quick twist of his wrist and a knotted handkerchief fell in her lap. She looked up. Henry raised five fingers. "Half of what I owe you," he said.

Her glance at him was peculiarly earnest. He saw that the pupils of her eyes were dilated, giving her a strange gravity.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm all right. Been working a month. It's a long quarter of a

mile!"

"You aren't eating enough," she said quickly.

"Plenty! No luxuries, of course, as I'm

trying to pay up some debts."

She made a pleading gesture with her hands. "Don't stay here," she whispered. "Some of your old crowd might come in—it's dangerous. Good-bye!"

"Till next month!"

Mr. Simpson held the shining coins that were the reward of Henry's second trial some time before letting them go. "You seem to be in earnest, young man."

"Have I another month?"

"You have. Try your hand at selling again," Simpson continued. "Salary and commissions."

"Much obliged," said Henry.

Six months and one week after he had quit Sam-chew-sing's Henry stood once more in his employer's office.

You've a thousand dollars due you' said Mr. Simpson. "You have proved a very valuable man, Mr. Potter. I am—er—exceedingly gratified. I'm sorry to lose you."

"I must get to Yokohama, sir. I'm obliged to you for what you have done for me."

"Any letters—any little assistance—"

Simpson muttered nervously.

"Thank you. Just one letter, please. A general statement of my conduct during the past six months."

"With pleasure. And in Yokohama—I have connections there, as you know—it

would gratify me-"

With a draft for fourteen hundred dollars in his wallet, together with a florid letter from the Simpson Exporting Company, Henry stepped out into the street and made his way one quarter of a mile to Metter Alley. It was a warm spring afternoon and the odors of the close lane were in full flower. He kicked Sam-shew-sing's door open and nodded to that drug-sodden individual. Marcelle sat up disheveled in her bunk and stared.

"It's you!"

"It's me," said Henry. "Listen to the words of wisdom and cheer. First, I've made the first quarter of a mile of the ten thousand. one hundred and twenty-nine and a quarter. I am the possessor of coin in large amounts and a letter which testifies that I am a reputable, sober and highly industrious business man. I am now prepared to cover the ten hundred and seventy miles between the metropolis on the Great River and Yokohama."

Marcelle brushed the hair from her eyes and smiled wanly. "I knew you would make

it," she said in her low voice.

"You knew nothing of the sort, my dear," quoth Henry. "You took a chance on a poor devil because—well, because you're a good sort. So here's the poor devil, no longer poor and desirous of returning a favor by asking another. Here"-he drew out a hundred dollars in gold—"is the needful wherewith you, fair damsel, will proceed to buy, purchase and equip yourself with a wedding garment. Chop-chop! Wiki-wiki! Pronto!"

She stared at him with lips parted.

"'Tis in earnest the fond swain speaks," he assured her. "Out of your slothful couch and to the bazaars for pretties!"

Her piercing tones reached even the drowsy ear of Sam-shew-sing. "Oh, you fool!

You fool!"

Henry's eyes narrowed. "What do you

mean?

She flung herself out of the bunk and faced him with flashing eyes. "Fool! I thought I'd made a man out of you! And you'd marry me!" She laughed hysterically. "Marry mel an opium smoker! a café singer! You fool!"

"Of course I'd marry you—shall marry you," Henry Potter said firmly. "I've expected to, all along. You saved me. I think you like me. Therefore, I marry you and take you out of this smoky hell and share my respectability with you—the respectability you've handed me."

She put a hand on each of his shoulders and peered into his face. She sighed. "You'd do it! Yes, you'd do it!"

She crept into the vile bunk again, sobbing. Henry tried to rouse her, to extract a single word of assent. All in vain. At last he thrust the spurned money under the pillow and bent over her.

"I'll be back at seven o'clock this evening. You will be dressed and we'll go and be married. A steamer sails for Yokohama to-morrow morning at eight."

She made no response. When he was once more in the stifling alley he could still hear her

It was dark when he returned to Samshew-sing's. The door was open and he saw the proprietor eating rice by the light of a dim candle. He entered and called, "Marcelle!"

She did not answer. The Chinese nodded his head wisely. "She ketchum new dless.

B'long too muchee hop."

With a swift step Henry crossed the earthen floor to the bunk. It was deep in the shadow and he snatched up the candle and held it so that the slender beam fell on Marcelle.

By her head, on the pillow, was a modest His quick eyes saw that she was freshly clad from head to foot. She was absolutely motionless, pallid cheeked, pale lipped, with her slim fingers across her breast. He slowly bent nearer, nearer, nearer. The hot grease from the candle dripped down on the flowered bodice. Marcelle did not move. She was dead.

Henry stared long at the serene face. It held a beauty he had never noticed, a delicacy that made him choke.

In her right hand was a piece of paper. He gently disengaged it. By the light of the candle he saw that it was the schedule of distances he had set down—so long ago!

"Sam-shew-sing's to Simpson's........ // mile"

Marcelle had crossed out that first line and set a date opposite it. "To-day!" he said to himself.

At the bottom she had written in firm letters: "You made the quarter of a mile for my sake. That's all you can do for me. I'll remember it in my long dream. Goodbye."

Henry Potter slipped the paper into his wallet and stooped and kissed the pallid lips. Good-bye, friend!" he whispered. remember, too!"

TV

At midnight Henry pulled the ear of his sleeping bride. "Say, my dear, do you know that it is only four hundred and eighty-six miles to New York?"

"Well?" she murmured sleepily.

"It is very well," quoth Henry and gazed at the mahogany surface of the closed upper berth till daylight came through the window screen with the smell of coal smoke.

At ten o'clock that morning Thomas Potter looked at the card deposited by his hot plate.

"Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" he rumbled. "Is he—how does he look, Henderson?"

Henderson coughed discreetly. "Lady with him, sir."

"Show him in—no, I'll see him in the

library."

Thomas dallied with his egg, scowled, picked up the morning paper, frowned at it, pushed his chair back into the ready hands of Henderson and departed for the library.

Henry was swinging his long legs from the big table in the center of the room when his father entered.

"Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" roared Thomas crustily. "What does this mean?"

"A matter of business," said Henry, meeting the scowl with a smile. "Here you are, sir!"

Thomas took the slip of green paper and stared at it. "A draft for ten thousand dol-

lars," he grumbled. "Well?"

"Some years ago you paid me that amount to leave Fairfield and not marry Miss Sadie Price," Henry explained quietly. "I accepted the money and did not marry the lady. I discovered that I was the loser by the bargain. There is your money. Here is Mrs.

Potter, née Sadie Price." He waved his hand toward a figure almost lost in an enormous chair.

The elder Potter glanced at the bank draft and then at the young woman alternately. He put on his eyeglasses finally and rumbled, "Ahumph! Humph! A-hem! this draft seems to be perfectly good."

"So is the lady," said his son. "Mrs. Potter née Price. Sadie, advance and see the man who thought your charms were less than

his old money."

She came timidly forward, with a shy glance at her husband. Thomas Potter stared, speechless. He referred to the green slip as the more comprehensible of the two visions.

"Where did you get this money, Henry?"
"I made it. Promoted a company in Honolulu. Make my own living. Perfectly honest money, sir!"

Through his eyeglasses Thomas studied his son's appearance. He missed nothing from the clear eyes and healthy complexion to the steady, capable hands and buoyant figure.

"Ahumph! Humph! A-hem!" he muttered.

"I never expected it!"

"You accept the money?"

A remarkable trembling, never before witnessed by any acquaintance of Thomas Potter, attacked his lower lip. The green paper shook between his big fingers. "It's the only money I've got that I'm proud of," he said huskily. "Ahumph! Humph! A-hem! My dear, have you had your breakfast yet? We will have some breakfast, my dear. Yes, breakfast. It is waiting for you."

Thomas Potter offered his arm to Mrs. Henry Potter and led her out. Henry fol-

"It's fine to be back!" he murmured.

WORDS

By HARRIET MASON KILBURN

ORDS are such elvish things!
They come from nowhere, one by one,
Tripping and dancing in the sun:
Then meet, and lo—a little poem that sings!

Words have such gracious ways!
They shine so softly from afar,
Each like a single distant star:
Then clasping,—kindle to a hymn of praise!

THE EXPRESS BONANZA

Rate Guessing—Mistakes Made—Clumsiness of Express Methods as Compared to the Postal System

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY COPIES OF AN EXTRAORDINARY LETTER AND ADVERTISEMENT

facts about the express business. Everyone uses it and no one is satisfied with it. There are only four important express companies. For half a century they, and a few other smaller companies mostly associated with them, have enjoyed, by agreement among themselves and by mutual exclusion of outsiders, a monopoly whose results need but a word of elaboration. Upon property and equipment which the companies themselves value at less than \$30,000,000 they have earned enough to pay the railroads \$397,653,860 and have had net profits remaining of \$294,043,285. And yet this express business has been conducted not only with the maximum of greed, arbitrariness, and defiant insolence, but carelessly, inefficiently, and stupidly. (In a single day two express companies were caught by the Interstate Commerce Commission in making ten thousand errors in their charges to patrons.)

Go to an express office and hand in your little shipment. To begin with, the system of rates is so confusing and complicated that the employee rarely understands it, and of course you cannot. But you pay what is asked, which is very often not the correct rate. If by any chance the package is lost, you have the greatest difficulty in collecting damages. The correspondence you carry on with the company will be so tied up with "red tape" and tiresome details that weariness finally leads you to abandon the attempt. It is necessary to write to innumerable officials, and even the rate experts employed by the great commercial houses are often puzzled to find a procedure which insures prompt settlement. (One man wrote thirty-six letters to recover \$1.25.)

♦HERE are but two important tion? Then quite likely the person at the other end will have to pay too. How often this has occurred no one can say, but the Interstate Commerce Commission believes that charging at both ends is prevalent enough to have criminal suit brought against several of the companies. Try to get the double charge rectified. One company had \$70,000 of unrefunded overcharges at the end of 1910. Why? Probably because after six or eight months of apparently useless correspondence most of the claimants ceased their efforts to get redress.

> Now suppose the package goes to its destination and the charge is correct so far as you know. Very often it does not go by a direct route, and the goods, if perishable, are spoiled by delay. Try to recover, and finally, disgusted at the long delay, bring suit. But in some States you will have to sue every stockholder of the express company for the legal reason that these concerns are technically chartered as joint stock associations and not as corporations. Then, too, the express companies have arbitrarily limited the sum they will agree to pay in case of loss

or damage to \$50.

Every shipment by express is burdened down by a mass of intercorporate accounting that makes its economical transportation a physical impossibility. The situation is necessarily fatal to making a rate on express shipments proportioned to the smallness of the shipments themselves. The extent of the expense and economic waste involved in express accounting is simply appalling. There are something like ten separate accounting or auditing acts which an express company must perform for each package. The Post Office does a vastly greater business without any of these. The postage stamp takes the But what if the package reaches its destina- place of no less than ten processes of express auditing, if we except the single account which each postmaster must keep as to the number of stamps he buys. If the Post Office were obliged to keep up the same elaborate system as the express companies, the present two-cent letter would probably cost six or even ten cents.

Audited to Death

The reason the Post Office dispenses with the vast cost of accounting and auditing is because of its universality and consequent simplicity and singleness of relation with other transportation agencies, a condition precisely opposed to that obtaining in the express business. For instead of paying the railroads by car space or bulk weight as the Post Office does, the express companies pay to the railroads a percentage of the receipts on every package they carry, no matter how small it may be. So there must be a force of auditors to "pro rate," or divide, the charge on every shipment between the express companies and the railroad. But this is by no means all. There are five or six big express companies and many smaller ones. A package going any distance usually travels over more than one express company, and so the charge, which may not be over twentyfive cents, has to be pro rated among the various express companies and the railroads. One express company employs more than half a thousand auditors for this work alone. All the following accounting or auditing steps must be taken by an express company in the shipment of even the smallest parcel, and in addition to the actual cost of collection, delivery, handling, care, and transportation.

(1) Ascertains the rate to be paid.

(2) Makes out waybill.

(3) Copies waybill into record of shipment "forwarded."

- (4) Copies same into record of shipments "received."
- (5) Makes statement of "shipment sent" to auditor.
 - (6) Makes same of shipments "received."
- (7) Auditor checks waybills against record of "sending" agent.
- (8) Auditor checks same against record of "receiving" agent.
- (9) In case of "through" waybills previous items repeated.
- (10) Auditor makes division of percentages going to express company and the railway or railways.

(11) In cases of "through" waybills auditor

auditing, if we except the single account makes like division of percentages between which each postmaster must keep as to the express companies and railways.

There is no monopoly more complete in its way than the express business. Four companies, controlling many smaller ones, divided the country among themselves half a century ago, and with minor modifications have ever since kept to their arrangement and have shut out all competition whatso-They also have agreed among themselves as to rates. All charge the same rate to the same point. But while the perfection of these monopolistic features has been unparalleled the companies have maintained their separate identities, with the result that there has been no single, universal service. In other words, the public has had none of the benefits of monopoly such as the Post Office affords. It has suffered just as it would suffer if there were four or five big, separate post office systems in this country, with numerous smaller ones.

Take, for example, the fact that where shipments are made over several companies the rates are higher than for the same distance on one company, and longer and more roundabout routes are taken. Then there is the waste of duplicated offices and delivery The writer sat in a hotel window in Washington, D. C., and saw three halfempty wagons, each from a different express company, drive up to a small millinery shop and each deliver one small package. are 8,000 common points in the United States where this form of wasteful duplication occurs to a greater or less degree. The entire business could be done by any one of the four big companies with an increase of perhaps one-third in its present equipment.

The railroads are in reality responsible for the present unscientific express system. They farm out the privilege, often to their own directors. They are preposterously overpaid by the express companies. Should they not then be compelled to operate the express business themselves and make it simpler, cheaper, and more efficient?

In European countries where there are only two or three railroad systems it is feasible enough for these systems to carry on their own forwarding agencies for small parcels, but here there are hundreds of great railroads. Perhaps they could be compelled to form a joint express service, and the Interstate Commerce Commission is struggling hard to simplify the relations between railroads and express companies. But why should it be necessary to try to straighten out this mess

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE"—

The Christmas Letter ·

(Copy) Private

December 1st, 1897.

Dear Sir:

The season is approaching when zealous expressmen make a distinction between regular patrons and those who, as agents of Santa Claus, appear but once a year, which distinction is displayed by a forgetfulness of the Classification and obtaining a little higher price than would be charged the regular shipper. The same zeal for increasing the Company's revenue spreads to other representatives than those at the receivingcounter. In the past, a smart transfer-clerk has been able to save his salary through watchfulness. An old transfer-clerk of a connecting Company has been known to recognize the distinction above referred to, and has displayed his knowledge through the exaction of a greater prepay from the transfer point to destination than the classification card of his Company required. In this connection, it would be well to caution Agents at transfer points that, while they are looking out for more revenue, they can protect that which has been obtained, through a careful scrutiny of the charges of connecting Companies for completing transportation.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) —

Manager

THE OLD WAY-"The Public be damned"

This letter was issued by the Adams Express Company, first in 1897 and repeated in other years, either literally or in substance. We have several copies and forms under different dates issued to agents. The practices suggested were still in vogue in recent years, though doubtless without official consent or encouragement. But the above letter is still remembered in the express world and alluded to with smiles. Its spirit has never died out entirely

-"AND THEN ON THIS"

The Modern Santa Claus

From Pony Rider and Stagecoach to One Hundred Thousand Miles of Railroad and Steamer Lines

Much of the joy and pleasure of Christmas depends upon the efficient and conscientious express employee. For that reason this circular is sent to remind you of a few simple rules, the observance of which should ensure gifts entrusted to Wells Fargo & Company reaching their destination in good order and due season and that no one, through any fault of yours, shall be deprived of the Christmas cheer attending the receipt of remembrances from friends.

Bear in mind that Christmas shippers are not as familiar with many details that assist the experienced shipper in having his shipments reach their destination in the best of condition. Employees when receipting for packages should explain to the shipper, courteously, what is necessary and whenever possible help him to put the shipment in proper condition. Have plenty of wrapping paper, address labels, tags and twine on hand for emergencies of this kind. Whenever a package, after being received, is found to be improperly wrapped or marked, it should be at once re-wrapped or re-marked.

Inquire if packages contain glass or other fragile articles and affix glass labels to packages containing such articles.

Be sure that the full address of consignee—including street and number—is plainly marked on each package and that the name and address of the shipper is entered on the waybill.

Place prepaid labels on all prepaid shipments. The collection of charges twice on the same shipment discredits the Company and its employees, is annoying to our patrons at any time, and is especially vexatious when gifts are concerned.

Handle packages as carefully as if the contents were known to be fragile, as they may be breakable. You would not appreciate a broken Christmas present! Never lift a package by the string.

Treat every parcel as though it were intended for you or yours.

No matter how pressing may be your work during the "Christmas Rush," or what trying circumstances may arise, always extend to our patrons, even though in some instances you may feel they are somewhat exacting, unfailing courtesy and good will. They will reciprocate this in their estimation of you and their increased patronage to the Company.

Wells Fargo & Company Express

Carriers to All Parts of the World

Money Orders and Travelers' Checks

THE NEW WAY-Consideration for the Public

We print parts of this advertisement (significant because it is taken from a circular of instruction to employees concerning holiday packages) to show that under the pressure of popular criticism and reform of the Interstate Commerce Commission the express companies have begun to take a different tone. This change came late, perhaps too late, but it is significant of the power of enlightened public opinion. Even the Interstate Commerce Commission did not investigate the express companies until the public clamor was loud and deep

of entangled private privileges when there is a vast embryonic express service in the Post Office?

Eggs Which Cannot be Unscrambled

Railroads own express company stock. Express companies own railroad stock. Railroad directors own express stock. Express directors own railroad stock. Here is sufficient darkness, indirectness, and complication to make it more possible to line the private pocket than it will be when our transportation system becomes unified and devoted to one single aim. The president of a large railroad discovered not long ago that the express company operating over his line had underpaid his company for five years by a sum which he figured at \$3,000,000. But many of the directors of the railroad and express company are one and the same men, and the president was obliged to accept \$287,500 in settlement.

With this befuddled transportation system why should anyone expect express rates to be simple and understandable? In the division of express rates and tariffs of the Interstate Commerce Commission there are eight shelves each about 120 feet in length, or 960 feet of library shelving. Including place to place rates and the combination of rates which shipments from one company to another produce, there are no less than two hundred billion different rates, only one of which is the right one on any given shipment. Compare this with the Post Office system of rates which requires less space than the palm of your hand, or even with the schedule of Parcels Post rates in Prussia which requires but little more space.

"I suppose no man living knows how express rates were originally made or could say definitely how they are made now," is the hopeless statement of Joseph Zimmerman, general traffic manager of the Adams Express Company. But at another hearing an old official testified that formerly the method of making rates consisted chiefly in sizing up the shipper. If a man walked into an express office with a package and looked as if he would pay \$2, such was the charge, and if he looked as if he would not pay \$2, then \$1 was the charge. Of course that was long ago, but one of the chief reasons why packages are overcharged, double charged, missent and lost to-day is because the employees in the rush of the moment and never quite fully understanding all the "graduates," "classes,"

rate structure, guess at the rate which should be imposed and often at the weight itself. To protect themselves they of course almost always guess a little over rather than a little under the exact amount.

Who Bears the Burden?

There is no harder working body of men than the express employees. Certainly there is no class of labor to which less modern and humanitarian effort has been directed. and none which is paid so poorly when the character of the work is considered. We complain when a package is lost or missent by an express company, but how often do we stop to think who bears the brunt of the error? The agent at some small railroad station, who works twelve hours a day and receives on commission the munificent sum of about \$10 a month, has no time to write a score of letters to division superintendents and claim agents and other officials in reference to your box of cigars which has miscarried.

When the express companies in New York City were wrestling with a strike of their drivers a few years ago they issued a manifesto designed to secure public sympathy. In their advertisements the presidents of the five companies explained that: "our so-called drivers must be of a class competent to solicit freight, to contract with shippers, to receive and deliver valuable shipments and packages. and to intelligently transact business with the heads of concerns and families." In short an express wagon is really an express office on wheels, conducted by a man called a "driver." This is a pretty exalted idea of the functions of an express employee and naturally the remuneration for such work should be in proportion. Yet express employees, aside from executive officials, and those who work on a commission basis, receive, despite recent advances, average wages of less than \$550 a year, usually for a twelve-hour day or even longer. The average salary of a rural mail carrier is \$967 a year, of a post-office clerk, \$1,082, of city letter carriers, \$1,084, and of railroad postal clerks \$1,183.

he looked as if he would not pay \$2, then \$1 was the charge. Of course that was long ago, but one of the chief reasons why packages are overcharged, double charged, missent and lost to-day is because the employees in the rush of the moment and never quite fully understanding all the "graduates," "classes," and other intricacies of the vast was long ago, the wages of government employees alongside those of privately employed labor, even where railroad wages with express wages. Only half of the railroad workers receive an average of as little as \$625 a year, or nearly \$100 more than the average of the great majority

of express workers. The pay of an express messenger who is responsible for the care of valuables is less than that of a railroad brakeman whose work is often less onerous, and who certainly requires no greater intelligence.

Of course the low standard of express wages is due to the fact that labor unions have never secured a foothold among the workers. The companies have so long acted as a unit that unionism has been ruthlessly stamped out the moment it showed its head and its organizers at once discharged. Railroad workers are well organized. Express workers are absolutely unorganized, except for the purpose of insurance and social purpose. Efforts have been made in both New York and Chicago to unionize express employees, but they have completely failed because of the ruthless attitude of the companies.

It is too much to expect painstaking accuracy from the underpaid express workers just as it is too much to expect universal. economical service from a group of companies so structurally complex as the express companies are. Nor does the solution seem to lie in merely slashing express rates by authority of some government body. Of course there are those who would like to see express rates cut down. Not being based on scientific principles, according to the admission of the express officials themselves, there are here and there grave inequalities and injustices. Possibly empty burial caskets are not considered desirable express matter, but it hardly seems fair to charge seven times as much for carrying one of these objects thirteen miles by express as to carry one firstclass passenger. And yet such as instance has been reported, and there are many of a similar nature.

Property Rights Which Must Not be Disturbed

The mere reduction of express rates by a quarter or a third is no solution of the problem. An express company does not keep as profits more than about seven cents out of each dollar it takes in. As the business is an undisturbed and growing monopoly and as the capital invested is negligible in amount, the companies have every reason to be satisfied with their ratio of profit. But when it comes to disturbing such a small margin of profit tremendous difficulties arise. The express business is so essentially parasitic in

enough to invoke the laws to protect its proprietary rights. And that is the very thing it has done over and over again. Practically every state railroad commission that has reduced rates has been defeated in the courts because the companies were able to prove a small margin of profit, however great the total profit might have been.

Would a Parcels Post give to this country an adequate express service? The answer depends on what is meant by a Parcels Post. It is proposed to extend the postal facilities to eleven pounds. But the express companies would still carry all packages between eleven and one hundred pounds. There would still be duplication of service, and as the Post Office carries all articles at a flat rate, that is, the same rate for all distances, the express companies would take the profitable short distances and leave the costly long distances to the post offices. Such a plan would give the mail-order house at a great distance from its patrons an advantage over the local merchants. Unnatural markets would be created by ignoring distances and local merchants might lose their trade. is quite proper to carry letters at the same rate to all points, for the cost of transportation is only one-fourth the cost of handling. But with larger packages transportation is the prime factor. Then, too, if a Parcels Post is adopted, the express companies, still being in the field, will retain their valuable railroad depot privileges which are essential to any package service.

A Real Parcels Post

The express companies employ equipment and other property necessary to their business of about thirty million dollars. service they perform is of more importance to the people of this country than many other government and private industries in which the capital invested is ten times that sum. Why should not the Government buy out the actual equipment of the express companies and unify their service with that of the Post Office? At first there would be no revolutionary change in the present express rates, but the immense saving which would result from the stopping of duplication and accounting expenses would shortly make it necessary to reduce the charges. As time went on the most scientific principles could be applied in making rates for the general good, with distance as the prime factor. It would not character that it proceeds with a minimum be possible to simplify rates on packages to of invested capital, and yet it has capital the extent that letter postage has been carried,

but the experience of European, African, and Australian countries with parcels post shows that the scheme of rates could be made immeasurably simpler than the present private express structure.

There is no good reason why package mail should be the subject of private profit and worse than blundering service while letter mail is a province of government, and one which is most efficiently conducted. The express business occupies a twilight zone between the railroads and the Post Office, acting as feeder to the former and a leech upon the latter.

A railroad car is partitioned off into two parts, one is for mail and the other for express. Often there are the same kind of packages of the same size in both compartments, for the express companies carry many packages under four pounds, although the Post Office carries none above that weight. And always the express companies make a low rate for short hauls and leave the expensive long hauls to the Post Office, which is obliged to transport at the same rate for all distances. The absurdity of this needless and wasteful duplication would seem more amusing if the loss to the public were not so serious.

The railroads and the express companies have never served the country districts. Express companies do not deliver or collect packages except in large towns. Railroads only move what is brought to them: In European countries, where the need of rural collection and delivery of express packages is less than here because of the smaller extent of territory, there is, nevertheless, far more adequate provision for small-package transportation.

In the little village of Lhanbryde, Scotland, there is a bakery which daily ships by Parcels Post half a ton of its toothsome products to customers in all parts of the country. English householders ship soiled linen by post to the laundries, and the laundries, instead of maintaining their own delivery wagon, return the clean garments in the same way. The advertising columns of English papers are filled with descriptions of articles which one may secure by post. South Africa and New Zealand, both of which more nearly resemble the United States than do the smaller European countries in the matter of having a great area, have adopted systems of parcels post which closely connect the farmer and the consumer. In Germany and other European countries there are such systems in successful operation.

The express companies in this country express, the have not needed to install expensive rural a few years.

service, for they have made enormous profits without doing so. Unlike the Post Office they are managed for immediate private, rather than for ultimate private benefit. But this country more than any other requires an express system which shall reach all sections. The Post Office already possesses much of the equipment needed for reaching the farms. Last year alone, 60,000 miles of new routes were added to the rural free delivery system. The country is spending \$40,000,000 in building a rural free delivery structure. There are wagons, carriers, a nation-wide system for the collection and delivery of such articles as may go through the mails. But four pounds is the present maximum limit for mailable merchandise.

I can hear the chorus of objections to any proposal that the Government engage in the express business. Not only is private enterprise ever jealous of Government encroachment upon its domain, but the feeling is strong and general that private enterprise is more efficient than the Government service. But in this particular instance objections are ill founded. Social conditions and the imperative need of adequate service is paramount in the express business. Here if anywhere the broad public rather than the restricted private motive is needed. There has been no general decline in express rates, and it is questionable if there has been any large improvement in service in many years, but how differently the public motive has worked out in postal history. In a generation it has reduced postal rates at home one-third, to many foreign countries two-thirds, and it has added city and country delivery to the service.

Sixty years ago an English railroad found that passenger rates of three and one-half cents a mile and one-half cent a mile produced practically the same net profit, the lower rate of course resulting in far larger receipts but lower profits relative to the business handled. In like instances a system in which we are all stockholders, such as the Post Office, would inevitably adopt the lower rate and increase the business. But how natural it is for private enterprise to cling to the smaller business provided there is an immediate assurance of the same profit. Our express traffic is relatively only about one-half of what it is in other countries. Under the unity of plan, purpose and execution, and the more reasonable rates that would come with a postal express, the traffic would probably triple in

Stockholders Are Human

Far too much is expected of the express companies. Because they are engaged in the public service, because they operate public utilities, because they monopolize public functions, we expect their stockholders to behave differently from other investors. The express business was highly profitable and firmly established for something like half a century before the Government began to regulate it at all. Indeed this regulation has come only within the last two or three years. Under the old régime there seemed to be no limit to the piling up of profits. On property which never exceeded thirty million dollars in value the companies have paid dividends far in excess of two hundred millions. Their bond and stock issues are almost entirely in themselves dividends. Even the thirty millions of actual property was not purchased from invested capital but was accumulated from earnings. Two companies have paid extra dividends in a single year of 200 per cent.

Now to have this arrangement, for fifty years unnoticed, unquestioned, and unmolested, suddenly confronted with the fiercest, most bitter, and searching challenge as to its right to exist at all does not conduce to agreeable acquiescence into the so-called public service motive on the part of express officials. They have fought to the last ditch every attempt at rate reduction, they have resented the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it has been necessary to drive them step by step into reform.

But would any of us behave differently if we had been interfered with in such a "good thing"? I believe the express companies have behaved naturally and humanly. They might have adopted a more "enlightened" policy, but after all why should the country trust its public business to the chance or possibility of almost unnatural enlightenment on the part of private interests?

function which the history not only of other opportunities which rightfully belong to all.

countries but of our own country shows to belong constitutionally to the Post Office. The founders of the American postal system intended that packages should be included in the service, but this function has been permitted to drift away into the hands of intruders. Certainly there is no good reason at this late day why one branch of the postal business should be private and the other public. Some years hence men will have entirely forgotten that the express service was ever under private management. That is the way with most of the present acknowledged functions of government. At one time they were nearly all entrusted to private enterprise. The inconceivability that our postal affairs, customs regulation, and public finances should ever be reëntrusted to private enterprise will before long have found its counterpart in the same state of mind in regard to the express service.

Not so many generations back the Post Office was a private enterprise farmed out to those who could make the most of it. Before that it was a mere engine of the ruling monarch for his own convenience, for purposes of taxation and to enable him to do services for his chosen friends. The post was never of any advantage to the people at large until it became a public function. Its rightful extension will not only increase the prosperity of all by facilitating the operations of commerce, but will lead to a more complete

democracy.

The "common people" never used postal facilities when the service belonged to the king, or later when it was farmed out and was availed of by the governing classes only. The Post Office is now the property of the sovereign, but to-day the people are sover-When the Post Office became public it tended powerfully to equalize social and commercial conditions. The poorest farmer is the same when it comes to posting a letter as the greatest captain of industry. The extension of postal facilities will only tend The transportation of small packages is a further to bring within the reach of all the

IF AT LAST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, JOIN A NEW PARTY

By Kin Hubbard

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

NEW third party comin' int' th' ring is makin' th' campaign purty hot down our way. Th' Bull Moose headquarters, back o' th' barber shop, is in charge o Chink Marsh. Mr. Marsh is president o' Th' Recall Club an' wuz defeated fer sheriff on th'

Lafe Bud had left his wife an' come over t' th' Bull Moosers

Democratic ticket in 1898 an' later fer th' same office on th' Republican ticket. He has allus been an assistant without pay an' th' Bull Moosers make his seventh third party.

Th' secretary o' th' Bull Moose Club is Hon. Syl Artis. Mr. Artis hauled th' mail under Hayes, an' has been township trustee,

county assessor, county clerk, county recorder, county treasurer, county surveyor, county prosecutor an' twice pustmaster, all under th' eagle. He is tired o' bosses an' says tary an' treashe feels that he owes somethin' t' th' people.

Dink Mopps, th' treasurer president o' th' o' th' club, wuz in th' poorhouse two years under Grover Growers' Associ-Cleveland an' later identified ation, an' likely himself with th' Republican t' be our next party, where he has since remained in th' rear ranks with has never been a leaky torch. He is a strong defeated fer anyadvocate o' free silkworms thing an' has an' other items that enter been a promiint' th' daily life o' th' wage- nent instructor earner. Ther wuz much re- in several cam-

joicin' when word wuz received by Secretary Artis that Lafe Bud had left his wife an' come over t' th' Bull Moosers. Mr. Bud has lost five hats on Bryan an' gives it as his opinion that T. R. will carry th' state by even a greater majority than he had when

Judge Parker wuz defeated by acclamation.

While ther hain't nobuddy around th' Taft an' Sherman headquarters, over th' People's Bank, that seems willin' t' lose a hat on th' outcome in November, ther mighty loyal an' put up some mighty convincin' argyments in favor o' th' Jedge. They say th' Progressives 'll find that ther's standin' room only at Armageddon after it's too late t' light

anywhere else.

Al Wiley, th' president, secreurer o' th' Taft Club, is also th' county Wool pustmaster. He



His brilliant debates on epizootic were th' envy o' all his colleagues



He has never been defeated fer anything an' has been a prominent instructor in several campaigns o' education

Th' publicity, er news spreadin' bureau, o' th' Wilson Club is in charge o' Miss Fawn Lippincut, o' th' Art Embroidery Club

paigns o' education. Mr. Wiley says he has plenty o' time left before election day t' make it perfectly clear t' th' workin' classes that a high tariff on wool makes th' price o' wool higher an' th' price o' woolen blankets cheaper. He says he's done it before an' he kin do it ag'in. Mr. Wiley is in favor o' a nonpartisan, unbiased tariff commission composed o' wool growers, an' says that th' state will go overwhelmingly Republican.

Governor Wilson's campaign is entirely in th' hands o' amateurs. Not a plaid suit er a double chin is t' be seen about th' headquarters. Th' president o' th' Wilson Club, E. Morty Spray, is a graduate o' Tharp's Run School, '98. He also took a complete course in a veterinary college, where his bedfellers. brilliant de

o' all his chap o' th been in p fore. Th' sec

Claude A graduate c Ridge Sc While Mr.

only twenty-three years ol' he is interested in a number o' enterprises an' belongs t' th' Underwood School o' constructive statesmen an' is a plain-clothes mixer. He has never been in politics before.

Th' publicity, er news spreadin' bureau, o' th' Wilson Club is in charge o' Miss Fawn Lippincut, o' th' Art Embroidery Club. Miss Lippincut is full o' limericks, but has never been in politics before.

Th' Elite Quartet, which is one o' th' pop'lar features o' th' Wilson Club, is under th' direction o' Elmer Moots, o' th' curtain department o' th' Trade Palace. Although Mr. Moots sings tenor an' kin make a cigarette with one hand, he prefers a pipe. He has never sung in politics before.

Rev. Wiley Tanger, who has charge o' th' campaign contributions, has been a local minister here fer years an' has never handled

any money before.

Curtis Blue, who has been a shoveler under Taft on th' Panama Canal, has written t' friends here sayin' he'll be home shortly. It is expected that he'll make a statement.

Anyhow, a Democratic year makes strange





THE THEATRE

The Stock Company

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

which the American theatre is most likely to develop in the immedate future has laclearly indicated it past two seasons, going to have more a stock companies, panies are at once the play problem

the play problem cities, and a training school for actors and for the appreciation of acting. An increase in their number and an improvement of their standard are a very nearly un-

mixed blessing.

To be sure, the modern "two a day" stock companies overwork their members and, with their weekly changes of bill, do not permit adequate preparation of any but the most familiar plays. There must be a considerable change in method before the stock system is ideal. But it is so much better than the old system of weekly or semi-weekly visits of cheap traveling companies from New York, playing any sort of good, bad, or indifferent dramas, that we should bend every effort to encourage the permanent organizations.

The summer has always been the period when stock companies are most numerous, because in summer more good actors are available, and for less salary. Last summer there were more of these companies throughout the United States than ever before, as many as 175, it is estimated by the editor of the Dramatic Mirror. This fall, too, more of them than ever before are to be continued on through the winter as permanent organi-

hundred and seventy-five stock companies means at least two thousand actors and tresses—two thouplayers getting a part every week; in short, real expedipractice. It also thousands of peogood plays every generally less than

half the Broadway scale.

A great deal has been said in recent years about the decline of acting, much of it with justice. Yet it is difficult to see how, under present conditions, matters are going to be mended. Most things in this world have an economic basis, certainly most of the evils! This is as true of acting as of anything else. The actor must live, first of all, quite like the rest of us. To live, he must have a job. But, unfortunately, at the same time the only way the actor has to learn his profession is by practising it. Now, then, when Charles Frohman engages him to support Ethel Barrymore, he doesn't engage him for one week or two weeks. He wants him for the season. The manager cannot be put to the trouble and expense of reëngaging all his companies, and re-rehearsing them, every few weeks. Moreover, the actor, if he should quit his part, nine times out of ten would not find any new part for the rest of the season. All the other companies have been assembled with the same eye to a season's permanence. Barring the failure of the drama, then, the average actor plays but one part a season, sometimes but one part in two or three seasons.

It should be perfectly obvious that this is

no way to learn to act. If you kept an apprentice at making nothing but window frames, would you expect him to learn to build a house, to become a real carpenter? Would you expect him to develop resourcefulness, to acquire mastery of his trade? Of course you wouldn't! Yet that is exactly how we have expected to develop actors and we haven't developed them. A year ago the daughter of a well-known New Yorker went on the stage. She did not join a stock company, preferring to play in New York all winter with a prominent star. Her part consisted of doing a brief dance! Is it likely that she knows any more about acting than she did when she started? Not a bit! Her year has been practically wasted. In a stock company she might have played fifty-two parts, and really acquired some rudiments of her profession.

There is another and scarcely less important phase of the present system which makes for the decline of acting. As our theatre is at present conducted actors are often chosen for their physical resemblance to a "type" more than for their ability; and almost invariably, if a player becomes successfully identified with a certain kind of part, he must play that kind of a part forever or starve. If he makes a hit as a silly-ass Englishman, he must be a silly-ass Englishman thenceforth. If he has a bald head and three wrinkles under his eyes, Belasco picks him to play some character with those qualifications —and the critics rave about the Belasco realism, as if wrinkles couldn't be painted and wigs worn! The actor or actress must "look the part"—as if it weren't his or her business to look any part! In addition, it must be the kind of part the player has always assumed in the past. Is it any wonder our younger players have no variety, no skill, no real knowledge of their trade?

Now it is the great merit of the stock company that the actor not only plays a great number of parts in a season, instead of one, but that these parts also are widely different in character. Let us take as an example a young actor named George Hassell, who has never been seen on Broadway. He is but thirty-three years of age. He is an Englishman, stout and merry, a born comedian, who on Broadway would have early made a hit in some drawly English part, perhaps, and never played anything else. But he was captured before he got to Broadway. He spent four years with John Craig's Castle Square Company in Boston (one of the best and oldest in the country), and is now a member of chiefly practice.

William Parke's stock company in Pittsfield. Massachusetts; and he has learned to act.

In a space of one month in Pittsfield last summer he played the German in "Why Smith Left Home"—pure farce, in which he kept the audience in screams of laughter; the burglarious father in "Leah Kleschna"—a "heavy" part; Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals"—in which, under Mr. Parke's wise guidance, he achieved a real note of the old-school mellowness and dignity; and finally Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew."

How do these diverse parts interrelate in the actor's training? Perhaps only the actor can fully comprehend; but interrelate they do, and each is necessary to a full mastery of the other. For example, Petruchio is only partially a farcial character. To carry off the underlying seriousness of it, to suggest the feeling below the whip-snapping, the actor must have the skill which is needed to play in such a piece as "Leah Kleschna"—and how is he to get that unless he plays in "Leah Kleschna?" Petruchio is romantic, too, and the actor who has played romantic drama is just so much better equipped. Indeed, without the romantic training he will be but a sorry hero here. Moreover, Petruchio rolls measured poetry under his tongue, with joy in the smack of it. The statelier manner of Sheridan's comedy is here a help; just as, conversely, the vocal flexibility acquired in playing Shakespeare gives the actor a finer vocal variety in all parts, and enables him in "big moments," even in the most modern of plays, to let loose a volume and dignity of voice which our little piping players of Broadway and the present cannot achieve.

What is more pitiful than the attempts of so many of our younger men and women on the stage to rise to a "big scene"? Their voices are reduced either to squeakings or They lose all bodily dignity. splutterings. They flop. They have no reserve power. They do not master the situation—they are mastered by it. And they always will be till they have played a sufficient variety of parts—including Shakespearian parts—to acquire a command of various emotional stops, and a vocal technique which will not break down under strain. They can only do that to-day as Mr. Hassell has done it—in a stock company. When Mr. Hassell does reach Broadway, he will reach it fully equippedand everybody will suppose he is fifty years old, and was trained by Irving in "the old school"! After all, the "old school" was

Frank Craven, by the way, who has made such a success as the slangy brother in "Bought and Paid For," played seven years in stock under George Fawcett. He can play Jim because he has played Mercutio! They talk about what a "promising young actor" Craven is. He has played already several hundred parts!

More directly affecting the public than the players, but indirectly, of course, stimulating the actor's endeavors, is the weekly glimpse of a well-known personality in an entirely different role. Stock audiences, unlike those of Broadway, go each week to the same playhouse, and see the same players. They get to know each member of the company, often they become very fond of their favorites, and the better they know the players, the more delighted they are to watch how different the leading man or leading woman can make two parts. Instead of encouraging mere personality at the expense of impersonation, the stock audience delights in impersonation -so much so, indeed, that it will forgive a favorite's obvious shortcomings in a part unsuited to him, if he is really trying to play it This audience doesn't want to see George Hassell as George Hassell every week, just because it does see him every week. It wants to see him as Sir Anthony, and Petruchio, and the like; and the more widely he can differentiate his parts, the better it loves him.

That is the unescapable psychology of stock audiences, and therefore it is apparent that these same audiences both learn more about acting, gain a juster appreciation of it, and also indirectly stimulate the efforts of the players to achieve truer impersonation, than do the audiences on Broadway, where a new set of faces greets the player every night for a year on end, while he goes on repeating the same old part, often but parading his personal idiosyncrasies.

These are the facts which led William Parke, the able director of the Pittsfield Company, to say to the writer recently: "Stock companies must be encouraged, for they are the only salvation of the art of acting in America."

We might almost go so far as to say that they are also the salvation of the drama in America—outside of the largest cities, at any rate. This magazine has already discussed the problems of the one-night stands. It has shown how the available supply of good new productions sent out from Broadway is not sufficient to go around, how cheap second companies and tawdry attractions have de-

based the theatre in the smaller towns and driven people away from the playhouse; and, further, how motion pictures, by their low price and general excellence, have often taken the place of the spoken drama in the community life.

But it is unthinkable that this condition should remain permanent, and the great increase in the number of stock companies the past season is the wise if unconscious attempt to remedy it. America is not all in New York, Chicago, and Boston, nor even preponderantly. Nor are the great bulk of our people through the country so intellectually childish that they will remain content with motion pictures as a substitute for dramatic art. The greatest merit of the films is that they are cheap. A man thinks twice before he chooses an entertainment costing \$1.50 in preference to one costing ten cents, expecially when he isn't at all sure that the \$1.50 entertainment will be worth half the money. But let him have a real drama that he is sure of, at a price within his reach, and he takes it hungrily. That is the field of the stock company.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, offers an excellent case in point. We choose it because we are most familiar with it, not because plenty of other examples do not exist. Pittsfield is a city of 35,000 people, with a "drawing" population of perhaps 15,000 more. There was one first-class theatre in the town, which had been allowed to run down in appearance, and under the system of uncensored and unintelligent bookings from New York had practically ceased to attract patronage. Nobody went to the theatre. The middle classes and factory hands went to vaudeville and motion pictures, the more wealthy got their drama in New York. Finally, in desperation, several prominent men clubbed together and bought the theatre. After a few months of experiment, they discovered that they couldn't get a consistent series of the right attractions from New York, so they turned to a stock company as a solution.

They sent to Boston, where John Craig has for many years conducted one of the most successful stock theatres in the country, and secured his assistant, William Parke, to conduct the Pittsfield house. Mr. Parke came late last spring. He brought with him a company which numbered a few trained actors, such as George Hassell, Kate Ryan (once with the famous Boston Museum Stock Company), and Ivan Simpson, but for the most part composed of youngsters. He opened with Shaw's "Arms and the Man,"

at prices which scaled from fifty cents down. The bill was changed every week, but only two matinees were given. Mr. Parke was not on a salary; he had a sharing interest in the experiment.

At first there was no business. Pittsfield had forgotten the theatre habit. It had to be retaught. Moreover, it had to be shown that this stock company was worth while. But Mr. Parke was in earnest. He plugged away. He knows his business; he is a careful, painstaking, thoroughgoing stage director. He gave good performances. His young players followed his lead with eagerness. They began to be known personally in the town, and to be liked. They were ladies and gentlemen, Pittsfield discovered (to its own amazement and their amusement, perhaps!). The second week business was better than the first, and still better the third; after five weeks the house was making money, and at the Wednesday matinee the eighth week, when "The Rivals" was given, not a seat remained unsold, while outside stood a long line of motors from the summer colonies of Lenox and Stockbridge. Here was a company good enough to attract these rich New Yorkers from tennis court and golf links—a stock company of young players without reputation, in a little New England city of 35,000 people!

Mr. Parke's company is to remain in Pittsfield all this winter. Instead, therefore, of seeing only occasionally a good play, and not being certain in advance whether even that will be well played, Pittsfield will see a good play every week, and it will be certain of seeing it well acted; not so well acted, of course, nor so elaborately mounted as a Belasco production, but acted with intelligence in every part and the real histrionic flare in some, and with settings that are simple and unobtrusive, to be sure, but which well enough indicate the scene. Pittsfield's school children will see some Shakespeare; indeed, the high schools of all the surrounding towns will have their first opportunity in years to know what these plays they study are really like! Pittsfield will see some of the old, classic comedies, and the best plays by Thomas, Fitch, Walter, and other modern American playwrights. Probably they will get some Pinero and Shaw. They will see both farce and serious drama, and even a musical comedy or two, sung as well as usual, and five times better acted! In other words, they have a real making available the drama there, as the pub-terested in the play and players. That is as

lic library preserves and makes available printed literature.

"All very well." says the impatient reader. "but do you mean to tell me that a company which puts on a new play every week, at popular prices, can put that play on properly? Why, the actors can't find the time for rehearsals, nor the manager afford the money for the scenery! Such performances cannot be really good."

No, dear reader, we do not say that the system is ideal, nor that the performances rival a Belasco production. We have distinctly stated that they do not. But when the director is a good one the performances are far better than you suppose, and even under the present stock system there are compensations you haven't taken into ac-

In the first place, the actors of a stock company work and play together all the time: they are not suddenly assembled, as is a company to mount a new play for a winter in New York. They know each other's methods. They come very soon to learn just how to play into each other's hands, to work together as a team for the desired effect. Usually they are sure of their jobs, they have permanent, comfortable homes, they like and are liked by their audiences; they are happy and put their best efforts into their work. Playing a new part every week means. to be sure, rehearsals every morning and Sunday night, as well as matinee and evening performances. It means committing a new collection of lines to memory every week, in addition. It means, for the women, weekly trips to the dressmakers. It means, in short, almighty hard work. But—and here is the great compensation—it also means that every week the player meets a new problem in his art to wrestle with. It means his enthusiasm, his ambition, his interest are kept constantly alive, his faculties constantly on edge. It means he is growing all the time—and it is only when we are growing that, after all, we are really alive!

As for scenery, thank the Lord the stock companies cannot afford it! We have had too much scenery. When a playwright or producer relies on his scenery to carry his play, you may be sure the play is not the thing. Scenery is an accessory only. ought to be illusive and tasteful; but it ought never to divert attention from the drama and the acting. Stock audiences theatre in the town at last, which is part of readily forgive the makeshifts to which the the community life, and is preserving and managers are sometimes put. They are in-

it should be. That is but another argument for stock companies!

Nevertheless, it is true that one week, with only the mornings to give to rehearsals, is not sufficient time in which to mount a play to the best advantage, nor to study out a part. Furthermore, it works the actors too hard. Miss Priscilla Knowles recently finished a season of ninety-eight consecutive weeks in stock in New York City-almost two years without a single day off, even Sundays! In that time she gave two performances every weekday of ninety-four different rôles, rehearsed every morning and every Sunday night, committed 450,000 words to memory, and had made, or remade, over 400 gowns and hats. You have to know how to live on twenty-four hours a day to be an actress in stock! There is, of course, a grave danger in this, not only to the health but to the art of the player. So much work and so little preparation prevent the finer shadings of acting, so needful for complete illusion The stock players of and true greatness. to-day seldom achieve the final finish till they have left stock.

But this danger does not belong to the stock company per se, but only to the stock company as it is at present conducted. In the larger cities it can be and has beennotably in Los Angeles, in Oliver Morosco's theatre—done away with to a great extent by mounting plays for two or three weeks at a time. In the smaller cities it can be (and here and there has been) done away with by maintaining a system of exchange between towns, or else by having one company of, say, three times the usual number of players for three towns. Thus each company, or if one company each group of players, acts a piece for three or more weeks at a stretch, a week in each town. The varying audiences stimulate and broaden the actors, the increased opportunity for preparation improves the production, all the benefit of stock is kept, but the disadvantages are eliminated. This is the goal toward which stock companies should now work.

Of course, Broadway productions and the tours of stars are not going to be done away with, and it is highly undesirable that they should be. But if we are to continue to have productions, and to have stars who can act and actors who can support them, we have got to have a training school for acting. In other words, we have got to have stock companies where there is an opportunity for practo have spoken drama as well as photo- ignorant speculators in New York.

graphic unspoken drama, it must be provided in some more certain and cheaper way than by the present touring companies—it must be provided by resident stock companies. A respect for acting, a respect for the spoken drama, a true understanding of these arts and a love for them, are only to be fostered by the constant opportunity of seeing them practised, by having them installed as a part of the community life. Give a town a stock company of its own, and this love and understanding awake.

"You can give stock audiences anything from 'Charley's Aunt' to 'Hamlet,'" says William Parke. "The best is none too good for them."

Some of the most popular plays in stock just now, of the modern American dramas, are "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Man on the Box," "The Witching Hour," "The Wolf," "The Easiest Way," "Arizona," and "The Road to Yesterday." In a list of stock productions in one hundred and seventeen theatres in July, "Romeo and Juliet" figured half a dozen times, "Old Heidelberg several times, "The House Next Door" several times, and the best of Fitch's and Jones' plays several times. With the possible exception of "The Blue Mouse," there was not a shady play on the entire list. It was all good, sound, wholesome drama. what we want and need in all our cities, and it is through the stock companies that it has got to come. It is high time, too, that some of the authors or agents who control good plays should scale down their royalty fees for the smaller stock houses, so that everybody may have a chance to see these works. The fees for many of the best plays are to-day almost prohibitive for the lesser towns.

The old-timers love to grow reminiscent over the departed glories of the Boston Museum and the companies of Daly and Palmer and Wallack. In their day these famous stock organizations conserved for us the arts of play writing and play acting. Then they vanished, and it cannot truthfully be said that the unstable and speculative system of to-day has offered anything to equal them. But the pendulum is swinging back. The dignity and permanence and independence of the stock company, so beneficial alike for actor and audience and author, is needed on our stage, and that need is being realized. Our theatre will yet be free from the control, tice. Furthermore, if our smaller cities are for revenue only, of a small group of rather



sota Shift

by Kodert Emmet MacMarney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. WALL

ARON LUCKETT finished dictating an answer to the last of the pile of letters that had been placed upon his desk, early Friday morning.

"That will be all, Huggins," he said.

"Ask Mr. Murchison to step in."

The secretary, who possessed a solicitous manner, coughed slightly. "Mr. Murchison is not here to-day. I think he has gone away for the week end."

Aaron Luckett grumbled, "He wasn't

here last Friday, was he?"

"I think not, sir," said Huggins. "But Harrington is an excellent bond man. He at the young man from the bond departunderstands all of the regular customers. Besides, Mr. Murchison always leaves detailed memoranda."

"He leaves detailed memoranda, does he?"

said the Head of the House.

"Very explicit memoranda," his secretary assured him.

"Send Mr. Harrington in."

"Whew!" remarked the secretary to Har-rington, delivering the summons. "I told you the chief would get on to this football thing some day."

"Larry's all right," replied Harrington. "His coaching isn't any secret."

"Mr. Murchison is out of town, I understand," said the Head of the House.

"He has gone down to Princeton," explained Harrington.

"Got a customer for that new underwriting issue in Princeton?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Luckett," said Murchison's understudy. "He's gone down to help with the backs."

"Help with the what?" Aaron Luckett wheeled on his revolving chair to stare

That youthful person was unruffled, having the poise which young men do not lose until they have been more than two years removed from campus and Class Day. "The team, you know," he elucidated. "The quarterback position looks bad this fall."

"Sit down, Mr. Harrington," suggested Luckett. "I haven't been reading the news-

papers carefully of late."

Very enthusiastically, Charley Harrington, '08, analyzed for his employer the circum-

"It is this way," he said, "Yale's been licking

the Tigers right along "

stances which had called "Buck" Murchison,

'04, to Nassau Hall and the gridiron.

"It is this way," he said. "Yale's been licking the Tigers right along. If they repeat, the whole coaching system will go to pieces. Princeton has got to win. And they need Murchison to take hold of the quarter candidates. They haven't had a man who could catch a punt and run it through a broken field since he was in college. Buck Murchison was the prettiest light running back that ever wore a cleated shoe, Mr. Luckett. They've been wiring for him to come and stay through the season, but he won't do that. And he never goes down unless things in his department are cleaned

"Football!" snorted Aaron Luckett, with a smoldering in his eyes, which, if Charley Harrington had been more than two Commencements out of college, would have told him he was overdoing it. "Dear old Alma Mater needs him—that is the proper way of

putting it, I gather."

"That's just it," the misguided Harrington hastened to say. "They need him bad, too."

On his way out the bond superintendent's understudy assured the apprehensive Huggins, who looked up from a clacking typewriter, that "the chief understands, I guess."

But Charley Harrington had missed his guess. Like many other blown-in-the-bottle

self-made persons, Luckett held cheaply the things young men got at college. He realized that a certain "gingerbread trimming," as he called it, was to be had there. But, after all, with work to do, one couldn't begin too early.

Luckett had fought grimly for

sion for work had become ingrowing. Therefore wrath seized him as he pondered that I can't run down to coach again. the head of his bond department—a young think I'm sore. Letter will explain." man who had shown signs of promise; whom he had come as near to liking as anyone in his employ, had disappointed him. By the Lord Harry! what was Luckett and Company coming to?

"The chief sent for you on Friday,"

Charley Harrington informed Lawrence Murchison when the latter entered the office at eight on Monday morning. Murchison carried a suit-case and the marks of recent care. He had found matters in the Tiger training camp not at all as they should be, with the Big Game only three Saturdays

Murchison was a product of football that had valued brains even more than brawn. In his day, the "series play" system had not been developed to the point where it killed individuality. Murchison, quarterback, actually had been a gridiron general. He had won more than a single hard game by tossing instructions into the discard for suddenly improvised plays that perforated the crumbling spots in his enemy's defense, spots that no coach on the sidelines can really divine, but which stand out as if in glaring paint to the man in the scrimmage.

"How's the team?" Harrington asked, as his superior took up a sheaf of papers and prepared to go to the Head of the House for his wonted five minutes of conference.

"Rotten! The right side of the line is all right. But the backs! Ye gods, the backs!"

Harrington sighed. "I've been losing on them right along," he said. "If they drop another this year my faith and my pocketbook will be finally flattened."

He watched Murchison return to his desk

a half hour later. His brow showed no moody creases now. There was a flush upon his cheek and a blaze in his glance to hint that the wind had been in the east behind those gilt letters of the corner room door.

"Miss Martin," said Murchison to the stenographer near

his toehold. Without wife or child to blur the the window, "take this telegram, please." memory of The Street each evening, his pas- He dictated: "Football Manager, Princeton. Get Billy Barnard to come from Chicago.

> "Have that sent at once, collect," he said. "For the love of Mike!" cried Charley Harrington. "You don't mean it, Larry? The Yale game only three weeks off, and tied by Lehigh last Saturday!"

"This is a bond department, not an ad-

"The boy took his medicine," he thought

junct to a training table, Charley," snapped use in mailing his diagrams to Princeton for Murchison. "Now if you are ready to take spreading upon the training-house blackthose letters, Miss Martin." Orders were board until he knew that they were sound. orders; he believed in discipline. And Aaron Very few paper plays are sound, as coaches

Luckett had spoken. But Harrington had to answer the wail that came through the telephone after luncheon.

"He's out of the office, Dick," Murchison heard him tell Horton, the line coach, who, he knew, was saying unprintable things over the wire. "He's written you a letter explaining. Sore? Well, don't you think he's as sore as you are?"

Then Charley Har-

rington had hung up the receiver with a bang and whistled a stave of "Down the Field" with piercing emphasis. "Can't you hear those chesty Elis singing that on the eighteenth?" he remarked, to no one in particular. "If anyone asks for Mr. Harrington, Miss Martin, tell him that Mr. Harrington has gone around the corner to buy a drink."

The next morning some one laid a marked copy of the Sun upon Aaron Luckett's desk. The paper was folded so that the sporting page would show. And the marked paragraph chronicled: "Princeton is gloomy because 'Buck' Murchison, '04, who has been looking after the quarterback candidates, cannot return to help in the coaching. The Tigers were relying upon Murchison to discover a quarter who could lead the eleven to a victory against Yale. Business makes Murchison's further assistance impossible."

Luckett read the paragraph with a grin. "The boy took his medicine," he thought. "That is what I like. He called for a showdown and got it. He'll make good, Murchison will."

His faith in the medicine-taking qualities of his bond superintendent might not have been so firmly rooted, had he seen that subordinate in his Harlem apartment room at night, working out on paper a theory of defense which might wreck the dangerous shift play the Elis had imported from Minnesota the fall before. But it was one thing to make dots on white paper in Harlem and another to test them far from a real field with chalk lines ten yards apart. There was no

know.

Often, around midnight, when the halls of the Emerson were empty, with only a sleepy elevator man and telephone boy, and, perhaps, an assistant janitor with mop and pail, in evidence, Murchison would descend to the dim lit foyer hugging a scarred old pigskin to his chest; not the one he had carried over the goal at New Haven—that was in the trophy

room of the Princeton "gym"-but another that had been used the same day. And he would commandeer this wakeful portion of the apartment house staff, who were glad enough for relaxation. He would give one of the three the ball, line up the other two before him, summon eight astral players to leap into their places at the sound of "Hip!" and try to demonstrate his formation's

strength and weakness.

Aaron Luckett would have deemed this nothing short of cause for a trip to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital. Yet such is the earnestness of a thousand young men who still feel the leap of the Big Game in their veins.

After a week of forgetfulness, Aaron Luckett had football crammed down his outraged throat once more. It was when he had matched wits—and lost—with Michael Livermore, in the Airboard and Midland Railroad merger, a merger which Luckett had been scheming to prevent for a year. He had made a gallant stand in the directors' meeting, but had been voted down. Luckett was man enough to know when he had lost, but he growled none the less, and promised to be an uncomfortable guest that night at the dinner Livermore would give at the Carston Club, to ratify peace before the news was given out to the reporters.

Livermore was as hard-headed as Luckett, but of a different type. He had begun with money that his father had inherited. Besides he was a member of his college corporation and had endowed a chair at New Haven. All of which Luckett regarded as the inso- and Midland promptly forgot about this lence of a man who had never learned how

hard first dollars are to lay away.

When the champagne coolers had gone into active service and it was time for the cigars, and Livermore had disappeared for a moment to distribute typewritten slips among the reporters—containing the bare facts and nothing more—he had resumed his seat at Luckett's elbow and said, "I'll take you down to Princeton on the eighteenth, Luckett, and give you another chance to beat me."

"How do you figure that out?" Luckett had replied. "I'm not a college man."

"But your's is a Princeton shop. Haven't you bagged the best quarter the Orange and the Black ever had? I remember yet how Murchison sneaked around the end at New Haven that last time and won the game."

"Murchison!" exclaimed Luckett. "Do

you know Murchison?"

"I've seen him play," said Livermore. "If he ever gets tired of peddling bonds for you he can have a desk at my office on his gridiron performances. Any man who can outguess the Blue on Yale Field, where they breed ends, is worth a good salary. You ought to read the football column, Luckett.

It would keep you young.'

Livermore was half in jest, but Luckett knew that the other half was in earnest. Michael Livermore, head of the Airboard and Midland, remembered how "Buck" Murchison had sneaked around the Yale end for a touchdown. Luckett himself recalled something about Murchison and football. Ah, yes! He had told the young man that he could choose between the game and a good job. Murchison had chosen. The inspiration of a grudge came to Luckett.

"Livermore," he said. "I'll bet you five hundred, even, that Yale is licked again."

"Better take odds," advised the man who "Yale has a good team had defeated him. this year."

His smiling rejoinder was overheard by the others. "Take the odds, Luckett!" they chorused. "Yale always wins at football!"

"Five hundred, even—or, just to make it

interesting, say a thousand."

"A thousand, at evens," said Livermore. "It will mean a nice lift for the crew next spring. They need money to help them win a race at New London once more." He turned to his laughing board of directors, "Luckett's thousand shall go to found a new chair of rowing at Yale!" he cried.

There were other more important matters to be discussed, and the head of the Airboard

little pleasantry over his club table.

"Murchison," said Aaron Luckett, when the superintendent of the bond department came in for morning conference the next day, "what do you hear from Princeton?"

"Murchison!" exclaimed Luckett, "Do you know Murchison?"

The ex-coach, who had been awake later than usual over diagrams the night before, shuffled his memoranda and wondered what his chief could possibly be up to now. "I don't hear anything except what I read in the papers," he replied.

"They are sore, I suppose, because you

don't come down?"

Still Murchison failed to fathom the mood of his employer. "I suppose some of them are, Mr. Luckett," he said. "Now about that customer in Hartford. I think it would be best to send Mr. Harrington up there and ---"

Aaron Luckett pushed aside the trifling matter of the Hartford customer. "Harrington," he repeated. "I believe Harrington told me you were a great back in your day. 'Buck' Murchison, the best runner in a broken field—something like that, wasn't it?"

"Buck" Murchison that-used-to-be got upon his feet with a color in his cheeks that the Head of the House had seen before. "Mr. Luckett," he said. "I quit coaching because you thought it interfered with my work. But that doesn't mean I like to make fun of the game. Will there be anything more this morning? Shall I send Harrington?"

"Sit down, young man," growled Luckett.

another time. I want to ask you a plain question. It is about football, too. Were you what they say you were when you played?"

"I was a good back," replied Murchison, steadily, "if that is what you mean. There aren't any perfect backs. I merely had the

knack of catching a punt and running with it." "Can you teach another man that sort

of thing?"

"Not unless he has the knack to begin with. If you can find a man with the knack and nothing else-even if he's got a streak of yellow—you can club the bad stuff out of him and make him qualify. I've seen it done more than once. I don't believe there ever was a football player, anyhow, who didn't start with a streak of yellow. I guess it's like being under fire the first time."

"If you go down to Princeton, do you think you can help the team beat Yale?"

"Seriously?"

"I don't joke. You ought to know that," snapped Luckett.

"Well, then, I can help," said the former

quarterback.

He pulled out of a pocket a sheet of paper covered with dots and arrows, laying it on the cluttered desk. "I'll tell you why I think I can. I've been working on a defense to smear that Minnesota shift.

Wall Street would have experienced a sensation, on an extremely dull day, if the ticker had sent out news that the head of Luckett and Company was spending the supposedly earnest moments of business in

poring over football "dope-sheets."

After the first moment of bewilderment Murchison plunged into his subject with the suppressed enthusiasm of a week's absence from the gridiron. "It's really pitting one study of ballistics against another," he explained. "Each player may be regarded as a projectile with a partly known trajectory. There's a lot of diagram stuff that is silly, of course; up at Harvard they overdo it, although they found one corking play on paper a few years ago—the flying wedge. But the day has gone by when you can put eleven men on a field and expect them to win through sheer muscle and pluck. If they are up against masked plays, they won't be able to diagnose them before they are hopelessly beaten."

"And you think this collection of chicken tracks will make you win?" asked Luckett.

mitted. "That shift we're afraid of is made sand, at evens, could not go down by motor

"We'll talk about that Hartford customer up of three formations, each distinct and taking shape as the quarterback yells 'Hip!' It depends on the play going through with a jump. If one man is the fraction of a second late, the play is gummed."

"Ha!" exclaimed Luckett. "The play is

gummed. I am following you."

But the young bond man was too far flung upon the road of theory to feel the sarcasm in his employer's words. "Look at this," he said. And for many minutes he gave a chalk-talk that finally swept the Head of the House with it. Soon Luckett was studying the diagrams with the cold analysis that had won him his place in The Street. A man who had never seen football could, nevertheless, work out a problem in game ballistics, he was informed. It could be demonstrated like geometry.

"So," said Murchison, tossing his pencil upon the desk, "this will smear that shift if we can use both ends all the time. If we

waste one of them it's all off."

The Luckett brows were wrinkled now. He bent over the diagrams as a child might have done over a copybook. Finally he put a lean forefinger upon the paper.

"Why pull these dots wide, then?" he "Keep them close in. Look here!" asked.

Murchison leaned over his chief's shoulders as the latter traced a diagram of his own. "By thunder!" he cried. "You've plugged the weak spot! Make 'em stay in close! I'll mail that down and have it tried out."

"No, you won't," said the Head of the "You will take it down. Put Harrington in charge while you are gone."

"You mean-" began Murchison.

"I mean you've got to lick Yale. I have Send Huggins in on your way out.' a reason.

Charley Harrington used only one expression when his faculties were shaken. He employed it as Murchison told him he was going to Princeton, and why.

"For the love of Mike!" he said. "I'll have to double my bet with that Eli

chap."

The next day, when Aaron Luckett picked up his copy of the Sun, he turned to the sporting page and saw that Old Nassau had been gladdened by the unexpected arrival of "Buck" Murchison, '04, who had been able to break business engagements after all, and would immediately busy himself with discovering a dark horse for the quarterback position. A few days afterward Michael Livermore was told, over the telephone, that "It has one weakness," Murchison ad- the man with whom he had wagered a thoucar. "But I'll find you after the game," said Luckett.

"What a vindictive old pirate he is," thought the railroad president, looking at the clock and finding it was time for luncheon. "I believe he has set his heart on having Yale beaten to get even for the merger."

Luckett had changed his mind about going down in Livermore's car because Charley Harrington told him Murchison had arranged for sideline badges, adding that they ought to start in plenty of time. "I think it would be a good idea if we went down the night giee clubs give their joint concert, watch well-bred young men manifest toward even

the dancing from the Gym gallery, and sort of look them over generally, you know.

Murchison had not communicated with his employer since leaving the office. "What does he say about the team?" asked Luckett.

"Between you and me, he's got something," replied Harrington. "He's found something to stop that Eli shift. But he's keeping tight about it.

Aaron Luckett chuckled. "He's got some-

thing, has he?"

"What ugly knuckles the old man has when he rubs them together like that," thought Harrington, who had sorrowed over spoiling a night before the Big Game but had yielded to Murchison's request. He and his employer took the three o'clock express on Friday afternoon.

Of all towns where college cohorts gather for annual gridiron struggle, Princeton is the fairest, when skies are clear and there is no rain or sleet to turn what seems to be solid earth into that vilest of compounds for treading upon—Jersey mud. The weather gods, apparently, intended to smile upon the classic contest this year. It was clear red dusk as Harrington led his chief to a ramshackle victoria, the negro driver of which grinned a recognition, and careened them past the line of Revolutionary willows. Already the Inn was crowded with former collegians, many of them bringing wives and sisters; they had come for the finest bours of shoved their way.

the meeting between the Blue and the Orange and the Black—the hours before you become a part of the crawling hosts moving toward the field.

Aaron Luckett, with his cables of authority cut; with now no identity, he discovered, save that which lay in the fact that he was supposed to be a friend of Harrington, '08, began to experience a vaguely chastened feeling, which increased as time passed. With detachment from routine, and as if it were the most natural thing in the world—as, indeed, it was—his mentor unconsciously parted with before," said Harrington. "We can hear the the artificial part of that deference which all

> disliked official superiors. Harrington's foot was on his native heath, even if he had been rusticated once or twice before he was afforded one last chance at his diploma, and "got away with it," as he told his convoy.

Wherever Harrington went there were slappings upon the back, and handshakings with the wife of Bings, '07, or the sister of Bangs, 'o8, whom he simply

"must meet." The lobby was a babel of: "Have you got your tickets? Mine are around somewhere, but Billy Smith says be can't find them." "They say the team is fit, but then you never can tell about Yale." "Have you fellows seen Turk? He's got a mustache,"—and other empty utterances. The head of Luckett and Company, elbowed by smartly attired youths and near to girls in much smarter garb, whose wistful eyes were already turned toward the Glee Club Concert and the dancing afterward, clung to his guide as all human fishes even the crustiest capitalistic ones—do when they are out of water.

"Come on downstairs. That's where the gang will be," counseled Harrington, after the quarters engaged for them by Murchison had been inspected, and their bags had been deposited therein. Downstairs, into the zone of pewter mugs, and round tables, and pipe smoke, and story, and snatches of good old Nassau hymns, the oddly assorted pair

Wherever Harrington went there were slappings upon the back, and handshakings

the waiter. And when the ale had come, he that." produced his own brief and was civilly regretful as he went through the motions of asking his chief to have a cigar or a cigarette, knowing that Luckett never smoked—but far be it from Harrington, 'o8, to violate the conventional when playing the host at Princeton.

After a while the man whose new mustache had been discussed in the lobby, and who was the center of one of the most cheerful groups, was howled at for a song. "Give us 'Danny Deever,' Turk!" a half dozen "Go on, Turk! Go to it, son!"

And, seeing no way out of it, Turk stood upon a chair and sang, while somehow the rattle of pewter ceased, even the bartenders, busy wiping glasses, dropping their towels to listen:

> "What are the bugles blowin' fer?" Said Files-on-Parade.

"That used to be his big stunt with the Glee Club," murmured Harrington. "Watch him eat up the chorus."

And eat it up Turk did. Even Aaron Luckett, fish out of water, knew that these half-men, half-boys, loafing in a grill-room, possessed something that was a wonderful thing to own—that all of his dollars could never buy for him. He could not call this something by a name. But he knew that it was real and felt correspondingly humble, wishing that he could find his name engraved upon one of the mugs that fringed the rafters. "Listen," whispered Harrington. "That's self to jumbled dreams. And he came down

"Two of the musty, Ben," Harrington told good old Turk at his best. Some singing,

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, They're a-marchin' him around; They have halted Danny Deever By his coffin on the ground. An' he'll swing in 'arf a minute For a sneakin', shootin' hound, For they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

The middle-aged banker leaned over in the hand-clapping and tapped young Harrington on the shoulder, that young person's face being strangely serious. "What was it?" he "Is that the sort of stuff college boys asked. sing?"

"It's what old Turk made 'em sit up and notice when he was with the Glee Club," replied his guide, the serious mood passing. "Kipling, you know. Good medicine what?"

1

That night at eleven, there being not the slightest indication that anyone intended to go to bed, Luckett remarked that he thought he would retire.

"I'm sorry we missed the concert," Harrington apologized. "But we'll go over after a while and watch the dancing in the Gym. And after that there'll be a rabbit and more of the musty, and some of the Glee Club chaps will join us—perhaps some of the Elis, too. If you'll stay up I promise you some sport."

But the head of Luckett & Company had said "Good night," as well as it might be said in a mist of tobacco, and had composed himto breakfast in the frame of mind of a freshman.

"We'll lunch at Ivy and go out to the field

early," Harrington announced.

At Ivy—Luckett marveled at the array of snug clubs along Prospect—there had been more handshakings and glimpses of eager girls, who showed no wear and tear from the dancing that had occupied them until dawn. "Nobody ever gets tired the day of the Big Game," Harrington told him. "Least of all, the girls. The game girl is a wonderful piece of work."

"Shall we have a look at Murchison?" asked Luckett as he eyed a stream of motors, pennants flying, headed for the parking There were enough violets and chrysanthemums in evidence, he reflected, to

send flower quotations soaring.

"The President of these United States couldn't have a look at Buck Murchison before this game," was the reply. "He's with the team, and the team is far from the madding crowd. They always take it away from the racket the day before. The first taste it'll have of the excitement will be when the stands get up and howl while it trots on the field.

Harrington found seats within the boarded and wired barrier, near the twenty-five yard line, mighty luminaries of ancient football régimes at their elbows. The young man conscientiously explained the cabalistic mystery of chalk marks and score-board. He

also differentiated between the regular cheer and the "locomotive," predicting the exact moment when the Elis would begin their "Undertaker" dirge, and when the Tigers for the old codger," he muttered. might be counted upon to wave their banners listened with increasing humbleness. He eluded a gatekeeper, clamored for admission

felt very shrunken in this immense inclosure, huddled along a streak of lime on grass, apparently the one man in the throng who was not renewing old thrills and old friendships. He was rather glad that Huggins, the deferential, was not there to see.

And then the game began.

Several times in that racking first half he saw Murchison, striding up and down the line like an angry animal that yearned to leap across a boundary but dared not. The game was going badly for Nassau. The Yale shift was working—working after all. A forward pass brought the ball within striking distance; there was a "Hip!" from the bluejerseyed quarter. This time the shift came pouring through like water. Even as the ball plunged across the goal, Aaron Luckett, of

> Wall Street, knew why the shift was working; why Murchison's defense wasn't stopping it. He would have leaped from his seat on the bench beside the crouching gridiron graduates, but the anguished Harrington dragged him back.

"Murchison— I want to tell him

something!"

"Don't try to bother him now," groaned Harrington. "He'd kill you. They're putting that Minnesota thing over. And they'll do it again the next half if something doesn't happen."

Then the whistle blew. The tense stands seemed to relax, as if a string drawn tightly through them had been loosened. The groups along the

sidelines mingled for mutual joy and commiseration; in the cross currents young Harrington lost his chief. "Well, I can't hunt

While he scanned the crowd for his vanto the cadences of "Old Nassau." Luckett ished employer, Aaron Luckett, having

The same player shot the ball fair into the arms of a racing end

at the clubhouse, where the Princeton team was getting first aid treatment from a dozen frantic coaches.

"Send for Murchison, I tell you!" he shouted in the face of an astonished assistant manager.

"You can't see Murchison now. He's

"I'll break a window and climb in!" shrieked the stranger, menacing the managerial youth with a walking stick. "Tell him it's Luckett, young man! It's about smear-

ing that shift!"

"There's a maniac outside, waving a cane and insisting on seeing you," the assistant manager said to the troubled coach who was watching his quarter being handled by a grim-faced rubber. "He's yelling something about the shift."

Through the half open door burst the voices of the Elis, uplifted, crescendo, in the

"Boola."

"He's a yelping old lunatic, with a gray mustache," said the assistant manager. "Shall I have him shooed away?"

But Murchison was springing to the steps and dragging the purple-faced old lunatic within.

"You fools! You blamed fools!" snorted Aaron Luckett. "Can't you see they've changed the dots? It isn't the play of your diagram! Shove your end dots out! It isn't the diagram play at all!"

"Time!" called the assistant manager from

the door. "The Yale team is out."

Luckett trailed behind the squad as it lumbered forth to meet a loyal cheer. But Murchison had thumped him once on the back, with a gleaming grin of understanding, whispering to his dark horse all the way. Luckett saw the second half from behind the barrier, as near to the wire as an outraged policeman would allow. He had lost his sidelines badge in his efforts to reach the clubhouse. But he marked the Tiger ends swing wide as the New Haven wrecking crew got their Minnesota shift under way once more. And he saw the dreaded formation crumble, its supports knocked from under it.

"If the quarter only knows enough to draw those ends in again if Yale switches," he grumbled. "I didn't tell Murchison that.

That's just horse sense."

But the Eli quarterback did not alter his formation, even though he saw it split and torn to shreds. He was a product of the

modern coaching system. He followed instructions to the letter. A fumble gave the Tigers the ball when near enough for Murchison's eleventh hour discovery to kick a goal from the thirty yard line. And three minutes before the last period ended the same player shot the ball fair into the arms of a racing end, who carried it over for the tally that meant another championship wrested from the Blue.

Luckett heard what Harrington had promised he should hear—the Princeton anthem, not sung bravely in the face of defeat, but a pæan of victory. He swung his hat, too; he even tried to croak as they sang:

> In praise of Old Nassau, my boys! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Her sons shall give, while they may live, Three cheers for Old Nassau.

"The old ones go fair batty wid the rest av thim kids," said the policeman, eying a middle-aged banker's moment of exaltation.

Murchison, young Harrington, and their convoy were watching the grill-room uproar from behind a barricade of chops and baked potatoes. Luckett had forgotten Michael Livermore; which, perhaps, was as well, for the Livermore car had been among the first to inch its way down Prospect. It is not cheerful to watch your eleven beaten even after many years. And it would not have been pleasant to encounter the grin of his defeated director, who, however, had Livermore's check in the first mail on Monday

This was not the sort of gloating Luckett had counted upon at all. He found his mood transformed while he drank musty ale out of "Buck" Murchison's own mug and glanced

toward the corner where the songful Turk and his boon companions held forth.

There came a lull in the jovial clamor and Turk arose. "For he's a jolly good fellow," he began; the others stood also and caroled. Of a sudden Luckett realized that the grill-room gaze was leveled at his table; he found that he and Harrington were standing, too, their mugs upraised. room was singing at "Buck" Murchison, coach, who leaned upon his elbows, his eyes upon his ale.

"Now!" shouted Turk. "A long one for

the man who smeared the Eli shift!"

When the table clamor was in full swing again Murchison touched the banker's "You see they don't know—that's the devil of it," he muttered. "That cheer belonged to you. I'd be glad to shake hands, sir."

Luckett kneaded his fingers to restore circulation impeded by the onetime quarterback's grip. "It means a lot to win; it means a lot, doesn't it?" he said. "I'm mighty glad for you-and Princeton, Murchison. I'll go to the station alone, if you don't mind. I want to thank you for a good time—both of you. To-morrow we'll get back to business—but there's the game next year." His eyes twinkled.

"That's so!" exclaimed young Harrington, eagerly. "There's always the game

next year!"

Her sons shall give, while they may live, Three cheers for Old Nassau.

The chant pursued Aaron Luckett; he paused to listen.

"Just what is a college man?" he asked the clock tower of Blair Hall.

DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST THE

By S. H. KEMPER

It seemed a light thing for him, dextrous, To cheat or evade The noble and solemn and fumbling Old law men had made; scornful Amazement of men!—

He laughed in achieving his triumph, Succeeding, and then Crept under Death's dusk, trailing mantle And cowered to hide For the rest, he, strong-souled, scorned the From the Presence that through the thick darkness Stared at him clear-eyed.

THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP Readers' Letters, Comments and Confessions

The Party Bigger Than the Man (From a personal letter to the Editor)

. . I was called back by politics and have charge of the Kansas campaign and will be here from now until November. I think you fellows overemphasize Roosevelt. He is a mere incident to this new party. If you had been with me through the four or five days' session of the sub-committee on platform and through the all night session of the General Committee and if you had seen the crowd and understood the spirit of the session of the Progressive party, you would understand that Roosevelt is not the Progressive party, but that the fighting men in the progressive ranks of both parties are in this thing and mean business and no man on earth can divert them. The Progressive party is here to stay as the definitely radical party of this nation, and if any man tries to divert it to his personal ends, so much the worse for that man. The Progressive party is here to stay and I am satisfied it is going to have a place, perhaps not a winning place, but definite in American politics for the next thirty years during a great stirring movement in our country, a movement to change the environment of poverty so that whatever of poverty is due to environment may be removed. That is the meaning and core of the whole Progressive movement. Change the environment of men in these conditions so that environment may not react and cause chronic poverty, that is an idea bigger than Theodore Roosevelt, bigger than the tariff and bigger than any little two-by-four scheme of reform that ever has struck any party. This Progressive movement is a great humanitarian movement and that is why it is guided by the passion for humanity as evidenced in all of its writings and all of its work.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

More About Pensions

AM glad to see that you print a communication from "The Son of a Veteran Taxpayer" who mildly protests against the Government paying out four BILLION dollars in pensions. (At the present rate of \$160,000,000 a year to 931,000 pensioners.)

Since reading that letter I see that a bill is up in Congress proposing to increase the pay to pensioners about \$25,000,000 a year. I also notice that General Sickles in New York is reported to have said recently, in a talk to veterans: "Damn the taxpayer and glory to the soldier." Then he said something about standing up and being shot at for \$11 a month.

It is that remark about "glory to the soldier" that arrests my attention. I am afraid that there isn't going to be any glory left for the soldier unless somebody gets to work and shuts off the counterirritant to glory, which is money reward in all cases for doing the fine thing.

I have just had out my multiplication table and figured up that since the Civil War one of those \$11 a month men, if he has had any sort of hustle in him, has received in a pension from our government at least \$4,000 (\$12 a month for 30 years only amounts to \$4,320—a very conservative estimate, one that actually covers a multitude of cases. A million times \$4,000 has actually been paid out by the Government in pensions since the war).

This seems something like compensation for spending a year or two in your early twenties fighting for principle. It robs the splendid soldier of a little of the glory that General Sickles rightly says should be his. I am speaking, remember, not about those who died a valiant death on the battlefield, but of those whose livers and legs (or relatives) have held out until 1012, enabling them to cash checks.

The soldier who goes through a war, escapes death, and lives to threescore and ten, has probably had about an even break with the average human being. When I was twenty I did not go to war, although I think that my mother might perhaps have enjoyed herself as much if I had been in an army as she did with me where I was. For I was a little corporal on fool's bridge—in danger every moment. And my! what a crowd there was! All the boys were there. We did not receive \$11 a month: indeed, we cost more than that. And after the trouble was over we never had any reunions, never a uniform. All that time was a dead loss. Our fathers and mothers never got anything out of it—not even a chance to see us parade. We are unsung, unadmired, and unpaid!

I rather think that a boy who succeeds in missing bullets between the age of twenty and twentytwo has come off about as well as one with a high collar and creases in his pants. I know several of the latter who were killed and wounded. But I won't tell you their names. There is nothing in their story to cause anybody to set up a monument for them.

No, the soldier of the Civil War who still lives (and we are talking about no others) got through youth pretty well. More people are proud to talk about his youth than care to refer to mine. It is too bad for him to spoil any part of his glory.

The Census of the Most Densely Populated Country in the World

HE census of India for 1911 was taken in March of that year and has been the most successful so far and is generally conceded to be the most accurate.

The enormous work of enumerating all the peoples of India was carried on by the different departments of the Government officers and service without a hitch.

In many districts and among many of the jungle tribes it was necessary for the officers to start educating the people up to the census many months before, and in many places at first the jungle people feared the enumerators as they thought it would mean additional taxes and burdens: the officers were careful to explain this fear away, and in some instances it was only after explaining to the natives that the enumeration was being made so that, in case there would be shortage of food or famine, the Government would know how many people there were to provide food for, and of course if a person's name was not in the book the Government could not be expected to help them.

The final figures as published by Government on October 10, 1011, are as follows:

Sex	Provinces	States and Agencies	Total
Males Pemales	124,873,691 119,393,851	36,452,419 34,412,576	161,326,119 153,806,427
Total	244,267,542	70,864,995	315.132.537

This includes Aden, figures for which follow: Males-31,290, Females-14.875. Total-46,165.

The following are the religious divisions of the

Religion ·	Males	Females	Total
Hindu	110,866,120	106,720,800	217,586,920
Sikh	1,734,797	1,279,669	3,014,466
Jain	643,553	604,629	1,248,182
Buddhist	5,247,177	5,397,232	10,721,449
Parsee	51,123	48,997	100,100
Mussulman	34,725,528	31,897,884	66,623,412
Christian	2,010,722	1,865,474	3,876,196
Jewish	10,813	10,167	20,980
Animistic	5,126,932	5,168,236	10,295,168
No religion	909,845	793,356	1,703,301

Of the total female population there are child widows as follows:

Under 10 years of age (really only betrothed): 94,003—sixtenths of I per cent.

Between the ages of 10 and 15: 227,367—fifteen one-hun-

dredths of I per cent.

Also of the total female population there are children married as follows:

Under the age of 10 (really only betrothed): 2,470,671—one and six-tenths per cent.

Between ages of 10 and 14 years: 6,016,759—three and nine-tenths per cent.

WILLIAM RENKIN.

WHY FRET?

Are the trains too slow for you? Caesar, with all of his court, never "exceeded" the speed limit.

Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

Are the lights too dim? David wrote his psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

Are you ugly? Cleopatra, though homely, bewitched two emperors.

Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow.

Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of Heaven.

Are you sick? Suppose you had lived two thousand years ago when sickness was fatal.

The Saviour of Men was Are you poor? not wealthy.

Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of his blessings!

CHELSA SHERLOCK. WHY FRET?

IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE



"So they drew on towards (the house of the Interpreter), and when they came to the door they heard a great talk in the house."—BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

S we were coming back from lunch the Observer paused before a large lithograph which showed a group of soldiers in various uniforms, an officer or two, a private looking off through binoculars and an artilleryman sighting a fieldpiece. The picture bore this inscription:

MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY. EASY WORK, GOOD PAY, A CHANCE TO SEE THE WORLD

Going into the Army

I wonder whether Uncle Sam is telling the truthsaid the Observer. Let's look that list over a little closer.

Private soldiers				\$15	per	month
Cooks	,			30	- 46	**
Bandmasters				75	"	64

He is and he isn't—said the Reporter. He doesn't tell a lie exactly, but he shaves it as close as you'd peel an apple. I know something about a soldier's life. Here's his "steady employment" at fifteen dollars per month. Up at six, has breakfast and makes his bed. Drill at 7.30 for an hour and a half. Then a lot of useless routine duties up to about one. Two months a year target practice and special drill. That's his apprenticeship for three of the best years of his life.

What does he get out of it?—asked the

Observer.

Exactly—answered the Reporter. What has he to show for those three years that will help him to be successful as a carpen-

ter, a mechanic or a merchant or anything else that is useful? For three years his mind has been turned away from all of those things whereby he might make a living. He has acquired a habit of idleness and a distaste for civil life. Much of the training and knowledge which he previously had have lapsed from disuse. In their place he has acquired the vices of the camp, but he cannot live on those. If a man were receiving fifteen dollars a month and at the same time a training that would fit him for something useful, well and good; but at what price can a man agree to throw away his future?

"A chance to see the world." No man sees less of the world that is worth seeing than the private soldier. He sees the inside of forts and brothels. He is not stationed where there is much to see, and what travel he gets

does not educate him.

A short time ago I met a United States marine from the New York, in Houston,

Texas. He said he was bringing back a deserter from Shanghai, China, to penal servitude in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The ordinary language of this corporal, the unnecessary and mean-

Awful Commentary

ingless obscenity that was dragged into every sentence, was simply appalling. The topic seemed to make no difference; every sentence required an obscene expression to give it emphasis and color. I thought the deserter did well to choose penal servitude instead

of the conditions reflected by such conversation.

A year ago I was at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, and saw the deserters in stripes breaking stone and making roads under guard. This is what the Secretary of

War says of the prison:

"The administration of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth is honest and efficient under the system imposed upon it by statute law. I believe, however, that the system thus imposed needs radical revision and reform. Defendants who have been found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment by military court martial are confined in the prison without any classification of treatment or persons according to the offenses. Over three-fourths of them are men who have been convicted of military offenses only, by far the largest part of which is desertion. Seveneighths of these men are under twenty-four years of age. These prisoners, most of them mere boys and of strikingly different and better appearance than the average inmates of penal institutions, are thrown into the prison without any attempt to separate them physically or to differentiate their cases from those of hardened criminals confined in the same prison for the most infamous statutory offenses. By law these deserters are incapacitated for any further military service and are disfranchised as citizens. While under confinement everything is done to accentuate their status as a convict. The man enters usually as an offender from immaturity or thoughtlessness. He comes out without hope of an opportunity for redeeming himself either in or out of the military service and with a distinct grievance against society."

Has not the prisoner a rightful grievance? -resumed the Observer,—The man who deserts from the army in time of war may deserve punishment, but the man who deserts from the army in time of peace merely gives up his job. Wherein is he different from the mechanic or the postal clerk who doesn't like his work and resigns? The man was deceived at his enlistment; army life is not what it is cracked up to be, and so,

Why Men Desert like any other man in the same position, he turns to something else. Why not? Why shouldn't the men desert? The report of the Surgeon General gives you a light on the life they lead.

He says: "Admissions to the army hospitals for venereal infection for the entire army for 1909, 19.799 per cent.; for the army in the has seemed to me that the students who

United States proper, 17.746 per cent.; for 1910, for the entire army, admissions to hospital, 17.499 per cent.; for the army in the United States, 15.555 per cent. Do you really think a deserter who leaves such opportunities deserves punishment?

Here's a practical suggestion — continued the Reporter. I wish the Peace Foundation people would set for the Peace aside an appropriation to follow up the lives of a thousand men who have been dis-

A Job Advocates

charged after a three or five year enlistment. I am confident they would find an appalling record of evil influences spreading from these men outward to the community; a record of idleness, dissipation, viciousness and general evil example. And then, when you remember that soldiers are selected men, in the first place, and that 76 per cent. of all applicants are rejected, and that all these men have to furnish a certificate of "good moral character" on entering the army, you must realize how serious the results are to the men themselves. They might have amounted to something, but their life is nothing but a graduate course in worthlessness.

With what sort of conscience can a fostering fatherland ask such service of its citizens and punish them as convicts if they escape from it? Is there any excuse for such service at the present time? Personally, I think not.

There is something essentially contradictory in the three years' enlistment and the general theory of the army. Is this three years an apprenticeship to the army life? Then, of course, that life should be continu-The man should not learn the trade in order to give it up as soon as learned. On the other hand, is the three years a time of real service as a soldier, and does he begin to be of use to his country almost at once? In that case the three years' enlistment is not necessary. All the Government needs is a body of men that she can have on demand. She might as well put them in the savings bank as on the stock exchange.

What are the essential duties of the soldier that take so much time to learn? He must be able to march and carry arms and shoot at a mark. I have never been able to believe that it takes a soldier three years to learn to march and carry arms and shoot at a mark.

The men students in the agricultural colleges all over the country are required, in compensation for the Government grant, to learn the manual of arms and the drills.

as efficient and skilful as the regular sol-

Time Wasted help in time of need. Some army. I can scarcely think that two months contin-

uous practice a year is necessary in order for the men to become expert. If they were allowed to go hunting occasionally and to practise fifteen minutes a day, they would take care of the rest. Again, some guard duty is necessary about a fort, but it need not make a serious strain upon the time of a garrison. As the men at the Government fortresses are only having about an hour and a half of drill a day, the men at technical schools might well have as much as the regular army, if it were considered necessary.

The most serious drawback of army life is that the man is prevented from learning a trade, and that he comes out from his enlistment fitted for nothing. Why should not every garrison be a great technical school where a whole series of trades are learned? The cost would be considerable, of course, but a man would as soon enlist for board and room if he might come out with a good trade at the end, as for fifteen dollars, and come out with nothing. The second great evil of the camp, its idleness, would be largely cured in the same way.

There are now 80,000 men in the standing army of the United States, of whom approxi-

had the drills as physical training were quite mately 60,000 are in the United States itself. The rules say that they must be recruited bediers, and the extra intelligence would tween eighteen and thirty years of age; that they must be citizens of the United States or the New York high Porto Rico; that they must be able to read and schools show nearly or quite write the English language; that they must be as good records in marks- five feet four inches or more in height, and manship as the regular must give testimonial as to good character.

> If we are to select a class to kill by bullets in time of war, or by vices in time of peace, why not select the opposite characteristics? It is said that the average height of the French soldier to-day is nearly three inches less than it was a century ago.

Why Not Select the Unfit?

The explanation is that the strong and able men were killed off in the Napoleonic wars, thus leaving the undersized to be the fathers of the next generation. The curse of the Civil War still lingers in the South, not so much because of the devastation wrought, as because the war killed or maimed most of the strong men of the South. Eugenics urges that the strong and the able should be the parents of the children. Our method of recruiting is an admirable method of securing the survival of the unfit.

If we are to continue our present form of army organization, let us reverse our requirements and send to the army the feebleminded, the undersized, the epileptics, the defective and the criminal. Let us rewrite the advertisement to read: "No person shall be eligible who is less than forty-five years old unless he is feeble-minded, or epileptic, or criminal, or less than five feet four inches tall."

WANT GET WHAT YOU

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

₹ET what you want in this world. It's here waiting for you. All you have to do is to reach for it. If you reach hard enough and far enough and long enough, you'll get it, no matter what it is you want.

Suppose you are foolish enough to want great wealth. You can get it. But to get it you must make up your mind that you want wealth, that you want it above everything else in the world.

Observe an industrious alien with a push-cart. He wants a thousand dollars. He sleeps in a cellar. He rises at four. He works till ten at night. He denies himself food to save.

Some day he will have his thousand dollars.
"But," you protest, "I can't sleep in a cellar. I'm above running a push-cart." Very well, There is little likelihood that you will ever be rich. There are other things that you want

more than wealth—your comfort, your social position.

Suppose you are more sensible. Suppose that it is success you want. Good! There are few joys in this world that can compare with the joy of achievement. Set your mark and start climbing toward it. You'll reach it if you keep at it. Be persistent and be patient. If you are in Maine you can't wish yourself in California. You can't get there overnight either. But you'll

get there sometime if you start and keep going, even if you go on your hands and knees.

But, remember this: No man ever climbs higher than the mark he sets himself. No man

ever reaches the top walking sideways. No man achieves who keeps turning back.

And one thing more:

Pick your apple carefully before you start to climb the tree. Some apples are sour.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Concerning the new form of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

but if you could just see it once you would realize what a fresh

æ

TIFFANY & CO.

TIFFANY & CO'S BLUE BOOK GIVES THE RANGE OF PRICES OF THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE STOCK OF JEWELRY IN THE WORLD

TIFFANY & CO.'S BLUE BOOK IS REPLETE WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR APPROPRIATE GIFTS FOR EVERY OCCASION

TIFFANY & Co.'S BLUE BOOK WILL HELP TO SOLVE THE PERPLEXING PROBLEM OF WHAT TO SELECT FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TIFFANY & CO.'S BLUE BOOK IS PARTIC ULARLY HELPFUL TO PERSONS WHO FIND IT INCONVENIENT TO VISIT NEW YORK

TIFFANY & CO.'S BLUE BOOK IS SENT UPON REQUEST. THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT WILL SUPPLY ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
New York

The American Magazine

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE PHILLIPS PUBLISHING CO.

President, George H. Hazen Vice-President, John S. Phillips

381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Secretary, Henry J. Fisher Treasurer, Robert M. Donaldson A COMPAND DE LA COMPAND DE LA COMPANDA COMPAND COMPAND COMPAND DE LA COMPAND DE LA COMPAND COM

Contents for November, 1912

THE BETTER THING WE SOUGHT TO BILLUSTRATION "THE FRIENDLY ROAD		•
		-
THE FRIENDLY ROAD	DAVID GRAYSO	N 3
I.—I LEAVE MY FARM Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty		
THE PROGRESSIVE'S DILEMMA		
THE NEW PARTY	Jane Addams	12
Why I Prefer Wilson to Roosevelt	Herbert Quick	14
TAFT'S CLAIM FOR RE-ELECTION	Charles E. Townser	
Socialism, the Logical Outcome of Progr		19
The Test of Faith in Democracy	Herbert Croly	21
Illustrated with portraits	Herbert Crosy	21
FAKING A3 A FINE ART		24
Illustrations by Monte Crews		
INTERESTING PEOPLE		
P. G. Holden	Article by Victor Rosewater	32
MAYME PIXLEY	Article by Ella Hutchinson Ellwanger	
ARNOLD BENNETT	Article by Irvin S. Cobb	36
WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST	Article by William Bullock	38
Roy W. Howard		41
NINE TERRIBLE MEN	EDGAR WALLAC	CE 43
A Story. Illustrations by Charles Sarka		
THE EARNING POWER OF POPULATION	ALBERT JAY NOC	K 52
THE RAMBUNCTIOUS RHINO Illustrated with photographs by the author	STEWART EDWARD WHIT	TE 55
THE ULTIMATE DISCOVERY	EDITH BARNARD DELAN	O 61
A Story. Illustrations by Gayle Porter Hoskins		
WRITTEN IN A COPY OF THE GREEK A	NTHOLOGY SUSAN DYE	E R 70
THE DRAMA OF WAGES	MARY FIEL	.D 71
. Illustrations by W. Benda		
THE MAN WHO CAME BACK	JOHN FLEMING WILSO	N 80
A Story. Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker		
WORDS .	HARRIET MASON KILBUR	N 93
THE EXPRESS BONANZA	ALBERT W. ATWOO	D 94
Illustrated by Facsimiles		
IF AT LAST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, JOIN Illustrations by W. J. Enright	A NEW PARTY KIN HUBBAR	RD 102
THE THEATRE	WALTER PRICHARD EATO	N 104
THE STOCK COMPANY		
Illustrated with Photographs	ROBERT EMMET MACALARNE	237 111
AARON LUCKETT'S GRIDIRON GLOAT Illustrations by H. C. Wall		
THE DWELLER IN THE INNERMOST	S. H. KEMPE	ER 123
THE PILGRIM'S SCRIP		124
IN THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE		126
GET WHAT YOU WANT	WILLIAM JOHNSTO	
GEI WHAI IOU WANI	WILLIAM JOHNSTO	14 120

Western Advertising Offices: Tribune Bldg., Chicago, 1ll.

15 CENTS A COPY; \$1.50 A YEAR

London Office: 3-7 Southampton Street, Strand, W. C.

Copyright, 1912, by The Phillips Publishing Co. All rights reserved.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, N. Y. Entered as Second-class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS

Every advertisement in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is trustworthy. When for any reason you do not think so, please say so to the publishers.

Art	
Copley Prints	2 5
Automobiles, Accessories, Etc	
Gargoyle Mobiloil	51
Banking, Financial and Insurar	ıce
American Real Estate Company .	42
Bankers Trust Company	74
Postal Life Insurance Co	32
Building Supplies	
Barrett Specification Roofs	84
Edwards Manufacturing Company	66
Mott Iron Works, J. L	50
National Fireproofing	49
Rider-Ericsson Engine Co	59
Standard Sanitary	85
Cameras and Optical Goods	
Bausch & Lomb Optical Co	69
Eastman Kodak Co 44-	-47
Shur-on Eyeglasses and Spectacle	
Mountings	68
White & Company, H. C	5 2
Cutlery and Strops	
Auto-Strop Safety Razor	82
Educational	
American Academy of Dramatic Arts	24
American School of Correspondence	25
American School of Banking	24
Chicago College of Correspondence	22
Chicago University of Commerce	24
Chautauqua School of Nursing .	25
Cortina-Phone	25

Better And Cheaper Goods

retail stores
no longer
show customers unadvertised goods with the
claim that they are as
good as and cheaper
than trademarked, advertised goods, because
their employers now
know, from their accounting departments,
that advertised goods

Evans School of Cartooning	25
Grey School for Girls (Lady Jane) .	24
Hamilton College of Law	24
Home Correspondence School	24
International Corres.School	77
Interstate School	24
Language Phone Method	24
National Salesmen Training Ass'n	24
Northwestern School of Taxidermy	66
Page-Davis School	24
Sprague Corres. School of Law	24
Standard Corres. School of Law .	24
Tulloss School of Typewriting	24
Unigraph Company	68
Food Products	
Cream of Wheat 3d co	ver
Cresca Delicacies	62
Crisco	11
Farwell & Rhines	66
Jones Dairy Farm Sausages	75
Nabisco (National Biscuit Co.) .	33
Peter's Chocolate	83
Shreaded Wheat Co	2
Sunshine Specialties (Loose-Wiles Bis	-
cuit Co.)	75
Heating and Lighting	
Jewell Heat Controller	58
Sunshine Safety Lamp	68
Welsbach Lighting Service	46
House Furnishings	
_	
Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.	38
Hartshorn Shade Rollers	66
Lundstrom Mfg. Co.	57
Pledmont Red Cedar Chest	62

Educational

Index to Advertisers—(Continued from page 4)

Household Supplies	are both better and	Labuspers
Jap-a-Lac 69		Bible Educational Society 2
Liquid Veneer 69	cheaper than unadver-	Book Supply 1
"61" Floor Varnish 62		Booklovers' Library 2
•	tised goods.	Cosmopolitan Magazine 60-6
Old English Floor Wax 59	ı	Collier's Weekly
Jewelry and Silverware		Dodd, Mead Co
Basch & Co., L	Better—because they	Dutton & Company, E. P 17
Burlington Watch Company 54		Encyclopedia Britannica . 12-13
Ingersoll Watches 5	carry the name of a	Everybody's Magazine
Low & Co., Daniel 45		Hearst's Magazine
Larter & Sons	responsible manufac-	McClure's Magazine 78–79
Meriden Britannia Co 53	responsible manage	Review of Reviews
Reed & Barton 40	turer, whose most valu-	Scribner's Sons 16-1
Tiffany & Co	turer, whose most valu-	Stokes Co., Frederick A 14
Wallace & Son, R 43	able asset is his semute	Thompson Publishing Company . 20
Miscellaneous	able asset is his reputa-	Western Newspaper Ass'n 22
Miscellaneous		Woman's Home Companion . 30-31
American Telephone & Tele. Co. 2d cover	tion, which he jealously	Scientific American
American Jersey Cattle Club 72	,	Sporting Goods
Apenta 68	guards.	
Bannerman, F 62	_	U. S. Playing Cards 65
Burrowes Billiard & Pool Table . 52		Stationery
Cocroft, Miss Susanna 56	Cheaper—because	Old Hampshire Bond 4
Mann, F. W 66		Old Hampsnire Bond
McLean, Black Co 62	the selling cost of ad-	Toilet Articles
Morley Co	the terms to the	Blue-Jay Corn Plaster 62
Redding & Co 68	vertised goods is less	Cuticura Soap
Redmond, G. F 62	vertised goods is less	Fairy Soap
Sanatogen 8	than the selling cost of	Ivory Soap
Victor Specialty Co 68	than the sening cost of	Mennen's Shaving Cream
Official Equipment		Prophylactic Tooth Brush 66
	unadvertised goods.	Vaseline Camphor Ice 76
Comptometer	T1	Travel Hotels and Basess
Press Company 62	The consumer of ad-	Travel, Hotels and Resorts
Vulcan Ink Pencils 66	. 1 1 .	American Bankers' Association Travelers' Cheques
•	vertised goods gets more	elers' Cheques
Paints and Varnishes	c 1: .1 .1	Clark's Orient Cruise
Jap-a-Lac 69	for his money than the	Hamburg American Line
Murphy Varnish Co 48		Lamport & Holt Line ce
New Jersey Zinc Company 74	consumer of unadver-	North German Lloyd Line
"61" Floor Varnish 69		Where-To-Go Bureau
Old English Floor Wax 59	tised goods.	Typewriters
Pianos, Musical Instruments and		American Writing Machine 63
Talking Machines	D 1 1 1	Bennett Typewriter Co.
Æolian Company 39	Buy trademarked,	Oliver Typewriter Co. 37
Haddorff Piano	, , , , ,	Typewriter Distributing Syndicate 6
Victor Talking Machine Co. 34-35 Wilcox & White 86-87	advertised goods. Form	Wearing Apparel
Publishers	. 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
American Magazine 3-4-6-9-10-64-65	the habit of knowing	Out's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels 5: Duofold Health Underwear 5:
American Educational Alliance . 19	1 1	Presto Coat Collars 56
dams & Co., John Quincy 23	goods by their names.	Porosknit Underwear 63

(7 T

The Editor's Table

R. PHILLIPS'S personal letter to William Allen White (see page 129) tells the news about the new size of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE next month.

That Christmas number is a memorable thing—wonderful to look at and wonderful to read. David Grayson is there. Peter Dunne is there, in "The Interpreter's House." Miss Tarbell is there. Arnold Bennett is there, with his new serial. "Interesting People" are in that department and elsewhere and the other things you like, including an article by Emerson Hough that will gladden your heart. It is the true story of a man of courage who, against enough obstacles to frighten a giant, got out and did something fine for his fellow men. He had "the faith that moves mountains," and he moved a few.

"Overcoming Bad Habits"

SEND to the Editor of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE 500 words on "Overcoming Bad Habits." This competition will close on November 15th. Three prizes—first prize \$20—second prize \$10—third prize \$10. Winning stories to appear, if available, in March. Be as frank and autobiographical as you desire—your name will not be published without your permission.

Other competitions will follow: "The Bravest Thing I Ever Did"—the little things that come to each of us require as much bravery as the heavier deeds of war. Closes December 15th. Same prizes; winning stories to appear in April. Another, "The Wittiest Man I Ever Knew"—including samples of his sayings. Closes January 15th. Same prizes; winning stories to appear in May.

Lastograph by Misses Wasses & Kerry

"FIRST AMONG WOMEN JOURNALISTS"

Ida M. Tarbell, of the regular editorial staff of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, next month contributes one of the most stirring and uplifting articles she has ever written, "Good Will to Women."

Miss Tarbell has just returned from Europe where she has been collecting material for a new series.

For Cake Making

THEN they have only the sweet, natural, delicate, fresh egg taste, the same

No matter where else you use it, you will secure remarkable results, for Crisco embodies all the qualities which a cooking product should have to be

The New Spirit of the Modern World

HE newness of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, its exhaustive treatment of the revolutionary progress in many lines of effort since the last edition, is suggested, very roughly, by a few of the directions in which the advance of knowledge has proceeded at a rate which has made the last twenty-five years the most productive period in the world's history in the way of material and scientific development.

New discoveries in the sciences New light on ancient peoples

New inventions, processes and devices in industry

New wonders of medicine and surgery
New social and political relations of man
New movements in the older countries

New geographical knowledge—the recent work of explorers

New schools of thought

New ideas in the arts

New principles in the organization of business

New status of women

Of the marvelous progress of recent years the new (11th) edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is not only a complete record, but is itself an instrument of this advancement in civilization, inasmuch as its contributors are men and women who are themselves re-making knowledge of the past, adding to present knowledge, shaping the knowledge of the future, and leading the way to a new period of welfare and enlightenment.

T H B ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA 20 VOLUMES 20,150 PAGES

Whose contents embrace the whole field of thought, action and achievement to 1910-11, displacing and superseding all previous editions, is more than a book—more than a mere compilation of all human knowledge. The aim of the editors was to make it

A Utility Appliance

Which will insure its possessor against ignorance, whim right when in doubt, reveal to him wondert, new fields of interest, and keep him abreast of the multifarious activities of this remarkable age in who ever direction he may wish to pursue his investigations. As an adjunct to the home, the study, the business office, the factory, the workshop, the laboratory, the editorial desk, its usefulness is practical without limit, while for a library, a school or a college the history of previous editions has proved it to the consulted because its articles carry the signatures of authorities.

No One Can Know Everything

The most learned man must rely upon original sources of knowledge, upon creative intellects and discoverers in lines which lie outside his own field. The unlearned man cannot keep himself affoat in the vast ocean accumulated knowledge unless he places himself under the guidance of authorities.

Knowledge Tells

It pays dividends in the mastery it gives over those less fortunately equipped; it is often of immediate profit, of practical value in the course of one's business, and in the competition and stress of every day life it is the greatest asset. The new Encyclopaedia Britannica is

A Big Book of 44,000,000 Words

Of text, with an Index (Vol. 29) of 500,000 entries, each a clue to a separate fact or group of facts. It is

A volume bound in Full Flexible Suede, prayer book style, with rounded corners. A delightful book to hold and to read.

the largest of all encyclopaedias, as well as the newest, the fullest, the most successful. No mere dictionary of abbreviated information can possibly suffice for a tman who wishes to be really well informed. The new I lth edition is unlike any other work, and none therefore exists with which it can be compared. It is the "monarch of encyclopaedias," a "monument to the learning of the Anglo-Saxon race, such as no other nation has reared unto itself." This enormous body of authentic knowledge is

The Work of 1500 Authorities

(1) Of mon of lost ning—the original scholars who formulate great principles or develop important discoveries or master some one subject to which they have devoted special and long-continued investigation. In this class are university professors, scientists, philosophers, divines, historians, economists—independent thinkers who are themselves the source from which all that is known of a subject flows as a stream from its fountain-head; (2) of men of action—soldiers, sailors, men of affairs, jurists, administrators, architects, surgeons, artists, inventors, explorers, engineers, sports-

men, manufacturers, financiers—the men who apply their knowledge to constructive results in the everyday pursuit of their profession or vocation; and (3) of practical experts who are engaged in the advancement of industrial enterprise.

It thus embodies a fresh and exhaustive inventory of everything that is known—a cross-section, as it were, of the tree of knowledge in 1910-11. Not only does it contain twice as much matter as any other work, but it

Cost \$1,500,000 to Produce It

Before a single copy was sold. The contributors were drawn from 21 countries, 214 of whom were from America; the work is both universal in scope and cosmopolitan in sympathy. As a faithful mirror of the present-day world, it is the most conscientions as well as the most comprehensive attempt to reflect and explain the diversified interests, achievements and ideals of the whole human race that has ever been made. The whole of the manuscript—the entire 40,000 articles—was kept under editorial control in London and New York before any of it was printed, so that all of the 28 volumes of text are of uniform date. When the work was completed, representatives of the University of Cambridge (England) made a thorough examination of its contents, and having decided that the new 11th edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica was a completely new survey of universal knowledge and that its scholarship was worthy of the University of Cambridge and of the high tradition of previous editions, the University took over the copyright, and published the work through the Cambridge University Press, the publishing department of the university.

Its Continued Success

Forty thousand sets having already been sold—testifies to t doubted demand for this work upon the part of bookbuyers, and to the public recognition that it is the one work of reference which possesses every feature that can possibly recommend it: (1) it is new; (2) up to date; (3) trustworthy; (4) comprehensive; (5) easy to buy; (6) easy to use; (7) a good investment for small sums.

Orders for the new Kacyclopaedia Britannica should be filed as soon as persión, as the sets now printed and ready for delivery will soon be exhausted and a new printing, requiring six to eight months, must be arranged for. The work may be purchased for cash in full, deferred cash (4, 8 or 12 months) or by monthly installments; the complete set (of 29 volumes) being dispatched in one shipment, with or without bookcase (in 7 styles, makegany or oak).

Complete sets in seven styles of binding may be seen at the following branch offices

,-	 	-		 ~	 -
People's Gas Building					CHICAGO
Drezei Building			٠		PHILADBLPHIA
149 Tremost Street .	4				BOSTON
Mouadnock Building	-	-			SAN FRANCISCO
Bryant Boliding , .			•		. KANSAS CITY
Condier Assett					ATLANTA

A Unique Christmas Gift

The Ex-President of Harvard, in congratulating the Cambridge University Press upon its enterprise, wrote: "My opinion is shared by my two grandchildren, who are now at the most inquisitive age." This remark suggests a point of no inconsiderable importance in estimating the desirability of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica. It will make an admirable gift, especially for Christmas, and while it is a book for all classes, it is a book for young people no less than for their elders. To grow up with such a resource at hand is a liberal education, an education in which the pupil plays his part with no sense of reluctance, and from which he derives profit from the first moment when he turns over the pages merely for the sake of the pictures. It makes a Christmas gift whose usefulness will endure and will constantly be an agreeable reminder of the donor.

nary paper, each volume 236 inches thick.

A 160-Page Prospectus

Containing many specimen pages printed on thin India paper, as well as many full page plates, maps, text illustrations, lists of contributors, etc., will be sent free upon application. Some of the main divisions of this prospectus are suggested by the following: New Discoveries in all Sciences: The University of Cambridge and the Encyclopaedia Britannica; Classified List of Articles; The Most Successful Book of our Time; The Work of Original Thinkers and Discoverers, including 8 Winners of the Nobel Prize; India Paper "an inspiration of Genius"; Courses of Reading; The Alphabetical Index—A Question Answerer; The Subject Index—A Guide to Reading; Practical Usefulness of the Work; The Story of the Ship; The War against Disease; Geography a new Science; 113,000 Words on China; Schedule "K"; The Initiative, Referendum and Recall; Law and Legislation; The Article on New York State, etc.

Manager, The Encyclopaedia Britannica 35 West 32d Street, New York City

Name_____

Who is M. P. Revere?—The author every one of whose previous books has been high on the "six best sellers," and who now adopts the pen-name of "Revere" to test popularity.

The BRIDE'S HERO

By M. P. REVERE

It would be queer to marry a man who didn't love you. Especially so if you worshipped him. But if in addition you had to let him think you didn't care for him at all, and were mercenary and heartless, it would put you in a trying situation, wouldn't it? That is what happened to the charming American girl and the British army officer of this novel. The developments are told with an unusual feeling for romance.

\$1.25 net; postpaid \$1.37.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES

By RICHARD DEHAN, author of "One Braver Thing" ("The Dop Doctor")

The tremendous struggle of a man with temptation is the central theme of this remarkable novel, whose background involves the Crimean War and the genesis of the Red Cross Society. Among the characters are Florence Nightingale, Napoleon III, Victor Hugo, Czar Nicholas, and a host of others. No novel of recent years has been so highly praised by the critics who know. It is a novel of great issues, big characters, and burning emotions. \$1.40 nct; postpaid \$1.53.

MY ROBIN

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "The Secret Garden," etc.

This little story of the real robin from whom Mrs. Burnett drew the robin in "The Secret Garden" is sweet, tender and true-hearted as the cheeriest robin song. Instinct with whispers of the out-doors in springtime.

50 cents net; postpaid 56 cents.

THE LONG PORTAGE

By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Author of "Winston of the Prairie,"
"Vane of the Timberlands," etc.

A story of the towering, cleanaired forests of the Northwest. It involves the difficulty of a man who cannot tell the girl he loves about the villainy of his rival. An exciting race in the forest, the shooting of treacherous rapids and plenty of out-door action lead to the unexpected outcome."

\$1.25 nel; postpaid \$1.37.

LIFTED MASKS

By SUSAN GLASPELL

Author of "The Glory of the Conquered"

"Miss Glaspell in her lifting of masks has found beauty..... However abject the man, however sordid the condition, Miss Glaspell finds the germ of the divine and triumphantly holds it up in subtle style and brilliantly terse phrase to whomever may chance to be her companion in her hunt after human souls."—
Philadel phia Public Ledger.

\$1.00 nel; postpaid \$1.10.

ROYAL AUCTION BRIDGE By R. F. FOSTER

Author of "Foster's Complete Hoyle," "Auction Bridge Up-to-Date," etc.

A complete handbook on the bidding tactics and play of Royal Auction or "Lilies" (the new count) by one of the greatest card authorities. The change in the values of the suits completely changes the tactics of the game and necessitates an entirely new method of bidding.

Cloth, 10mo, gilt top, \$1.00 net; postpaid \$1.08.

Publishers

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

New York

S Ŋ, n

Ŋ, S ٠£

e đ

MEAD & COMPANY

scription of improvements, together with

22 of these splendid thin-paper volumes in the set. Cloth hinges; gilt edges; 20,000 illustrations.

edges, marbleized paper lining, etc., make the volumes more handsome in appearance.

Prices on the new Thin-Paper Edition of The New International Encyclopaedia about to be Advanced

The New International Encyclopædia is known to be the encyclopædia most called for and used in the public libraries. It is known to be the encyclopædia which is most thorough and complete, yet the most concise, the most usable, and the encyclopædia most easily read and understood. It has always been popular; and the new thin-paper volumes greatly increase its usability and popularity. The Special Price is a real bargain offer. Please send full de-

Send the Coupon Today

These improved bindings are calling forth greater pressure for t new sets, so get your inquiry coupon in early in order to be sure that you will secure the unusual value offered at the present time.

We Guarantee Satisfaction to Every Purchaser

Dodd, Mead & Company 449 Fourth Ave., New York City

he	St. Hall	eampi tion, Pi egarding		us a	nd d	otaile
_\(\sigma\)	Name	*******	** 1	٠ ،.	<i>-</i> - ,	
Ϊ	Occupation	ı.				
Rei	ildence		11++ 11		*****	****
us. Ad	dress.,,,,,,				*4*****	
	**** ********		state	****		

The Scribner Novomber Scribner

Two of the many things that make the November Scribner a remarkable number. The beginning of the series of articles on

Germany and the Germans

From an American Point of View

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

These articles promise to be the most talked about literary event of the coming months. They deal with Germany, with the Emperor, with German political and home life. The evident spirit of fairness, of genuine admiration for the great things Germany has accomplished, their surprising array of impressive facts, and their touches of shrewd wit and sarcasm make them mighty entertaining and instructive reading.

The Indiscreet, the first article, is a study of the character and influence of the German Emperor.

Stevensoniana. More Letters and other Personal Papers of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sir Sidney Colvin.

Send for a Prospectus for the coming months. It will be another great Scribner year \$3.00 a year CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK 25c. a number

Two Big Books By Biggest Author Of Any Age

NEW SCRIBNER NOVELS



The Unknown Quantity

A Book of Romance and Some Half-Told Tales
By Henry Van Dyke \$1.50 net; postage extra

The audience which he gained by "The Blue Flower," "The Ruling Passion" and "Days Off" has increased in numbers and appreciation with every year. His books are always alive. This new volume contains a number of short modern fables, "Half-Told Tales," and eleven longer short stories. It has been given many names, but in this volume it is always revealed as a moral quality founded on the spiritual ideal.

The Armchair at the Inn

By F. Hopkinson Smith

"The best he has yet written."—N. Y. Sun.
"It is difficult to do justice to such a book. To

"It is difficult to do justice to such a book. Truly it is full of most delightful reading."—Phila. Public Ledger.

\$1.30 net. Postpaid, \$1.44

The Turnstile

By A. E. W. Mason

"And is it always the woman who must make the sacrifice?" Cynthia asked.

"Always," he said with a ringing gravity of voice "That is the law of the world, and neither man nor woman shall change it."

Cynthia opened the door and went out.

The love-story of Cynthia Daventry and the ambitious, restless Captain Rames is the central theme of The Turnstile.

\$1.30 net. Postpaid, \$1.40

Scientific Sprague

By Francis Lynde
Illustrated. \$1.25 net; postage extra

Scientific Sprague, an original character, is a government engineer with a passion for amateur detective work. This he has the chance amply to gratify through the tangles of difficulties that enmesh the work of his friend, a railroad superintendent of the old "Red Butte Western." How with astute daring he unravels them is told in the graphic narration of a half-dozen exciting and mysterious episodes.

The feeling is he never excelled, if he ever equalled, "The Red Cross Girl" or "The Grand Cross of the Crescent." The others are worthy to be in the same collection.

\$1.25 nct; postpaid, \$1.35.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Fifth Avenue, New York

Another Trius

for the

Founder o Chautauqu

Everyone knows that Bible is the most interes and faccinating book

and fascinating book written, but in order to appreciate its wonderful and its wealth of hidden it is necessary to know about the Holy Land as ple, to have the benefit tive comments upon the text and some simple methods of easily and quickly locating the different incidents and thrilling events of Bible History. Bishop John H. Vincent has solved this problem and second another crowning triumph as Editor of the

Self-Interpreting Bible Library
Consisting of 4 splendid volumes containing the complete authorized version of the Bible, together with all the Helps. Tables. Commentaries, Atlas, Dictionaries, Photographs and Side-Lights necessary to enable anyone to understand the Sacred Scriptures. It makes reading the Bible a pleasure and a delight, and opens up a world of beauty and interest that has been almost meaningless to the average reader. Introduced and edited by Bishop John H. Vincent. Endorsed by Bishop D. 8. Tuttle, Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus and leading ministers of all Protestant denominations.

TUE 48 ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

Realising how much easier it would be to appreciate the Bible if everyone could visit the Holy Lands and see for themselves the places and scenes of Bible history, the Society equipped a special Expedition at a cost of \$25 000 to tour Bible Lands and to secure actual photographs of all the places made sacred by the footsteps of Christ and the great events of Bible history. The result is a truly priceless collection of 448 wonderful Biblical and historical photographs, by means of which the Society now brings Bible Lands to us in our own bosses.

THE ATLAS OF BIBLE LANDS

Consisting of one large folding map of Bible Lands showing route covered by our Expedition, together with full page colored maps of Canaan, Babylonian Empire. Persian Empire, Kingdoms of Judea and Israel, and many others made expressly for the Society.

THE CROSS INDEX

Prepared for the first time in connection with the Scriptures, by means of which every person, place and event recorded in the Scriptures is now readily accessible.



THE BIBLE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY (11 12)

Mall me, without obligation on my part, free copy of handsome, 48-page Portfolio, containing photographs of principal screen in Christ's life, and other specimen pages from the SELF-INTERPRETIES BEELE LIBRARY, together with full particulars of your Special Introductory Price and easy payment plan offered American Magazine renders.

ADDRESS .

YOU can buy NEW

THIS wonderful and interesting Set of Books has made the high water mark in book selling, over 400,000 sets being sold in a period of less than five years' time. It was a tremendous success from the very start. The orders poured in so fast that we were swamped and had to telegraph carload orders of paper to be shipped from the Mills BY EXPRESS. Now the editor, Major-General Joseph Wheeler, is dead. The plates have been destroyed according to agreement and no more of these wonderful books will ever be printed again. The remaining Sets must be sold at once, and to make a quick clean-up sale these Sets will be sold at LESS THAN COST.

Our Islands and Their People

Consists of two sumptuous, royal quarto volumes, 12 x 15 inches, and contains 1,200 wonderful photographs taken expressly for this work by America's foremost Outdoor Photographer, Walter B. Townsend, on that famous Expedition through the wilds of Cuba, Porto Rico, Isle of Pines, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa and the Philippines, which occupied more than a year's time and cost over \$35,000. The Philippine Islands are 20,000 square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together and are a veritable "promised land" so wonderfully rich are they in natural resource. Every American curses should have at hand the best source of information regarding our Island possessions. Now is your opportunity. No more of these books will ever be printed again.

ormer Price

regular price of this great

set is \$15.00 and over

600.000 sets have been
sold, but now the plates
age destroyed and to
make a quick clean-up
sale the remaining sets
will be sold at one half
former price — ON1 Y
\$7.50 PER SET. We do
not ask you for any deposit or any guarantee.
Just send the Compon
and we will obly the books to
you fee? days summissible in
you own boare. Then if they
are mainfactory send only \$1 a
month for a few meaths till
the special price is puid. If
they are not, return than et
out objects, but he forever impostible to buy a Net anywhere ut
any price. They are going
thet. Mail coupon be-day.

EXAMINATION REQUEST

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1127 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Send me for 7 days' examination, one set of OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE. If I am sansfied with the books I will send you fl as first payment and fl a month thereafter until the "Special Sale price of \$ 50 is paid. If I do not wish to keep the books, I will notify you in 7 days after actival and the books are then to be returned at your expense as offered American readers.

N	٩	٦	ı	ĸ

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS ...

Road Business Card, Letterhead or give reference

All the new popular copyright fiction in the best bindings. Over one thousand titles to choose from. You can exchange the book you buy as often as you like at any of the 500 Book-lovers. Branches, for five cents each exchange.

lovers Branches, for five cents each exchange.

The "Booklovers" is the most successful library system ever organized. Select your first book from the following, send 60 cents for sample copy postpaid, and ask for list of 1000 additional titles.

Order Now

"The Inner Shrine" "The Ramroddere"
"Lighted Match" "Forty Minutes Late"
"Truxton King" "The Garden of Allah"
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

An Exchangeable book for five cents is worth ten times the value of a non-exchangeable book.

The Booklovers Library
1302 Filbert Street Philadelphia

STUDYATHOME

Commercial Law-Banking
Bookkeeping-Shorthand
Taught in your home. Newest texts. Best instruction. Easiest terms. Write now for catalog.
CHICAGO COLLEGE OF CORRESPONDENCE.
"FOR THE AMERICASO. IEE.

Earn Seventeen

Dollars Fifty Cents

In November

Drop me a card and I will explain how you may by a little effort earn \$17.50 during November. Some readers of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE did this in September; others have made good in October. Write me at once and get an early start.

Business Manager, Besk D, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City page. Acts is a versue of a great narrator, Dr. John Lord.

CLEOPATRA OBTAINS AN INTERVIEW WITH CAESAR

Beacon Lights of History

A New Idea in History Writing

Dr. Lord discovered that there was one man, or in a few instances one woman, who dominated his or her time or country to such an extent as to stand forth as a sun in the historic firmament around which all other personages, and the events they controlled or influenced, revolved. He found that by a sort of natural law the pre-eminent man was the real key to the historic story, and in describing his personal relation to his surroundings the author was able to make a spirited picture of the period.

Most Vivid World History Ever Written

Have you ever watched history's procession from its starting point? Have you seen Egypt rearing her pyramids and other world wonders? Have you looked upon Assyria, Babylonia and Persia rising to their senith, pour forth their radiance and then sink again into oblivion? Have you marked Greece, her chiseled temples crowning a thousand hills, her genius endowing the world? Has Rome risen before you pre-eminent, her laws supreme, her army invincible, her science mature, and then under the fever of luxury sunk into decay? Have you lived through the cruelty of the middle ages? Have you thrilled over the romance of the age of chivalry? Have you watched the ennobling influence of the Renaissance? Have you seed by as France received her baptism of blood? Have you seen that God-guided group of patriots dreft the American Constitution? If you have not

France received her baptism of blood? Have you seen that God-guided group of patriots dreft the American Constitution? If you have not, then the pages of this work hold much in store for you. If you would quicken your pulse, enlarge your horizon, cultivate your imagination, stimulate your patriotism, study the world's story—Beacon Lights.

Great Price Concession to American Magazine Readers
using to a special agreement we are fortunate in being able to offer
John Quincy
and Magazine readers. "Heacon Lights of H story" at such a low
Adams & Co.

Owing to a special agreement we are fortunate in being able to offer American Magazine reasers. "Heaton Lights of H story" at such a low we as to make it simply irresiable. We are not permitted to publish the proce broadcast, but it will be promptly mailed to all sending the coupon

Please send fee your indented by the property indented brooklet contain or a speciment pages from "Beauty in the property in t

75-Page Illustrated Booklet—Free

Time, labor, money have been spent—austintingle—In the preparation of this like kiet of sample pages, neutrations and feet. No hard descriptive work of this list can begin in do nevice to "Healer's Line'ds," but you will find it extremely a teresting and we I word having. Just the out the couper measurement would be a very many at seast get an idea of the word deer of "Beacon Lights."

Name

John Quincy Adams & Co.

Amn 11-12

Address

GERMAN OF ITALIAN

k it, to understand it, to write it, there is est way.

You must hear it spoken correctly over and over till your ear knows it.

You must see it printed correctly ill your eye knows

You must talk it and write it.

All this can be done best by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

Continual Resenthal's Practical Linguistry

With this method you buy a native professor outright. You own him. He speaks us you choose, slowly or quickly; when you choose, night or day; for a few minutes or hours at a time.

Anyone can learn a forel" a language who hears it spoken often enough; and by this method you can hear it as often as you like.

The method has been recommended by well-known mem-

The method has been recommended by well-known members of the faculties of the following universities and colleges: Yale, Columbia, Chicago, Brown, Pennsylvania, Boston, Princeton, Cornell, Syracus, Minnesota, Johns Hopkins, Virginia, Colorado, Michigan, Fordham, Manhattan, St. Joseph's, U. S. Military Academy.

Send for interesting booklet, explanatory literature, and terms for easy payments.

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD 916 Putnam Building, 2 West 45th St., New York.

AMERICAN ACADEMY DRAMATIC ARTS FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

Franklin H. Sargent President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to The Secretary, Room 142, Carnegie Hall, New York

22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. FOR AMBITTOUS MEN who want to propure for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Takes spare time only. Can refer to successful graduates located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and Easy Payment Plan free.

THE SPRAGUE COORESPONDENCE SCHOOL BE LAW 254 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Salesmen Wanted

No experience required. Earn while you learn Practical Salesmanship. Hundreds of positions now open paying \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year. Write today for particulars about how to secure one of them, also list of good openings. Address (nearest office) Dept. 120.

National Salesmen's Training Association

Chicago New Orleans New York Seattle

Kanson City Toronto

Only recognized resident law school in U.S., Omforring Bogov Racheler of Laws—L.L.R.—by surrespondence. Only law school in Conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, mall. Over 450 rignorment instance. Faculty of over 50 prominent yers. Guarantees to prepare graduates to poss for examination. Only school giving Complete George in Oratory and Public Speaking. Schighly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Suntages Eco., S. Lawyers and Stadents. Send today for Large Mandeemely Illinate Prespectus. Special courses for Bininess Men and Rankers.

HARISTON ODLEGES OF LAW 1158 Kiloworth Sidg. Chinage.



50 a Sankor

Learn a profession in four months that will give you stand-ing and independence. Splendid opportunities, pleasant work, short hours, frequent holidays, yearly vacation with pay good salary. Study at home. Highly endorsed. Catalog free.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANGERS 194 Misus Eldy. Cabushes, O.

STRONG courses by correspondence to meet almost every need. This is an accredited school; you cannot afford to seek help brome of lower rank. Write today, stating clearly your needs.

INTERSTATE SCHOOL, 60:433 South Waltern Avenue, Chings, M.



SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lemons in the history, form, strature, and writing of the Sheri-Stery taught by 3. 2 Heaven, Editor, Lippinest's Hagnains, 250-page estalogue free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School 125 Scan Place, Springfold, Hass.

Mr. Zipzweln

NEW YORK, Blughamton.

The Lady Jane Grey School for Girls Certificate Vassar, Smith, Wellcaley and other colleges. General Course, Music, Domestic Science, New Gymnasium. Dormitory for very young girls.

Principals ELLA VIRGINIA JONES. A.B.

Become a private secretary! Learn by mail during spare time. Complete stenographic courses. If you earn less than \$25 a we write now for free Home Study catalog. Typewriters furnishe East terms. Chicago University of Commerces, East 1344, Chicago, 1

4 by Seed .

STANDARD CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, 1506E. 55th St. Chicago. H LEARN TO WRITE EARN & 25 to \$100
ADVERTISEMENTS

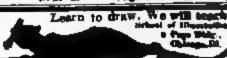
We can positively show you by mail
New to Increase Tear Salary. Book mailed free. PAGE-DAVES CU.
1108 Page Rullding, Chicago, III., no 150 Names at Salary. New York. EARN \$25 to \$100

LEARN JEWELERS' ENGRAVING
A high salaried and easily learned trade, taught thoroughly by malt. We will teach
the beginner better engaving them be can gote to yourself substitution.
We will also improve the skill of any engaver. Send for our catching.
The Engraving School,

We prove Ride. Highest learn thoroughly under
your perfect method, many sell their stories before completing the
course. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars.
Belond of Short-Story Writing.

Bearn to draw. We will bear to draw.

BEAN ILLUSTRATOR.
you by mall how to draw for magasines and news papers. Send for Catalog.



When writing to advertisers please mention The American Magazine.



Better Than That?"

F course, he doesn't or he wouldn't be where he is—he wouldn't be doing manual labor at small pay and stand for being bullied around by the boss. Men who do stand for this sort of thing neglected their opportunities—they didn't realize that they needed some-thing beside brawn to get ahead in the world. Brains count for more than brawn, and training plus brains will place you in a position where you will be boss instead of bossed, where you can do the ordering and the other man the work, where you will get the money for what you know, not for what you do.

<u>How you can get the</u> <u>training you need</u>

The American School of Correspondence was established fifteen years ago for the benefit of ambitious men everywhere. The American School makes it possible to obtain an education without leaving home or giving up work. The American School brings a college course and special training to you right in your own home no matter where you live. It will train you in any branch of Engineering. Business and Law or prepare you for entrance into any resident college.

Write us now, while the subject of self-betterment is uppermost in your mind. Tell us how far you went in the public schools, what you are doing now and what you would like to be. We'll give your case special attention—help you decide on the best course. Check the coupon and mail it now, before you forget it.

American School of Correspondence CHICAGO, U.S.A.

This is Your Opportunity

Check the course you want and mail the coupon now

American	Sam	of G	er espe	nime,	Chicago,	Q. S	
Pleas	us aread	tne	VOUP	Bulletin	and ad	Vine.	m

se me how I can qualify for the position marked "L" Amer, 11 12

ántomobila Operator	lawyer
Draffeman	Fire Insurance Ray'
Architock	Telephone Expert
Hallding Contractor	Moving Pieture Op's
Structural Engineer	Book-horper
Ciril Engineer	, Stenegrapher
Electrical Engineer	hotoumtant
Eles. Light & Power Supt.	Cost Accountant
	Cort'E'd Public Ace's
Hankary Englacer	Auditor
Klean Engineer	Resisson Hamager
Rechanation Engineer	Callege Propagatory

NAME	************	
		* *

OCCUPATION

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

That's all we want to know.

New we will not give you any grand prine—or a lot of free staff if you answer this mt.

Nor do we claim to make you risk in a week.
But if you are anxious to develop your taken,
with a successful cartoonist, so you can make
money send a copy of this picture with the
in stampt for perticipe of carbons and sample
leases plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVARS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING

We Trained These Three Nurses in Their Own Houses

Miss E. N. Baker. Spokana, Wath. Is in charge of the Nursing Department of a Substition Array Materially Respe. Miss B. M. Einterg. Jowell, Mass. writes: "I receive in said \$16 a west and here had more work than I can do." Mrs. W. N. Barbour. No. History, Mass., writes: "With the knowledge obtained from the ferture I have been the take difficult content and hedd a responsible popular in an institution."

Our method of home training has sambled thousands of wanges, with god without perform, to sum \$150 to \$25 a week as narrow. Such for a copy of "How I Recent Survey" and our Year Such as perford. Set pages with interest interests performs by our graduates. Forty-eight specimen iron to page sent free to all angular RECENTIS YEAR.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing 375 Hala Street, R. Y.

ì

Famous Sayings of Shakespeare Quoted Every Day

- The evil that men do lives after them.
- Sweet are the uses of adversity.
- ¶ All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players.
- The apparel oft proclaims the man.
- The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
- It will come to pass
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
- Servity is the soul of wit.
- ¶ Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just.
- ¶ Cowards die many times before their death;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
- ¶ Use doth breed a habit in a man.
- ¶ He that dies, pays all debts.
- The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
- ¶ Who steals my purse, steals trash.

- ¶ Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
- He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
- ¶ Frailty, thy name is woman.
- Home-keeping youth have ever home'y wits.
- ¶ Ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven.
- ¶ Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds.
- ¶ A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
- ¶ One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.
- ¶ Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
- There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.
- ¶ He lives in fame that dies in virtue's cause.
- ¶ Conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Start Your Library with Shakespeare



The Henley Edition of Shakespeare

To know Shakespeare is to know life. He understood men and women, vices and virtues, and treated characters of heroic mould, with a depth of understanding that has never been equalled, or even approached, by any other writer.

A great essayist once said that if no other Englishman had ever written a line, Shakespeare's works alone would have been considered a national literature. Remember that Shakespeare is the one indispensable author.

The copious glossaries, synopses, and notes of the Henley Edition make every line, every phrase, every word, as easy to understand as your daily newspaper.

Two hundred Shakespearean authorities have contributed to this result. The Henley Edition reprints the famous Cambridge text—admittedly the most accurate of Shakespeare texts—and to this there is added the most important aids to the reader that scholarship has devised, including lists of "Study Questions" for the use of those who are making a detailed study of the great dramatist's works.

Less Than \$2.00 a Volume

Send this Coupon

The Century Dictionary

A Magnificent Christmas Gift and One of Permanent Value

In Twelve Volumes

Any Fact at Your Instant Command

It is as easy to find a fact in the CENTURY as it is to tell time. Authority and accessibility of information are two of the main features of the CENTURY. Indisputable Each Authority volume is its own index.and You May Need every-THE CENTURY thing is At Any Hour alphabeticallyarranged —just turn to the letter. This is done daily in the United States Supreme Court, which regards the CEN-

TURY DICTIONARY, CYCLO-PEDIA, AND ATLAS as the most authoritative of works of reference. On the opposite page will be found a much condensed description of scope of the work, its principal features, etc., also full information regarding your opportunity. You will see that the Century is a library

in itself, not one book.

Cyclopedia and Atlas

Newly Revised and Enlarged

A Great Reference Library—33 Works in One

- t. Complete dictionary
 ---600,000 definitions.
- 2. Greatest thesaurus of English words.
- 3. Standard of spelling and punctuation.
- 4. Dictionary of synonyms.
- 5. Cyclopedia of history (illustrated).
- Cyclopedia of all technical and mechanical terms (illustrated).
- Cyclopedia of mechanical arts and trades (illustrated).
- 8. Law dictionary.
- Scientific dictionary.
- Cyclopedic engineering dictionary.
- Pronouncing cyclopedia of biography.
- Cyclopedia of medicine and surgery.
- 13. Glossary of electrical terms.
- 14. Glossary of military and nautical terms.

Every page of it is interesting.

- 15. Cyclopedia of commerce, finance, banking, insurance.
- 16. Cyclopedia of miscellaneous information.
- 17. An illustrated nature library.
- 18. Cyclopedia of theology.
- 19. Cyclopedia of music.
- 20. Thesaurus of literature.

- 21. Dictionary of abbreviations.
- 22. Pronouncing cyclopedia of geography.
- 23. Cyclopedia of astronomy (illustrated).
- 24. Cyclopedia of names.
- 25. Cyclopedia of architecture (illustrated).
- 26. Treasury of quotations.
- 27. Universal atlas.
- 28. Bible dictionary.
- 29. Cyclopedia of all the fine arts.
- 30. Dictionary of dates in history.
- 31. Cyclopedia of political science.
- 32. A cyclopedia for children (illustrated).
- 33. Geographical index, ancient and modern.

The

Send for the handsome sixty-four-page prospectus, illustrated with full-page plates of tapestries, game-birds, porcelains, furniture, aeroplanes, etc. (many in color)—a superb map of the North Polar regions, a chart covering wages, the cost of living, and the tariff from 1840 to date. It gives a complete description of the Century and answers clearly all your questions about that work; it demonstrates the practical value of the Century to men and women of every calling; it shows the citizen how the Century will give the new edition.

Co.

New York

Please send, without cost or obligation to me, the booklet cost or obligation to me,

See coupon in margin. THE CENTURY CO. Union Square Seed For it to-day, THE CENTURY CO. New York

In the NOVEMBER WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Woodrow Wilson

tells about keeping house for the whole people

Gov. Wilson has written this brilliant article for Woman's Home Companion as a message to the women of the nation. He calls it "The New Meaning of Government." It brings home to women their responsibilities as a great authority sees them. You will find this article when you open the cover of the November Woman's Home Companion.

Christmas

The November Woman's Home Companion will solve your Christmas gift problems. It contains fifteen pages of ideas for Christmas



Ideas

gifts; ideas for boys and girls, bachelors and maiden aunts and mothers and fathers. Every idea can be worked out by our readers.

In the NOVEMBER WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



The Story of a Nurse Girl

AM afraid I cannot write well enough," said Nellie Grant, nurse girl, when the Editor asked her to tell her experiences as a servant in American homes. Read her story in the November Woman's Home Companion; she tells exactly what she saw and experienced in many different homes indifferent cities, and herobservations of the intimate details of family life are amazing.



Good Stories

AN exciting story of Washington life is "Old Lucy," by Isabel Gordon Curtis, author of "The Woman from Wolverton." Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," contributes "Shandon Waters," a beautiful story of mother love. "Through the Open Door" is a new novel by Justus miles forman, author of "Buchanan's Wife" and "The Stumbling Block." It is an absorbing love story.



A De Koven Waltz Song

THE November number of the Woman's Home Companion contains, as is customary, a piece of sheet music of exceptional character. The music inthis issue is a beautiful waltz song: "Love's Messenger," written especially for the Companion by Reginald De Koven, composer of "Robin Hood."

Get it at News-stands, 15c—or send 15c to
Woman's Home Companion
381 Fourth Avenue, New York



1500 Helpful Home Ideas

THE best experts in America will help you to dress, cook, entertain and live well. The November number has all the regular departments that make the Woman's Home Companion indispensable in every home. Ideas about clothes, cookery, pleasure, children, housekeeping, help, entertainments, clube, photography; ideas for boys and girls as well as mothers and fathers.



The Kewpie Kutouts

THE Kewpie Kutouts for November, printed in many colors, give Dotty Darling's mother and the Kewpie Cook; and there is also a page of verse and pictures by Rose O'Neill, portraying the newest adventures of Dotty Darling, Dotty's baby brother and their fairy play-fellows, the cute little Kewpies. The Kutouts, remember, have both fronts and backs, so that when cut out they make real dolls.

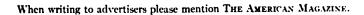
Klip off this Kewpie Kewpon

Woman's Home Companion 361 4th Ave., N. Y.

Ilere is 15 cents which
I am sending you so you
will send me—right off—
the November Woman's
Home Companion, containing
the second of the Kewpic
Kutouts.

Name_ _

Address_



Conservation for Policyholders Decisively Exemplified in the Postal Life Insurance Company

It is always good business to cut out the middleman when you can, but you can't always do it.

In arranging a POSTAL Policy, you can cut him out and save money for yourself just as hundreds have done and are doing in constantly increasing numbers.

Write at once and find out the exact sum the Company will save you at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-life, Limited-Payment Life, Endowment or on a

Postal-Life Child's Welfare Policy

No agent will be sent to visit you: the POSTAL LIFE dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for full official information. Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars
as per advertisement in The
American Magazine for November

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your occupation. 2. The exact date of your birth.

Address

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America
WM R. MALONE, President.

35 Nassau Street, New York

And these policyholders are its friends: they are satisfied and always speak good words for the Company when occasion serves.

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

11013331333375TERREGGER

Piret: Old-time topol-reacres (naturates-met freternal or assumpted.

Second: Standard policy fearway, now more than \$10,000,000. Fauntance in force more than \$50,000,000.

Third: Standard policy provisions, appeared by the Sinte Insurance Department.

Pourity Courses under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.

Pitth: Bigh medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixfu: Policy hald era Beath Bureau actuages one free madigal examination such year, if desired.

Victor-

The complete line of Victor-Victrolas

Victor-Victrola XVI, \$290
Mahogany or quartered oak

The instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

New Victor Records are on sale

Victor-Victrola IV Oak, \$15 Victor-Victrola VI

Victor-Victrola VIII Oak, \$40 Victor-Victrola IX Mañogany er oak, \$50

Victrola

Each year has witnessed important improvements in the development of these wonderful musical instruments, and with the complete line now on exhibition and sale at all Victor dealers, it is certainly well worth your time to at least see and hear them. In no other way can you fully inform yourself so easily.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camdon, N. J., U. S. A.

Bersher Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canad an Distributors

Victor-Victrola X Mahogany or oak, \$75 Victor-Victrola XI Mahogany or oak, \$100 Victor-Victrola XIV Mahomany o. oak, \$150



PIPEOLOGY

ay back, somewhere, this ow's great-granddad disered the corncob jimmy e. He cut a fat cob in haif i dug out the soft, dry tre. Then he bored a hole the side close to the bottom, uned in a short reed stem nd went to it!

nce Albert hits the palate t as bally fine in the lowly ncob as in the costliest erschaum. It isn't the pipe t makes the real smoke, ettemen, it's the tobacco !

Yes, sir, you can shake P. A. out of the bushes!

Shake it right out of the littlest store farthest back in the wilds—anywhere, everywhere, because Prince Albert is *universal* in its popularity—universally liked by men who know what a pipe smoke should be; hence, sold universally throughout America!

Here's the idea: No matter where you are you don't have to go short on your favorite brand for an hour! That's some fine thing when you get chummy with a jimmy pipe tuned up with the one tobacco that won't, that can't, bite your tongue, because the bite's cut out by a patented process. Get that?—Just you say to Mr. Dealer: "S'more

PRINCE ALBERT

Sc in the toppy red bage; 10c tidy red tine; pound and halfpound hamiders.

the national joy smoke"

Start shaking the bushes while the sun's out!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Five Dollars Opens the Way to Better Pay

Five dollars, plus your promise to pay the balance at the rate of 17 cents a day, places in your han Oliver Typewriter No. 5, our finest production.

The best advice that can be g to the young man or woman who wants to break into business is:

Get an Oliver Typewriter!

This offer places at your command a machine that turns time, energy and enterprise into the pure gold of success.

Thousands of ambitious young men women, with the aid of Oliver Typewr have won their way to better pay and bro opportunity. This is the age of mechanical writing. The great world of modern business revolves around the typewriter. Typewriter operators are in demand everywhere. Our employment Bureaus in all the important cities are swamped with calls for competent Oliver operators.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

You can quickly learn on your own Oliver Typewriter and qualify yourself for a position. You can make the machine meet the payments while you are doing work just for practice.

Easy to Pay-17 Cents a Day

You doubtless spend more than this amount every day for trifles you do not need

Thousands have paid for Oliver Typewriters on this plan without the slightest effort. Are you going to let a matter of pennies stand between you and this money-making machine? Against your risk of \$5, we risk a \$100 typewriter—the same machine that is used by the greatest firms and corporations throughout the world.

Shall we send you full details of the \$5 purchase plan?

Catalog mailed on request. Address

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., 923 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

O produce furniture after the manner of the brothers Adam, Thomas Chippendale, Thomas Sheraton—names which are names to conjure with in furniture—it is needful to think their thoughts and to feel their moods.

This is why many of our period pieces are not copies but correct interpretations. Our master designers and master workers know the spirit of the old masters and their motives; such men are not copyists. They express the thought of lasting charm and constant beauty in rich woods. Because we want you to know that your purchase is an expression of the motif which actuated these old masters and will stand the test of time, we inlay our shopmark in each piece. Ask that it be shown to you, for it means that Berkey & Gay furniture is

For Your Children's Heirlooms

OR dealers, with the displays on their floors and our beautiful portfolio of direct photogravures, enable you to choose from our entire line, wherever you may live.

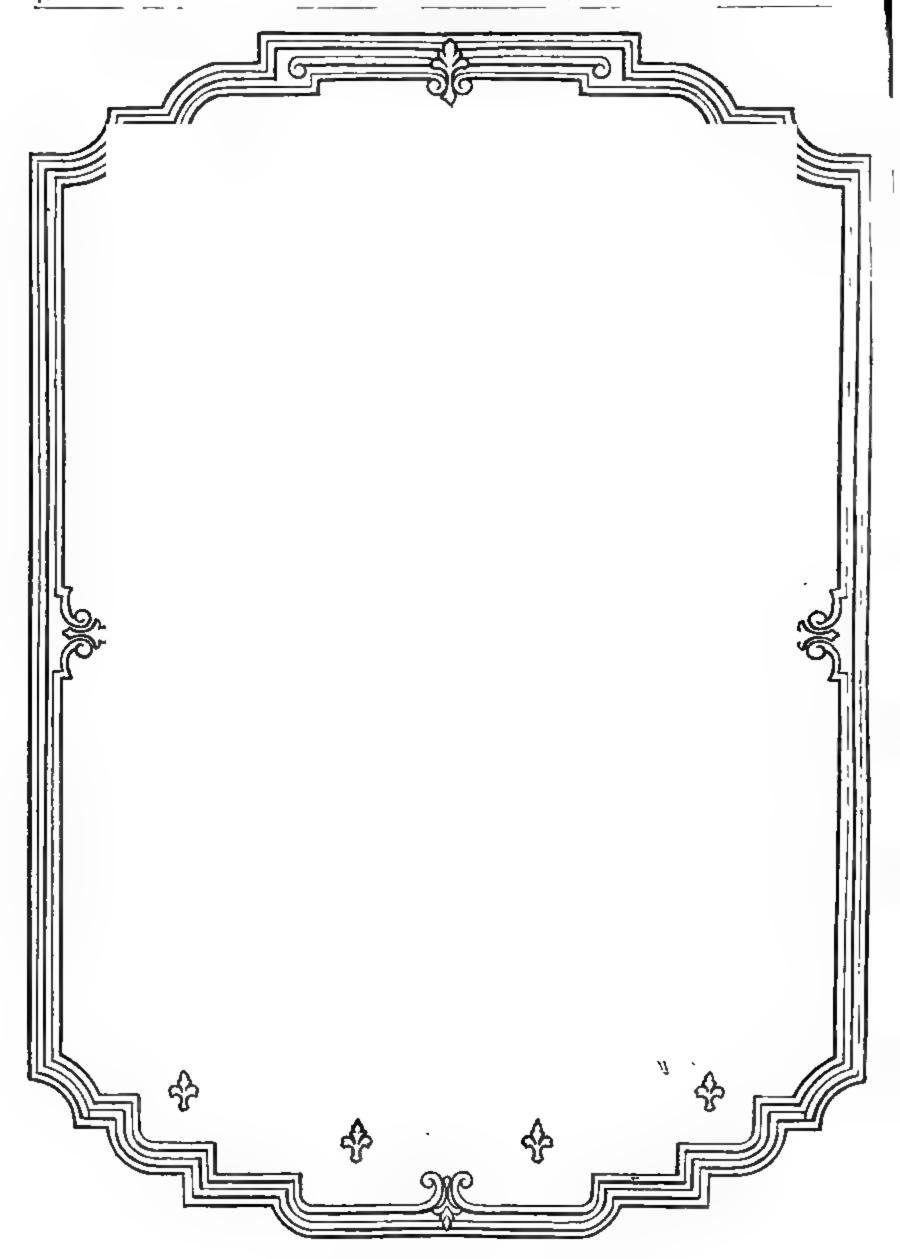
For bedroom, dining-room, livingroom or library our period pieces offer distinction and charm; and our "Flanders," a style which we originated and developed, demonstrates the real richness of our American wood—oak. is the title of our famous de luxe book, which gives the history of period furniture and much interesting and valuable information concerning its uses. You will enjoy reading the book; we will mail it to you for fifteen two-cent stamps. We will also send

"The Story of Berkey & Gay." If you have a boy he will find inspiration in it

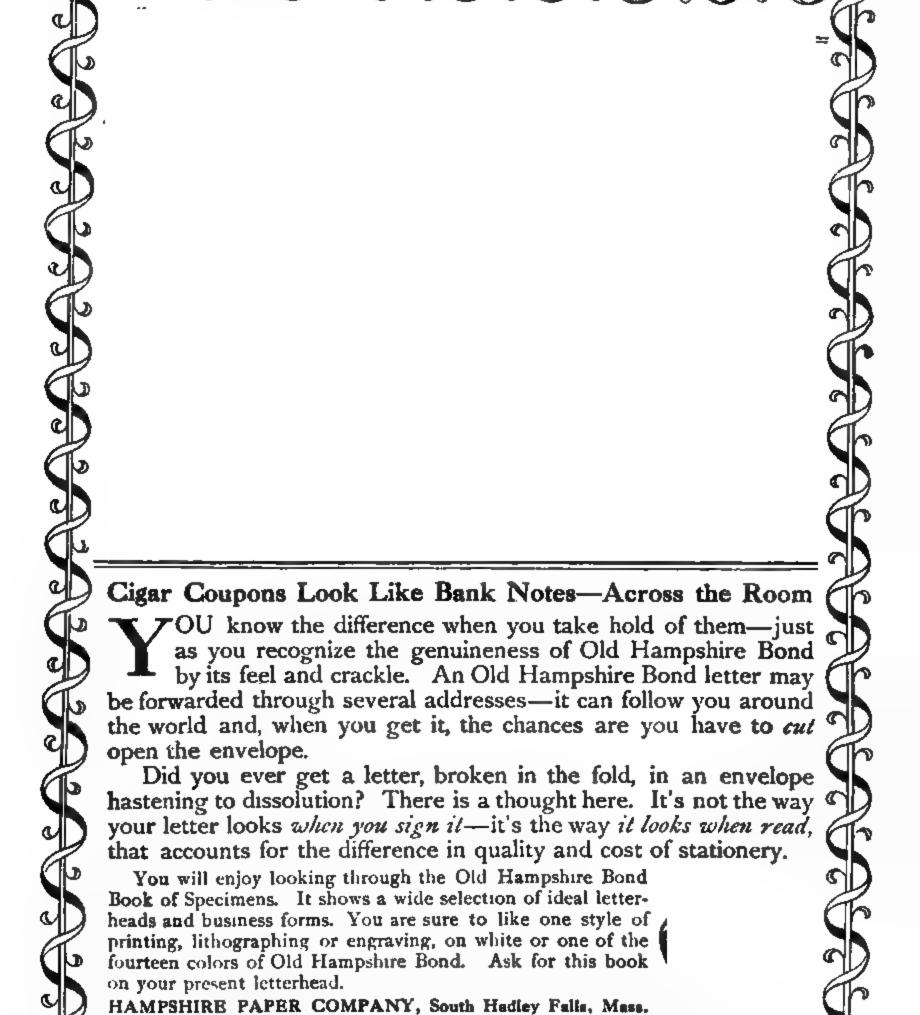
Berkey & Gay Furniture Co. 163 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan

This inlaid mark of moor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece

PIANOLA



When writing to advertisers please mention The American Magazine.



The only paper makers in the world making band paper exclusively—including of "The Stationery of a Gentleman" (Old Hampshire Band in boxed form with envelopes) for personal correspondence



BONDS

-the Bulwarks of an Estate

UESTIONABLE securities frequently cause estates, when settled, to shrink below their supposed value. Unwise investments have wiped out many a small estate.

Sound, marketable Bonds are the best securities you can own, for your personal needs or to leave for those whose future depends upon you. The interest return on such Bonds is established and dependable; they are easily negotiable and available as collateral; their value is at all times assured.

Illness, accident or death need cause no serious financial difficulties if your funds are so invested, for your income continues undisturbed, and your principal is safe.

A-R-E Six's, the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, provide these essential features; they pay a just rate of interest, and are sold in denominations suited to the large or small investor.

A-R-E Six's may also be purchased in Accumulative form, by instalments, providing a simple, profitable method of automatically saving and investing fixed amounts at 6% compound interest.

These Bonds are the direct obligations of the American Real Estate Company, and are based on its extensive ownership of select New York realty. For a quarter of a century they have paid 6% interest and matured principal at par, without loss or delay, a record that has made them favorites in their field.

They are issued in these two attractive forms:

6% Coupon Bonds

In denominations of \$100, \$500, \$1000, \$5000 and upward: earning 6% interest, payable semi-annually by coupons attached and maturing principal in ten years.

6% Accumulative Bonds

Purchasable by instalments of \$25 and upward and maturing \$1000 or more. Annual instalments with 6% interest compounded and accumulated equal face value payable in cash.

Complete descriptive matter and map of New York City showing location of our properties will be sent if requested.

American Real (Istate Company

Assets \$24,134,240.39

Capital and Surplus \$2,011,587.35

527 Fifth Avenue

Room 521 New York

That little girl of yours—she'll soon be having her hair "done up", and too, she will be outgrowing her childish ways—and you haven't had her picture taken since she was in long dresses. You don't exactly want to keep her as she is—but you do want to keep the memory.

There's a photographer in your town. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Welsbach LIGHTING SERVICE

A quarter of a century ago we commenced the manufacture of Welsbach Mantles, and have been at it ever since—constantly improving the qualities essential to illuminating power, gas economy, rability—so that to-day the fantles possess an as the best world.

only the genuine Welsbach.

FOR UPRIGHT AND INVERTED LAMPS BEST QUALITY, 30c. OTHERS, 25c, 15c, 10c.

SOLD BY ALL GAS COMPANIES RELIABLE DEALERS

WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, N.J.

When writing to advertisers please mention The American Magazine.

REPRODUCTION (REDUCED) PROM PICTURE MADE WITH A \$12.00 BROWNIE CAMERA AND A FIFTY CENT KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT. ORDINARY WINDOW LIGHTING. KODAK FILM, KODAK TANK DEVEL-OPMENT, VELOX PRINT.

At Home with a Kodak

Make the most of the home side of photography. Let your Kodak, by daylight and flashlight, keep for you that intimate home story which to you will always be fascinating. Such pictures can by no means supplant the more formal studio portraits—but they can delightfully supplement them, and make your whole collection more interesting to you and to your friends.

"AT HOME WITH THE KODAK," our beautifully illustrated and instructive little book on home picture making, free for the asking, at your dealers, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodah City.

Quality Is Economy

Do you pay for the Varnish used in House Finishing or any sort of Manufacturing? Just a word with you!

We make Factory Varnishes that are genuinely Reliable and Uniform.

Your Painters get Proper Results with them, the first time.

And then, the same treatment always brings the same result.

We make Architectural Varnishes which cost less by the job than lower price varnishes.

They cover so much more surface with so much less labor.

They live from 2 to 10 times as long as lower priced varnishes.

Let us give you our illustrated Varnish Jolly Book, "It Never Would Have Happened, If—"

Brimming with facts and laughs. Send postal for it.

The Varnish
That Lasts
Longest

Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILLS.



If you are planning to build your new home—or other moderate sized structure—100% fire-safe, you cannot be fair to yourself without thoroughly investigating

NATCO-HOLLOW TILE

Pireproof, damp-proof, vermin-proof, age-proof; warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer

Often the term fireproof as applied to a finished building merely signifies that everything can be gutted by fire except the walls.

The fire-safe building is one where fire cannot gain a foothold—one in which nothing outside the inflammable contents of the room where the fire occurs can be burned. This is the kind of home or house you ought to build—100% fire-safe.

The additional cost of Natco Hollow Tile construction throughout—walls, partitions, floors and roof—is totally overshadowed by the superior advantages gained. Complete immunity as against semi-safety.

NATCO construction, even in its partial forms, is one of the soundest forms of investment. With NATCO you are building into the future. Your house can never be regarded as "obsolete." Repairs do not figure with a NATCO house.

Read up this form of construction before you go ahead with your building specifications. Drop a line for our 64-page handbook, "Fireproof Louses." Contains 80 photographs of residences and other moderate sized buildings where NATCO has been used for exterior wall construction at costs between \$4,000 and \$100,000, also a few complete drawings and floor plans. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Mailed anywhere for 20 cents in postage. Write for it today.

NATIONAL: FIRE : PRODFING : COMPANY

Organized 1889. Dept. A, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. Offices in All Principal Cities

MO

ING

THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS.

This new pedestal lavatory—the "Valcour"—is a typical Mott product. Beauty and usefulness are admirably combined in its design.

For the ideal lavatory no material is comparable with Mott's Vitreous Ware or Imperial Solid Porcelain.

The white, china-like surface of Mott's Vitreous Ware and Imperial Solid Porcelain immediately suggests perfect cleanliness—the high lustre denotes a fine and hard texture, insuring cleanliness. The material is extra heavy and imparts great strength and durability.

"MODERN PLUMBING"—For complete information regarding bathroom or kitchen equipment, write for "Modern Plumbing," an 80-page booklet illustrating 24 model bathroom interiors ranging in cost from \$"3 to \$3,000. Sent on request with 4c. for postage.

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS
1828 EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS SUPREMACY 1912
FIFTH AVENUE AND SEVENTEENTH ST., NEW YORK
WORKS AT TRENTON, N. J.

BRANCHES —Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Denver, San Francisco, San Annous., Atlanta, Seattle, Portland (Ore.), Indianapolis, Pinsburgh, Cleveland, O., Kanas City, Salt Lake City, CANADA.—The Mott Co., Ltd., 114 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.

How crank-case heat affects lubrication.

When your car is in action the lubricating oil heats up and thins out.

Its real lubricating value is then put to the test.

Oils not of the highest quality thin out to the danger point and lose their ability to protect the moving parts. The action of the motor is Destructive friction starts. restrained.

Many a motorist owes his repair bills to the failure of his lubricating oil under the heat of service.

The quality of the several grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil provides in advance for this heat of service. It assures efficient lubrication under the heat and mechanical conditions in each type of motor.

The partial chart on the right shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for 111 cars. Our complete chart, covering 400 cars, will be mailed you on request.

Gargoyle Mobiloils were produced after careful study by an organization recognized as the authoritative leaders in scientific lubrication—the Vacuum Oil Company.

In quality Gargoyle Mobiloils set a world standard.

By the gallon they cost a little more than ordinary lubricat-But their wearing quality makes them actually lowest in cost per mile—to say nothing of the lengthened life that they will give your motor.



A grade for each type of motor The various grades, refined and filtered to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" Gargoyle Mobileil "B"

Gargoyle Mobiloil "D" Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They are put up in I and 5 gallon sealed white cans, in half-barrels and barrels.

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

They are handled by the higher class garages, automobile supply stores, and others who supply lubricants.

VACUUM OIL CO.,

Rochester, U.S. A.

BRANCHES:

DETROIT Ford Building BOSTON

NEW YORK 29 Broadway

CHICAGO Finber Building

PHILADELPHIA Distributing warehouses in the principal cities of the avorld

INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bidg.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

nation: In the schodule the letter opposite the car in-the grade of Cargorie Mobilell that should be used, umple, "A," themm "Gargorie Mobilell A." "Are " "Gargorie Mobilell Archie," For all electric vehicles typyle Mobilell A, The reconnectedations cover both e and complificial vehicles unless otherwise notal.

"This book will give you all the information you want about the Radioptican and interest you a lot into the bargain," Address

H. C. WHITE COMPANY

304 River Street, North Bennington, Vt.

Low Grinders and Makes of Optical Interesting for Our #0 Years

Branches: 45 T. 34th St., Now York. See Franchise Lorder.



4.1

'odel TimeCommittee on Manufactures,

House of Representatives il. & ,

You may have your own initials handsomely engraved on the superb gold strata case — guaranteed for 25 years. Choice of scores of other bandsome designs. See catalog.

Super

Watch with Monogram

Great Special Offer The superb Burlington

Special at the rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. You may secure one of these superb time-pieces—a watch of the very latest model, the popular new thin design, adjusted to the second to jewels adjusted to positions, temperature and isothronism—the most perfect product of the most expert watch manufacturers in the world at the price that even wholesale jewelers must pay. If you prefer, you may pay this rock-bottom price at \$2.50 a month.

Your Choice of Cases Open face or hunting cases, lady's or gentleman's sizes. These can be bad in the newest ideas: Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art and Dragon Designe, Etc., Etc.

Yes, you may have your choice of any of these superb cases, and many others. The men who engrave these cases are worlde renowned experts. Just imagine a beautiful hunting case with your own monogram on one side and the emblem of your lodge on the other. Our catalog shows complete illustrations. Send the free coupon.

Sent on Approval we ship the watch on approval, properly. You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent, unless you want the great offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

Write for FREE Catalog book, It will be tell you the BOOK COUPON

Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1058

Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1058

19th St. & Marshall Styd. CHICAGO

19th St inside facts about watch prices, and explains the many separate pears of the Bur'ngton over double priced products. Jost scool face coupon or a externe postal NOW.

Burlington Watch Co. 19th St. & Marshall IN-A CHICAGO

menth offer on held of might wat he

Name

Address

in Congress are disclosed in letters written by them in black and white. Startling truths about Roosevelt, Archbold, Penrose, Senators and Judges are revealed. A trial subscription will bring them with

Œį,

10

) Ibi

be.

ļŧ

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"-a masterful work. It's the story of Mary sacrificed as a young

girl to th ambitions o less father. like it ımme

un!

1114

OIL

r

AV.

uI

1 X

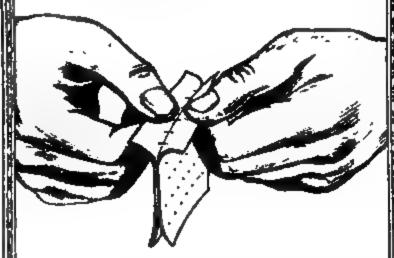
at

51

Write for months subs tion at 1 special reduc trial price 25 cents.

Hearst's Sulte 145 381 Fourth Avo., New York

The FREE Sample Will Convince You



OUR own intelligence will endorse Duofold—you can now enjoy the comfort of wool without its discomforts—never before have wool and cotton been so comfortably and healthfully combined.

Write now for a free sample of Duofold material—see how cleverly we have utilized the advantages of both cotton and wool—how completely we have eliminated their disadvantages.

Duofold Health Underwear

Guaranteed Satisfactory

No thinking person can examine Duofold without saying "That's a Sensible Idea," I.ven a description is interesting—think of a double garment—one wool, the other cotton—both light in weight—the wool outside (where sheep wear it) to keep out the cold—soft cotton inside to protect your sensitive skin from the "scratchy" wool—the two fabrics joined together by wide stitches

—leaving an air space between the materials to ventilate the garment and keep it fresh and dry —common sense principles that appeal to everyone.

Obtainable from dealers everywhere in union or two piece suits in all sizes and weights.

Write now for booklet and the

Free sample of Duo-

DUOFOLD HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO. 12-22 Elizabeth St., Mohawk, K.Y.



AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.

Adams, Cushing & Foster, Selling Agents

168 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.

Worth While

Admiration

riend, Brother, Sweetheart. She is sound in d mind; is efficient, well poised, with

'erfect Health

lood Figure

(well carried)

ces the most of herself.

elped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women ta to regain health and good figures and have taught v to keep well. Why not you? You are busy, but levote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your following scientific, hygienic principles of health: particular needs. I have

leduced the Weight

of 30,000 women and hav acreased the Weight

of as many more

layor because results are quick, natural and permare scientific and appeal to common sense.

ugs—No Medicines

ith whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong onality-feels better in body and mind for your very presence. med. You can-

in other words be at your best,

prealize that your health lies almost entirely in that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

or you by what I have done for others: By teaching deep breaththat each vital organ is in its proper place, and by strengthemic i to these vital organs. I have enabled each to do the work Nature ing up the strength and vitality by Nature's own means.

ans are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupil the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a free booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 102 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocrost is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

That plug prevents slipping



G ON WET SIDEWALKS.

e a safety tread on a tire. Keeps g like a "gum shoe" artist, and



make 1 ber give No hol Ask y Cat's I is casy no mo

Rubbi

five the pub y want Carl Order from

100 Without On Approval, Freight Paid \$1.75

rional bookcase

Endorsed "The Best" by Over Fifty Thousand Users

ADE under our own patents, in our own factory. Rigid economy, acquired by years of manufacture of a single product in large outstittes, combined with our modern method of climinating all middlessen and combined with our modern method of climinating all middlemen and selling only direct to users, enables you to buy this superior product second to none—at a considerable saving. You can buy as few sections as you like, and thus start your library—as you acquire more books, add more sections. Lundstrom Sections are guaranteed to be as good as you can buy at any price. They have non-binding, disappearing glass doors and are highly finished in SOLID GOLDEN OAK—other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices. Send at once for our handsome Catalog No. 6.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., LITTLE FALLS, N Y
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases Branch Offices
and Filing Calinets Flattron Hollding, N. Y. City

COAL COST-



REMEMBER the big coal bills of last winter? Coal prices are higher this year. You can off-set this increase, get more comfort and avoid much labor and annoyance if you equip your furnace or boiler with

THE FEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

This automatic regulator controls dampers and drafts—detects and acts on the variation of one degree, preventing over-beating and fuel waste.

With the clock attachment you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours; and automatically increase it to the day temperature, and by the

with the clock attachment you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours; and automatically increase it to the day temperature, and by the time you rise the Jewell will have the house as warm as toast. Don't wisk your house warm in the morning. Buy a Jewell and know it so. Guaranteed efficient with any kind of heating plant. Nothing to wear out, will last a lifetime.

ang plant. Nothing to wear out, will last a lifetime.

Send today for the book "The House Comfortable"—and folder with the whimsical story of "IMA JEWELL"—Both will interest and surprise you.

Send postal NOW to

JEWELL MFG. CO., 15 Green St., Aubern, N.Y.





DRESS COLLAR STORM COLLAR

On men's, women's, children's COATS, RAIN-COATS—AUTO -COATS of all cloths and all styles. As much part of the garment as the sleeves—a patented principle in tailoring.

An improved collar, applied by 485 duly licensed makers of clothing.

485 duly licensed makers of clothing.
THE PRESTO COLLAR turned down is an ordinary dress collar with the narrow lapel—turned up it is INSTANTLY a rang-fitting military collar to protect you from cold and storm.
Nest stylish—dressy.

Every PRESTO COLLAR coat has the PRESTO label. That name is our guarantee of satisfaction. It is YOUR PROTECTION. Insist—don't let your dealer talk you into a coat without the PRESTO label. If your dealer hasn't PRESTO COLLAR coats, he is apt to be old-fashioned. Send us his name and we will send you FREE:

-MOVING PICTURE OUTPIT, showing how quickly you can turn the PRESTO COLLAR up or down to fit the weather.

-PRESTO STYLE BOOK, making it can't for you to order direct of us, if your dealer can't supply you. GO TO YOUR DEALER FIRST

THE PRESTO CO. 650C Broadway, New York City



Do You Sell

Magazine Subscriptions?

IF SO, get in touch with me right away.

I HAVE an extra good proposition to make you, one that you can't afford to miss.

BIG PLANS for the American Magazine and the Woman's Home Companion are on foot, and I am willing to pay you handsomely for your time and effort in helping me reach the desired goal.

NO MATTER what other magazine you represent be sure and write me to-day addressing

Chief of Subscription Staff

The CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Deak A

381 Fourth Avenue

New York City

120 Years of Service Withou

Thousands of "Reeco" Water Systems have equaled that record and are still giving efficient service. The "Reeco" holds all records for delivering full service year after year without breakdowns or repairs. And from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, the only system you can afford to install is the

"REECO" Water Supply System

Equipment for factories, hotels, farms, country houses, backed by 70 years' reputation and 50 thousand systems now in use. Operated by "Reeco" Electric and Gasoline Pumps or the famous "Reeco" Rider and "Reeco" Ericsson Hot Air Engines. What are your needs; let us tell you how to meet them—and the cost to a penny.

Write nearest office for catalogue C

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

New York.

Boston

Philadelphia.

Montreal, P. Q.

Sydney, Australia

■"Recco | Centrifugal Pump

earning \$4 daily at home in spare time, silvering mirrors, no capital, send for free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. S. F. KEDMOND, Dept. R. W. Senten, Man.



21.95 " 21.95 " 21.95 " 1.5 " 2.90 " Army Rureivers

B-L Elffes

Rang, Elfies

Reords

7 Shot Carbin
Old Platels Sedding Bridles Loggina, Pair . Tonis Cotte Cal. 45, Engle or Boubin Action Revolver . 6 6.50
Springfield-Hauser High Power Sporting Mills . 21.05
Colts Revolver Ctgs. 1s. each, Springfield-Ranner Ctgs. 2c. each
15 Acres Government Auction Greats Revolve Instrumed and described in
600 large page wholessis and retail eyolog-edit cutalcone, mailed 25 minute. PRANCES BANNERMAN, 501 Broadway, New York



Rotary 360. All easy rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, carde, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Comp.

Write for entalog of standard makes, AMERICAN WRITING MACRINE CO., 180., 345 Broadway, H. Y.

The choicest products of France and many other lands are offered nt their best, some ready for the table and many ready for the cook.

They answer the question—what can I serve that is "different."

We have prepared a little book called "Creaca Foreign Lunch-

some" that not only takes you to the spots where these delication are produced but gives luncheon menus with recipes and other helpful suggestions; mailed on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

CRESCA COMPANY, Importure, 360 Greenwich St., N.Y.

One Corn Free

To Prove That Corns are Needless

Let us do this, if you doubt the facts. Let us mail you a Blue-jay plaster.

> Put it on your toughest corn. Note how the pain stops instantly.

> Note how the B & B waz undermines the corn. Then see in two days how the corn comes out. No pain, no

soreness, no inconvenience, yet that corn is ended forever.

Do this if you doubt the facts. But the better way is to go now to your drug store, get a package of Blue-jay and end that corn tonight.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way and yours are just like the rest.

Whatever you do, stop paring. That's a dangerous method, and it means only brief relief.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn, B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once. C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable. D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on,

Blue-jay Corn'Plasters

Sold by Druggists — 15c and 25c per package Sample Mailed Free. Also Bine-jay Bunion Piasters.

(258)

:

Ŧ

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



Ale NEW SIZE Ale Crican MAGAZINE

BEGINNING with the December number, The American Magazine will appear in a new form—a larger size and shape that is worthy of such articles, stories, and pictures as you will find in this Christmas number. The Christmas American Magazine, with 152 pages, including twenty-four in colors, is the most interesting, the most readable, and the most beautiful magazine ever published for 15 cents.

Arnold Bennett's New Serial

The first Arnold Bennett novel to be published serially will here appear in a magazine worthy of the foremost contemporary writer

of fiction.

"The Regent" is a story of the stage and the most powerful tale of contemporary life. Bennett's wonderful gift of seeing and understanding, of introducing real and interesting people, the keen humor and profound philosophy—all these are in "The Regent." The illustrations are by C. H. Taffs. The story begins in the December number.

"Burns of the Mountains"

He was a feudist; now he is an evangel in the wilderness—a man of "fire and friendliness." He built a hundred thousand dollar college out of nothing in a county soaked with human blood. He has done more toward eliminating Kentucky feuds than all the laws and the militia. A gripping romance of fact, with Burns as the hero.

"A First Flight in an Airship"

H. G. Wells tells about it in the December number as only he can describe an experience of that kind—the scientist who knows and the master writer who can present the things we are eager to know.

Good-will to Women

Ida M. Tarbell wrote it and her heart is in it, because she feels that the institution for women who have strayed is one of the finest things she has known. The article and the illustrations show the sunshine and cheer even in the dark and dangerous places.

"I Whistle" by David Grayson

In the busy springtime David Grayson left the farm and took to the open road, seeking adventure. He felt the desire for greater freedom. So he took the road, for his soul's good, for the good of others whom he met and served —this "friendliest writer in all America." His

"Adventures on the Open Road"

have even greater charm and wisdom and power than his earlier "Adventures in Contentment." When you read them the brain of you growskeen, the heart of you grows warm.

Faking as a Fine Art

An amazing article that explains the marvelous tales we see in newspapers—showing how the wheels go around in a master faker's head.

The Hand of the World

OIL.

1 14:

tr.

dir

11:

É

The most wonderful woman that ever lived wrote this article. Helen Keller's life and work seem miracles. That one born blind, who has heard no sound in all her life should become one of the most highly educated and cultured women of her time, and a powerful intellectual force, is wonderful.

Blind—she sees more than many of us for she sees into the heart of things. Living in everlasting silence, she feels harmonies and discord beyond us. All the great knowledge she has gained has been through the touch of her hand. So you see the title of her inspirational article has a deep significance.

The illustrations by Franklin Booth are powerful full-page drawings on tinted paper and have the quality of wood engravings.

They show some of the possibilities of the magazine in its new form.

The Impeachment

A smashing double page with single pages in vivid, harmonious color, all throbbing with action, may overwhelm you when you turn to "The Impeachment of President Israels."

Only on a large page so perfectly balanced, is it possible to obtain the effect of the paintings by S. M. Arthurs. You will think you are looking at the original canvases.

Then when you start to read the story by Frank Barkley Copley, you will forget about the illustrations for the time. Politics and war, of the future, written by a man with a vision.

"Ask and It Shall Be Given"

Tom was blind. Because he could remember when he could see, he had a little song:

Red is barns
Blue is skies
And green is grass
If you've got eyes.

You know what he asked for Christmas, because it was just what you and all of us would have asked.

And he was given a very wonderful gift—the priceless privilege: To see into people's hearts.

The idea of Harris Merton Lyon's story has greatness in it. The story itself will seem even finer, more interesting to you after you have read it.

To look into people's hearts, that is what The American Magazine will ever try to do, believing there will be found what little Tom saw. This story and the illustrations in color by Carleton Moore-Park show something of 'the wonderful spirit' in the December number.

A score of pages in color

O be exact, twenty-four pages of The American Magazine in its new form, are printed in color. Some of the pages have only a touch of it. Others are vivid with throbbing, harmonious color. In the department of The Theatre are four full-page portraits splendidly reproduced in color. One of the most remarkable stories ever published is in this December number accompanied by paintings that look like the original canvases.

The first issue of the new form of The American Magazine will be the December number. This big Christmas magazine will be on sale November 20th. The price will remain 15 cents a copy, \$1.50 a year.

The American Magazine, Published by The Crowell Publishing Co., 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

America, 10 days, 4000 up.

Can you think of anything better, or as good? You know Europe well. Here is a wonder continent, our next-door neighbor, that you have never seen.

In South America are mountains that dwarf the Alps, rivers beside which the Rhine is a babbling brook, cities that rival Berlin in size, Paris in beauty, and Rome in interest.

STEEL



For Automobiles and Metorcycles

\$30 to **\$20**0

Easy to put up. Portable. All sizes. Postal bringe latest illustrated catalog.

THE EDWARDS MFG. CO., 203-253 Eggfuton Avenue, Cincinnuti, O.

UNIVERSITY

THE ORIENT IN WINTER and SPRING Our distinguishing features are:

ROUTES: Roman Africa, Constantine, Biskra. The Nile to the Second Cataract. The Islands of the Aegean. Palestine. FACILITIES: Chartered Nile Steamer Our own yacht ATHRNA in Greece, Our own camping outfit in Polestine Bailings to January, February, March. Send for announcement, HOREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL, 57 Trially Flace, Section, Massachusette

ARK's

15th Annual Magnificent new Consider ** Lorenta ** loaves Feb. 15, once \$100 up, including shore excursions, hotels, guides, drives. 71 eschapting days. Stop-over privileges. Jan World Your, FRANK C. CLARK. Times Bldg., New York.

BLACK

Only Perfect Non-Leakable Ink Pencils at Moderate Price

\$1.00 Postpaid

Two eizes, 4% and 512 in. Extra size, 8 in. (Black only) \$1.25 Agents wanted. D. J. ULLRICH & CO., 27 Thames St., NEW YORK



MOUNT Birds Learn by most to me be must be mus Sportsmen — be your own taxidermist. Best methods teachers, low cost. Success absolutely gaugensteed or no Big profits. You can double your income in your spare time book at taxidermist and Transferment and Transferment. starn Son, of Tar ишу, 1058 Ей

Twice as many by feeding green cut bone. Cat'log free

F. W. MANN GO., Box 849,

Milford, Mass



HOME

Knowledge of music is not necessary with the Tune-s-Phons. Earn 85 to 815 per Day Catalog free. Niles Bryant School of Plane Tuning, 67 Music Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.



a

or woman of intelligence and reliability in your locality to act as our representative. Substantial remuneration to the right party. Careful training. Permanent business. Good opportunity for promotion. Address Business Manager, The Crowell Publishing Company.

381 Fourth Abenue

Mew Pork City

DET FOR These trade-guark eggs-cross lings DIABETICS

un. Obesilv Kidney and Liver' Uric Acid eading grocers

When writing to advertisers please mention THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

WHY MAKE HIM A "SUGI" CYPRESS BOX?

—to keep his cigars in (lef him call it a humidor if he wants to.) Or, on the other hand, why should not YOU put in a little time and a little easy and interesting work and make HER a royal serving tray of Sugi Cypress—that will add real distinction to your dining-room and delight her more than any conventional gift of greater cost. Anyhow, the first thing to do is to

Get the NEW CYPRESS "SUGI" BOOK:

"THE MOST USABLE FREE BOOK EVER PRINTED FOR FOLKS LIKE YOU AND US."

It tells not only how you can reproduce perfectly the rare and coveted Antique Japanese Driftwood effects by scorching and brushing off a piece of "just ordinary lumber" (working in your own kitchen or cellar) but also why Cypress, owing to its peculiar properties is the only wood the Sugi treatment will work on—aside from the fact that no other American wood offers similarly ornate natural grain.

The SUGI process IS NOT "PYROGRAPHY" nor anything like it. You do no designing or tracing or coloring—simply bring out the natural beauty and distinction of the wood. The book also lists numberless suggestions as to What to Make—from a glove box to panelling for the library.

DON'T MISS IT - AND DON'T DELAY. WRITE FOR VOL. 26.

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE WORLD

When planning a Masselon, a Rangulow, a Farm, a Meeplag-Porch, or Just a Fease, remember "With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCH.

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1215 HIBERNIA BANK BUILDING, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

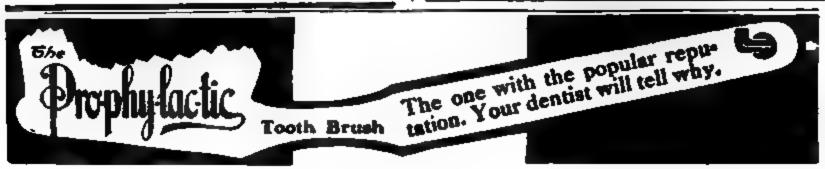
INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY



if You Sell to Yourself

We will send you an O
No. 3 on 5 days' trial without
cent of deposit. Let it sell
and save 45%. If you decid
keep it send us \$5 and \$5 a m
for ten months. We buy i
machines by the thousands
the maker. We let them
themselves, saving the exp
of Agents and Salesmen,
saving 45% for our customers
Secrets," explains all. Send for it.
Typewriters Distribution Symbous. 18678.

Typowritors Distributing Symilests, 1867 K.H. Hickigan Blvd., Chicago



"DON'T SHOUT"

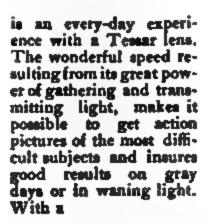
"I hear you. I can hear now, anybody, 'How?' Oh, somethe THE MORLEY PHONE. I've 'sut they would n n in, m ar all rig IORLEY

is to to to ble, co and he

adjust for boo

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 763, Perry Bldg., Phila.

A Good Catch





Bausch omb Zeiss Tessar Lens

you are assured perfect illumination and uniformly clear definition of detail. Nothing equals its all-round efficiency with action subjects, landscapes, indoor portraits, etc.

> Booklet II H giving prices and details as to the best lens for your purpose, sent on request. Inquire also of your dealer

Bausch & Jomb Optical @.

LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. PRANKFORY

Cheer Up! Beautify highly polished pianos and furniture and prevent their cracking and checking. Simply dust with



WRITE TODAY FOR

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY, 242-K Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

4

-Cost

The Democrats blame it on the tariff. Republican politicians say it is due to population increasing faster than production. The Progressive Party insists that it is the Trusts. And most of us have all along thought it was the middlemen.

Thomas W. Lawson says that it is none of these.

That high-cost living is caused by the coining of 40 billions of counterfeit capital through a Stock Exchange trick.

That the regulation or destruction of tariff, trusts, insurance and transportation frauds, or the money trust will not cure high-cost living.

That high-cost living can be cured only by the closing of the Stock Exchange as a gambling institution. This he demonstrates with con-

1 USE f

Livi

You think you know, but do you?

You have been pilfered as well as puzzled by high-cost living.

Mr. Lawson solves the riddle in November EVERYBODY'S.

He connects it directly with a trick worked by the System through the Stock Exchange. He shows you how the thieves work. He will show you how to stop them.

And his exposition is so simple, so perfectly clear, that all can understand it—even those whose work since school days has not compelled them to do close reasoning.

It is our belief that Mr. Lawson is making in "The Remedy" the greatest constructive contribution to the needs of the hour.

Get EVERYBODY'S for November.

Hamburg-American Line

Comprehensive Tour of the

ORIENT

from New York, January 28, 1913; by Strumbin Cincinnati (17,000° Tone), an 80 day cruite, \$325 and up, including all landing and embarking expenses.

Delightful Cruise

Around the World

Saling from San Francisco, February 6, 1913, by S.S. Cleveland (17,000 Tess), duration 110 days. Cost \$650 sp., including all necessary expenses about and ashore.

"NOW IS THE TIME"

Panama Canal

West Indies, Bernada and the Spanish Main

We have increased our acroics the season to

8 CRUISES

by the S.S. Moltike, January 4, 23, February 25, March 29, 1913, and S.S. Victoria Laiae, Jeonary 15, February 8, March 11, April 10, 1913.

Weekly Sallings
To Jamaica and the
Panama Canal

Leen

Head 41-44 B



PLDS

IR

The world of femininity has accepted Cuticura Soap as the highest type of skin purifying and beautifying soap. No other does so much to promote and preserve skin health and hair health, or does it so economically. Unrivaled for every purpose of toilet, bath and nursery.



Outlours Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cutiours," Dept. 128, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Outlours Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure Instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, Se.

Soothes and Protects the Skin RELIEVES WINDBURN AND SUNBURN

Insist on VASELINE Camphor Ice whenever you want to relieve chapped hands and lips, fever blisters, or any similar irritation of the skin.

The "Vaseline" has soothing, emollient properties peculiar to itself.

"Outdoor" men and women in particular find Vaseline Camphor Ice a comfort. It saves the skin from the unpleasant effects of wind and cold.

> Put up in metal become and the tubes; druggists and department stores everywhere. Remember that the only remains Vassilias Camados Ica is made by

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.

(Consolidated)

18 State Street New York Branch Offices: London—Montreal

Booklet all whost "Vasaline" on respect.





T

Bridged the Gap

His name is R. L. Thomas and he lives in Eureka, California. He enrolled for I. C. S. training in 1902 while working as ranch hand, and as assistant on a ferry-boat between times.

In 1906 he drew the plans, and made the cost estimate for the handsome steel structure which now spans the river at the old time ferry crossing.

Thomas is now City Engineer of the City of Eureka, California. He says his income has increased seven-fold since enrolling.

This is but one of thousands of similar I. C. S. stories of success, and shows that the I. C. S. can help you win success at your chosen occupation.

To find out how the I. C. S. can help you, mark the attached coupon today. Doing so costs you nothing. You assume no obligation.

It doesn't matter who you are, what you do, or where you live, the I. C. S. can help you bridge the gap to success.

Mark the Coupon NOW

Box 911, 8CI	ESPONDENCE SCHOOLS RANTON, PA. obligation on my part, how on before which I mark X. Civil Service
Elec. Lighting Supt. Telephone Expert Architect Building Contractor Architectural Desirman Structural Engineer Concess Contractor Mechan. Engineer Mechan. Engineer Wiss Superintendent Stationary Engineer Plumbing & Steam Fitting Gan Engineer Automobile Retains	Book keeping Steeprashy & Typewriting Window Trimming Show Card Writing Lettering and Sign Painting Advertising Commercial Restraing Commercial Law Teacher English Branches Poultry Farming Lettering Spenish Salessen German
Name	
Btreet and No.	

This Great Reference Book

Given away with each new subscription to the Scientific American.

Scientific American Reference Book

For 1913—Just Published

A Really Important Work

It answers just the questions which are constantly arising in connection with the everyday happenings of this wonderful twentieth century that even now it seems commonplace to call the Scientific. Age. No pretense is made that it is a substitute for an encyclopedia but it is a practical condensation, suitable for the busy man, of information along scientific and commercial lines, and contains a great deal of accurate data that cannot be found in many of the high-priced encyclopedias.

In this work are gathered statistics and information concerning the inventions and processes which are the tital factors in the world's material and scientific development. Facts and figures about the progress of discovery, shipping, aeronautics, wireless telegraphy, armies and navies of the world, statistics, population, railways, patents, manufactures, chemistry, geometric constructions and formulas, machine elements, mechanical movements, astronomy and countless other things the practical man wants to know. The articles in the book are not "essays" but are informaman wants to know. The articles in the book are not "essays" but are informa-tire, accurate statements giving the reader the most complete, reliable and up-to-date information on the subjects treated. The illustrations are not mere pictures but are designed to fasten certain facts and events upon the memory by means of instructive

In preparing the material for this work the Editor has had the assistance of the most emicent authorities and no expense has been spared to make the book interesting as well as authoritative.

It contains 606 pages and 1000 Bustrations, is substantially bound in cloth and the cover carries a special design in three colors. Price, \$1,50.

Partial list of subjects covered:

Population. Chemistry Weather Wireless Telephones Railroads Automobiles Commetce

Farms Mines Patenta Armica Natica

Mechanical Movements Weights and Measures Telegraph and Cables Astronomy and Time Mercantile Marine Post Office

Manufacturing Panama Canal

Geometrical Constructions

This Valuable Reference Work FR

We have reserved a very limited number of copies of the new 1913 edition for circulation purposes. Test off the attached coupon and send it to us with \$3.00 (the regular price) in payment for a bona fide new subscription for Scientific American and we will send you a copy of the book express charges prepaid and absolutely free.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, one year (52 numbers) \$3.00 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN REFERENCE BOOK

1.50 \$4.50 YOU REMIT \$3.00 ONLY FOR BOTH

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

COUPON-AM-11 MUNN & COMPANY, Inc. 361 Broadway, New York City Enclosed find \$3 00 for which send me a copy of the "Scientific American Reference Book" and also enter my subscription for "Scientific American" for one year in accordance with the terms of your special offer.

Name P O. Box or Street

Today the Scientific American is bigger, broader and more comprehensive than ever. It is the one necessary magazine for the man whose business success depends upon the great mechanical, industrial, electrical and scientific achievements that are rapidly developing the resources of this country.

Remember there is only a limited number of copies of the new 1913 edition of the Reference Book and we cannot guarantee to send the book after this supply is exhausted, hence YOU MUST ACT PROMPTLY.

Don't delay—don't miss this chance, fill in and return the coupon today.

MUNN & COMPANY, Inc.

New York City

A CONFEDERATE SPY

CITARTLING reminder of the adventure -- the daring, the reckless courage of those hot days fifty years ago is this photograph taken by Lytle of the Confederate Secret Service along the Mississippi. He slipped through the Union lines and photographed the cavalry in formation, the men in camp, regiments ready for battle—all as information for the Confederate Generals. And now you can own these strange photographs, telling the very secret heart of history—in your set of the

hotographic History of the Civil

Like the American public, the Review of Reviews was delighted and amazed by the discovery of the famous Brady lost Civil War photographs after their 50 years' burial. But they felt sure that there must have been other camera men as daring—who followed Brady into the field of battle. So searchers were sent to all parts of the country. The result was startling.

Some photographs found were taken by Gardner, Brady's Scotch assistant; some by photographers officially attached to one section or the other of the Union

Army. Some were taken by Confederates—Cook who had his headquarters in Charleston, by Edwards of New Orleans, by Davies of Richmond. Their work had gone to precious private collections, to old people who treasured a single photograph—to forgotten albums. All these - by an enterprise as romantic as the pictures themselves — have been recovered - and now you can own them, together with the million word history written by 50 famous men of the North and South.

Send for PAGES

FREE

Knowing that - owing to the beginning of royalty payments on thousands of the rare photographs - the Review of Reviews had to advance the price of the Photographic History \$15, John Wanamaker arranged quickly for one SAMPLE special edition at the present price.

A number of the famous photographs in sample pages of this monuments work, will come to any adult FREE on receipt of the coupon. At the same time you will learn how you can save money on your set and pay for it in little monthly payments. Be prompt and save \$15.

John Wanamaker, New York

Send me 12 mrc and interesting wartime phutographs shown in 16 sample shown in 16 sample pages of the Photograph History of the Civil War. Tam interested in your offer to save me #15 00, but am to be some no obligation.

1083

Y in are to send the sample pages containing the photographs absolutely free and charges paid.

Address Occupation

500 Shaves From 12 Blades Guaranteed

(2 Mills per Shave) Guaranteed

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop biades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage. The era of Guaranteed Shaving is here.

WE ARE SELLING SHAVING SATISFACTION

THERE is nothing wonderful about the above guarantee. For example, there is not a Head Barber in the world who would not guarantee 500 shaves from 12 of his razors. Why? Because his expert hand stropping easily strops 500 shaves from 12 blades.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is merely head barber stropping done mechanically. Anybody can do it, as expertly as a head barber and as quickly and handily, because the AutoStrop Safety Razor

Strope, Shaves, Cleane Without Detaching Blade

Do not be over-modest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Safety Razor on thirty days' free trial. For if you take it back we protect him from loss.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in handsome case. Fancy combination sets also. Price in Canada and United States the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalogue. AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 349 5th Ave., New York. Toronto. London.

Get a Blade-Saving, Head-Barber-Shaving

Auto Strop RAFETOR

Strops Itself

Good Eating!

A food and candy combined, for old and young.

Peter's Milk Chocolate

has a peculiarly delicious chocolate flavor, because it is made of the finest grade of cocoa beans with pure milk and a little sugar.

Father carries it when traveling.

Mother eats it because it is so delicious, and she puts it in the children's school basket for a wholesome luncheon.

"High as the Alps in Quality"

College sister always chooses Peter's Chocolate.

very day — in millions of homes, little children, as well as grown-ups, are being taught the joy of healthful living and bathing in cleanly, beautiful "Standard" bathrooms.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine unless it bears the guarantee label. In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mg. Co. Dept. 20

New York . 35 West 31st Street Nashvil Chicago . 900 S. Michigan Ave. NewOrt Philadelphia . 1128 Walnut Street Montre: Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St., E. Boston

35 West 31st Street Nashville . 315 Tenth Avenue, So. NewOrleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts. Montreal, Can. . 215 Coristine Bldg. Boston . . John Hancock Bldg.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

. . 57-60 Holborn Viaduct Houston, Tex. Preston and Smith Sts.
San Francisco, Cal.
Merchants National Bank Building

Washington, D.C. . . Southern Bldg. Toledo, Ohlo . . 311-321 Eric Street Fort Worth, Tex. . Front and Jones Sts.